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THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

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1842 Englem

THE
LONDON STAGE;

A COLLECTION OF THE MOST REPUTED

TRAGEDIES,
COMEDIES, OPERAS, MELO-DRAMAS,
FARCES, AND INTERLUDES.

ACCURATELY PRINTED FROM ACTING COPIES, AS PERFORMED
AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL,
AND CAREFULLY COLLATED AND REVISED.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

G. BALNE, GRACECHURCH STREET;

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

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WITH PORTRAITS OF

Mr. KEAN, Mr. FAWCETT, Mr. BLANCHARD, Mr. W. FARREN,

Mr. KEELEY,

Mrs. DAVISON and Miss KELLY.



THE HEIRESS;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY GENERAL BURGOWNE.



Act III.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

LORD GAYVILLE
SIR CLEMENT FLINT
BLANDISH
RIGHTLY
CLIFFORD

ALSCRIP
CHIGNON
PROMPT
LADY EMILY
MRS. BLANDISH

MRS. SAGELY
MISS ALSCRIP
MISS ALTON
TIFFANY
SERVANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Lady's Apartment.

MR. BLANDISH and MRS. LETITIA BLANDISH discovered, writing.

Mrs. B. (Lays down the pen.) There it is, complete. *(Reads, conceitedly.)*

"Adieu, my charming friend, my amiable, my all Accomplish'd associate! conceive the ardour of Your lovers united with your own sensibility; Still will the compound be but faintly expressive Of the truth and tenderness of your

"LETITIA BLANDISH."

There's phrase, there's a period; match it, if you can.

Mr. B. Not I, indeed; I am working upon quite a different plan: but, in the name of the old father of adulation, to whom is that perfect phrase addressed?

Mrs. B. To one worth the pains, I can tell you; Miss Alscrip.

Mr. B. What, sensibility to Miss Alscrip! My dear sister, this is too much, even in your own way: had you run changes upon her fortune, stocks, bonds, and mortgages; upon Lord Gayville's coronet at her feet, or forty other coronets, to make footballs of, if she pleased, it would have been plausible; but the quality you have selected—

Mrs. B. Is one she has no pretensions to; therefore, the flattery is more persuasive: that's my maxim.

Mr. B. And mine also, but I don't try it quite

so high. Sensibility to Miss Alscrip! you might as well have applied it to her uncle's pig-iron, from which she derives her first fifty thousand; or the harder heart of the old usurer, her father, from which she expects the second. But come, *(rings)* to the business of the morning.

Enter PROMPT.

Here, Prompt, send out the chairman with the billets and cards. Have you any orders, madam?

Mrs. B. (Delivering her letter.) This to Miss Alscrip, with my impatient inquiries after her last night's rest; and that she shall have my personal salute in half an hour. You take care to send to all the lying-in ladies?

Prompt. At their doors, madam, before the first load of straw.

Mr. B. And to all great men that keep the house, whether for their own disorders, or those of the nation?

Prompt. To all, sir; their secretaries, and principal clerks.

Mr. B. (Aside to Prompt.) How goes on the business you have undertaken for Lord Gayville?

Prompt. I have conveyed his letter, and expect this morning to get an answer.

Mr. B. He does not think me in the secret?

Prompt. Mercy forbid you should be! *(Archly.)*

Mr. B. I should never forgive your meddling.

Prompt. Oh! never, never!

Mr. B. (Aloud.) Well, despatch—

Mrs. B. Hold! apropos, to the lying-in list: at

Mrs. Barbara Winterbloom's, to inquire after the Angola kittens, and the last hatch of Java sparrows.

Prompt. (*Reading his memorandum as he goes out.*) Ladies in the straw; ministers, &c.; old maids, cats, and sparrows; never had a better list of how d'ye's? since I had the honour to collect for the Blandish family. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. B. These are the attentions that establish valuable friendships in female life. By adapting myself to the whims of one, submitting to the jest of another, assisting the little plots of a third, and taking part against the husbands with all, I am become an absolute essential in the polite world; the very soul of every fashionable party in town or country.

Mr. B. The country! Psha! time thrown away.

Mrs. B. Time thrown away! As if women of fashion left London to turn freckled shepherdesses. No, no; cards and backgammon are the delights of rural life; and, slightly as you may think of my skill, at the year's end, I am no inconsiderable sharer in the pin-money of my society.

Mr. B. A paltry resource; gambling is a d—d trade, and I have done with it.

Mrs. B. Indeed!

Mr. B. Yes; 'twas high time. The women don't pay; and as for the men, the age grows circumspect in proportion to its poverty. It's odds but one loses a character to establish a debt, and must fight a duel to obtain the payment. I have a thousand better plans, but two principal ones; and I am only at a loss which to choose.

Mrs. B. Out with them, I beseech you.

Mr. B. Whether I shall marry my friend's intended bride, or his sister.

Mrs. B. Marry his intended bride? What, pig-iron and usury? Your opinion of her must advance your addresses admirably.

Mr. B. My lord's opinion of her will advance them; he can't bear the sight of her; and, in defiance of Sir Clement Flint's eagerness for the match, is running mad after an adventure, which I, who am his confidant, shall keep going till I determine. There's news for you.

Mrs. B. And his sister, Lady Emily, the alternative. The first match in England, in beauty, wit, and accomplishment.

Mr. B. Pooh! A fig for her personal charms; she will bring me connexion that would soon supply fortune; the other would bring fortune enough to make connexion unnecessary.

Mrs. B. And as to the certainty of success with the one or the other—

Mr. B. Success! Are they not women? But I must away. And first for Lord Gayville and his fellow student, Clifford.

Mrs. B. Apropos! Look well to Clifford. Lady Emily and he were acquainted at the age of first impressions.

Mr. B. I dare say he always meant to be the complete friend of the family; for, besides his design on Lady Emily, his game, I find, has been to work upon Lord Gayville's understanding: he thinks he must finally establish himself in his esteem, by inexorably opposing all his follies. Poor simpleton! Now, my touch of opposition goes only to enhance the value of my acquiescence. So, adieu for the morning; you to Miss Alscrip, with an unction of flattery, fit for a house-painter's brush; I to Sir Clement and his family, with a composition as delicate as ether, and to be applied with the point of a feather. (*Going.*)

Mrs. B. Harkye! Blandish, a good wish before you go: to make your success complete, may you find but half your own vanity in those you have to work on.

Mr. B. Thank you, my dear Letty; this is not the only tap you have hit me to-day, and you are right; for if you and I did not sometimes speak

truth to each other, we should forget there was such a quality incident to the human mind.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Lord Gayville's Apartment.

Enter LORD GAYVILLE and MR. CLIFFORD.

Lord G. My dear Clifford, urge me no more. How can a man of your liberality of sentiment descend to be the advocate of my uncle's family aversion?

Clif. My lord, you do not live for yourself. You have an ancient name and title to support.

Lord G. Preposterous policy! Whenever the father builds, games, or electioneers, the heir and title must go to market. Oh! the happy families Sir Clement Flint will enumerate, where this practice has prevailed for centuries; and the estate been improved in every generation, though specifically spent by each individual.

Clif. But you thought with him a month ago, and wrote with transport of the match,—“Whenever I think of Miss Alscrip, visions of equipage and splendour, villas and hotels, the delights of independence and profuseness, dance in my imagination.”

Lord G. It is true, I was that dissipated, fashionable wretch.

Clif. Come, this reserve betrays a consciousness of having acted wrong: you would not hide what would give me pleasure: but I'll not be officious.

Lord G. Hear me without severity, and I'll tell you all. Such a woman, such an assemblage of all that's lovely in the sex!

Clif. Well, but, the who, the how, the where?

Lord G. I met her walking, and alone; and, indeed, so humbly circumstanced as to carry a parcel in her own hand.

Clif. I cannot but smile at this opening of your adventure. But proceed.

Lord G. Her dress was such as a judicious painter would choose to characterise modesty. But natural grace and elegance stole upon the observation; and, through the simplicity of a quaker, shewed all we could conceive of a goddess. I gazed, and turned idolater.

Clif. You may as well finish the description in poetry, at once; you are on the very verge of it.

Lord G. She was under the persecution of one of those beings peculiar to this town, who assume the name of gentlemen, upon the sole credentials of a boot, a switch, and round hat; the things that escape from counters and writing-desks, to disturb public places, insult foreigners, and put modest women out of countenance. I had no difficulty in the rescue.

Clif. And, having silenced the dragon, in the true spirit of chivalry, you conducted the damsel to her castle.

Lord G. The utmost I could obtain was leave to put her into a hackney-coach, which I followed, unperceived, and lodged her in the house of an obscure milliner, in a by-street, whose favour was soon conciliated by a few guineas. I almost lived in the house; and often, when I was not suspected to be there, passed whole hours listening to a voice that would have captivated my very soul, though it had been her only attraction. At last—

Clif. What is to follow?

Lord G. By the persuasions of the woman, (who laughed at my scruples with an unknown girl, a lodger upon a second floor,) I hid myself in the closet of her apartment; and the practised trader assured me, I had nothing to fear from the interruption of the family.

Clif. Oh! for shame, my lord! whatever may be the end of your adventure, such means were very much below you.

Lord G. I confess it, and have been punished. Upon the discovery of me, fear, indignation, and resolution, agitated the whole frame of the sweet girl, by turns. I should as soon have committed sacrilege, as have offered an affront to her person. Confused—overpowered—I stammered out a few incoherent words: interest in her fortune—respect—entreaty of forgiveness; and left her to detest me.

Clif. You need go no farther. I meant to rally you, but your proceedings and emotion alarm me for your peace and honour. You are on a double precipice; on one side impelled by folly, on the other—

Lord G. Hold! Clifford, I am not prepared for so much admonition. Your tone is changed since our separation; you seem to drop the companion, and assume the governor:

Clif. No, my lord; I scorn the sycophant, and assert the friend.

Enter a Servant, followed by BLANDISH.

Serv. My lord, Mr. Blandish. *[Exit.]*

Clif. I hope every man will do the same.

Mr. B. Mr. Clifford, do not let me drive you away; I want to learn your power to gain and to preserve dear Lord Gayville's esteem.

Clif. *(With a seeming effort to withdraw his hand, which Blandish holds.)* Sir, you are quite accomplished to be an example.

Mr. B. I have been at your apartment, to look for you: we have been talking of you with Sir Clement; Lady Emily threw in her word.

Clif. Oh! sir, you make me too proud. *(Aside.)* Practised parasite! *[Exit.]*

Mr. B. *(Aside.)* Sneering puppy. *(To Lord G.)* My lord, you seem disconcerted; has anything new occurred?

Lord G. No; for there is nothing new in being disappointed in a friend.

Mr. B. Have you told your story to Mr. Clifford?

Lord G. I have, and I might as well have told it to the cynic, my uncle; he could not have discouraged or condemned me more.

Mr. B. They are both in the right. I see things exactly as they do; but I have less fortitude, or more attachment than others. The inclinations of the man I love, are spells upon my opposition.

Lord G. Kind Blandish! you are the confidant I want.

Mr. B. What has happened since your discovery in the closet?

Lord G. The lovely wanderer left her lodgings the next morning; but I have again found her; she is in a house of equal retirement, but of very different character, in the city, and inaccessible. I have wrote to her, and knowing her to be distressed, I have enclosed bank-bills for two hundred pounds, the acceptance of which I have urged with all the delicacy I am master of, and, by heaven! without a purpose of corruption.

Mr. B. Two hundred pounds, and Lord Gayville's name—

Lord G. She has never known me but by the name of Mr. Heartly. Since my ambition has been to be loved for my own sake, I have been jealous of my title.

Mr. B. And, pr'ythee, by what diligence or chance did Mr. Heartly trace his fugitive?

Lord G. By the acuteness of Mr. Prompt, your valet de chambre. You must pardon me for pressing into my service, for this occasion, the fellow in the world fittest for it. Here he comes.

Enter PROMPT.

Prompt. Are you alone, my lord? *(Starts at seeing Mr. B.)*

Lord G. Don't be afraid, Prompt; your peace is made.

Prompt. Then there is my return for your lordship's goodness. *(Giving a letter.)* This letter was just now brought to the place appointed, by a porter.

Lord G. By a Cupid, honest Prompt; and these characters were engraved by the point of his arrow! "To — Heartly, Esq." Blandish, did you ever see anything like it?

Mr. B. If her style be equal to her hand-writing—

Lord G. If it be equal! Infidel! you shall have proof directly. *(Opens the letter.)* Heyday! what the devil's here? my bills again, and no line; not a word.—Death and disappointment, what's this?

Prompt. 'Gad it's well if she is not off again.—'Faith I never asked where the letter came from.

Lord G. Should you know the messenger again?

Prompt. I believe I should, my lord. For a Cupid he was somewhat in years; about six feet high, and a nose rather given to purple.

Lord G. Spare your wit, sir, till you find him.

Prompt. I have a shorter way; my life upon it, I start her myself.

Mr. B. And what is your device, sirrah?

Prompt. Lord, sir, nothing so easy as to bring every living creature in this town to the window: a tame bear, or a mad ox; two men, or two dogs fighting; a balloon in the air, (or tied up to the ceiling, 'tis the same thing); make but noise enough, and out they come, first and second childhood, and everything between: I am sure I shall know her by inspiration.

Lord G. Shall I describe her to you?

Prompt. No, my lord, time is too precious; I'll be at her last lodgings, and afterwards half the town over, before your lordship will travel from her forehead to her chin.

Lord G. Away, then, my good fellow. He cannot mistake her; for when she was formed, nature broke the mould. *[Exit Prompt.]*

Mr. B. Now, for the blood of me, I cannot call that fellow back; it is absolute infatuation. Ah! I see how this will end.

Lord G. What are your apprehensions?

Mr. B. That my ferret youder will do his part completely; that I shall set all your uncle's doctrine at naught; and thus lend myself to this wild intrigue, till the girl is put into your arms.

Lord G. Propitious be the thought, my best friend. My uncle's doctrine! but advise me how shall I keep my secret from him for the present? 'Faith, it is not very easy; Sir Clement is suspicion personified: his eye probes one's very thought.

Mr. B. Your best chance would be to double your assiduities to Miss Alscrip. But, then, dissimulation is so mean a vice.

Lord G. It is so, indeed; and if I give into it for a moment, it is upon the determination of never being her husband. I may despise and offend a woman; but disgust would be no excuse for betraying her. Adieu, Blandish; if you see Prompt first, I trust to you for the quickest communication of intelligence.

Mr. B. I am afraid you may; I cannot resist you. *[Exit Lord G.]* Ah! wrong, wrong, wrong; I hope that exclamation is not lost. A blind compliance with a young man's passions, is a poor plot upon his affections. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*Mrs. Sagely's House.*

Enter MRS. SAGELY and MISS ALTON.

Mrs. S. Indeed, Miss Alton, (since you are resolved to continue that name,) you may bless yourself for finding me out in this wilderness. Wilderness! this town is ten times more dangerous to youth and innocence; every man you meet is a wolf.

Miss Alton. Dear madam, I see you dwell upon

my indiscretion in flying to London; but remember the safeguard I expected to find here. How cruel was the disappointment! how dangerous have been the consequences! I thought the chance happy, that threw a retired lodging in my way: I was upon my guard against the other sex, but for my own to be treacherous to an unfortunate—could I expect it?

Mrs. S. Suspect everybody, if you would be safe; but, most of all, suspect yourself. Ah! my pretty truant, the heart that is so violent in its aversions, is in sad danger of being the same in its affections, depend upon it.

Miss Alton. Let them spring from a just esteem, and you will absolve me; my aversion was to the character of the wretch I was threatened with; can you reprove me?

Mrs. S. And tell me truly, now, do you feel the same detestation for this worse character you have made acquaintance with? This rake, this abominable Heartly? Ah! child, your look is suspicious.

Miss Alton. Madam, I have not a thought, that I will not sincerely lay open to you. Mr. Heartly is made to please, and to be avoided; I resent his attempts, and desire never to see him more: his discovery of me here; his letters, his offers, have greatly alarmed me. I conjure you lose not an hour in placing me under the sort of protection I solicited.

Mrs. S. If you are resolved, I believe I can serve you. Miss Alscrip, the great heiress, (you may have heard of the name in your family,) has been inquiring among decayed gentry for a companion. She is too fine a lady to bear to be alone, and, perhaps, does not look to a husband's company as a certain dependence. Your musical talents will be a great recommendation; she is already apprized, and a line from me will introduce you.

Miss Alton. I will avail myself of your kindness immediately.

Prompt. (Without.) I tell you I have business with Mrs. Sagely: I must come in.

Mrs. S. As I live, here is an impudent fellow forcing himself into the passage!

Miss Alton. Oh! heaven, if Mr. Heartly should be behind!

Mrs. S. Get into the back parlour; be he who he will, I'll warrant I protect you.

[Exit Miss Alton.]

Enter PROMPT, looking about.

Mrs. S. Who are you, sir? What are you looking for?

Prompt. Madam, I was looking—I was looking—for you.

Mrs. S. Well, sir, and what do you want?

Prompt. Madam, I want—I want—I want.

Mrs. S. To rob the house, perhaps.

Prompt. Just the contrary, madam; to see that all is safe within it. You have a treasure in your possession that I would not have lost for the world: a young lady.

Mrs. S. Indeed! Begone about your business, friend; there are no young ladies to be spoken with here.

Prompt. Lord, madam, I don't desire to speak with her; my attentions go to ladies of the elder sort; I come to make proposals to you alone.

Mrs. S. You make proposals to me? Did you know my late husband, sir?

Prompt. Husband! My good Mrs. Sagely, be at ease, I have no more views upon you, that way, than upon my grandmother. My proposals are of quite a different nature.

Mrs. S. Of a different nature? Why, you audacious varlet!—Here, call a constable!

Prompt. Dear madam, how you continue to misunderstand me; I have a respect for you, that will

set at nought all the personal temptations about you, depend upon it, powerful as they are; and, as for the young lady, my purpose is only that you shall guard her safely. I would offer you a pretty snug house, in a pleasant quarter of the town, where you two would be much more commodiously lodged: the furniture new, and in the prettiest taste; a neat little sideboard of plate; a black boy, with a turban, to wait upon you—

Mrs. S. And for what purpose am I to be bribed? I am above it, sirrah. I have but a pittance, 'tis true, and heavy out-goings. My husband's decayed book-keeper to maintain, and poor old Smiler, that so many years together drew our whole family in a chaise—heavy charges—but by cutting off my luxuries, and stopping up a few windows, I can jog on, and scorn to be beholden to you, or him that sent you. (*Prompt tries at the door, and peeps through the key-hole.*) What would the impertinent fellow be at now? Keep the door bolted, and don't stand in sight.

Prompt. (*Aside.*) Oh, oh! She is here, I find, and that's enough. My good Mrs. Sagely, your humble servant; I would fain be better acquainted with you, in a modest way; but must wait, I see, a more happy hour. (*Aside.*) When honesty and poverty do happen to meet, they grow so fond of each other's company, it is labour lost to try to separate them. [Exit.]

Mrs. S. Shut the street-door after him, and never let him in again.

Enter MISS ALTON, from the inner room.

Miss Alton. For mercy, madam, let me begone immediately. I am very uneasy; I am certain Mr. Heartly is at the bottom of this.

Mrs. S. I believe it, my dear, and now see the necessity of your removal. I'll write your letter, and heaven protect you. Remember my warning; suspect yourself. [Exit.]

Miss Alton. In truth I will. I'll forget the forbearance of this profligate, and remember only his intentions. And is gratitude then suspicious? Painful lesson! A woman must not think herself secure because she has no bad impulse to fear; she must be upon her guard, lest her very best thought should betray her.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in Sir Clement Flint's House.

LADY EMILY GAYVILLE and CLIFFORD discovered at chess. SIR CLEMENT sitting at a distance, pretending to read a parchment, but slyly observing them.

Lady E. Check! If you do not take care, you are gone the next move.

Clif. I confess, Lady Emily, you are on the point of complete victory.

Lady E. Pooh! I would not give a farthing for victory without a more spirited defence.

Clif. Then you must engage with those (if those there are) that do not find you irresistible.

Lady E. I could find a thousand such; but I'll engage with none whose triumph I could not submit to with pleasure.

Sir C. (*Apart.*) Pretty significant on both sides, I wonder how much farther it will go.

Lady E. Uncle, did you speak?

Sir C. (*Reading to himself.*) "And the parties to this indenture do farther covenant and agree, that all and every the said lands, tenements, hereditaments—um—um." How useful, sometimes, is ambiguity. (*Loud enough to be heard.*)

Clif. A very natural observation of Sir Clement's upon that long parchment. (*Pauses again upon the chess-board.*) To what a dilemma have you reduced me, Lady Emily! If I advance, I perish by my temerity; and it is out of my power to retreat.

Sir C. (Apart.) Better and better! To talk in cipher is a curious faculty.

Clif. Sir?

Sir C. (Still reading.) "In witness whereof, the said parties have hereunto, interchangeably, set their hands and seals, this—um—um—day of—um—um—"

Lady E. Come, I trifle with you too long. There's your *coup de grace*. Uncle, I have conquered. (*Both rise from the table.*)

Sir C. Niece, I do not doubt it; and in the style of the great proficients, without looking upon the board. Clifford, was not your mother's name Charlton? (*Rises.*)

Clif. It was, sir.

Sir C. In looking over the writings Alscrip has sent me, preparatory to his daughter's settlement, I find mention of a conveyance from a Sir William Charlton, of Devonshire. Was he a relation?

Clif. My grandfather, sir. The plunder of his fortune was one of the first materials for raising that of Mr. Alscrip, who was steward to Sir William's estate, then manager of his difficulties, and, lastly, his sole creditor.

Sir C. And no better monopoly than that of a needy man's distresses. Alscrip has had twenty such, or I should not have singled out his daughter to be Lord Gayville's wife.

Clif. It is a compensation for my family losses, that in the event, they will conduce to the interest of the man I most love.

Sir C. Heyday! Clifford, take care, don't trench upon the Blandish; your cue, you know, is sincerity.

Clif. You seem to think, sir, there is no such quality. I doubt whether you believe there is an honest man in the world.

Sir C. You do me great injustice; several, several; and upon the old principle, that "honesty is the best policy." Self-interest is the great end of life, says human nature. Honesty is a better agent than craft, says the proverb.

Clif. But, as for ingenuous, or purely disinterested motives—

Sir C. Clifford, do you mean to laugh at me?

Clif. What is your opinion, Lady Emily?

Lady E. That there may be such; but it's odds they are troublesome or insipid. Pure ingenuousness, I take it, is a rugged sort of thing, which scarcely will bear the polish of common civility; and for disinterestedness, young people sometimes set out with it; but it is like travelling upon a broken spring, one is glad to get it mended at the next stage.

Sir C. Emily, I protest, you seem to study after me; proceed, child, and we will read together every character that comes in your way.

Lady E. Read one's acquaintance, delightful! What romances, novels, satires, and mock heroics present themselves to my imagination! Our young men are flimsy essays; old ones, political pamphlets; coquettes, fugitive pieces; and fashionable beauties, a compilation of advertised perfumery, essence of pearl, milk of roses, and Olympian dew. Lord, I should now and then though, turn over an acquaintance with a sort of fear and trembling.

Clif. How so? [bling.]

Lady E. Lest one should pop, unawares, upon something one should not, like a naughty speech in an old comedy; but it is only skipping what would make one blush.

Sir C. Or if you did not skip, when a woman reads by herself, and to herself, there are wicked philosophers who doubt whether her blushes are very troublesome.

Lady E. (To Sir C.) Do you know now that, for that speech of your's, and for that saucy smile of your's, (*to Clifford*) I am strongly tempted to read you both aloud.

Sir C. Come, try; I'll be the first to open the book.

Lady E. A treatise of the Houyhnhnms, after the manner of Swift, tending to make us odious to ourselves, and to extract morose mirth from our imperfections: (*Turning to Clifford.*) contrasted with an exposition of ancient morality addressed to the moderns: a chimerical attempt upon an obsolete subject.

Sir C. Clifford! we must double down that page. And now we'll have a specimen of her ladyship.

Lady E. I'll give it you myself, and with justice; which is more than either of you would.

Sir C. And without skipping.

Lady E. Thus, then; a light, airy, fantastic sketch of genteel manners as they are; with a little endeavour at what they ought to be, rather entertaining than instructive, not without art, but sparing in the use of it.

Sir C. But the passions, Emily. Do not forget what should stand in the foreground of a female treatise.

Lady E. They abound; but mixed and blended cleverly enough to prevent any from predominating; like the colours of a shot lutestring, that change as you look at it sideways or full: they are sometimes brightened by vivacity, and now and then subject to a shade of caprice, (but meaning no ill,) not afraid of a Critical Review; and thus, gentlemen, I present myself to you fresh from the press, and I hope not inelegantly bound.

Sir C. Altogether, making a perfectly desirable companion for the closet: I am sure, Clifford, you will agree with me. 'Gad we are got into such a pleasant freedom with each other, it is a pity to separate while any curiosity remains in the company. Pr'ythee, Clifford, satisfy me a little as to your history.—Old Lord Hardacre, if I am rightly informed, disinherited your father, his second son.

Clif. For the very marriage we have been speaking of. The little fortune my father could call his own, was sunk before his death, as a provision for my mother; upon an idea, that whatever resentment he might personally have incurred, it would not be extended to an innocent offspring.

Sir C. A very silly confidence. How readily, now, should you and I, Emily, have discovered in a sensible old man, the irreconcilable offence of a marriage of the passions.—You understand me?

Lady E. Perfectly. (*Aside.*) Old petrification, your hints always speak forcibly.

Sir C. But your uncle, the present Lord, made amends?

Clif. Amply. He offered to send me from Cambridge to an academy in Germany, to fit me for foreign service; well judging that a cannon-ball was a fair and quick provision for a poor relation.

Sir C. Upon my word, I have known uncles less considerate.

Clif. When Lord Gayville's friendship, and your indulgence, made me the companion of his travels, Lord Hardacre's undivided cares devolved upon my sister; whose whole independent possession, at my mother's death, was five hundred pounds; all our education had permitted that unhappy parent to lay by.

Lady E. Oh! for an act of justice and benevolence to reconcile me to the odious man. Tell me, this instant, what did he do for Miss Clifford?

Clif. He bestowed upon her forty pounds a-year, upon condition that she resided with one of his dependents in a remote county, to save the family from disgrace; and that allowance, when I heard last from her, he had threatened to withdraw, upon her refusing a detestable match he had endeavoured to force upon her.

Lady E. Poor girl!

Sir C. Upon my word, an interesting story! Emily, you look grave, child.

Lady E. (Aside.) I shall not own it, however. (*To Sir C.*) For once, my dear uncle, you want your spectacles. My thoughts are on a diverting subject; my first to Miss Alscrip, to take a near view of that collection of charms destined to my happy brother.

Sir C. You need not go out of the room for that purpose. The schedule of an heiress' fortune is a compendium of her merits, and the true security for marriage happiness.

Lady E. I am sure I guess at your system; that union must be most wise, which has wealth to support it; and no affections to disturb it.

Sir C. Right.

Lady E. That makes a divorce the first promise of wedlock, and widowhood the best blessing of life; that separates the interest of husband, wife, and child—

Sir C. To establish the independent comfort of all—

Lady E. Upon the broad basis of family hatred. Excellent, my dear uncle, excellent indeed; and upon that principle, though the lady is likely to be your niece, and my sister, I am sure you will have no objection to my laughing at her a little.

Sir C. You'll be puzzled to make her more ridiculous than I think her. What is your plan?

Lady E. Why, though her pride is to be thought a leader in fashions, she is sometimes a servile copyist. Blandish tells me I am her principal model; and what is most provoking, she is intent upon catching my manner as well as my dress, which she exaggerates to an excess that vexes me. Now, if she will take me in shade, I'll give her a new outline, I am resolved; and if I do not make her a caricature for a printshop—

Clif. Will all this be strictly consistent with your good-nature, Lady Emily?

Lady E. No; nor I don't know when I shall do anything consistent with it again, except leaving you two critics to a better subject than your humble servant. [Exit.]

Sir C. Well, Clifford! what do you think of her?

Clif. That when she professes ill-temper, she is a very awkward counterfeit.

Sir C. But her beauty, her wit, her improvement, since you went abroad? I expected from a man of your age and taste, something more than a cold compliment upon her temper. Could not you, compatibly with the immaculate sincerity you profess, venture as far as admiration?

Clif. I admire her, sir, as I do a bright star in the firmament, and consider the distance of both as equally immeasurable.

Sir C. (Aside.) Specious rogue! Well, leave Emily, then, to be winked at through telescopes; and now to a matter of nearer observation: what is Gayville doing?

Clif. Everything you desire, sir, I trust; but you know I have been at home only three days, and have hardly seen him since I came.

Sir C. Nor I neither; but I find he has profited wonderfully by foreign experience. After rambling half the world over without harm, he is caught, like a travelled woodcock, at his landing.

Clif. If you suspect Lord Gayville of indiscretion, why do you not put him candidly to the test? I'll be bound for his ingenuousness not to withhold any confession you may require.

Sir C. You may be right; but he'll confess more to you in an hour, than to me in a month, for all that. Come, Clifford, look as you ought to do at your interest; sift him, watch him; you cannot guess how much you will make me your friend, and how grateful I may be if you will discover—

Clif. Sir, you mistake the footing upon which Lord Gayville and I live; I am often the partner of his thoughts, but never a spy upon his actions. [Exit.]

Sir C. (Alone.) Well played, Clifford! Good air and emphasis, and well suited to the trick of the scene. He would do, if the practical part of deceit were as easy at his age, as discernment of it is at mine. Gayville and Emily, if they had not a vigilant guard, would be his prey; for they are examples of the generous affections coming to maturity with their stature; while suspicion, art, and interest are still dormant in the seed. I must employ Blandish in this business; a rascal of a different cast, below Clifford in hypocrisy, but greatly above him in the scale of impudence. They shall both forward my ends, while they think they are pursuing their own. I shall ever be sure of a man's endeavours to serve me, while I hold out a lure to his knavery and interest. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—An Ante-chamber.

Alscrip. (Without.) Dinner not ordered till seven o'clock; bid the kitchen-maid get me some eggs and bacon. Plague, what with the time of dining, and the French cookery, I am in the land of starvation, with half St. James's-market upon my weekly bills.

Enter ALSCRIP.

What a change have I made to please my unpleasable daughter? Instead of my regular meal at Furnival's-inn, here am I transported to Berkeley Square, to fast at Alscrip-house, till my fine company come from their morning, ride two hours after dark; nay, it's worse, if I am carried among my great neighbours in Miss Alscrip's suite, as she calls it. My lady looks over me; my lord walks over me; and sets me in a little tottering cane chair, at the cold corner of the table; though I have a mortgage upon the house and furniture, and arrears due of the whole interest. It's a pleasure, though, to be well dressed. My daughter maintains all fashions are founded in sense; ecod, the tightness of my wig, and the stiffness of my cape, give me the sense of the pillory; plaguy scanty about the hips, too; and the breast something of a merrythought reversed; but there is some sense in that, for if one sex pares away in proportion where the other swells, we shall take up no more room in the world than we did before.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Miss Alscrip wishes to see you.

Alscrip. Who is with her?

Serv. Only Mrs. Blandish, sir.

Alscrip. She must content herself with that company, till I have had my whet. Order up the eggs and bacon. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—Miss Alscrip's Dressing-room.

MISS ALSCRIP discovered at her toilet. CHIGNON, dressing her head. MRS. BLANDISH sitting by, and TIFFANY in attendance.

Miss Als. And so, Blandish, you really think that the introduction of Otaheite feathers in my trimming succeeded?

Mrs. B. Oh! with the mixture of those charming Italian flowers, and the knots of pearl that gathered up the festoons, never anything had so happy an effect; it put the whole ball-room out of humour. Monsieur Chignon, that pin a little more to the front.

Miss Als. And what did they say?

Mrs. B. You know it is the first solicitude of my life to see the friend of my heart treated with justice. So, when you stood up to dance, I got into the thick of the circle—Monsieur, don't you think this large diamond would be well placed just in the middle?

Chig. Eh! non, madame; ce ne relevé pas.—Dat give no relief to de weight of de curl; full in de front un gros bouton, von great nob of diamond! pardie ce seroit un accommodage à la Polyphème;

de big eye of de geant in de centre of de forehead.

Miss Als. Chignon is right in point of taste, though not quite so happy in his allusions as he is sometimes.

Chig. Ah! Madame, you have done von grande injure to my contrée: You go for von month, and bring away all de good taste. At Paris, all von side, de diamond, de cap, de glance, de bon mot même; all von side, nothing direct à Paris.

Miss Als. (*Smiling at Chig. and then turning to Mrs. B.*) Well! And so—

Mrs. B. So it was all admiration! "Elegant! (*says Lady Spite;*) it may do very well for Miss Alscrip, who never looks at expense."—"The dress of a bridal princess; (*cries Mrs. Scanty;*) and for one night's wear, too!"

Miss Als. Delightful! the very language I wished for. Oh! how charmingly apropos was my accident! Did you see when my trimming in the passe-pied of a cotillion came luckily in contact with Billy Skim's great shoe-buckle, how it ripped away?

Mrs. B. Did I see it?

Miss Als. One of the great feathers stuck fast on the shoe, and looked for all the world like the heel-wing of a Mercury in a pantomime.

Mrs. B. Oh! you witty creature, how you describe.

Miss Als. It was a most becoming rent.

Mrs. B. And what a display of indifference; what an example for a woman of fortune did you exhibit in the bustle of picking up the scattered fragments!

Miss Als. When the pearls were trundling about, and I insisted upon the company being no longer disturbed, but would leave what remained for fairy favours to the maid who swept the room. He, he, he! Do you think Lady Emily would have done that better?

Mrs. B. Lady Emily? poor girl! How soon must she submit to be the humble second of the family.

Miss Als. He, he, he! Do you sincerely think so, Blandish? And yet it would be strange if it were otherwise, for I could buy her ten times over.

Chig. Madame, vat humeur would you wear to-day?

Miss Als. Humour, Chignon? What am I dressed for now?

Chig. The parfaite aimable, madam; but my bringing de point of de hair more down to de eyebrow, or adding a little blowse to de sides, I can give you de look severe, capricieuse: vat you please.

Miss Als. We'll put it off for half an hour, I am not quite decided. I was in the capricieuse yesterday; I believe I shall keep on the perfect amiable. [*Exit Chignon.*] Tiffany, take off my powdering gown. Ah! ho! How the wench tugs; do you think you are pulling off the coachman's great coat?

Mrs. B. My dear amiable! do not let that sweet temper be ruffled. Why will you not employ me in these little offices. Delicacy like your's should be waited upon by the softness of a sylph.

[*Exit Tiffany, peevishly.*]

Miss Als. I am promised a creature to be about me out of the common way.

Mrs. B. A new woman?

Miss Als. No; something to be raised much higher, and, at the same time, fitted better to receive one's ill-humour. An humble companion, well born, well educated, and perfectly dependent, is a most useful appurtenance in the best families.

Mrs. B. Well, do not raise her to the rank of a friend, lest I should be jealous.

Miss Als. You may be perfectly secure; 'I shall take particular care that friendship shall be out of the question, on both sides. I had once thought of

a restoration of pages to sit in scarlet and silver (*as one reads in former times*) upon the forepart of the coach, and to hold up one's train: but I have a new male attendant in a valet de chambre, who has possession of my bust; my two women will have the charge from the point of the shoulder to the toe; so my person being provided for, the Countess of Gayville shall have an attendant to wait upon her mind.

Mrs. B. I vow, a most elegant and uncommon thought.

Miss Als. One that can pen a note in the familiar, the punctilious, or the witty; it's quite troublesome to be always writing wit for one's self; but, above all, she is to have a talent for music.

Mrs. B. Ay, your very soul is framed for harmony.

Miss Als. I have not quite determined what to call her—Governante of the private chamber, keeper of the boudoir, with a silver key at her breast—

Enter CHIGNON.

Chig. Madame, a young lady beg to know if you be visible.

Miss Als. A young lady! It is not Lady Emily Gayville?

Chig. Non, madam; but if you were absente, and I had the adjustment of her head, she would be the most charmante personne I did ever see.

Miss Als. Introduce her. [*Exit Chignon.*] Who can this be?

Mrs. B. Some woman of taste, to inquire your correspondent at Paris; or—

Re-enter CHIGNON, with MISS ALTON.

Miss Als. Of taste, indeed, by her appearance! Who's in the ante-chamber? Why did they not open the folding-doors? Chignon, approach a fauteuil for the lady.

Miss Alton. Madam, I come—

Miss Als. Madam, pray be seated.

Miss Alton. Excuse me, madam,—

Miss Als. Madam, I must beg—

Miss Alton. Madam, this letter will inform you how little pretension I have to the honours you are offering.

Miss Als. (*Reads.*) "*Miss Alton, the bearer of this, is the person I recommended as worthy the honour of attending you as a companion. She is born a gentlewoman; I dare say her talents and good qualities will speak more in her favour, than any words I could use. I am, madam, your most obedient—Um—un—BLANDISH.*" Was there ever such a mistake?

Mrs. B. Oh! you dear, giddy, absent creature, what could you be thinking of?

Miss Als. Absent, indeed. Chignon, give me the fauteuil. (*Throws herself into it.*) Young woman, where were you educated?

Miss Alton. Chiefly, madam, with my parents.

Miss Als. But finished, I take it for granted, at a country boarding-school; for we have young ladies, you know, Blandish, boarded and educated, upon blue boards, in gold letters, in every village; with a strolling player for a dancing-master, and a deserter from Dunkirk to teach the French grammar.

Mrs. B. How that genius of your's does paint! nothing escapes you. I dare say you have anticipated this young lady's story.

Miss Alton. It is very true, madam, my life can afford nothing to interest the curiosity of you two ladies; it has been too insignificant to merit your concern, and attended with no circumstances to excite your pleasantry.

Miss Als. I hope, child, it will be attended with such, for the future, as will add to your own. I cannot bear a mope about me. I am told you have a talent for music; can you touch that harp? It stands here as a piece of furniture, but I have a

notion it is kept in tune, by the man who comes to wind up my clocks.

Miss Alton. Madam, I dare not disobey you. But I have been used to perform before a most partial audience; I am afraid strangers will think my talent too humble to be worthy attention.

SONG.—MISS ALTON.

*For tenderness fram'd in life's earliest day,
A parent's soft sorrows to mine led the way;
The lesson of pity was caught from her eye,
And, ere words were my own, I spoke in a sigh.*

*The nightingale plunder'd, the mate-widow'd dove,
The warbled complaint of the suffering grove,
To youth, as it ripen'd, gave sentiment new,
The object still changing, the sympathy true.*

*Soft embers of passion yet rest in the glow;
A warmth of more pain may this breast never know!
Or, if too indulgent the blessing I claim,
Let reason awaken, and govern the flame.*

Miss Als. I declare, not amiss, Blandish; only a little too plaintive: but I dare say she can play a country dance, when the enlivening is required. So, *Miss Alton*, you are welcome to my protection; and, indeed, I wish you to stay from this hour. My toilet being nearly finished, I shall have a horrid vacation till dinner.

Miss Alton. Madam, you do me great honour, and I very readily obey you.

Mrs. B. I wish you joy, *Miss Alton*, of the most enviable situation a young person of elegant talents could be raised to. You and I will vie with each other, to prevent our dear countess ever knowing a melancholy hour. She has but one fault to correct—the giving way to the soft effusions of a too tender heart.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, a letter. [Exit.

Miss Als. It's big enough for a state packet. Oh, mercy! a petition! For heaven's sake! *Miss Alton*, look it over. (*Miss Alton reads.*) I should as soon read one of Lady Newchapel's methodist sermons. What does it contain?

Miss Alton. Madam, an uncommon series of calamities, which prudence could neither see, nor prevent: the reverse of a whole family from affluence and content to misery and imprisonment; and it adds, that the parties have the honour, remotely, to be allied to you.

Miss Als. Remote relations! ay, they always think one's made of money.

Enter another Servant.

Serv. A messenger, madam, from the animal repository, with the only puppy of the Peruvians, and the refusal at twenty guineas.

Miss Als. Twenty guineas! Were he to ask fifty, I must have him. [Exit Serv.

Mrs. B. (*Offering to run out.*) I vow, I'll give him the first kiss.

Miss Als. (*Stopping her.*) I'll swear you sha'n't.

Miss Alton. Madam, I was just finishing the petition.

Miss Als. It's throwing money away; but give him a crown.

[Exit with Mrs. B. striving which shall be first.

Miss Alton. "The soft effusions of a too tender heart." The proof is excellent. That the covetous should be deaf to the miserable, I can conceive; but I should not have believed, if I had not seen, that a taste for profusion did not find its first indulgence in benevolence. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Miss Alscip's Dressing-room.*

MISS ALTON discovered.

Miss Alton. Thanks to Mrs. Blandish's inexhaustible talent for encomium, I shall be relieved

from one part of a companion that my nature revolts at. But who comes here? It's well if I shall not be exposed to impertinences I was not aware of.

Enter CHIGNON.

Chig. (Aside.) Ma foi, la voila; I will lose no time to pay my addresse. Now for de humble maniere, and de unperplex assurance of my contrée. (*Bowing with a French shrug. Miss Alton turning over music-books.*) Mademoiselle, est-il permis? may I presume to offer you my profound homage? Mademoiselle, if you will put your head into my hands, I will give a distinction to your beauty, that shall make you and me de conversation of all de town.

Miss Alton. I request, Mr. Chignon, you will devote your ambition to your own part of the compliment.

Alscip. (Without.) Where is my daughter?

Miss Alton. Is that Mr. Alscip's voice, Mr. Chignon? It's awkward for me to meet him before I am introduced.

Chig. Keep a little behind, mademoiselle; he will only pashe de room. He will not see through me.

Enter ALSCRIP.

Alscip. Ha! my daughter gone already! but (*sees Chignon*) there's a new specimen of foreign vermin. A lady's valet-de-chambre! Taste for ever! Now if I were to give the charge of my person to a waiting-maid, they'd say I was indelicate. (*As he crosses the stage, Chignon keeps sideling to intercept his sight, and bowing as he looks towards him.*) What the devil is mounseer at? I thought all his agility lay in his fingers: what antics is the monkey practising? He twists and doubles himself as if he had a raree-shew at his back.

Chig. (Aside.) Be gar, no raree-show for you, Monsieur Alscip, if I can help.

Alscip. (Sees Miss Alton.) Ah, ah! What have we got there? Monsieur, who is that?

Chig. Sir, my lady wish to speak to you in her boudoir. She sent me to conduct you, sir.

Alscip. (Imitating.) Yes, sir; but I will first conduct myself to this lady. Tell me, this minute, who she is?

Chig. Sir, she come to live here, companion to my lady. Mademoiselle study some musique; she must not be disturbed.

Alscip. Get about your business, monsieur, or I'll disturb every comb in your head. Go tell my daughter to stay till I come to her. I shall give her companion some cautions against saucy Frenchmen, sirrah.

Chig. (Aside.) Cautions! peste! you are subject a' cautions yourself. I suspect you to be von old rake, but no ver dangerous rival. [Exit.

Alscip. (Aside.) The devil is never tired of throwing baits in my way. (*She comes forward.*) By all that's delicious! I must be better acquainted with her. But how to begin? My usual way of attacking my daughter's maids will never do.

Miss Alton. (Aside.) My situation is very embarrassing.

Alscip. Beauteous stranger! give me leave to add my welcome to my daughter's. Since Alscip House was established, she never brought anything into it to please me before.

Miss Alton. Sir, it is a great additional honour to that *Miss Alscip* has done me, to be thought worthy so respectable a protection as your's.

Alscip. I could furnish you with a better word than respectable. It sounds so distant, and my feelings have so little to do with cold respect. I never had such a desire to make myself agreeable.

Miss Alton. A very strange old man! (*Aside.*) Sir, you'll pardon me, I believe *Miss Alscip* is waiting.

Alscip. Don't be afraid, my dear. Enchanting diffidence! Zounds! what a flutter I am in! (*Aside.*)

Don't be afraid; my disposition, to be sure, is too susceptible; but then, it is, likewise, so dove-like, so tender, and so innocent! Come, play me that tune, and enchant my ear, as you have done my eye.

Miss Alton. Sir, I wish to be excused; indeed, it does not deserve your attention.

Alscrip. Not deserve it? I had rather hear you than all the signoritininies together. These are the strings to which my senses shall dance. (*Sets the harp.*)

Miss Alton. Sir, it is to avoid the affectation of refusing what is so little worth asking for. (*Takes the harp, and plays a few bars of a lively air.*)

Alscrip. Oh! the sweet little twiddle-diddles!

Miss Alton. For shame, sir; what do you mean? (*Alscrip gets hold of both her hands, and kisses her fingers.*) Help! (*Struggling.*)

Enter MISS ALSCRIP.

Miss Als. I wonder what my papa is doing all this time. (*Miss Alton confused. Alscrip puts his hand to his eye.*)

Alscrip. Oh! child, I have got something in my eye, that makes me almost mad. A little midge—believe. 'Gad! I caught hold of this young lady's hand in one of my twitches, and her nerves were as much in a flutter as if I had bit her.

Miss Als. Yes, my dear papa, I perceive you have something in your eye, and I'll do my best to take it out immediately. *Miss Alton*, will you do me the favour to walk into the drawing-room?

Miss Alton. I hope, madam, you will permit me, at a proper opportunity, to give my explanation of what has passed. [*Exit.*]

Miss Als. There's no occasion. Let it rest among the catalogue of wonders, like the Glastonbury thorn, that blooms at Christmas. To be serious, papa, though I carried off your behaviour as well as I could, I am really shocked at it. A man of your years, and of a profession where the opinion of the world is of such consequence—

Alscrip. My dear Molly, have not I quitted the practice of attorney, and turned fine gentleman, to laugh at the world's opinion? or, had I not, do you suppose the kiss of a pretty wench would hurt a lawyer? My dear Molly, if the fraternity had no other reflections to be afraid of—

Miss Als. Oh, hideous! Molly, indeed! You ought to have forgot I had a christened name long ago: am not I going to be a countess? If you did not stint my fortune, by squandering your's away upon dirty trulls, I might be called your grace.

Alscrip. Spare your lectures, and you shall be called your highness, if you please.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, Lady Emily Gayville is in her carriage in the street, will your ladyship be at home?

Miss Als. Yes, shew her into the drawing-room. [*Exit Servant.*] I entreat, sir, you will keep a little more guard upon your passions; consider the dignity of your house; and, if you must be cooing, bay a French figurante. [*Exit.*]

Alscrip. Well said, my lady countess! well said, quality morals! What am I the better for burying a jealous wife? To be chicken-pecked is a new persecution, more provoking than the old one. Oh! Molly, Molly! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Drawing-room.*

MISS ALTON discovered.

Miss Alton. What perplexing scenes I already meet with in this house? I ought, however, to be contented in the security it affords against the attempts of Hearty. I am contented: but, oh! Clifford, it was hard to be left alone to the choice of distresses.

Enter CHIGNON, introducing LADY EMILY.

Chig. My Lady Emily Gayville—Madame no

here! Mademoiselle, announce, if you please, my lady.

Lady E. (Aside.) Did my ears deceive me? surely, I heard the name of Clifford; and it escaped in an accent.—Pray, sir, who is that? (*To Chignon.*)

Chig. Mademoiselle Alton, confidente of my lady, and next after me in her suite. (*Examines her head-dress impertinently. Miss Alton, with great modesty, rises and puts her work together.*)

Lady E. There seems to be considerable difference in the decorum of her attendants. You need not stay, sir.

Chig. (As he goes out.) Ma foi, sa tête est passable: her head may pass.

Lady E. (Aside.) How my heart beats with curiosity! (*Miss Alton having disposed her things in her work-bag, is retiring.*) *Miss Alton*, I am in no haste; on the contrary, I think the occasion fortunate that allows me to begin an acquaintance with a person of so amiable an appearance. I don't know whether that pert foreigner has led me into an error; but, without being too inquisitive, may I ask if you make any part of this family?

Miss Alton. Madam, I am under *Miss Alscrip's* protection: I imagine I am represented as her dependent: I am not ashamed of humble circumstances, that are not the consequences of indistinction.

Lady E. That, with such claims to respect, you should be in any circumstances of humiliation, is a disgrace to the age we live in.

Miss Alton. Madam, my humiliation (if such it be) is just. Perhaps I have been too proud, and my heart required this self-correction. A life of retired industry might have been more pleasing to me; but, an orphan—a stranger—ignorant and diffident, I preferred my present situation, as one less exposed to misrepresentation. (*Bell rings.*) I can no longer detain *Miss Alscrip* from the honour of receiving your ladyship. [*Exit.*]

Lady E. There is something strangely mysterious and affecting in all this. What delicacy of sentiment! what softness of manners! and how well do these qualities accord with that sigh for Clifford! She has been proud—proud of what? of Clifford's love. It is too plain. But, then, to account for her present condition? He has betrayed and abandoned her—too plain again, I fear. She talked, too, of a self-corrected heart; take example, Emily, and recall thine from an object, which it ought, more than ever, to renounce. But here comes the *Alscrip* and her friend: lud, lud, lud! how shall I recover my spirits? I must attempt it; and if I lose my present thoughts in a trial of extravagance, be it of theirs or my own, it will be a happy expedient.

Enter MISS ALSCRIP and MRS. BLANDISH.

Lady E. I ask your pardon, madam, for being so awkward; but, I confess, I did not expect so elevated a salute.

Miss Als. Dear Lady Emily, I had no notion of its not being universal. In France, the touch of the lips just between the eyebrows, has been adopted for years.

Lady E. I perfectly acknowledge the propriety of the custom. It is almost the only spot of the face where the touch would not risk a confusion of complexions.

Miss Als. He, he, he! what a pretty thought!

Mrs. B. How I have longed for this day! Come, let me put an end to ceremony, and join the hands of the sweetest pair that ever nature and fortune marked for connexion. (*Joins their hands.*)

Miss Als. Thank you, my good Blandish; though I was determined to break the ice, Lady Emily, in the first place I met you. But you were not at Lady Dovecourt's last night.

Lady E. No; I went home directly from the opera; projected the revival of a cap; read a page

in the Trials of Temper; went to bed, and dreamed I was Belinda in the Rape of the Lock.

Mrs. B. Elegant creature!

Miss Als. (Aside.) I must have that air, if I die for it. *(Imitating.)* I, too, came home early; supped with my old gentleman; made him explain my marriage articles, dower, and heirs entail; read a page in a trial of divorce, and dreamed of a rose-colour equipage, with emblems of Cupids issuing out of coronets.

Mrs. B. Oh! you sweet twins of perfection! what equality in everything! I have thought of a name for you—The Inseparable Inimitables.

Miss Als. I declare, I shall like it exceedingly; one sees so few uncopied originals. The thing I cannot bear—

Lady E. Is vulgar imitation. I must catch the words from your mouth, to shew you how we agree.

Miss Als. Exactly. Not that one wishes to be without affectation.

Lady E. Oh! mercy forbid!

Miss Als. But to catch a manner, and weave it, as I may say, into one's own originality.

Mrs. B. Pretty, pretty!

Lady E. That's the art. Lord! if one lived entirely upon one's own whims, who would not be run out in a twelvemonth?

[folly?]

Miss Als. Dear Lady Emily, don't you dote upon *Lady E.* To ecstasy. I only despair of seeing it well kept up.

Miss Als. I flatter myself there is no great danger of that.

Lady E. You are mistaken. We have, 'tis true, some examples of the extravaganza in high life, that no other country can match; but, withal, many a false sister, that starts, as one would think, in the very heyday of the fantastic, yet comes to a standstill in the midst of the course.

Mrs. B. Poor, spiritless creatures!

Lady E. Do you know there is more than one dutchess who has been seen in the same carriage with her husband; like two doves in a basket, in the print of Conjugal Felicity: and another has been detected—I almost blush to name it—

Mrs. B. Bless us! where? and how—and how?

Lady E. In nursing her own child!

Miss Als. Oh, barbarism! For heaven's sake! let us change the subject. You were mentioning a revived cap, Lady Emily; anything of the Henry Quatre?

Lady E. Quite different. An English mob under the chin, and artless ringlets, in natural colour, that shall restore an admiration for Prior's Nut-brown Maid.

Miss Als. Horrid! shocking!

Lady E. Absolutely necessary. To be different from the rest of the world, we must now revert to nature. Make haste, or you have so much to undo, you will be left behind.

Miss Als. I dare say so. But who can vulgarize at once? What will the French say?

Lady E. Oh! we shall have a new treaty for the interchange of fashions and follies; and then say they will complain, as they do of other treaties, that we out-manufactured them.

Miss Als. Fashions and follies! Oh! what a charming contention!

Lady E. Yes; and one, thank heaven! so perfectly well understood on both sides, that no counter-declaration will be wanted to explain it.

Miss Als. (With an affected drop of her lip in her laugh.) He, he, he, he, he!

Lady E. My dear Miss Alscip, what are you doing? I must correct you, as I love you. Sure you must have observed the drop of the under lip is exploded since Lady Simpermode broke a tooth. *(Sets her mouth affectedly.)* I am preparing the cast of the lips for the ensuing winter—thus. It is to be called the Paphian mimp.

Miss Als. (Imitating.) I swear, I think it pretty. I must try to get it.

Lady E. Nothing so easy. It is done by one cabalistical word, like a metamorphosis in the fairy tales. You have only, when before your glass, to keep pronouncing to yourself mimini-pimini; the lips cannot fail taking their plie.

Miss Als. Nimini-pimini-imini, mimini—Oh! its delightfully infantine! and so innocent, to be kissing one's own lips.

Lady E. You have it to a charm. Does it not become her infinitely, Mrs. Blandish?

Mrs. B. Our friend's features must succeed in every grace; but never so much as in a quick change of extremes.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, Lord Gayville desires to know if you are at home?

Miss Als. A strange formality!

Lady E. (Aside.) No brother ever came more opportunely to a sister's relief; "I have fooled it to the top of my bent."

Miss Als. Desire Miss Alton to come to me. *[Exit Servant.]* Lady Emily, you must not blame me; I am supporting the cause of our sex, and must punish a lover for some late inattentions. I shall not see him.

Lady E. Oh, cruel! *(Sees Miss Alton.)*

Enter MISS ALTON.

Miss Alscip, you have, certainly, the most elegant companion in the world.

Miss Als. Dear, do you think so? An ungain, dull sort of a body, in my mind; but we'll try her in the present business. Miss Alton, you must do me a favour. I want to plague my husband that is to be; you must take my part; you must double me like a second actress at Paris, when the first has the vapours.

Miss Alton. Really, madam, the task you would impose upon me—

Miss Als. Will be a great improvement to you, and quite right for me. Don't be grave, Lady Emily; *(whose attention is fixed on Miss Alton)* your brother's penance shall be short, and I'll take the reconciliation scene upon myself.

Lady E. (Endeavouring to recover herself.) I cannot but pity him; especially, as I am sure, that do what you will, he will always regard you with the same eyes. And so, my sweet sister, I leave him to your mercy, and to that of your representative, whose disposition, if I have any judgment, is ill suited to a task of severity.

Mrs. B. Dear Lady Emily, carry me away with you. When a lover is coming, it shall never be said I am in the way.

Lady E. (Aside.) What a painful suspense am I to suffer! another instant, and I shall betray myself. Adieu, Miss Alscip.

Miss Als. Call Lady Emily's servants.

Lady E. You sha'n't stir; remember mimini-pimini. I am at your orders. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. B. I follow you, my sweet volatile! *(Coming back, and squeezing Miss Alscip's hand, in a half whisper.)* She'd give her eyes to be like you. *[Exit.]*

Miss Als. Now for it, Miss Alton. Only remember that you are doubling me, the woman he adores. *Miss Alton.* Indeed, madam, I am quite incapable of executing your orders to your satisfaction. The utmost I can undertake is a short message.

Miss Als. Never fear. *(Knock at the door.)* There he comes: step aside, and I'll give you your very words. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter LORD GAYVILLE, conducted by a Servant.

Lord G. So, now to get through this piece of drudgery. There's a meanness in my proceeding, and my compunction is just. Oh! the dear, lost possessor of my heart; lost, irrecoverably lost!

Enter MISS ALTON.

Miss Alton. (Aside.) A pretty employment I am sent upon!

Lord G. (Aside.) Could she but know the sacrifice I am ready to make!

Miss Alton. (Aside.) The very picture of a lover, if absence of mind marks one. It is unpleasant for me to interrupt a man I never saw, but I shall deliver my message very concisely. My lord—

Lord G. (Turning.) Madam—Astonishment! Miss Alton! my charming fugitive?

Miss Alton. How! Mr. Heartly, Lord Gayville?

Lord G. My joy and my surprise are alike unutterable. But I conjure you, madam, tell me by what strange circumstance do I meet you here?

Miss Alton. (Aside.) Now assist me, honest pride! assist me, resentment!

Lord G. You spoke to me: did you know me?

Miss Alton. No otherwise, my lord, than as Miss Alscrip's lover. I had a message from her to your lordship.

Lord G. For heaven's sake, madam, in what capacity?

Miss Alton. In one, my lord, not very much above the class of a servant.

Lord G. Impossible, sure! It is to place the brilliant below the foil; to make the inimitable work of nature secondary to art and defect.

Miss Alton. It is to take refuge in a situation that offers me security against suspicious obligation; against vile design; against the attempts of a seducer: it is to exercise the patience, that the will, and, perhaps, the favour of heaven meant to try.

Lord G. Cruel, cruel to yourself and me. Could I have had a happiness like that of assisting you against the injustice of fortune; and when to be thus degraded was the alternative?

Miss Alton. My lord, it is fit I should be explicit. Reflect upon the language you have held to me; view the character in which you present yourself to this family; and then pronounce in whose breast we must look for a sense of degradation.

Lord G. In mine, and mine alone. I confess it. Hear, nevertheless, my defence. My actions are all the result of love: and, culpable as I may seem, my conscience does not reproach me with—

Miss Alton. Oh! my lord, I readily believe you. You are above its reproaches: qualities that are infamous and fatal, in one class of life, create applause and conscientious satisfaction in another.

Lord G. Infamous and fatal qualities! What means my lovely accuser?

Miss Alton. That to steal or stab is death in common life: but when one of your lordship's degree sets his hard heart upon the destruction of a woman, how glorious is his success! How consummate his triumph, when he can follow the theft of her affections by the murder of her honour.

Enter MISS ALSCRIP, softly, who stands apart.

Miss Als. I wonder how it goes on! *(Aside.)*

Lord G. Exalted, adorable woman!

Miss Als. Adorable! ay, I thought how 'twould be. *(Aside.)*

Lord G. Hear me, I conjure you.

Miss Als. Not a word, if she knows her business. *(Aside.)*

Miss Alton. My lord, I have heard too much.

Miss Als. Bravo! I could not have played it better myself. *(Aside.)*

Lord G. Oh! still more charming than severe. *(Kneels.)*

Miss Als. Humph! I hope he means me, though. *(Aside.)*

Lord G. The character in which you see me here makes me appear more odious to myself, if possible, than I am to you.

Miss Als. (Aside.) By all that's treacherous! I doubt it.

Miss Alton. Desist, my lord. Miss Alscrip has a claim—

Miss Als. Ay, now for it. *(Aside.)*

Lord G. By heaven! she is my aversion. It is my family, on whom I am dependent, that has betrayed me into these cursed addresses. Accept my contrition; pity a wretch, struggling with the complicated torments of passion, shame, penitence, and despair.

Miss Als. (Comes forward.) I never saw a part better doubled in my life!

Lord G. Confusion! What a light do I appear in to them both! How shall I redeem myself, even in my own opinion? *(Aside.)*

Miss Als. (Looking at Lord G.) Expressive dignity! *(Looking at Miss Alton.)* Sweet simplicity! amiable diffidence! "She should execute my commands most awkwardly."

Lord G. (Aside.) There is but one way. *(To Miss Alscrip.)* Madam, your sudden entrance has effected a discovery which, with shame I confess, ought to have been made before. The lady, who stands there, is in possession of my heart. If it is a crime to adore her, I am the most guilty wretch on earth. Pardon me, if you can; my sincerity is painful to me; but, in this crisis, it is the only atonement I can offer. *[Exit.]*

Miss Als. Admirable! perfect! The most finished declaration, I am convinced, that ever was made from beggarly nobility to the woman that was to make his fortune: "The lady who stands there"—the lady! Madam, I am in patient expectation for the sincerity of your ladyship's atonement.

Miss Alton. I am confounded at the strange occurrences that have happened; but, be assured, you see in me an innocent and most unwilling rival.

Miss Als. Rival! better and better. You—you give me uneasiness? You mope! you coquette of the side-table, to catch the gawky heir of the family, when he comes home from school at Christmas. You—you vile seducer of my good, old, honoured father. *(Cries. In a passion again.)* What, is my lady dumb? Hussy! have you the insolence to hold your tongue?

Miss Alton. Madam, I just now offered to justify this scene; I thought it the part of duty to myself, and respect to you. But your behaviour has now left but one sentiment upon my mind.

Miss Als. And what is that, madam?

Miss Alton. Scorn. *[Exit.]*

Miss Als. Was there ever anything like this before? and to a woman of my fortune? I to be robbed of a lover; and that a poor lord, too. I'll have the act revived against witchcraft; I'll have the minx tried; I'll—I'll—I'll— *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*Alscrip's Room of business.*

ALS CRIP AND RIGHTLY DISCOVERED.

Right. Upon all these matters, Mr. Alscrip, I am authorized by my client, Sir Clement Flint, to agree. There remains nothing but your favouring me with the inspection of the Charlton title-deeds, and your daughter's settlements may be engrossed.

Alscrip. I cannot conceive, my friend Rightly, any such inspection to be requisite. Have not I been in constant, quiet possession?

Right. Sir Clement insists upon it.

Alscrip. A client insist! and you, an old practitioner, suffer such a demur to your infallibility! Ah! in my practice I had the sure means of disappointing such dabblers and divers into their own cases.

Right. How, pray

Alscrip. I read his writings to him myself. I was the best reader in Chancery-lane for setting the understanding at defiance. Drew breath but once in a quarter of an hour, always in the wrong place, and made a single sentence of six skins of parchment. Shall I give you a specimen?

Right. I have no doubt of your talent.

Alscrip. Then return to Sir Clement, and follow my example.

Right. No, Mr. Alscrip; though I acknowledge your skill, I do not subscribe to your doctrine. The English law is the finest system of ethics, as well as government, that ever the world produced, and it cannot be too generally understood.

Alscrip. Law understood! Zounds! would you destroy the profession?

Right. No, I would raise it. Had every man of sense the knowledge of the theory, to which he is competent, the practice would revert to the purity of its institution; maintain the rights, and not promote the knavery of mankind.

Alscrip. (Aside.) Plaguy odd maxims! Sure, he means to try me. Brother Rightly, we know the world, and are alone. I have locked the door. *(In a half whisper.)*

Right. A very useless precaution. I have not a principle nor a proceeding that I would not proclaim at Charing-Cross.

Alscrip. (Aside.) No! then I'll pronounce you the most silly, or the most impudent fellow of the fraternity.

Right. But where are these writings? You can have no difficulty in laying your hand upon them, for I perceive you keep things in a distinguished regularity.

Alscrip. Yes; I have distinct repositories for all papers, and especially, title-deeds. Some in drawers, some in closets—*(aside)* and a few underground.

Miss Als. (Rattling at the door.) What makes you lock the door, sir? I must speak to you this instant.

Alscrip. One moment, child, and I'll be ready for you. *(Turning again to Rightly, as to dissuade him.)*

Right. If the thoughts of the wedding-day make any part of the young lady's impatience, you take a bad way, Mr. Alscrip, to satisfy it; for I tell you plainly, our business cannot be completed till I see these writings.

Alscrip. (Aside.) Confound the old hound, how he sticks to his scent! *(Miss Als. still at the door.)* I am coming, I tell you. *(Opens a bureau in a confused hurry, shuffles papers about, and puts one into Rightly's hand.)* There, if this whim must be indulged, step into the next room. You, who know the material parts of a parchment lie in a nut-shell, will look it over in ten minutes. *(Puts Rightly into another room.)*

Miss Als. (Without.) I won't wait another instant, whatever you are about. Let me in.

Alscrip. (Opening the door.) Sex and vehemence! What is the matter now?

Enter MISS ALSCRIP, in the most violent emotion.

Miss Als. So, sir—yes, sir—you have done finely by me, indeed; you are a pattern for fathers: a precious match you had provided!

Alscrip. What the devil's the matter?

Miss Als. (Running on.) I, that with fifty thousand independent pounds, left myself in a father's hands—a thing unheard of—and waited for a husband with unparalleled patience till I was of age.

Alscrip. What the devil's the matter?

Miss Als. (Following him about.) I, that at fourteen, might have married a French marquis,—my governess told me he was, for all he was her brother.

Alscrip. Gad-a-mercy! governess!

Miss Als. And as for commoners, had not I the choice of the market? And the handsome Irish colonel at Bath, that had carried off six heiresses before, for himself and friends, and would have found his way to Gretna-green blindfolded?

Alscrip. (Aside.) 'Gad! I wish you were there now, with all my heart. What the devil is at the bottom of all this?

Miss Als. Why, Lord Gayville is at the bottom;

and your hussy, that you was so sweet upon this morning, is at the bottom; a treacherous mix! I sent her, only for a little innocent diversion, as my double—

Alscrip. Your what?

Miss Als. Why, my double; to vex him.

Alscrip. Double! This is the most useless attendant you have had yet. 'Gad! I'll start you single-handed in the art of vexation against any ten women in England.

Miss Als. I caught them, just as I did you with your—

[that.]

Alscrip. Is that all? 'Gad! I don't see much in

Miss Als. Not much? What, a woman of my fortune and accomplishments turned off—rejected—renounced!

Alscrip. How, renounced? Has he broke the contract? Will you prove he has broken the contract?

Miss Als. Ay, now, my dear papa, you take a

tone that becomes you; now the blood of the Al-

scrips rises; rises as it ought. You mean to fight

him directly, don't you?

Alscrip. Oh! yes, I'm his man. I'll shew you a

lawyer's challenge; sticks and staves, guns, swords,

daggers, poniards, knives, scissors and bodkins.

I'll put more weapons into a bit of paper, six inches

square, than would stock the armoury of the Tower.

Miss Als. Pistols! Don't talk to me of anything

but pistols. My dear papa, who shall be your second?

Alscrip. I'll have two; John Doe and Richard

Roe: as pretty fellows as any in England to see fair

play, and as used to the differences of good com-

pany. They shall greet him with their *fieri facias*:

so don't be cast down, Molly; I'll answer for da-

gages to indemnify our loss of temper and reputa-

tion. He shall have a *fi-fa*, before to-morrow night.

Miss Als. Fiery faces and damages! What does

your Westminster-hall gibberish mean? Are a

woman's feelings to be satisfied with a *fi-fa*? You

old insensible! you have no sense of family honour

—no tender affections.

Alscrip. 'Gad! you have enough for us both,

when you want your father to be shot through the

head: but, stand out of the way, here's a species of

family honour more necessary to be taken care of.

If we were to go to law, this would be a precious

set-off against us. *(Takes up the deed, as if to lock*

it up.) This!—why, what the devil!—I hope I don't

see clear. Curse and confusion! I have given the

wrong one. Here's fine work! here's a blunder!

here's the effect of a woman's impetuosity!

Miss Als. Lord! what a fuss you are in! what is

in the old trumpery scroll?

Alscrip. Plague and parchment! old Rightly will

find what's in it, if I don't interrupt him. Mr.

Rightly, Mr. Rightly, Mr. Rightly! *(Going to the*

door Rightly went out at.)

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Rightly is gone.

Alscrip. Gone! whither?

Serv. Home, I believe, sir. He came out at the door into the hall, and he bade me tell your honour you might depend upon his reading over the deed with particular care.

Alscrip. Fire and fury! my hat and cane. *[Exit Serv.]* Here, my hat and cane.

Miss Als. Sir, I expect, before you come home—

Alscrip. Death and devils! expect to be ruined. This comes of listening to you. The sex hold the power of mischief by prescription. Zounds! Mis-

chief—mischief is the common law of womankind.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Alscrip's Room.*

CHIGNON discovered.

Chig. Que diable veut dire tout ça? vat devil all

dis mean? Monsieur Alscrip enragé—Mademoiselle Alscrip fly about like de dancing fury at de Opera—my littel musicienne shut up; and, in de absence of madame, I keep de key of de littel bastille. By gad! I vou'd rader have de custody of my pretty prisoniere than the whole college of cardinals. But vat have we here?

Sir C. (Without.) Mr. Alscrip not at home; no matter, we'll wait his return.

Enter SIR CLEMENT FLINT and CLIFFORD.
The French valet-de-chambre. *(To Clifford.)* It may be of use to make acquaintance with him. *(To Chig.)* Monsieur, how do you like this country?

Chig. Ver good contrée, sire, by and by, when you grow a little more poor.

Sir C. Is that a Parisian rule for improvement?

Chig. Yes, sir; and we help you to follow our example. In good times you hang and you drown; in bad times you will be like us—always poor, always gay, forget your politics, laugh at your grievances, take your snuff, vive la dissipation!—Ver good contrée.

Sir C. Thanks for your kind advice, monsieur; your Frenchmen are so obliging, and so communicative to strangers. I hear there is a young lady come into this family; we don't exactly know in what capacity; could not you contrive that she should pass through this room? or—

Chig. (Aside.) By gar! here be one more old rake after de littel musicienne.

Sir C. Only for curiosity; we never saw her, and have particular reasons. *(Gives money.)*

Chig. Ma foi, your reasons be ver expressive. *(Aside.)* But vat devil shall I do? open the cage of my little Rosignol—my pretty nightingale? no. Chignon, no—*(looking out)*—Ah, ah! La Tiffany! Now for de politique. By gar! I undertake your business, and make you de dupe of de performance.

[Exit, with a sign to Sir C.]

Sir C. So, Clifford: there goes as disinterested a fellow, now, as any in Europe. But, hark you! can you yet guess the purpose for which I brought you here?

Clif. I profess, sir, I am in the dark. If it concerns Lord Gayville's secret—

Sir C. Namely, that this dulcinea has started up in the shape of Miss Alscrip's musical companion: her name is Alton. I tell it you, because I am sure you are not acquainted with it.

Clif. Sir, you will not know me.

Sir C. Tut, tut! don't do me such injustice. Come, all delicacy being over, by my having made the discovery, will you talk to this girl?

Clif. For what end, sir?

Sir C. If you state yourself as Lord Gayville's friend, she will converse with you more readily, than she would with me. Try her; find out what she is really at. If she has no hold upon him but her person, I shall be easy.

Clif. Sir, let my compliance convince you how much I wish to oblige you. If I can get a sight of this wonder, I promise to give you my faithful opinion of my friend's danger.

Enter CHIGNON, and makes a sign to Sir Clement, that the person he inquired after is coming.

Sir C. Leave her with this gentleman. Come, monsieur, you shall shew me the new room. *[Exit.]*

Chig. (Aside.) Vid dis gentleman? Vid all my heart. La Tiffany vill answer his purpose, and mine too. *[Exit.]*

Enter TIFFANY.

Tif. What does the Frenchman mean by gentlemen wanting me, and his gibberish of making soft eyes. I hope I know the exercise of my eyes without his instruction. Ha! I vow, a clever-looking man. *(Aside.)*

Clif. 'Faith! a pretty, attracting countenance: but for that apprehensive and timid look; that awe-

impressing modesty, my friend so forcibly described—*(Tiffany adjusts herself)*—Her silence marks diffidence. Deuce take me, if I know how to begin, for fear of offending her reserve. *(Aside.)*

Tif. (Aside.) I have been told pertness became me. I'll try, I'm resolved. *(To him.)* I hear, sir, you had something to say to a young person in this house, that—that I could not but take the description to myself. I am ready to hear anything a gentleman has to say.

Clif. (Aside.) Thank my stars, my scruples are relieved.

Tif. Am I mistaken, sir? Pray, whom was you inquiring after?

Clif. Oh! certainly, you, my pretty stranger. A friend of mine has been robbed of his heart, and I see the felony in your looks. Will you confess, or must I arrest you?

Tif. Innocent, sir, in fact, but not quite so in inclination. I hope your own is safe?

Clif. And were it not, my smart unconscionable, would you run away with that also?

Tif. Oh! yes, and a hundred more; and melt them all down together, as the Jews do stolen goods, to prevent their being reclaimed.

Clif. (Aside.) Astonishing! have I hit upon the moment when her fancy outruns her art? But are you really the lady that's admitted into this family as companion to Miss Alscrip?

Tif. Sir, if you mean the young lady, who, however undeservingly, is flatteringly called the flower of this family; who, sometimes, extracts notice from these windows; and, to be sure, has been followed home by gentlemen against her inclinations—sir, you are not mistaken.

Clif. (Aside.) Sure, it has been Gayville's madness or amusement, then, to describe her by contraries.

Tif. I hope, sir, you are not offended? I would not be impertinent, though I am not so tasteless as to be shy.

Clif. Offended my dear! I am quite charmed, I assure you. And so, without further shyness on either part, let us be free upon the subject I had to talk over with you. You surely are not looking to lasting connexions?

Tif. Sir, I don't understand you. I am not what you suppose, I assure you. Connexions, indeed! I should never have thought of that. My character—my behaviour—Connexions! I don't know what the word signifies.

Sir C. (Without.) Clifford, are you ready?

Clif. I am at your orders, sir.

Tif. (Aside.) Deuce take this interruption!

Sir C. (Without.) I shall not wait for Mr. Alscrip any longer.

Tif. (Aside.) Lud, lud! he gives me no time to come round again. *(Runs up to him confusedly.)* It's very true, sir, I would not do such a thing for the world; but you are a man of honour, and, I am sure, would not give bad advice to a poor girl who is but a novice; and so, sir, *(hearing Sir C. entering)* put your proposal in writing, and you may depend on having an answer. *[Exit.]*

Enter SIR CLEMENT FLINT.

Sir C. Well, Clifford, what do you think of her?

Clif. Make yourself perfectly easy, sir: this girl, when known, can make no impression on Lord Gayville's mind; and, I doubt not, but a silk gown and a lottery-ticket, had they been offered as an ultimatum, would have purchased her person.

Sir C. Don't you sometimes, Clifford, form erroneous opinions of people's pretensions? Interest and foolish passion inspire strange notions; as one or the other prevails, we are brought to look so low, or so high—

Clif. That we are compelled to call reason and honour to our aid.

Sir C. And then—

Clif. We lose the intemperance of our inclinations in the sense of what is right.

Sir C. (Aside.) Sententious impostor! But to the point.

Clif. Sir, I would please you if I could. I am thinking of a scheme to restore Lord Gayville to his senses, without violence or injury to any one of the parties.

Sir C. Let me hear it.

Clif. Why, the wench being out short of market by word of mouth, desired me to write proposals. I am inclined to do so. We will shew the answer to Lord Gayville; and, depend upon it, there will be character enough displayed to cure him of the sentimental part of his attachment.

Sir C. I like your idea.—Sit down, and put it into execution immediately. *(To himself.)* He is quick at invention; has a pretty turn at profession. A proud and peremptory shew of honour would overpower prejudices. Thank heaven! my opinions of knavery are convictions.

Clif. (Writing.) I am sorry to detain you, sir.

Sir C. (Looking at the furniture.) Oh! I am amusing myself better than you think. Indulging an edifying contemplation among the tombs of departed estates. *(Looking in the closets, that shew old writings, tied up; shelves with boxes, labelled mortgages, lease and release, &c.)* What mouldered skins, that will never see day-light again; and that, with a good herald, would vie with Westminster Abbey in hollyday entertainment. For instance, now, what have we here?—Ah! the last remains of Faldland Priory; once of great monastic importance: a proverb of pride, sloth, and hypocrisy. After the Reformation, the seat of old English hospitality and benevolence; in the present century, altered, adorned, pulled down, and the materials sold by auction. [not lost.]

Clif. Edifying, indeed, sir; your comments are

Sir C. Here lie, undisturbed, in dust, the relics of Count Baron Castle, granted, at the conquest, to the family of Loftimount. The last of this ancient race, having won twenty-seven king's plates, and represented the county in six parliaments, after many struggles, died of the pistol fever. A disconsolate annuitant inscribed this box to his memory. Well, Clifford, have you done?

Clif. Yes, sir. *(Reads as if to himself.)* "You have captivated a young man of rank and fortune; but you are discovered, and his ruin and your's would be the consequence of pursuing any designs, that could impede his proposed marriage with Miss Alscrip. Throw yourself upon the generosity of his family, and your fortune's made. Send your answer *(and let it be immediate)* to me, at Sir Clement Flint's house. Your's, &c. &c."

"HENRY CLIFFORD."

Sir C. Our French friend is the man to deliver it, and to bring the answer. I am going home; you'll overtake me. [Exit.]

Enter CHIGNON.

Clif. (Sealing the letter.) You come apropos, monsieur. *(Gives the letter with an air of mystery.)* Have the goodness to put this letter into Miss Alton's own hands.

Chig. (To himself.) Mademoiselle Alton! Peste! My trick has not passed. [secret.]

Clif. To Miss Alton by herself: I am in all the *Chig. (Aside.)* Devil take Tiffany, for making you so wise.

Clif. And you serve your lady, when you serve me with Miss Alton. Monsieur, an answer as quick as possible. You will find me at Sir Clement Flint's; it is only in the next street; and—you understand me. *(Shaking his purse.)* Alerte, monsieur. [Exit.]

Chig. Understand you!—Oui da! you talk de language universal. *(Imitating his shaking the*

purse.) J'entre vois, I begin to see something. By gad, I will give de letter, and try de inclination of Mademoiselle la Musicienne: if dis be de duette she vill play, it take her out of the vay of Alscrip, of Gayville, and of myself also. Voilà le malheur! there de misfortune! Eh bien! when love and interest come across, alway prefer de interest for to-day, and take de chance of de love to-morrow: dat is de humour of France. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*Sir Clement Flint's House.*

Enter LORD GAYVILLE and SIR CLEMENT FLINT.

Lord G. I am resolved to see Miss Alscrip no more.

Sir C. And I hope you are prepared with arguments to justify the cause of this breach to me and to the world.

Lord G. For my reconciliation with you, I hope your former partiality will return to my aid; and as for the world, I despise it. The multitude look at happiness through the false glare of wealth and pomp: I have discovered it, though yet at a distance, through the only true medium, that of mutual affection.

Sir C. No common-place book, formed from a whole library of plays and novels, could furnish a better sentence. Your folly would shame a school-boy, even of the last age: in the present, he learns the world with his grammar, and gets a just notion of the worthlessness of the other sex, before he is of an age to be duped by their attractions.

Lord G. Sir, your prejudices—

Sir C. My prejudices? Will you appeal to Clifford? here he comes; your friend, your other self.

Enter CLIFFORD.

Lord G. And will Clifford condemn the choice of the heart?

Clif. Never, my lord, when justly placed. In the case I perceive you are arguing, I am ready to blush for you: nay, don't look grave; I am acquainted with your enchantress.

Lord G. You acquainted with her?

Clif. Yes; and, if I don't deceive myself, shall make her break her own spell. I am in correspondence with her.

Lord G. You in correspondence with Miss Alton! When? where? What am I to think of this?

Clif. My dear lord, that she is the most arrant coquette, the most accomplished jilt, the most ready trafficker of her charms—

Lord G. Phrensy and profanation!

Sir C. Come, Gayville, I'll be plain with you; you have silly let the girl raise her price upon you; but, if nothing else will satisfy you, even pay it, and have done with her.

Lord G. Sir, her price is an unadulterated heart: I am afraid we cannot pay it betwixt us.

Enter CHIGNON, who delivers a letter to Clifford, apart.

Chig. Alerte, monsieur, I repete your word: Mademoiselle Alton be all your own.

Sir C. Come, Clifford, the contents: his lordship braves the trial.

Lord G. What is this mighty scheme? and what is that paper to discover?

Clif. (Opens the letter.) Your lordship shall be informed word for word. Amazement! Do I dream? can it be? Who wrote this letter?

Sir C. Oh! speak out, monsieur, we are all friends.

Chig. De true Mademoiselle Alton, whom you charge me to give your letter. She open it, she turn pale, den red, den confuse, den kiss your name, den write, and bid me fly.

Lord G. Confusion on confusion! what does all this mean? Explain.

Clif. You must pardon me, I am disconcerted, confounded, thunderstruck. This letter is, indeed,

of a different nature from that I expected. I am more interested in Miss Alton's fate than your lordship. My perplexity is not to be endured. Friend, come with me instantly. [*Exeunt Clif. and Chig.*]
Lord G. Mystery and torture! What am I to collect from this? He interested in the fate of Miss Alton? be her former acquaintance?

Sir C. Why not, and her duke also?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Is Mr. Clifford gone, sir?

Lord G. Who wants him?

Serv. A chairman, with a letter he will not deliver to a servant.

Sir C. Call the fellow in. [*Exit Servant.*] Who knows but he may help us in our difficulties?

Enter Chairman, with a letter in his hand.

Lord G. Whom did you bring this letter from?

Chair. Please your honour, I don't know. Passing through the square, a sash flew up, and down came this letter, and half-a-crown upon my head. It could not have fallen better; there's not a fellow in town more handy than I am; nor, though I say it, more 'cute at private business: so I resolved to deliver it safely. Is your honour's name, Clifford?

Lord G. No, indeed, friend, I am not so happy a man.

Sir C. (Aside.) That letter must not be lost, though. Here, my friend, I'll take charge of your letter. (*Takes the letter.*) Something for your pains.

Chair. God bless your honour! and if you want to send an answer, my number is forty-seven in Bond-street. Your honour, I am known by the name of secret Tom. [*Exit.*]

Lord G. What is the use of this deceit? strong as my suspicion is, a seal must be sacred.

Sir C. Our circumstances make an exception to your rule: when there is treason in the state, wax gives way. (*Takes the letter, opens, and reads it.*) Faith! this is beyond my expectation: though the mystery is unfathomable, the aptness of it to my purpose is admirable. Gayville, I wish you joy.

Lord G. Of what?

Sir C. Of conviction. If this is not plain—only hear. (*Reads.*) "*Since my confused lines, of a few minutes past, my perplexities redouble upon my spirits. I am in momentary apprehension of farther insult from the Alscip family; I am still more anxious to avoid Lord Gayville. (Looks at Lord G.) Do not suspect my sincerity; I have not a thought of him that ought to disturb you.*" Here she is, Gayville; look at her through the medium of mutual affection. "*I have not a thought of him that ought to disturb you. Fly to me, secure me, my dearest Henry.*"

Lord G. Dearest Henry!

Sir C. (Reads.) "*Dearest Henry! In this call, the danger of your Harriet unites with the impatience of her affection.*"

Lord G. Hell and fury! this must be some trick, some forgery. (*Snatches the letter.*) No; by all that's perfidious! it is that exquisite hand that baffles imitation.

Sir C. All regular, strict, undeviating modern morals. Common property is the first principle of friendship; your horse, your house, your purse, your mistress; nay, your wife, would be a better example still of this generous age. Bless fortune, Gayville, that has brought the fidelity of your friend and your girl to the test at the same time.

Lord G. Sir, I am not in a humour for any spleen but my own. What can this mean? It must have been a secret attachment for years; but, then, the avowal of a correspondence, and the confusion at receiving it; his coldness in traducing her; the passionate interest he expressed in her fate; the conviction of his second letter—it is all delirium. I'll search the matter to the bottom, though I go to Clifford's heart for it. [*Exit.*]

Sir C. I'll after the precious fellow, too; he is

a rogue above my hopes, and the intricacy of his snares excite my curiosity. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Lady Emily's Apartment.*

LADY EMILY discovered, reading.

Lady E. It will not do. My eyes may run over a thousand subjects, but my thoughts centre in one. Ah! that sigh, that sigh from the fair sufferer this morning! I have found it echo in my own heart ever since.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. Blandish.

Lady E. Pooh! did you say I was at home?

Serv. Your ladyship gave no orders to the contrary.

Lady E. Shew him in. [*Exit Serv.*] I must take up my air of levity again; it is the only humour for a fellow who I sometimes allow to entertain me, but who can never get my esteem. I have more calls upon my affection this unlucky day, than my real disposition would execute in a long life.

Enter BLANDISH.

Blandish, I am horribly peevish; have you anything new to divert me?

Mr. B. If you ask me for news, the latest is that Clifford has been detected in a clandestine intercourse with the object of Lord Gayville's secret passion; that he has betrayed the confidence of his friend and patron, and actually carried her off. (*Aside.*) Which Gayville knows, by this time, with all its aggravations, or Prompt has not been as active as he used to be.

Lady E. Blandish, this is a poor project. Clifford treacherous to his friend! You might as soon make me believe Gayville dispassionate, my uncle charitable, or you ingenuous.

Mr. B. His conduct does not rest upon opinion, but proof; and, when you know it, you must think of him with aversion.

Lady E. Must I? Then don't let me hear a word more. I have aversions enough already.

Mr. B. It is impossible you can apply that word to one whose only offence is to adore you. (*Kisses her.*)

Enter CLIFFORD.

Clif. (Aside.) Blandish so favoured!

Lady E. (Aside.) Perverse accident! what mistakes now will he make?

Mr. B. (Aside.) The enemy has surprised me; but the only remedy in such emergencies, is to shew a good countenance.

Clif. I fear I have been guilty of an unpardonable intrusion.

Mr. B. Mr. Clif. Clifford never can intrude; but though you had not come so apropos yourself, Lady Emily will bear testimony I have not spared my pains to remove any prejudices she might have entertained.

Lady E. Had you not better repeat in your own words, Mr. Blandish, all the obliging things you have said of this gentleman?

Clif. It is not necessary, madam. If, without robbing you of moments that I perceive are precious—

Lady E. Sir?

Clif. I might obtain a short audience. (*Looking at Mr. B.*)

Mr. B. (Aside.) He's devilish impudent; but he cannot so soon get over facts, and I'll take care the conference shall not be long. (*To Lady E.*) Lady Emily, hear Mr. Clifford, and judge if I have misrepresented him. (*To Clifford.*) When you want a friend, you know where to find him. [*Exit.*]

Lady E. This is an interview, Mr. Clifford, that I desire not to be understood to have authorized. It is not to me you are accountable for your actions; I have no personal interest in them.

Clif. I know it well.

Lady E. Do not run away with the notion, neither, that I am, therefore, interested in any other person's. You have among you vexed and disconcerted me; but there is not a grain of partiality in all my embarrassment; if you have any eyes, you may see there is not.

Clif. Happy Blandish! your triumph is evident.

Lady E. Blandish, the odious creature! He is my abhorrence! You are hardly worse yourself in my bad opinion, though you have not done so much more to deserve it.

Clif. How cruel are the circumstances that compel me to leave you under these impressions! Nay, more; at such a time, to urge a request that, during your most favourable thoughts of me, would have appeared strange, if not presumptuous. This is the key of my apartment: it contains a secret that the exigency of the hour obliged me, against inclination or propriety, to lodge there. Should Sir Clement return before me, I implore you to prevent his discovery, and give to what you find within, your confidence and protection. Lord Gayville—But I shall go too far. The most anxious event of my life presses on me. I conjure you to comply, by all the compassion and tenderness nature has treasured in your heart, not for me, but for occasions worthy their display. Pray, take it. (*Gives the key, which she receives with some reluctance.*) [Exit.]

Lady E. Heigho! It's well he's gone without insisting on my answer: I was in a sad flutter of indecision. What mysterious means he takes to engage me in a confidence which I could not directly accept! I am to find a letter, I suppose; the story of his heart; its errors and defence. My brother's name, also, to furnish me with a new interest in the secret, and one I might avow. One may dislike this art, but must be sensible of his delicacy. Ah! when these two qualities unite in a man, I am afraid he is an overmatch for the wisest of us. Hark! sure, that is the sound of my uncle's coach. (*Looks out of the window.*) 'Tis he! and now for the secret. Curiosity! innate, irresistible principle in womankind! be my excuse, before I dare question my mind upon other motives. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Another Apartment.

Enter LADY EMILY.

Lady E. Oh, lud! I could hardly tremble more at opening this man's apartment, were there a possibility of finding him within side. How do people find courage to do a wrong thing, when an innocent discovery cannot be prosecuted without such timidity! (*Approaches the door, and unlocks it.*)

Enter MISS ALTON.

Amazement! Miss Alton, what is all this?

Miss Alton. Madam, I was brought here for an hour's concealment; who I really am, I would not, if possible to avoid it, divulge in this house. When you saw me last, you honoured me with a favourable opinion: my story, not explained at full, might subject me to doubts, that would shake your candour.

Lady E. (*Aside.*) What shall I do? She is pale, and ready to faint. I cannot let her be exposed in such a situation. Retire; you may rely upon me for present security. You know best your pretensions to my future opinion. (*Hearing Sir Clement.*) Begone, or you are discovered. (*Shuts her in, and locks Clifford's door.*)

Enter SIR CLEMENT FLINT.

Sir C. Oh! the triumph of honour! Oh! the sincerity of friendship! How my opinions are ratified; how my system is proved!

Lady E. Oh! spirits, spirits, forsake me not! Oh! for a moment's dissimulation.

Sir C. There are some, now, who would feed moroseness and misanthropy with such events: to me they give delight, as convictions and warnings to mankind.

Lady E. Of how superior a quality, my good uncle, must be the benevolence you possess! It rises with the progress of mischief; and is gratified (upon principles of general good) by finding confidence abused, and esteem misplaced. Am I not right in attributing your joy, at present, to that sort of refinement?

Sir C. Ah! and to what sensations, my good niece, shall be attributed the present state of your spirits? to the disgust you took to Clifford, almost at first sight? It will not be with indifference, but pleasure, you will hear of his turning out the veriest rascal, the most complete impostor, the most abandoned—But hold, hold! I must not wrong him by superlatives: he is matched, too.

Lady E. Really! I congratulate you upon such a check of charity.

Sir C. And I wish you joy, my pretty pert one, upon the credit your sex has acquired, in producing this other *chef-d'œuvre*; such a composition of the highest vices and the lowest. But your good-nature will, I dare say, easily find palliatives for both parties.

Lady E. Come, sir; no more of your sarcasms. I can treat wrong actions with levity, and yet consider them with detestation. Prudes and pretenders condemn with austerity. To the collection of suspicions you are master of, let me add one: in a young lady, of the delicacy and age you have described, always suspect the virtue that does not wear a smile.

Sir C. And the sincerity that wears one awkwardly.

Enter PROMPT, hastily.

Prompt. Joy to your honour; I see you have caught her.

Sir C. Her! Whom?

Prompt. (*Lady E. turning.*) I ask your ladyship's pardon. Having only the glimpse of a petticoat, and knowing the object of my chase was in this house, I confess I mistook you.

Sir C. In this house?

Prompt. As sure as we are. She came in through the garden, under Mr. Clifford's arm; up the other stairs, I suppose. If my lady had been hereabouts, she must have seen her.

Lady E. (*Confused.*) Yes; but, unluckily, I was quite out of the way.

Sir C. Such audaciousness passes credibility. Emily, what do you think of him?

Lady E. That he is a monster. (*Aside.*) How my dilemmas multiply!

Sir C. What, to my house? to his apartment here? I wonder he did not ask for protection in your's: what should you have said?

Lady E. I don't know; but, had I been so imposed upon as to receive her, I should scorn to betray even the criminal I had engaged to protect.

Sir C. (*Tries at the door, and finds it locked.*) Emily, my dear, do ring the bell, to know if the housekeeper has a second key to this lock.

Lady E. What shall I do?

Prompt. She is certainly there, sir, and cannot escape. Where can she better remain, till you can assemble all parties, confront them, face to face, and bring everything that has passed to a full explanation?

Sir C. With all my heart; send and collect everybody concerned, as fast as possible. How I long for so complicated an exhibition of the purity of the human heart. Come with me, Emily, and help to digest my plan. Friends and lovers, what a scene shall we shew you! [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—An Apartment.

Enter CLIFFORD and RIGHTLY.

Clif. Your knowledge in the profession, Mr. Rightly, is as unquestionable as your integrity;

but there is something so surprising in the recovery of the Charlton estate: if you knew, too, how the value of the acquisition is enhanced, by the opportune moment in which it presents itself—I am in too much emotion to thank you as I ought.

Right. Sir, I want neither compliment nor acknowledgment for revealing what I should be a party to dishonestly to conceal.

Clif. You have a right to all my thoughts: but I have an appointment to obey, that admits no time for explanation. Favour me, for a moment, with your pencil, and a blank page in that memorandum-book. (*Clifford writes.*)

Right. My life on't, his head is turned upon some girl not worth a shilling. There is an amiable defect, but a very observable one, in the nature of some men.—A good head and heart operate as effectually as vice or folly could do, to make them impvident.

Clif. Mr. Rightly, I confide to your hands a new secret relative to the Charlton estate; do not read it till you return home. (*Gives the book.*) There, Gayville, is one reply to your challenge; and now for another. (*Aside, and going.*)

Right. One moment, sir: I engage for no secrecy that my own judgment shall not warrant.

Clif. And the benevolence of your heart approve. Those are my conditions. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Hyde Park.

Enter LORD GAYVILLE.

Lord G. (*Looks at his watch.*) Not here! I am sure I marked the hour as well as the place precisely in my note. (*Walks about.*) Had I been told three days ago, that I should have been the appellant in a premeditated duel, I should have thought it an insult upon my principles. That Clifford should be the cause of my transgressing the legal and sacred duties, we have ever both maintained, oh! it would have seemed a visionary impossibility. But he comes, to cut reflections short.

Enter CLIFFORD.

I waited for you, sir. (*Clifford bows.*) That ceremonial would grace an encounter of punctilio, but applies ill to the terms upon which I have called you here.

Clif. What terms are those, my lord?

Lord G. Vengeance! Ample, final vengeance! Draw, sir.

Clif. No, my lord; my sword is reserved for more becoming purposes: it is not the instrument of passion; and has yet been untried in a dispute with my friend.

Lord G. But why is it not ready for a different trial,—the vindication of perfidy, the blackest species of perfidy that ever the malignant enemy of mankind infused into the human breast—perfidy to the friend who loved and trusted you, and in the nearest interests of his heart?

Clif. Take care, my lord; should my blood boil like your's, and it is rising fast, you know not the punishment that awaits you. I came temperate; your gross provocation and thirst of blood make temperance appear disgrace; I am tempted to take a revenge—

Lord G. (*Draws.*) The means are ready. Come, sir, you are to give an example of qualities generally held incompatible, bravery and dishonour.

Clif. Another such a word, and by heaven!—How have I deserved this opinion?

Lord G. Ask your conscience. Under the mask of friendship, you have held a secret intercourse with the woman I adore; you have supplanted me in her affections, you have robbed me of the very charm of my life: can you deny it?

Clif. I avow it all.

Lord G. Unparalleled insolence of guilt!

Clif. Are you sure there is nothing within the scope of possibility that would excuse or atone—

Lord G. Death, death only! No abject submission; no compromise for infamy. Choose instantly, and save yourself from the only stretch of baseness left, the invention of falsehood to palliate—

Clif. (*In the utmost agitation, and drawing his sword.*) Falsehood! You shall have no other explanation. (*After a struggle within himself, Clifford drops the point, and exposes his breast.*)

Lord G. Stand upon your defence, sir. What do you mean?

Clif. You said nothing but my life would satisfy you; take it, and remember me.

Lord G. I say so still; but upon an equal pledge. I am no assassin.

Clif. (*With great emotion.*) If to strike at the heart of your friend, (more deeply than that poor instrument in your hand could do,) makes an assassin, you have been one already.

Lord G. That look, that tone, how like to innocence! Had he not avowed such abominable practices—

Clif. I avow them again: I have rivalled you in the love of the woman you adore; her affections are rivetted to me. I have removed her from your sight; secured her from your recovery—

Lord G. D—n!

Clif. I have done it to save unguarded beauty; to save unprotected innocence; to save—a sister.

Lord G. A sister!

Clif. (*With exultation.*) “Vengeance! Ample, final vengeance!” (*A pause.*) It is accomplished; over him, and over myself; my victory is complete.

Lord G. Where shall I hide my shame!

Clif. We'll share it, and forget it here. (*Embraces.*)

Lord G. Why did you keep the secret from me?

Clif. I knew it not myself, till the strange concurrence of circumstances, to which you were in part witness, a few hours since, brought it to light. I meant to impart to you the discovery, when my temper took fire. Let us bury our mutual errors in the thought, that we now, for life, are friends.

Lord G. Brothers, Clifford. Let us interchange that title, and doubly, doubly ratify it. Unite me to your charming sister; accept the hand of Lady Emily in return; her heart I have discovered to be your's. We'll leave the world to the sordid and the tasteless: let an Alscip, or a Sir Clement Flint, wander after the phantom of happiness; we shall find her real retreat, and hold her by the bonds she covets,—virtue, love, and friendship.

Clif. Not a word more, my lord; the bars against your proposal are insuperable.

Lord G. What bars?

Clif. Honour, propriety, and pride.

Lord G. Pride, Clifford!

Clif. Yes, my lord: Harriet Clifford shall not steal the hand of a prince; nor will I, though doating on Lady Emily with a passion like your own, bear the idea of a clandestine union in a family, to whom I am bound by obligation and trust. Indeed, my lord, without Sir Clement's consent, you must think no more of my sister.

Lord G. Stern stoic, but I will, and not clandestinely; I'll instantly to Sir Clement.

Clif. Do not be rash; Fortune, or some better agent, is working in wonders. Meet me, presently, at your uncle's; in the meanwhile, promise not to stir in this business.

Lord G. What hope from delay?

Clif. Promise.

Lord G. I am in a state to catch at shadows. I'll try to obey you.

Clif. Farewell!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Sir Clement Flint's House.*

Enter MISS ALSCRIP, followed by MRS. BLANDISH.

Miss Als. I am delighted at this summons from Sir Clement, Blandish; poor old clear-sight, I hope he has projected a reconciliation.

Mrs. B. How I rejoice to see those smiles returned to the face that was made for them!

Miss Als. Returned, Blandish? I desire you will not insinuate it ever was without them. Why sure, you would not have the world imagine the temper of an heiress of my class, was to be ruffled by the loss of a paltry earl: I have been highly diverted with what has passed from beginning to end.

Mrs. B. Well, if good humour can be a fault, sure the excess you carry it to must be the example.

Miss Als. I desire it may be made known in all companies, that I have done nothing but laugh: nay, it is true too.

Mrs. B. My dear creature, of what consequence is the truth, when you are charging me with the execution of your desires?

Miss Als. But did you remember the airs of the moppet? Could anything be more ridiculous?

Mrs. B. The rivalry you mean. Rival Miss Alscrip! He, he, he!

Miss Als. Yes; but when you take this tone in public, laugh a little louder.

Mrs. B. Rival Miss Alscrip! Ha, ha, ha!

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. B. For mirth's sake, what is become of the rival? Whom will you choose she shall have run away with?

Miss Als. Leave it in doubt as it is: fixing circumstances confines the curiosity to one story which may be disproved; uncertainty leaves it open to a hundred, and makes them all probable. But I hear some of the company upon the stairs: now, Blandish, you shall be witness to the temper and dignity with which a woman of my consequence can discard a quality courtship that offends her.

Mrs. B. Sweet tempered soul!

Enter SIR CLEMENT FLINT.

Sir C. Miss Alscrip, your—

Enter BLANDISH out of breath.

Mr. B. The duel's over.

Sir C. And the parties unhurt. You are too late in your intelligence by some minutes. But I know you must rejoice (*ironically*) from your attachment to all parties. Miss Alscrip, your very—

Miss Als. Duel! Pray let us hear the particulars. As there is no mischief, I shall not faint (*ironically*.)

Sir C. I guess it has been of the common-place kind. Hats over the brows, glum silence, thrust, parry, and *risposte*: explain and shake hands. Your man of honour never sets his friend right, till he has exchanged a shot or a thrust. Oh! a little steel recipe is a morning whet to the temper: it carries off all qualms, and leaves the digestion free for anything that is presented to it.

Miss Als. Dear, how fortunate! considering the pills some folks have to swallow.

Sir C. Blandish, see if the door of Clifford's room is yet unlocked; there is a person within you little expect to find, and whom it may be proper for this lady and me to interrogate together.—(*The door opens and discovers LADY EMILY.*)

Mr. B. Lady Emily!

Sir C. Inexplicable, with a vengeance.

Miss Als. (*Aside.*) Lady Emily shut up in Clifford's apartment! Beyond my expectation, indeed.

Sir C. Lady Emily, I know you were always cautious whom you visited, and never gave a better proof of your discernment.

Lady E. Never. Oh! my poor dear uncle, you little think what is going to befall you.

Sir C. Not a disappointment in love, I hope.

Lady E. No; but in something much nearer your heart. Your system is threatened with a blow, that I think, and from my soul I hope, it never will recover: would you guess that the sagacious observations of your whole life are upon the point of being confounded by the production—

Sir C. Of what?

Lady E. A woman of ingenuous discretion, and a man of unaffected integrity.

Sir C. Ah!

Mrs. B. What can she mean?

Miss Als. Nothing good, she looks so pleasant.

Lady E. Come forth, my injured friend. Our personal acquaintance has been short, but our hearts were intimate from the first sight. (*Presenting her.*) Your prisoner, sir, is Miss Harriet Clifford.

Sir C. Clifford's sister!

Miss Als. What, the run-away Alton turned into a sprig of quality!

Lady E. (*To Miss Alscrip.*) The humble dependent of Alscrip-house; the wanton, the paragon of fraud; the only female that can equal Clifford. (*To Sir Clement.*) She is indeed!

Mr. B. (*Aside.*) Oh! rot the source of the family fondness: I see I have no card left in my favour, but the heiress. (*During this conversation, aside, Lady Emily seems encouraging Miss Clifford.*)

Sir C. (*To himself.*) "Ingenuous discretion!"

Enter CLIFFORD, and runs to his sister.

Clif. My dearest Harriet! the joy I purposed in presenting you here, is anticipated: but, my blameless fugitive! when your story is known, my pride in you will not be a wonder. Miss Clifford, behold your persecutor and your convert.

Enter LORD GAYVILLE.

Lord G. Her persecutor and her convert! Her virtues, which no humility could conceal, and every trial made more resplendent, discovered, disgraced, and reclaimed a libertine.

Miss Clif. How am I distressed! What ought I to answer? (*Aside.*)

Lord G. Impressed sentiment upon desire, gave honour to passion, and drew from my soul a vow, which heaven chastise me when I violate, to obtain her by a legal, sacred claim; or renounce fortune, family, and friends, and become a self-devoted outcast of the world.

Miss Clif. Oh! brother, interpose.

Sir C. My lord, your fortune, family, and friends, are much obliged to you. Your part is perfect. Mr. Clifford, you are called upon. Miss, in strict propriety, throws the business upon her relations. Come, finish the comedy, join one of her hands to the gallant's, while, with the other, she covers her blushes; and he in rapture delivers the moral—All for Love, or the World well lost.

Clif. Be patient, my Harriet, this is the school for prejudice, and the lesson of its shame is near.

Miss Als. I vow these singular circumstances give me quite a confusion of pleasure. The astonishing good fortune of my late protégée, in finding so impassioned a friendship in her brother's bed-chamber; the captivating eloquence of Lord Gayville, in winding up an *éclaircissement* which I admire, (not for the first time to-day,) and the superlative joy Sir Clement must feel at an union, founded upon the purity of the passions, are subjects of such different congratulation, that I hardly know where to begin.

Lady E. (*Aside.*) Charming! her insolence will justify what so seldom occurs to one; a severe re-tort, without a possible sense of compunction.

Miss Als. But in point of fortune, don't imagine, Sir Clement, I would insinuate that the lady is destitute. Oh Lord, far from it! Her musical talents are a portion.

Alscrip. (*Without.*) Why, stop a moment.

Sir C. What have we here—the lawyers in dispute?

Enter ALSCRIP.

Alscrip. You have not heard my last word yet.

Enter RIGHTLY.

Right. You have heard mine, sir.

Alscrip. I'll make the five thousand I offered, ten. *(To Rightly.)*

Right. Millions would not bribe me. *(Coming forward.)* When I detect wrong, and vindicate the sufferer, I feel the spirit of the law of England, and the pride of a practitioner.

Alscrip. Lucifer confound such practices! *(Sir Clement, Lord Gayville, Lady Emily, Clifford, and Miss Clifford, form one group. Rightly opens a deed, and points out a part of it to Sir Clement. Mr. and Miss Alscrip talk apart. Mr. and Mrs. Blandish are farther back, observing.)* That cursed! cursed flaw.

Miss Als. Flaw! who has dared to talk of one? not in my reputation, sir?

Alscrip. No, but in my estate; which is a d—d deal worse.

Miss Als. How? what? when? where? The estate that was to be settled upon me?

Alscrip. Yes: but that me turned topsy-turvy, when me broke into my room this morning, and the devil followed, to fly away with all my faculties at once. I am ruined. Let us see what you will settle upon your poor father.

Miss Als. I settle upon you?

Mrs. B. This is an embarrassing accident.

Miss Als. Yes; and a pretty help you are, with a drop chin, like a frontispiece to the Lamentations.

Right. (Coming forward with Sir Clement.) I stated this with some doubt this morning, but now my credit as a lawyer upon the issue. The heiress falls short of the terms in your treaty by two thousand pounds a-year; which this deed, lately and providentially discovered, entails upon the heirs of Sir William Charlton, and consequently, in right of his mother, upon this gentleman.

Lady E. How!

Lord G. Happy disappointment.

Sir C. (Aside.) Two thousand a-year to Clifford! It's a pity, for the parade of disinterestedness, that he opened his designs upon Emily, before he knew his pretensions.

Lady E. (Aside.) Now, if there were twenty ceilings, and as many floors, could not I find a spot to settle my silly looks upon.

Sir C. (Turning towards Alscrip.) Palm a false title upon me? I should have thought the attempt beyond the collective assurance of Westminster-hall; and he takes the loss as much at heart as if he bought the estate with his own money.

Alscrip. (With hesitation.) Sir Clement, what think you of an amicable adjustment of all these businesses?

Sir C. (Ironically.) Nothing can be more reasonable. The value of Miss Alscrip's amiable disposition, placed against the abatement of her fortune, is a matter of the most easy computation; and to decide the portion Mr. Clifford ought to relinquish of his acquisition, Lady Emily, will you be a referee?

Lady E. (Aside.) Yes, the lynx has me. I thought I should not escape. *(To him.)* No, sir; my poor abilities only extend to an amicable endeavour here. *(To Miss Alscrip.)* And really, Miss Alscrip, I see no reason for your being disappointed; there may be many ready-made titles at market, within the reach of your purse. Or why should not a woman of your consequence originate her own splendour? there's an old admirer of mine, he would make a very pretty lord, and, indeed, would contribute something on his own part, to ease the purchase. The Blandish family is well with

all administrations, and a new coronet is always as big again as an old one. I don't see how you could lay out part of your independency to more advantage.

Mr. B. (Aside.) Yes; but since flaws are in fashion, I shall look a little into things before I agree to the bargain.

Miss Als. (Aside.) I'll die before I discover my vexation; and yet no title, no place—

Lady E. Depend upon it, Miss Alscrip, your place will be found exactly where it ought to be. The public eye, in this country, is never long deceived. Believe me, and cherish obscurity. Title may bring forward merits, but it also places our defects in horrid relief.

Alscrip. Molly, the sooner we get out of court the better; we have d—ly the worst of this cause; so come along, Molly, *(taking her by the arm)* and farewell to Berkeley Square. Whoever wants Alscrip House, will find it in the neighbourhood of Farnival's Inn, with the noble title of Scrivener, in capitals; blank bonds at the windows, and a brass knocker at the door. *(Pulling her.)* Come along, Molly.

Miss Als. (Aside.) Oh! the barbarous metamorphosis! But his flusterums for a week, will serve my temper as a regimen; I will then take the management of my affairs into my own hands, and break from my cloud anew: and you shall find *(to the company)* there are those without a coronet, that can be as saucy, and as loud, and stop the way in all public places, as well as the best of you. *(Lady Emily laughs.)* Yes, madam, and without borrowing your ladyship's airs.

Alscrip. (Pulling her.) Come along, Molly.

Miss Als. Oh! you have been a jewel of a father.

[Exeunt Mr. and Miss Alscrip.]

Lady E. Mrs. Blandish, sure you do not leave your friend, Miss Alscrip, in distress?

Mrs. B. We'll not disturb the ashes of the dead, my sweet Lady Emily,

Mr. B. Oh! my sweet sister, none of your flourishes. In the present mood of the company, even mine would not do. Truth and sentiment have the ascendancy. But let them alone; and they'll come round again. *(Addressing the company.)* Flattery is the diet of good humour, and not one of you can live without it; and when you quarrel with the family of Blandish, you only leave refined cookery to be fed upon scraps, by a poor cousin or a led captain. *(Taking his sister by the arm.)*

Mrs. B. (With a look of courtship to the company.) Oh! the two charming pairs!

Mr. B. (Pulling her away.) Oh! thou walking dedication!

Lord G. Precious group, fare ye well. *(To Sir Clement.)* And now, sir, whatever may be your determinations towards me, here are pretensions you may patronize without breach of discretion. The estate which devolves to my friend—

Right. To prevent errors, is not his to bestow.

Sir C. What now, more flaws?

Right. The estate was his beyond the reach of controversy: but before he was truly sure of it, on his way to Hyde-Park, did this spendthrift, by a stroke of his pen, divest himself of every shilling. Here is the covenant by which he binds himself to execute proper conveyances as soon as the necessary forms can be gone through.

Lord G. And in favour of whom is this desperate act?

Right. Of a most dangerous seducer; a little mercenary, that, when she gets hold of the heart, does not leave an atom of it our own.

All. How!

Right. And there she stands, *(pointing to Miss Clifford)* with a look and an emotion that would condemn her before any court in the universe.

Lady E. Glorious, matchless Clifford!

Miss Clif. Brother, this must not be.

Clif. Your pardon, my dear Harriet, it is done. Sir Clement, my sister's fortune is still far short of what you expected with Miss Alscrip; for that deficiency, I have only to offer the virtues Lord Gayville has proved, and the affection she found it easier to control than to conceal. If you will receive her, thus circumstanced, into your family, mine has been an acquisition, indeed.

Lady E. (Coming up to Sir Clement.) Now, sir, where's the suspicion? Where is, now, the ruling principle that governs mankind? Through what perspective, by what trial, will you find self-interest here? What, not one pithy word to mock my credulity! Alas! poor Yorick; quite chop-fallen. Forgive me, sir, I own I am agitated to extravagance. You found me disconcerted at the first discovery; I am delighted at the last; there's a problem of my disposition worthy your solving.

Sir C. (Who has been very thoughtful.) Mr. Rightly, favour me with that paper in your hand.

Right. Mr. Clifford's engagement, sir? (*Gives the paper; Sir Clement looks it over, and tears it.*) What do you mean, sir?

Sir C. To cancel the obligation, and pay the equivalent to Gayville; or if Clifford will have his own way, and become a beggar by renewing it, to make an heiress of my own for his reparation; and there she stands, (*pointing to Lady Emily*) with

sensibility and vivacity so uncommonly blended, that they extract benevolence wherever it exists, and create it where it never was before. Your point is carried; you may both fall upon your knees, for the consent of the ladies.

Lord G. (To Miss Clifford.) In this happy moment, let my errors be forgot, and my love alone remembered.

Miss Clif. With these sanctions for my avowal, I will not deny that I saw and felt the sincerity of your attachment, from the time it was capable of being restrained by respect.

Clif. Words are wanting, Lady Emily—

Lady E. I wish they may, with all my heart; but it is generally remarked, that wanting words is the beginning of a florid set speech. To be serious, Clifford, we want but little explanation on either side; Clement will tell you how long we have conversed by our actions. (*Gives her hand.*) My dear uncle, how a smile becomes you in its natural meaning.

Sir C. If you think me a convert, you are mistaken: I have ever believed self to be the predominant principle of the human mind; my heart, at this instant, confirms the doctrine. There's my problem for your's, my dear Emily, and may all who hear me, agree in this solution: To reward the deserving, and make those we love happy, is self-interest in the extreme. [*Exeunt.*]

THE EARL OF WARWICK;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY DR. THOMAS FRANKLIN.



Act IV.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

KING EDWARD	EARL OF PEMBROKE	MARGARET OF ANJOU	LADY CLIFFORD
EARL OF WARWICK	EARL OF SUFFOLK	LADY ELIZABETH GREY	OFFICERS

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Enter MARGARET OF ANJOU and LADY CLIFFORD.

Lady C. Thanks, gracious heav'n! my royal mistress smiles,

Unusual gladness sparkles in her eye,
And bids me welcome in the stranger, joy,
To his new mansion.

Mar. Yes, my faithful Clifford,
Fortune is weary of oppressing me:
Through my dark cloud of grief, a cheerful ray
Of light breaks forth, and gilds the whole horizon.

Lady C. Henry in chains, and Edward on the
Of Lancaster; thyself a pris'ner here; [throne
Thy captive son torn from his mother's arms,
And in the tyrant's power; a kingdom lost!
Amidst so many sorrows, what new hope
Hath wrought this wondrous change?

Mar. That which alone,
In sorrow's bitt' rest hour, can minister
Sweet comfort to the daughters of affliction,
And bids misfortune smile, the hope of vengeance:
Vengeance, benignant patron of distress,
Thee I have oft invoc'd; propitious now
Thou smil'st upon me; if I do not grasp
The glorious opportunity, henceforth
Indignant frown, and leave me to my fate.

Lady C. Unhappy princess! that deceiver, hope,
Hath often flatter'd, and as oft betray'd thee:
What hast thou gain'd by all its promises?
What's the reward of all thy toils?

Mar. Experience.
Yes, Clifford, I have read the instructive volume
Of human nature; there long since have learn'd
The way to conquer men is by their passions;
Catch but the ruling foible of their hearts,
And all their boasted virtues shrink before you.
Edward and Warwick, those detested names,
Too well thou know'st, united to destroy me.

Lady C. That was, indeed, a fatal league.

Mar. But mark me;
If we could break this adamant chain,
We might again be free: this mighty warrior,

This dread of kings, the unconquerable Warwick,
Is plighted to the fair Elizabeth. [ous widow,

Lady C. The Lady Grey, you mean, the beauty—
Whose husband fell in arms for Lancaster.

Mar. The same, my Clifford; Warwick long has
Lady C. And means to wed her. [lov'd—

Mar. But if I have art,
Or she ambition, that shall never be.

Lady C. Canst thou prevent it?

Mar. Yes, my Clifford, Warwick
Were a mean choice for such transcendent beauty;
I shall provide her with a fitter husband,
A nobler far, and worthier of her charms,—
Young Edward.

Lady C. Ha! the king! impossible!
Warwick, ev'n now, commission'd by the state
To treat with Lewis, offers England's throne
To France's daughter; and ere this, perhaps,
Hath sign'd the solemn contract.

Mar. Solemn trifles!
Mere cobweb ties. Love's a despotic tyrant,
And laughs, like other kings, at public faith,
When it opposes private happiness:
Edward is youthful, gay, and amorous;
His soul is ever open to the lure
Of beauty, and Elizabeth hath charms
Might shake a hermit's virtue.

Lady C. Hath he seen
This peerless fair one?

Mar. Yes; by my contrivance,
When last he hunted in the forest, some,
Whom I had planted there, as if by chance
Alone directed, led him across the lawn
To Grafton: there, ev'n as my soul had wish'd,
The dazzling lustre of her charms surpris'd
His unsuspecting heart.

Lady C. What follow'd?

Mar. Oh!
He gaz'd and wonder'd; for awhile his pride
Indignant rose, and struggled with his passion;
But love was soon victorious: and, last night,
The Earl of Suffolk, (so my trusty spies

Inform me,) was despatch'd, on wings of love,
To plead his master's cause, and offer her
The throne of England.

Lady C. What if she refuse
The golden bribe?

Mar. No matter; all I wish
Is but to make them foes: the gen'rous Warwick
Is fiery, and impatient of reproof;
He will not brook a rival in his love,
Though seated on a throne; besides, thou know'st,
The haughty Earl looks down with scorn on Edward,
As the mere work of his all-pow'rful hand,
The baby monarch of his own creation. [veres

Lady C. Believe me, madam, Edward still re-
And loves him; still, as conscious of the debt,
Pays him with trust and confidence: their souls
Are link'd together in the strictest bonds
Of sacred friendship.

Mar. That but serves my cause:
Where ties are close, and interests united,
The slightest injuries are severely felt;
Offended friendship never can forgive.

Lady C. Now the full prospect opens to my view,
I see thy distant aim, and trace the paths
Of vengeance: England soon will be a scene
Of blood and horror; discord's fatal torch
Once lit up in this devoted land,
What pow'r shall e'er extinguish it? alas!
I tremble at the consequence.

Mar. And I
Enjoy it. Oh! 'twill be a noble contest [sion;
Of pride 'gainst pride, oppression 'gainst oppres-
Rise but the storm, and let the waves beat high,
The wreck may be our own: in the warm struggle,
Who knows but one or both of them may fall,
And Marg'ret rise triumphant on their ruin!
It must be so; and see the king approaches:
This way he passes from the council. Mark
His downcast eye: he is a stricken deer,
The arrow's in his side, he cannot 'scape:
We'll meet and speak to him.

Lady C. What mean you, madam?

Mar. To ask him what I know he will refuse;
That gives me fair pretext to break with him,
And join the man I hate, vindictive Warwick:
But, soft, he comes.

Enter KING EDWARD and an Officer.

K. Edw. Is Suffolk yet return'd?

Off. No, my good liege.

K. Edw. Go, wait and bring him to me; [Exit Off.
I'll to my closet. Pardon me, fair lady,
I saw you not.

Mar. Perhaps it is beneath
A conqueror to look down upon his slave;
But I've a boon to ask.

K. Edw. What'er it is,
Within the limits of fair courtesy,
Which honour can bestow, I'll not refuse thee.

Mar. There was time when Margaret of Anjou
Would not have deign'd to ask of Edward aught;
Nor was there aught which Edward dar'd refuse her;
But that is past, great Warwick's arm prevail'd,
And I am now your prisoner.

K. Edw. Since the hour
When fortune smil'd propitious on the cause
Of justice, and gave victory to our arms,
You have been treated with all due respect,
All your condition, or your sex could claim;
Serv'd like a queen, and lodg'd within our palace:
Is there aught more you can in reason ask,
Or I in prudence grant you?

Mar. Give me back
The liberty I lost, restore my son!
And I may then, perhaps, be reconcil'd
To an usurper; may withhold my vengeance,
And let thee sit unpanish'd on my throne.

K. Edw. You talk too proudly, madam; but to
I cannot fear, you have your liberty. [shew you
Letters this morning I receiv'd from France,
Have offer'd noble ransom for your person;
Without that ransom, (for the soul of Edward

Is far above the sordid lust of gold,)
I grant it: from this moment you are free;
But for your son, I cannot part with him.

Mar. I scorn your bounties, scorn your proffer'd
What's liberty to me without my child? [freedom:
But fate will place us soon above thy reach;
Thy short-liv'd tyranny is almost past;
The storm is gather'd round thee, and will burst
With tenfold vengeance on thy guilty head.

K. Edw. I am not to be talk'd into submission,
Nor dread the menace of a clam'rous woman.

Mar. Thou may'st have cause to dread a woman's
pow'r.

The time may come (mark my prophetic word!)
When wayward beauty shall repay with scorn
Thy fruitless vows, and vindicate my wrongs:
The friend thou lean'st on, like a broken reed,
Shall pierce thy side, and fill thy soul with anguish,
Keen as the pangs I feel: York's perjurd house
Shall sink to rise no more; and Lancaster,
With added lustre, reassume the throne.
Hear this and tremble. Give me back my son,
Or dread the vengeance of a despair'd mother.

[Exit Margaret and Lady Clifford.]

K. Edw. Imperious woman! but the voice of
Is ever clam'rous: 'tis the privilege, [woe
The charter of affliction to complain.

This tardy Suffolk! how I long to know,
Yet dread to hear my fate! Elizabeth,
On thee the colour of my future life
Depends; for thou alone canst make me bless'd
Or curs'd for ever. Oh! this cruel doubt
Is worse than all my tortures: but he comes,
Th' ambassador of love.

Enter the EARL OF SUFFOLK.

What news, my Suffolk?
Shall I be happy? Oh! I'm on the rack
Of expectation. Didst thou tell my tale
As if it were thy own? And may I hope—

Suf. My royal liege—

K. Edw. Good Suffolk, lay aside
The forms of dull respect, be brief, and tell me;
Speak, hast thou seen her, will she be my queen?
Quick, tell me ev'ry circumstance, each word,
Each look, each gesture; didst thou mark them,
Suffolk?

Suf. I did, and will recount it all; last night,
By your command, in secret I repair'd
To Grafton's tufted bow'r, the happy seat
Of innocence and beauty; there I found
Thy soul's best hope, the fair Elizabeth.
Ne'er did these eyes behold such sweet perfection:
I found her busy'd in the pious office
Of filial duty, tending her sick father.

K. Edw. That was a lucky moment to prefer
My humble suit: touch but the tender string
Of soft compassion in the heart, and love
Will quickly vibrate to its kindred passion.
You urg'd our royal purpose, then?

Suf. I did,

With all the warmth of friendship; dwelt with plea-
On ev'ry pincely virtue that adorns [sure
Your heart: she listen'd with attention,
And echo'd back your praises.

K. Edw. Was not that
A kind of propitious omen?

Suf. Such indeed,

Hoping to find it, I call'd in the pow'rs
Of flattery to my aid, and gaz'd upon her,
As if confounded by her dazzling beauties.
Conscious she smil'd; but when, at length, I spake
Of England's monarch sighing at her feet,
The blush of virgin modesty o'erspread
Her cheek, and gave new lustre to her charms:
She turn'd aside, and as she silent bow'd
Her doubtful thanks, I mark'd the pearly tear
Steal down its secret track, and from her breast
Heard a deep sigh, she struggled to conceal;
If I have any judgment, or can trace
The hidden feelings of a woman's heart,
Her's is already fix'd: I fear, my liege,

With all that England, all that thou couldst give,
The crown would sit but heavy on her brow.

K. Edw. Not heavier, Suffolk, than it sits on mine:
My throne is irksome to me: who would wish
To be a sov'reign when Elizabeth
Prefers a subject? Then, th' impetuous Warwick,
His awful virtue will chastise my weakness.
I dread his censure, dread his keen reproaches,
And dread them more because they will be just.
I've promis'd Lewis to espouse his daughter,
'To strengthen our alliance: would to heav'n
I had not! If I seek this coy refuser,
And break with France, Warwick will take th' alarm;
If once offended, he's inexorable.

Suf. I know him well. Believe me, the high
And haughty spirit, when it meets rebuke,
Is easiest check'd, and sinks into submission.
Let him, my liege, who ventures to arraign
His master's conduct, look into his own:
There ever is a corner in the heart
Open to folly; Warwick is not free
From human frailties.

K. Edw. No: ambition fires
His noble breast, love triumphs over mine:
But well thou know'st, our eyes are ever open
To others' faults, and shut against our own.
We seldom pity woes we ne'er experienc'd,
Or pardon weakness which we do not feel:
He is a hero.

Suf. Heroes are but men;
I have some cause to think so; but of that
We'll talk another time: meanwhile, my liege,
I think Lord Warwick is an useful friend.

K. Edw. Ay, and a dangerous foe; the people
To adoration love him: if he falls [love,
From his allegiance, crowds will follow him.
England has long been rent by civil broils,
And fain would rest her in the arms of peace:
Her wounds scarce clos'd, shall Edward open them,
And bid them bleed afresh? believe me, Suffolk,
I would not be the cause of new divisions
Amongst my people, for a thousand kingdoms.

Suf. 'Tis nobly said, and may thy grateful sub-
Revere thy virtues, and reward thy love. [jects

K. Edw. Oh! Suffolk, did they know but half
the cares

That wait on royalty, they would not grudge
Their wretched master a few private hours
Of social happiness. If France consents,
I am undone; and Warwick hath ere this
Enslav'd me: curse on this state policy,
That binds us thus to love at second hand!
Who knows but he may link me to a wretch;
Wed me to folly, ignorance, and pride,
Ill-nature, sickness, or deformity!

And when I'm chain'd to misery, coldly tell me,
To sooth my griefs, 'twas for the public good.

Suf. How far you have commission'd him, I
know not;

But were I worthy to advise, my liege,
I would not be the dupe of his ambition,
But follow nature's dictates, and be happy.
England has charms besides Elizabeth's,
And beauties that—

K. Edw. No more; my heart is fix'd
On her alone: find out this pow'ful rival,
I charge thee, Suffolk: yet why wish to find,
What, found, will make me wretched? Were he
bound

In cords of tend'rest friendship round my heart,
Dearer than Warwick, dearer than thyself,
Forgive me, but I fear I should abhor him.
Oh! think on something that may yet be done
To win her to my heart ere Warwick comes.

Suf. I hear he is expected every hour.

K. Edw. Grant, heav'n, some friendly storm may
I dread his presence here. [yet retard him!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My liege, the Earl
Of Warwick is arriv'd.

K. Edw. Ha! when? how? where?

Would he were buried in the rapid waves
That brought him hither! Comes he here to-knight?

Mess. My liege, ere now he might have reach'd
the palace;

But that the shouting multitudes press hard
On ev'ry side, and seem to worship him. [Exit.

Suf. Such adoration
But ill befits the idol that receives it. [see him

K. Edw. What's to be done? I cannot, must not
Till all is fix'd: once more, my best-lov'd Suffolk,
Try the soft arts of thy persuasive tongue:
What method canst thou think on, to evade
This promis'd marriage with ambitious France?

Suf. Summon your council, lay your thoughts
before them;

Meet Warwick there, and urge a sov'reign's right
To please himself in that which should concern
Himself alone: firm Buckingham and I
Will plead your cause against the haughty Warwick,
Whom I would treat with cold civility
And distant state, which ever angers more
Resentful spirits, than the warmth of passion.

K. Edw. 'Tis well advis'd: meantime, if possible,
I will compose my troubled thoughts to rest:
Suffolk, adieu: if Warwick ask for me,
I am not well; I'm hunting in the forest;
I'm busy—Stay, remember what I told you
Touching the earldom which I mean to give
Her father; that may bring her to the court:
You understand me, Suffolk; fare thee well.

[Exit Suffolk.

Why should I dread to see the man I love;
The man I rev'rence? Warwick is not chang'd,
But Edward is. Suffolk, I know, abhors him.
A fav'rite must be hated: if he urges
This dreadful contract, I shall hate him too:
I cannot live without Elizabeth.

I'll think no more: if I must sacrifice
My friendship or my love, the choice is made. [Exit.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter WARWICK, speaking to an Officer.

War. 'Tis well: I shall attend his highness' plea-
sure. (Comes forward.)

Meet me i'th' council! Warwick might have claim'd
A private audience. After all my toils,
My perils in his service, 'tis a cold,
Unkind reception: some base whisperer,
Some needy sycophant, perhaps, hath poison'd
My royal master's ear; or, do I judge
Too rashly? As my embassy concerns
The public welfare, he would honour me
With public thanks. Elizabeth will chide me
For this unkind delay; but honour calls,
And duty to my king: that task perform'd,
I haste, my love, to happiness and thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Council-chamber.

KING EDWARD, DUKES OF CLARENCE and BUCK-
INGHAM, EARLS OF SUFFOLK, PEMBROKE, &c.
discovered.

K. Edw. Good Buckingham, I thank thee for
thy counsel,

Nor blame thy honest warmth: I love this freedom;
'Tis the birthright of an Englishman,
And doth become thee: what says noble Suffolk?

Suf. I would not cross my royal master's will;
But, on my soul, I think, this nuptial league
With France prepost'rous and impolitic.
It cannot last; we are by nature foes,
And nought but mutual poverty and weakness
Can ever make us friends; she wants our aid
Against the pow'ful Burgundy; and, therefore,
Throws out this lure of beauty to ensnare you;
That purpose gain'd, she turns her arms against us.

Pem. Why, let her: if she comes with hostile arm,
England, thank heav'n! is ready to receive her:
I love my country, and revere my king,
As much, perhaps, as honest Buckingham,
Or my good fearful Lord of Suffolk here,
Who knows so well, or would be thought to know,
What France will do hereafter: yet, I think,
The faith of nations is a thing so sacred,

It ought not to be trifled with. I hate,
As much as you, th' unnatural forc'd alliance;
And yet, my lords, if Warwick is empow'r'd,
For so I hear he is, to treat with Lewis,
I know not how in honour you can swerve
From his conditions. (*Shouting.*)
Hark! the hero comes:
Those shouts proclaim him near: the joyful people
Will usher in their great deliverer
As he deserves.

Enter the EARL OF WARWICK.

K. Edw. Thrice welcome, noble Warwick,
Welcome to all! (*To Clarence, Pembroke, &c.*)

Suf. You've had, my lord, I fear,
An arduous task, which few could execute;
But Warwick, in the council and the field,
Alike distinguish'd, and alike successful.

K. Edw. What says our cousin France?

War. By me, my liege,
He greets you well, and hopes in closer ties
United soon to wear a dearer name.
At length, thank heav'n! the iron gates of war
Are clos'd, and peace displays her silken banners
O'er the contending nations; ev'ry doubt
Is now remov'd, and confidence establish'd,
I hope, to last for ages.

K. Edw. Peace, my lord,
Is ever welcome; 'tis the gift of heav'n,
The nurse of science, art's fair patroness,
And merit's best protector; but if France
Would chain us down to ignominious terms,
Cramp our free commerce, and infringe the rights
Of our liege subjects, England may repent
Too late her rash credulity, and peace
With all her blessings may be bought too dear.

War. The shame would then be his who made the
If any doubt my faith, my honest zeal [*purchase*
For thee and for my country, let him speak,
And I will answer: punish me, just heav'n,
If in the task I have consulted aught
But England's honour, and my sov'reign's glory!

K. Edw. Mistake me not, good Warwick; well
I know

Thy spotless truth, thy honour, and thy love;
But glory has no further charms for me:
Rais'd by thy pow'ful aid to England's throne,
I ask no more: already I am great
As fame and fortune with their smiles can make me,
And all I wish for now is to be happy. [*care*]

War. That, too, my liege, has been thy Warwick's
Happy thou shalt be if the fairest form
That ever caught a gazing lover's eye,
Join'd to the sweetest, most engaging virtues
Can make thee so. Bona accepts with joy
Thy proffer'd hand: she is, indeed, a gem
Fit to adorn the brightest crown; to see
Is to admire her; trust me, England's self,
The seat of beauty, and the throne of love,
Boasts not a fairer.

K. Edw. Beauty, good my lord,
Is all ideal; 'tis the wayward child
Of fancy, shifting with the changeful wind
Of fond opinion; what to you appears
The model of perfection, may disgust
My strange, capricious taste.

War. Such charms would fix
Inconstancy itself; her winning virtues,
Ev'n if her beauty fail'd, would soon subdue
The rebel heart, and you would learn to love her.
K. Edw. Is passion to be learn'd, then? wouldst
A science of affection; guide the heart, [thou make
And teach it where to fix? impossible!
'Tis strange philosophy! (*Rises and comes forward.*)

My lord of Warwick,
Your zeal in England's and in Edward's cause,
Merits our thanks; but for th' intended marriage
With France's daughter, it may never be.

War. Not be! it must: your sacred word is pass'd,
And cannot be recall'd: but three days since
I sign'd the contract, and my honour's pledg'd
For the performance. Heav'n's! whilst fickle France

Is brandish'd 'midst the nations of the earth,
For breach of public faith, shall we, my liege,
Practise ourselves the vices we condemn;
Pass o'er a rival nation's ev'ry virtue,
And imitate their perfidy alone? [*part*

K. Edw. You'll pardon me, my lord; I thought it
Of a king's pow'r to have a will, to see
With his own eyes, and in life's little feast,
To cater for himself; but 'tis, it seems,
A privilege his servants can refuse him. [*conquer*
War. And so they ought: the king who cannot
His private interest for the public welfare,
Knows not his duty.

K. Edw. Kings, my lord, are born
With passions, feelings, hearts, like other men;
Nor see I yet, why Edward's happiness
Must fall a sacrifice to Warwick's honour. [*own*]

War. My honour, sir, is your's; my cause your
Who sent me, and whose image did I bear?
The image of a great and glorious king,
Or of a weak and wav'ring boy? Henceforth,
Choose from the herd of fawning sycophants,
Some needy slave for your mock embassies,
To do your work, and stain the name of England
With foul reproach. Edward, I blush for thee
And for my country; from this hour, expect
From injur'd France contempt, with deep resentment
For broken faith, and enmity eternal.

K. Edw. Eternal be it, then; for, as I prize
My inward peace, beyond the pomp of state,
And all the tinsel glare of fond ambition,
I will not wed her. Gracious heav'n! what am I?
The meanest peasant in my realm may choose
His rustic bride, and share with her the sweets
Of mutual friendship and domestic bliss;
Why should my happier subjects, then, deny me
The common rights, the privilege of nature,
And, in a land of freedom, thus conspire
To make their king the only slave amongst 'em?

War. The worst of slaves is he whom passion rules,
Uncheck'd by reason and the pow'ful voice
Of friendship, which, I fear, is heard no more
By thoughtless Edward: 'tis the curse of kings
To be surrounded by a venal herd
Of flatterers, that sooth his darling vices,
And rob their master of his subjects' love.
Nay, frown not, sirs, supported as ye are,
I fear you not: which of this noble train,
These well-beloved counsellors and friends,
Assembled here to witness my disgrace,
Have urged to this base, unmanly falsehood?
Shame on you all! to stain the spotless mind
Of uncorrupted youth, undo the work
Of Warwick's friendly hand, and give him back
A sov'reign so unlike the noble Edward. [*tion,*

Suf. My lord, we thank you for the kind sugges-
Howe'er ill-founded; and when next we meet
To give our voice in aught that may concern
The public weal, no doubt shall ask your leave
Ere we proceed.

Pem. My Lord of Suffolk, speak
But for yourself; Warwick hath too much cause
To be offended: in my poor opinion,
Whate'er you courtiers think, the best support
Of England's throne are equity and truth;
Nor will I hold that man my sov'reign's friend
Who shall exhort him to forsake his word,
And play the hypocrite: what tie shall bind
The subject to obedience, when his king,
Bankrupt in honour, gives the royal sanction
To perfidy and falsehood?

Buck. It becomes
But ill the Earl of Pembroke—

K. Edw. Good my lords,
Let us have no dissensions here; we met
For other purposes: some few days hence
We shall expect your counsel in affairs
Of moment; for the present, urge no further
This matter: fare ye well. (*The Council break up.*)

K. Edw. Lord Warwick, keep
In narrower bounds, that proud, impetuous temper;

It may be fatal : there are private reasons ;
When time befits we shall impart them to you.
Meanwhile, if you have friendship, love, or duty,
No more of Bona. I'm determin'd. [Exit.

War. So :

'Tis well ; 'tis very well ; I have deserv'd it ;
I've borne this callow eagle on my wing,
And now he spurns me from him : 'tis a change
I little look'd for, and sits heavy on me :
Alas ! how doubly painful is the wound,
When 'tis inflicted by the hand we love !
Cruel, ungrateful Edward !
Ha ! who's here ?

The captive queen ! If she has aught to ask
Of me, she comes in luckless hour, for I
Am pow'rless now.

Enter MARGARET OF ANJOU.

Will Margaret of Anjou
Thus desire to visit her acknowledg'd foe ?

Mar. Alas ! my lord, inur'd to wretchedness
As I am, and familiar with misfortune,
I harbour no resentment ; have long since
Forgot that ever Warwick was my foe,
And only wish to prove myself his friend.

War. Talk not of friendship, 'tis an empty name,
And lives but in idea ; once, indeed,
I thought I had a friend.

Mar. Whose name was—Edward ;
Read I aright, my lord ? and am I not
A shrewd diviner ? yes ; that downcast eye
And gloomy aspect say I am : you look
As if the idol, made by your own hands,
Had fallen upon and crushed you : is't not so ?

War. Amazement ! nought escapes thy piercing
And penetrating judgment : 'tis too true, [eye
I am a poor dishonour'd slave,
Not worth thy seeking ; leave me, for the tide
Of court preferment flows another way. [not

Mar. The feast, perhaps, you have provided, suits
With Edward's nicer palate ; he disdains,
How sweet so'er, to taste a foreign banquet,
And relishes no dainties but his own :
Am I again mistaken ?

War. Sure thou deal'st
With some all-knowing spirit, who imparts
Each secret purpose to thee, else how knew'st thou
That Edward refus'd to wed the princess ?

Mar. Oh ! it requires no supernatural aid
To trace his actions, nor has Marg'ret trod
The paths of life with unobserving eye :
I could have told you this long since ; for, know,
The choice is made, the nuptial rites prepar'd,
Which, but for your return, (as unexpected
As undesired,) had been, e'er this, complete ;
And, as in duty bound, you then had paid
Your due obedience to our English queen.

War. Determin'd, say'st thou ? gracious heaven !
I am return'd. ['tis well

Mar. Indeed, my lord, you came
A little out of season ; 'twas unkind
To interrupt your master's happiness,
To blast so fair a passion in its bloom,
And check the rising harvest of his love.

War. Marg'ret, I thank thee ; yes, it must be so :
His blushes, his confusion, all confirm it ;
And yet I am amaz'd, astonish'd.

Mar. Wherefore ?
Is it so strange a youthful prince should love ?
Is it so strange a mind, unfraught with wisdom,
And lifted high with proud prosperity,
Should follow pleasure through the crooked paths
Of falsehood, should forsake an useless friend,
For the warm joys of animating beauty ?

War. No : but 'tis strange, that he who knows
how much

He ow'd to Warwick, he, who ev'ry hour
Tastes the rich stream of bounty, should forget
The fountain whence it flow'd.

Mar. Alas ! my lord,
Had you been chasten'd in affliction's school

As I have been, and taught, by sad experience,
To know mankind, you had not fall'n a prey
To such delusion.

War. Was it like a friend,
Was it like Edward to conceal his love ?
Some base, insinuating, artful woman,
With borrow'd charms, perhaps—

Mar. Hold, hold ! my lord,
Be not too rash : who fights in darkness oft
May wound a bosom friend : perhaps you wrong
The best and most accomplish'd of her sex.

War. Know you the lady ?
Mar. But as fame reports,
Of peerless beauty and transcendent charms ;
But of her virtues, I must ask of—you.

War. Of me ? what virtues ? whose ?
Mar. Elizabeth's.

War. Amazement ! no ; it must not, it cannot be :
Elizabeth ! he could not, dare not do it !
Confusion ! I shall soon discover all. (Aside.)
But what have I to do with Edward's choice,
Whoe'er she be, if he refuses mine ?

Mar. Dissimulation sits but ill, my lord,
On minds like your's : I am a poor weak woman,
And so, it seems, you think me. But suppose
That same all-knowing spirit which you rais'd,
Who condescends so kindly to instruct me,
Should whisper (Warwick knows the power of love
As well as Edward) that Elizabeth
Was his first wish, the idol of his soul ;
What say you ? might I venture to believe it ?

War. Marg'ret, you might ; for 'tis in vain to hide
A thought from thee ; it might have told you, too,
If it be so, there is not such a wretch
On earth as Warwick : give me but the proof.

Mar. Lord Suffolk was last night despatch'd to
Grafton,

To offer her a share in Edward's throne.

War. Which she refus'd : did she not, Marg'ret ?
She did. [say,

Mar. I know not that, my lord ; but crowns
Are dazzling meteors in a woman's eye ;
Such strong temptations, few of us, I fear,
Have virtue to resist.

War. Elizabeth
Has every virtue ; I'll not doubt her faith.

Mar. Edward is young and handsome.

War. Curses on him !
Think'st thou he knew my fond attachment there ?

Mar. Oh ! passing well, my lord ; and when 'twas
urg'd,

How deeply 'twould affect you, swore by heav'n,
Imperious Warwick ne'er should be the master
Of charms like her's ; 'twas happiness, he said,
Beyond a subject's merit to deserve,
Beyond his hope to wish for or aspire to. [been

War. But for that Warwick, Edward's self had
A subject still ; and may be so, hereafter.
Thou smil'st at my misfortunes.

Mar. I must smile
When I behold a subtle statesman thus
Dup'd and deluded by a shallow boy ;
Sent on a fruitless errand to expose
His country and himself ; it was, indeed,
A master stroke of policy, beyond, [green
One should have thought, the reach of years so
As Edward's, to despatch the weeping lover,
And seize the glorious opportunity
Of tam'ring with his mistress here at home.

War. Did Neville, Rutland, Clifford, bleed for
this ?

Mar. For this doth Henry languish in a dungeon,
And wretched Marg'ret live a life of woe :
For this you gave the crown to pious Edward,
And thus he thanks you for his kingdom,

War. Crowns
Are baubles, fit for children like himself
To play with ; I have scatter'd many of them :
But thus to cross me in my dearest hope,
The sweet reward of all my toils for him

And for his country; if I suffer it,
If I forgive him, may I live the scorn
Of men, a branded coward, and old age
Without or love or rev'rence be my portion!
Henceforth, good Marg'ret, know me for thy friend:
We will have noble vengeance. Are there not
Still left amongst the lazy sons of peace,
Some busy spirits who wish well to thee
And to thy cause?

Mar. There are: resentment sleeps,
But is not dead; beneath the hollow cover
Of loyalty, the slumb'ring ashes lie
Unheeded; Warwick's animating breath
Will quickly light them into flames again. [thee:]

War. Then, Edward, from this moment I abjure
Oh! I will make thee ample recompense
For all the wrongs that I have done the house
Of Lancaster: go, summon all thy friends;
Be quick, good Marg'ret; haste ere I repent,
And yield my soul to perjur'd York again.
The king, I think, gives you free liberty
To range abroad.

Mar. He doth, and I will use it
As I would ever use the gift of foes,
To his destruction.

War. That arch-pander, Suffolk,
That minister of vice—But time is precious;
To-morrow, Marg'ret, we will meet in private,
And have some further conference; meantime,
Devise, consult, use ev'ry means against
Our common foe: remember, from this hour,
Warwick's thy friend: be secret and be happy.

[Exit.

Mar. What easy fools these cunning statesmen
With all their policy, when once they fall [are,
Into a woman's pow'r! This gallant leader,
This blust'ring Warwick, how the hero shrunk
And lessen'd to my sight! Elizabeth,
I thank thee for thy wonder-working charms;
The time, perhaps, may come, when I shall stand
Indebted to them for—the throne of England.
Proud York beware, for Lancaster's great name
Shall rise superior in the lists of fame:
Fortune that long had frown'd, shall smile at last,
And make amends for all my sorrows past. [Exit.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter MARGARET OF ANJOU, LADY CLIFFORD,
and Attendants.

Mar. (To a Gentleman.) Despatch these letters
straight to Scotland; this
To the French envoy; these to the Earl of Pem-
broke. (Turning to Lady Clifford.)

Thus far, my friend, hath fortune favour'd us
Beyond our hopes: the soul of haughty Warwick
Is all on fire, and pining Edward loves
With most romantic ardour. Oh! my Clifford,
You would have smil'd to see how artfully
I play'd upon him: flatter'd, sooth'd, provok'd,
And wrought him to my purpose: we are link'd
In firmest bonds of amity and love.

Lady C. Hath Warwick, then, so soon forgot
his Edward?

Think'st thou the frantic Earl will e'er exert
His ill-directed powers to pull down
The royal structure which himself had rais'd?
Never.

Mar. What is there disappointed love
And unrestrain'd ambition will not do?
I tell thee, we are sworn and cordial friends.

Lady C. Thou know'st he hates the house of Lan-
caster.

Mar. No matter; he has marvellous good skill
In making kings, and I have business for him.

Lady C. And canst thou, then, forget the cruel
wrongs,

The deep-felt injuries of oppressive Warwick,
To join the hand that forg'd thy husband's chains,
And robb'd thee of a crown?

Mar. But what, my Clifford,
If the same hand that ravish'd, should restore it?
'Tis a court friendship, and may last as long

As int'rest shall direct: I've not forgot,
No, nor forgiv'n; I hate, abhor, detest him;
But I will use him as my instrument,
My necessary tool; I'll make him draw
His trait'rous sword, to sheath it in the breast
Of him he loves, then point it to his own:
Yes, Clifford, I have twin'd me round his heart;
Like the fell serpent, crept into his bosom,
That I might sting more surely: he shall perish;
I keep him for the last dear precious morsel,
To crown the glorious banquet of revenge.

Lady C. 'Tis what he merits from us; yet th' at-
tempt

Were dang'rous, he is still the people's idol.

Mar. And so, perhaps, shall Marg'ret be; ap-
waits on success; the sickle multitude [pause
(Like the light straw that floats along the stream)
Glide with the current still, and follow fortune.
Our prospect brightens every hour: the people
Are ripe for a revolt: by civil wars,
Long time inur'd to savage scenes of plunder
And desolation, they delight in war: [ter,
These English heroes, when once flesh'd with slaugh-
Like the keen mastiff, lose not soon the track
Of vengeance, nor forget the taste of blood.

Lady C. What further succours have we to de-
Beside Earl Warwick's? [pend on,

Mar. Oh! his name alone
Will be an army to us.

Lady C. If we have it:
Resentment is a short-liv'd passion. What
If Warwick should relent, and turn again
To Edward?

Mar. Then I have a bosom friend
That shall be ready to reward him for it;
But I have better hopes: without his aid,
We are not friendless: Scotland's hardy sons,
Who smile at danger, and defy the storm,
Will leave their barren mountains to defend
That liberty they love: add, too, the aid
Of gallant Pembroke, and the pow'rs which France
Will send to vindicate her injur'd honour:
E'er Edward can collect his force and take
The field, we shall be thirty thousand strong.

Lady C. But what becomes of the young prince?

Mar. Ay; there
I am, indeed, unhappy. Oh! my child,
How shall I set him free? Hear, nature, hear
A mother's pray'r! oh! guide me with thy counsel,
And teach me how to save my darling boy.

Ay, now I have it: monitress divine,
I thank thee: yes; I wait but for the means
Of his escape, then fly this hated palace,
Nor will return till I can call it mine. [Exeunt.

Enter KING EDWARD and the EARL OF SUFFOLK.

K. Edw. I fear we've gone too far: th' indignant
Warwick [folk,
Ill brook'd our steady purpose; mark'd you, Suff-
With what an eye of scorn he turn'd him from us,
And low'd defiance: that prophetic woman!
Half of her curse already is fulfill'd,
And I have lost my friend.

Suf. Some friends, perhaps,
Are better lost: you'll pardon me, my liege;
But, were it fitting, I could tell a tale
Would soon convince you Warwick is as weak—
K. Edw. As Edward, thou wouldst say.

Suf. But 'twill distress
Thy noble heart too much; I dare not, sir;
Yet one day you must know it.

K. Edw. Then, by thee
Let it be told me, Suffolk; thy kind hand
Will best administer the bitter draught:
Go on, my Suffolk; speak, I charge thee, speak.

Suf. That rival whom thou wish'd me to dis-
cover— [thou found

K. Edw. Ay, what of him? quick, tell me, hast
The happy traitor? give me but to know,
That I may wreak my speedy vengeance on him.

Suf. Suppose that rival were the man whom
most

You lov'd, the man, perhaps, whom most you fear'd;
 Suppose 'twere—Warwick.

K. Edw. Ha! it cannot be:

I would not think it for a thousand worlds.
 Warwick in love with her, impossible!
 Now, Suffolk, do I fear thou speak'st from envy
 And jealous hatred of the noble Warwick,
 Not from the love of justice or of Edward:
 Where didst thou learn this falsehood?

Suf. From the lips

Of truth, from one whose honour and whose word
 You will not question; from—Elizabeth. [so.]

K. Edw. From her! nay, then, I fear it must be

Suf. When last I saw her, for again I went
 By your command, though hopeless of success,
 With all the little eloquence that I
 Was master of, I urg'd your ardent passion;
 Told her how much, how tenderly you lov'd her,
 And press'd with eagerness to know the cause
 Of her unkind refusal; till at length,
 Reluctantly, with blushes she confess'd [ness,
 There was a cause: she thank'd you for your good-
 'Twas more she said, much more than she deserv'd,
 She ever should revere her king: and if
 She had a heart to give, it should be—Edward's.

K. Edw. So kind, and yet so cruel: well, go on.

Suf. Then told me all the story of her love,
 That Warwick long had woo'd her; that her hand
 Was promis'd; soon as he return'd from France,
 Though once her father cruelly oppos'd it,
 They were, by his consent, to be united.

K. Edw. Oh! never, Suffolk, may I live to see
 That dreadful hour! Designing hypocrite!
 Are these his arts, is this the friend I lov'd?
 By heav'n! she shall be mine; I will assert
 A sov'reign's right, and tear her from him. What
 If he rebel—another civil war!

'Tis terrible. Oh! that I could shake off
 This cumbrous garb of majesty that clings
 So close around me, meet him man to man,
 And try who best deserves her: but when kings
 Grow mad, their guiltless subjects pay the forfeit.
 Horrible thought! Good Suffolk, for awhile
 I would be private; therefore, wait without;
 Let me have no intruders; above all,
 Keep Warwick from my sight. [Exit Suffolk.

Enter the EARL OF WARWICK.

War. Behold him here;

No welcome guest, it seems, unless I ask
 My Lord of Suffolk's leave: there was a time
 When Warwick wanted not his aid to gain
 Admission here.

K. Edw. There was a time, perhaps, [it.
 When Warwick more desir'd and more deserv'd

War. Never; I've been a foolish faithful slave;
 All my best years, the morning of my life,
 Hath been devoted to your service: what
 Are now the fruits? disgrace and infamy;
 My spotless name, which never yet the breath
 Of calumny had tainted, made the mock
 For foreign fools to carp at: but 'tis fit
 Who trust in princes, should be thus rewarded.

K. Edw. I thought, my lord, I had full well repaid
 Your services with honours, wealth, and pow'r
 Unlimited: thy all-directing hand
 Guided in secret ev'ry latent wheel
 Of government, and mov'd the whole machine:
 Warwick was all in all, and pow'rless Edward
 Stood like a cipher in the great account. [these

War. Who gave that cipher worth, and seated
 On England's throne? thy undistinguish'd name
 Had rotted in the dust from whence it sprang,
 And moulder'd in oblivion, had not Warwick
 Dug from its sordid mine the useless ore,
 And stamp'd it with a diadem. Thou know'st,
 This wretched country, doom'd, perhaps, like
 To fall by its own self-destroying hand, [Rome,
 Tost for so many years in the rough sea
 Of civil discord, but for me had perish'd.
 In that distressful hour I seiz'd the helm,
 Bade the rough waves subside in peace, and steer'd

Your shatter'd vessel safe into the harbour.
 You may despise, perhaps, that useless aid
 Which you no longer want; but know, proud youth,
 He who forgets a friend, deserves a foe.

K. Edw. Know, too, reproach for benefits re-
 Pays ev'ry debt, and cancels obligation. [ceiv'd,

War. Why, that, indeed, is frugal honesty,
 A thrifty saving knowledge, when the debt
 Grows burthensome, and cannot be discharg'd.
 A sponge will wipe out all, and cost you nothing.

K. Edw. When you have counted o'er the nu-
 merous train

Of mighty gifts your bounty lavish'd on me,
 You may remember next the inj'ries
 Which I have done you; let me know 'em all,
 And I will make you ample satisfaction.

War. Thou canst not; thou hast robb'd me of a
 It is not in thy pow'r to restore: [jewel

I was the first, shall future annals say,
 That broke the sacred bond of public trust
 And mutual confidence; ambassadors,
 In after times, mere instruments, perhaps,
 Of venal statesmen, shall recall my name
 To witness, that they want not an example,
 And plead my guilt, to sanctify their own.

Amidst the herd of mercenary slaves [Warwick
 That haunt your court, could none be found but
 To be the shameless herald of a lie? [on me?

K. Edw. And wouldst thou turn the vile reproach
 If I have broke my faith, and stain'd the name
 Of England, thank thy own pernicious counsels
 That urg'd me to it, and extorted from me
 A cold consent to what my heart abhorr'd.

War. I've been abus'd, insulted, and betray'd;
 My injur'd honour cries aloud for vengeance;
 Her wounds will never close!

K. Edw. These gusts of passion
 Will but inflame them; if I have been right
 Inform'd, my lord, besides these dang'rous scars
 Of bleeding honour, you have other wounds
 As deep, though not so fatal; such, perhaps,
 As none but fair Elizabeth can cure.

War. Elizabeth!

K. Edw. Nay, start not, I have cause
 To wonder most: I little thought, indeed,
 When Warwick told me I might learn to love,
 He was, himself, so able to instruct me:
 But I've discover'd all.

War. And so have I;
 Too well I know thy breach of friendship there;
 Thy fruitless, base endeavours to supplant me.

K. Edw. I scorn it, sir; Elizabeth hath charms,
 And I have equal right with you to admire them;
 Nor see I aught so godlike in the form,
 So all-commanding in the name of Warwick,
 That he alone should revel in the charms
 Of beauty, and monopolize perfection.

I knew not of your love.

War. By heav'n! 'tis false;
 You knew it all, and meanly took occasion,
 Whilst I was busy'd in the noble office
 Your grace thought fit to honour me withal,
 To tamper with a weak, unguarded woman,
 To bribe her passions high, and basely steal
 A treasure which your kingdom could not purchase.

K. Edw. How know you that? But be it as it may,
 I had a right, nor will I tamely yield
 My claim to happiness, the privilege
 To choose the partner of my throne and bed:
 It is a branch of my prerogative. [rants:

War. Prerogative! what's that? the boast of ty-
 A borrow'd jewel, glittering in the crown
 With specious lustre, lent but to betray:

You had it, sir, and hold it from the people.
K. Edw. And therefore do I prize it; I would guard
 Their liberties, and they shall strengthen mine:

But when proud faction and her rebel crew
 Insult their sov'reign, trample on his laws,
 And bid defiance to his pow'r, the people,
 In justice to themselves, will then defend
 His cause, and vindicate the rights they gave,

War. Go to your darling people, then; for soon,
If I mistake not, 'twill be needful; try
Their boasted zeal, and see if one of them
Will dare to lift his arm up in your cause,
If I forbid them.

K. Edw. Is it so, my lord?
Then mark my words: I've been your slave too long,
And you have rul'd me with a rod of iron;
But, henceforth, know, proud peer, I am thy master,
And will be so: the king who delegates
His pow'r to others' hands, but ill deserves
The crown he wears.

War. Look well, then, to your own;
It sits but loosely on your head; for know,
The man who injur'd Warwick never pass'd
Unpunish'd yet.

K. Edw. Nor he who threaten'd Edward:
You may repent it, sir. My guards, there; seize
This traitor and convey him to the Tow'r!
There let him learn obedience.

Enter Guards, who seize Warwick.

War. Slaves, stand off:
If I must yield my sword, I'll give it him
Whom it so long has serv'd; there's not a part
In this old faithful steel, that is not stain'd
With English blood in grateful Edward's cause.
Give me my chains, they are the bands of friendship,
Of a king's friendship; for his sake, awhile,
I'll wear them.

K. Edw. Hence: away with him.

War. 'Tis well:
Exert your pow'r, it may not last you long;
For know, though Edward may forget his friend,
That England will not. Now, sir, I attend you.

[Exeunt Warwick and Guards.]

K. Edw. Presumptuous rebel! Ah! who's there?
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My liege,
Queen Marg'ret with the prince her son are fled;
In a few hours she hopes (for so we learn
From those who have pursu'd her) to be join'd
By th' Earl of Warwick; in his name, it seems,
She has already rais'd three thousand men.

K. Edw. Warwick in league with her? Oh,
heav'n! 'tis well

We've crush'd the serpent ere his poison spread
Throughout our kingdom: guard the palace gates,
Keep double watch; summon my troops together.
Where is my brother Clarence, Buckingham,
And Pembroke? We must check this foul rebellion.

[Exit Messenger.]

Enter the EARL OF SUFFOLK.

Suf. My liege, the Duke of Clarence—

K. Edw. What of him? *[him]*

Suf. Hath left the court; this moment I beheld
In conf'rence deep with Pembroke, who, it seems,
Is Marg'ret's firmest friend: 'tis whisper'd, both
Will join the Queen.

K. Edw. Well; 'tis no matter: I
Have deeper cause for grief; he cannot feel
A brother's falsehood who has lost a friend,
A friend like Warwick. Suffolk, thou behold'st me
Betray'd, deserted by the man I lov'd;
Treated with indifference by her
Whom I ador'd, forsaken by my brother,
And threaten'd by the subjects I protect;
Oppress'd on every side: but thou shalt see
I have a soul superior to misfortunes.
Though rebel Clarence wrings my tortur'd heart,
And faithless Warwick braves me, we will yet
Maintain our right. Come on, my friend, thou know'st
Without his boasted aid I could have gain'd
The crown, without him now I will preserve it.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Tower.

Enter the EARL OF WARWICK.

War. Mistaken mortals plan delusive schemes
Of bliss, and call futurity their own,
Yet are not masters of a moment. This
Was the appointed time, the very day

Which should have join'd me to Elizabeth
In nuptial bonds: Oh! cruel memory,
Do not torment me. If there be a crime
Of deeper die than all the guilty train
Of human vices, 'tis—ingratitude.

'Tis now two years since Henry lost the crown,
And here he is, ev'n in this very prison
A fellow captive now: disgraceful thought!
How will he smile to meet his conqueror here!
Oh! for that stoic apathy which lulls
The drowsy soul to sweet forgetfulness!
But 'twill not be: Elizabeth, where art thou?
Perhaps with Edward—Oh! that thought distracts
It is, I fear, as Marg'ret said; she's false. *[me:]*
But when I look on these, can I expect
To find one virtue left in human kind?
My Pembroke too! am I so soon forgotten?
Oh! no; he comes—

Enter the EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Pem. My friend!

War. My Pembroke, welcome:
Thee I have ever found most just and kind;
But, in the darkness of adversity,
The jewel friendship shines with double lustre.

Pem. I am not of the insect train that bask
In fortune's sunshine, and when ev'ning damps
Arise, are seen no more: no, Warwick; what
I speak, I mean: you have been hardly treated.

War. Oh! Pembroke, didst thou know but half
the wrongs

That I have suffer'd, thou wouldst pity me.

Pem. I would do more, much more, my Warwick:
Who only pities, but insults the wretched: *[he]*
I come with nobler views; I come to tell thee,
That I have felt thy injuries as my own,
And will revenge them too.

War. How kind thou art

To feel for Warwick!

Pem. Ev'ry honest breast
Must feel the injuries that a good man suffers:
Thine is the common cause of all: adieu
To English freedom, when our liberty
Shall be dependent on a sovereign's nod,
When years of honest service shall be paid
With infamy and chains.

War. I've not deserv'd them. *[hast great]*

Pem. Nor shalt thou wear them long: for thou
And pow'ful friends—the noble Duke of Clarence—
Behold his signet: this, my Warwick, gain'd me
Admission here. We must be secret.

War. Then I am not forsaken: Clarence!—Ha!

Pem. Yes;

The gallant youth, with honest zeal, declar'd
He lov'd his brother much, but justice more.

War. Then, Edward, I defy thee: gen'rous Cla-
rence!

Thou know'st the man who thus could treat a friend,
Would soon forget a brother. But say, Pembroke,
How stands the Duke of Buckingham?

Pem. Fast bound

To Edward; and that smooth courtier, Suffolk,
Are the two rotten pillars that support
His tott'ring throne: but Marg'ret—

War. Ay; how fares

My new ally? has she escap'd the tyrant?

Pem. She has; and by some wondrous means con-
To free her captive son. *[triv'd]*

War. Though I abhor,

I must admire that enterprising woman:

Her active mind is ever on the wing
In search of fresh expedients, to recover
The crown she lost.

Pem. Already she has rais'd
A pow'ful army; all the secret foes
Of York's ambitious line rush forth in crowds,
And join her standard: ere to-morrow's sun
Shall dawn upon us, she will set thee free.

War. Oh! Pembroke, nothing wounds the gen'rous
So deep as obligations to a foe. *[mind]*
Is there no way to liberty, my friend,
But through the bloody paths of civil war?

Pem. I fear there is not.

War. Then it must be so:

I could have wish'd—but freedom and revenge,
On any terms, are welcome.

Pem. Here, then, join we
Our hands—

War. Our hearts.

Pem. Now, Warwick, be thou firm
In thy resolves; let no unmanly fears,
No foolish, fond remembrance of past friendship
Unnerve thy arm, or shake thy steady purpose.

War. No; by my wrongs it shall not: once, thou
know'st,

I lov'd him but too well, and these vile chains
Are my reward. Oh! give me but the use
Of this once-pow'rful arm, and thou shalt see
How it shall punish falsehood. Are thy forces
Prepar'd?

Pem. They are, and wait but for my orders;
Clarence will join us soon: our first great end
Is to secure thy liberty; that done,
We haste to seize the palace, and redeem
The fair Elizabeth.

War. Redeem her, ha!

Is she a captive, too?

Pem. A willing slave;
A gay state pris'ner, left to roam at large
O'er the young monarch's palace.

War. Ay, my Pembroke,
That's more inviting than a prison. Oh!
She's false, she's false. Who sent her there?

Pem. She came,
It seems, to thank him for his royal bounties
To her good father, the new Earl of Rivers,
Who will, no doubt, persuade her to accept—
War. Of Edward's hand. Distraction! fly, my
friend,

Haste thee to Marg'ret, tell her if she hopes
For Warwick's aid, she must release him now,
Ere Edward's ill-tim'd mercy shall prevent her.

Pem. I go; my friend, adieu! when next we meet,
I hope to bring thee liberty. [Exit.

War. Farewell.
She's lost! she's gone! that base seducer, Edward,
Hath wrought on her weak mind; it must be so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, the Lady Elizabeth.

War. Amazement! sure,
It cannot be! admit her, sir. Why, what [Exit *Mess.*
Could bring her here? Edward has sent her hither
To see if I will crouch to him for pardon:
Be still, my jealous heart.

Enter LADY ELIZABETH GREY.

Eliz. My Warwick!

War. 'Tis a grace I look'd not for,
That a fair fav'rite, who so late had tasted
The pleasures of a court, should condescend
To visit thus a poor abandon'd captive.

Eliz. I come to take my portion of misfortune,
To pour the balm of comfort in, and heal,
If possible, the wounds which I had made.
Too well I know, I was the fatal cause
Of all thy sorrows; but the noble Edward,
For so, indeed, he is—

War. And art thou come
To plead the cause of him who sent me hither?

Eliz. I came to be the messenger of peace,
To calm thy troubled soul, and give thee rest;
To teach my Warwick to forget his wrongs.

War. Forget my wrongs! was that thy errand
To teach me low submission to a tyrant? [here,
To ask forgiveness, kneel, and deprecate
The wrath of blust'ring Edward? If thou com'st
On terms like these to bring me freedom, know
It will not be accepted: now I see
Through all your arts; by heav'n! I'd rather lose
A thousand lives, than owe one to his bounty.

Eliz. Either my Warwick is much chang'd, and
I fear he is, or he would never talk [so
Thus coldly to me; never would despise
A life so precious, if he knew how much

Elizabeth had suffer'd to preserve it.

The gallant Edward, won by my entreaties—

War. Entreaties! didst thou then descend so low
As to entreat him for me?

Eliz. Hadst thou seen,

When I implor'd him to forgive my Warwick,
How kind he look'd, how his repenting heart,
Heav'd with the pangs of agonizing friendship,
Thou wouldest have pity'd him.

War. Deceitful woman,

I see thy falsehood now; I am betray'd,
And thou art leagu'd with Edward to destroy me.
Go to your royal lover, and unite
Those only fit companions for each other,
A broken friendship, and a perjur'd love:
Give up discarded Warwick, and to make
The compact firm, cement it with my blood.

Eliz. I thought the soul of Warwick far above
Such mean suspicions. Shall the man, whose truth,
Whose constancy, and love, have been so long
My bright example, shall he stoop so low
As thus to listen to an idle tale
Told by some prating courtier? If, indeed,
Thou couldest believe it, I should pity thee.

War. Where is your father, the new Earl of Rivers?
Why sends he not his forces to our aid?

Eliz. He cannot: honour, gratitude, forbid
That he should lift up his rebellious arm
Against his benefactor! well thou know'st,
Of late, when civil discord reign'd amongst us,
He fought with Henry, and with Henry fell:
When injur'd Edward gen'rously forgave,
Restor'd his forfeit lands, and late advanc'd him
To rank and title.

War. Infamy and shame!

The common nets which fearful knav'ry spreads
To catch ambition's fools: mean, sordid bribes!
We know the treasure they were meant to purchase.

Eliz. Unkind suggestion! how have I deserv'd it?
Have I for this refus'd a youthful monarch,
And spurn'd his offer'd sceptre at my feet,
To be reproach'd at last by cruel Warwick?
Had I once listen'd to him, had these eyes
Been dazzled with the splendour of a court,
I need not thus have chang'd it for a dungeon.
But since I am suspected, witness heav'n,
And witness Warwick, to my vows! henceforth,
Dear as thou art, I cast thee from my love;
Elizabeth will never wed a traitor.

War. Am I awake? and did Elizabeth
Say she would never wed her faithful Warwick?
Then bear me witness too, all-judging heav'n!
Here yield I up all visionary dreams
Of future bliss, of liberty, or life;
Ev'n the sweet hope of vengeance, that alone
Sustain'd my spirit, loses all its charms;
I wish'd for freedom but to purchase thine;
For life, but to enjoy it with my love,
And she disclaims me.

Eliz. Heav'n forbid! Oh! Warwick,
Let not the tide of passion thus overwhelm
Thy reason.

War. Canst thou pardon me? Thou know'st
Th' unguarded warmth, the weakness of my nature.
I would not wrong thee, but I've been so oft,
So cruelly deceiv'd.

Eliz. I know thou hast;
But never by Elizabeth.

War. Oh! no;

It is impossible that perfidy
Should wear a form like thine. (Looking at her.)
I wonder not

That Edward lov'd; no, when I look on thee,
All beautiful, all enchanting as thou art,
By heav'n! I think I could almost forgive him.

Eliz. Then wherefore not be reconcil'd?

War. To whom?

The author of my wrongs? It cannot be:
Know, I have promis'd Marg'ret to destroy him.

Eliz. Destroy thy friend! ungen'rous, cruel War-
wick!

Is't not enough that thou hast triumph'd here?

Already we have pierc'd his noble heart

With the keen pangs of disappointed love: [rows?]
And wouldst thou wound his breast with added sor-
Wouldst thou involve a nation in his ruin?

War. Elizabeth, no more: alas! too well
Thou know'st, there is a pow'rful advocate
In Warwick's breast, that pleads for perjur'd Ed-
ward. [wick!—

Eliz. Cherish the soft emotion: Oh! my War-

War. That angel form can never plead in vain;
But, then, my friends, where is the solemn vow
To Marg'ret and to Pembroke? there's the tie;
My honour's dearer to me—

Eliz. Than thy love;

Dearer, much dearer, than Elizabeth!

But I have done: farewell, my lord, I see

Thy deep resentment is not to be mov'd

By my weak influence o'er thee. (Going.)

War. Stay, I charge thee. [idol

Eliz. What is this phantom, honour? this proud

That tramples thus on ev'ry humble virtue?

This cruel, bloody Moloch, that delights

In human sacrifice? Oh! would to heav'n

I were its only victim! but with me,

You offer up your country and your king.

War. Think on my vow, think on my promise
giv'n. [grant

Eliz. Thy league with Marg'ret must be fatal:

We should succeed, and Lancaster once more

Assume the throne, how dear the victory

That's purchas'd with our fellow subjects' blood!

Alas! such triumphs make the conqueror weep.

But, if we fail—

War. Impossible!

Eliz. Oh! think,

Betimes, what dreadful punishments await

The vanquish'd rebel: thou, perhaps, my love,

Shalt then be doom'd on th' ignominious block

To fall inglorious; and, when thou'rt gone,

Who shall defend thy poor Elizabeth? [pose,

War. Alarming thought! it staggers my firm pur-
And makes me feel a villain.

Enter an Officer.

Offi. Madam, the king demands your presence, I
Have orders to convey you to the palace.

War. And wilt thou leave me?

Eliz. This, my Warwick, this

Is the decisive moment; now determine;

Accept of mercy, ere it be too late;

Ere hasty Edward—Shall I say thou wilt

Return to thy obedience, and receive

Thy pardon? shall I? speak, my love.

War. Perhaps

I may accept it, if 'tis brought by thee.

Eliz. Then we shall meet in happiness.

War. Farewell! [Exeunt Eliz. and Officer.

Now to those worst companions in affliction,

My own sad thoughts again; they're gloomy all,

And, like my habitation, full of horror.

I like not Edward's message: if he hears

My league with Margaret, he still has pow'r

To make me feel his rage: I have deserv'd it.

(A trampling heard without.)

Methought I heard a noise: they way they come.

Perhaps it is the messenger of death.

Re-enter the EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Pem. The messenger of vengeance; see her sword:
Accept it, and be free. (Offers the sword.)

War. First, let me know

To whom I am indebted for't.

Pem. To me.

Soon as the rumour of thy foul disgrace

Had reach'd the public ear, th' impatient people,

Uncertain of thy fate, tumultuous throng'd

Around the palace, and demanded thee;

Give us our Warwick, give us back, they cry'd,

Our hero, our deliv'rer: I stepp'd forth,

And bade them, instant, if they wish'd to save

The best of men from infamy and death,

To follow me: transported they obey'd:

I led them hither; forc'd the prison-gates,
And brought thee this: direct it as thou wilt.

(Gives the sword.)

War. Welcome once more, thou dearest gift of
heav'n,

Immortal liberty! my friend, I thank thee.

Oh! Pembroke, would thou hadst been here! my
My dear Elizabeth is true. [love,

Pem. At least

You think so.

War. She has told me such sweet truths;

Edward repents him sorely, he is griev'd

At his ingratitude.

Pem. And well he may;

I fear thou art betray'd: alas! my Warwick,

Thy open, gen'rous, unsuspecting virtue

Thinks ev'ry heart as honest as thy own.

Thou know'st not Edward nor Elizabeth.

The kingdom is in arms, and ev'ry hour

It is expected France will join the queen:

England will want its great protector's aid.

Edward and Rivers have conspir'd to cheat

Thy credulous ear, and who so fit to spread

The flimsy web as thy Elizabeth,

Their fair ambassador? I see thou'rt caught.

War. By heav'n! it may be so: I am the sport
Of fortune and of fraud.

Pem. Away, my friend:

It is not now a time to think of her:

Marg'ret, supported by thy pow'rful name,

And join'd by Clarence, wait us at the head

Of fifteen thousand men; who, eager all

To crush a tyrant, and pull down oppression,

Attend thy wish'd-for presence; not a soldier

Will act or move till Warwick shall direct them.

Edward and England's fate depend on thee.

War. Away, my friend, I'll follow thee.

[Exit Pembroke.]

Yet, stop

A moment; let not passion hurry me

To base dishonour: if my country calls

For Warwick's aid, shall I not hear her voice,

And save her? Pembroke may have private views,

And subtle Marg'ret, too. Elizabeth!

I must not lose thee. Oh! direct me, heav'n! [Exit.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Enter LADY ELIZABETH GREY

Eliz. The royal pardon came too late, and Pem-
Already has releas'd him: he is gone! [broke

Elizabeth may never see him more!

A thousand terrors haunt me; a fond father,

A guiltless sov'reign, a distracted lover;

Fame, fortune, friends, and country, all depend

On one eventful moment: hark! the sound

Of distant groans: perhaps the king—perhaps

My Warwick bleeds. Oh! agonizing thought!

Great God of armies, whose all-guiding hand

Directs the fate of nations, oh! look down

On thy own image; let not cruel discord

Divide thy kindred souls! in pity hear!

Pour thy benignant spirit o'er their hearts,

And once more knit them in the bonds of peace!

Enter the EARL OF SUFFOLK.

Suf. The pray'r of innocence is always heard.

Eliz. Ha! Suffolk, whither hast' thou? art thou
come—

Suf. I come to heal thy sorrows, lovely fair one,
To tell thee, Edward, and thy much-lov'd Warwick,
Once more are friends.

Eliz. Indeed! Oh, welcome news!

My joy's too great for utterance: tell me, Suffolk,
How was it? speak, is Warwick safe? Oh, heav'n!

Suf. A moment's patience, and I'll tell thee all.

Marg'ret, thou know'st, had rais'd a pow'rful force,

That doubled Edward's troops: elate with pride,

And almost sure of victory, she urg'd

The tardy spearmen; on they rush'd as if

Secure of conquest: the unhappy king

Stood nobly firm, and seem'd to brave his fate,

When Warwick, like a guardian god, appear'd:

His noble mien and all-commanding look

Struck deep attention; ev'ry eye was bent
Upon him, and an awful silence reign'd
O'er either host; he rais'd his voice on high,
And, "Stop," he cry'd, "your sacrilegious hands,
Nor touch my friend: who pierces Edward's breast,
Must pass through mine. I rais'd him to the throne,
And will support him there: to you I gave,
From you, my fellow-soldiers, I expect him:
Howe'er his cruel wrongs have wounded me,
He never injur'd you, and I forgive him."
He spake, and instant through the gazing crowd
A murmur ran; down dropp'd their nerveless arms,
As if enchanted by some magic pow'r, [ward!"
And with one voice they cry'd, "Long live King Ed-

Eliz. How pow'rful is the tongue of eloquence,
When in the cause of virtue! Well, what follow'd?

Suf. Encourag'd by the shouting soldiers, Edward
On like a modest virgin wishing came,
Yet fearful; Warwick, with a bridegroom's speed,
To meet him flew; into each other's arms
They ran with speechless joy: the tender scene
Affected ev'ry heart, and the rough soldier,
Unus'd to melting sympathy, forgot
His ruthless nature, and dissolv'd in tears.

Eliz. Sweet reconciliation! then, Elizabeth,
Thou didst not plead in vain. But, say, how brook'd
The haughty Queen this unexpected change?

Suf. Abash'd, confounded, for awhile she strove
To stem the torrent, but in vain; then fled
Precipitate.

Eliz. But where, oh! where's my Warwick?

Suf. With a few chosen squadrons he pursues
The disappointed Marg'ret.

Eliz. Oh, my fears!
I know not why, but at that hateful name
I tremble ever; my foreboding heart
Presages something dreadful.

Suf. Do not vex
Thy tender mind with visionary dangers. [here,
Eliz. Oh! would to heav'n that he were shelter'd
And safe within these arms!

Suf. Be not alarm'd:
He is the care of heav'n: all good men love,
All bad ones fear him.

Eliz. Such superior merit
Must have a thousand foes, the constant mark
Of envy's poison'd darts.

Suf. There Suffolk feels
The keen reproach; with blushes I confess
There was a time, when, urg'd by fond ambition,
I look'd on Warwick with a jealous eye:
But this last noble deed hath won my heart,
And I am now a convert to his virtues:
But, see, the king approaches.

Enter KING EDWARD.

K. Edw. Health and peace,
And happiness to fair Elizabeth!
Thou art no stranger to the joyful news;
The lustre of those speaking eyes declares it.

Eliz. Suffolk, ev'n now, hath bless'd me with the
tidings.

K. Edw. Oh! 'tis amazement all. Elizabeth,
When last we met, thou wert the suppliant, now
'Tis I must ask forgiveness, I who injur'd
The dearest, best of men. Oh! thou hast sav'd
Edward from shame, and England from destruction.

Eliz. Did I not say my Warwick would be just?
K. Edw. Thou didst, and on those beauteous lips
fair truth

And soft persuasion dwell. Long time he stood
Inflexible, and deaf to friendship's voice,
Listen'd to nought but all-subduing love.
In after times, thy name shall be enroll'd
Amongst the great deliv'ers of their country.

Eliz. I have no title to the lavish praise
Thy gen'rous heart bestows; I only said
What duty prompted, and what love inspir'd;
Indulgent heav'n has crown'd it with success.

K. Edw. Thou hast done all: I am indebted to
For more, much more than I can e'er repay. [thee
Long time, with shame I own, hath Warwick soar'd

Above me, but I will not be outdone
For ever by this proud, aspiring rival:
Poor as I am, there yet is one way left
To pay the debt of gratitude I owe him,
One great reward for such exalted virtues,
Thyself, Elizabeth.

Eliz. What means my lord,
My royal master?

K. Edw. Yes; when next we meet
I will bestow it on him, will resign
All my fond claim to happiness and thee;
Though thy dear image ne'er can be effac'd
From Edward's breast, though still I dote upon thee,
Though I could hang for ever on thy beauties,
Yet will I yield them to their rightful lord:
Warwick has earn'd, Warwick alone deserves them.

Eliz. Would he were here to thank thee for thy
goodness!

Know, gen'rous prince, Elizabeth has long
Admir'd thy virtues; and could love admit
Of a divided heart, the noble Edward
Would share it with his friend.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My royal liege,
The rebels are dispers'd; Queen Marg'ret's son
Was slain in the pursuit, and she—

K. Edw. I hope,
Secur'd.

Mess. Is taken pris'n'r, and will soon
Be here.

K. Edw. But where's Lord Warwick?

Mess. Sir, the Queen—

Enter MARGARET OF ANJOU, prisoner.

Mar. Once more I am your pris'n'r.

K. Edw. 'Twill be prudent
Henceforth to keep you so.

Mar. You dare not.

Thou think'st, perhaps, that I shall sue to thee
For mercy: no; in Marg'ret of Anjou,
Thou seest the wife, and daughter of a king;
A spirit not to be subdu'd; though fall'n,
Triumphant still, and though a pris'ner, free.
For know, I bear a mind above the reach
Of fortune or of Edward. I have lost
All I could wish to live for in my child;
And gain'd what most I wish'd to gain, revenge!
Or life or death are now indiff'rent to me.

K. Edw. For thy unbounded goodness, Pow'r
Accept our praise! [supreme,

Eliz. (Kneeling.) Accept our humble pray'r!
Mar. Insulting piety! the common trick
Of hypocrites and slaves: when ye shall know
What Marg'ret knows, ye may not be so thankful.
Methinks, 'tis pity Warwick is not here
To join in your devotion.

Eliz. Would to heav'n
He were!

Mar. That monster! that perfidious slave!
Who broke his faith to Marg'ret and to thee;
Thy coward soul, unable to defend
The treasure thou hadst stol'n, could meanly stoop
To court the traitor whom thou dar'st not punish.
Not so the injur'd Marg'ret: she repell'd
The wrongs she felt, and the deceiver met
The fate he merited.

K. Edw. What fate? Ev'n now,
Crown'd with immortal wreaths, the hero comes
To bless his friends, and punish guilt like thine.

Mar. Proud and deluded wretches! I look down
With pity on you: captive as I am,
'Tis mine to judge and punish; be it your's
To hear and tremble.

K. Edw. Ah!

Eliz. What can this mean?

Mar. If I mistake not, Warwick is your friend,
Your lover, too, I think.

Eliz. My lord, my husband. [Warwick,
Mar. Know, then, that friend, that lover, perjurd
Hath not an hour to live.

K. Edw. What murder's hand—

Mar. Mine, tyrant, mine! Think not I mean to hide

The noble deed; it is my happiness,
It is my glory: thou wilt call me base,
Blood-thirsty, cruel, savage, and revengeful;
But here I stand acquitted to myself,
And ev'ry feeling heart that knows my wrongs.
To late posterity dethroned queens
And weeping mothers shall applaud my justice.

K. Edw. Justice! on whom?

Mar. Can Edward ask me? Who
Imprison'd Henry, robb'd me of a crown,
And plac'd it on a proud usurper's head?
Who gave his sacred promise to a queen,
And broke it? Who, for which indignant heav'n
Chastis'd him, basely murder'd my sweet boy?
Bereft of honour, fortune, husband, child;
Depriv'd of ev'ry comfort, what remain'd
For me but vengeance? what for him but death?

K. Edw. What hast thou done? when? where?
speak, murd'ress, speak! [made

Mar. Press'd by surrounding multitudes, and
A slave, they dragg'd me to the conqueror's tent,
There the first horrid object I beheld,
Was the pale corpse of my poor bleeding child:
There—as th' insulting Warwick stood, and seem'd
To triumph o'er him—from my breast I drew
A poniard forth, and plung'd it in his heart.
Th' astonish'd soldiers throng'd around him, seiz'd
And brought me here! Now to your prayers again.

(*Elizabeth faints.*)

K. Edw. She faints, good Suffolk; help, there!
help, support,

Assist her; lead her in. [*Exeunt Suf. and Eliz.*
If it be true,
As much I fear it is, a thousand deaths
Were punishment too little for thy guilt:
Thou shalt be tortur'd.

Mar. Tyrant, I defy thee;
Thy threats appal not me: prepare your tortures;
Let them be sharp and cruel as thyself,
All that ingenious malice can suggest,
Or pow'r inflict, 'twill be my comfort still,
They cannot be so great as those you feel.

K. Edw. Guards, take the monster hence; let her
be chain'd

In some deep dungeon, dark as her own thoughts,
There let her perish: hence, away with her.

Mar. Despair and horror visit thee! farewell!
He comes; my triumph is complete: look there!

[*Exeunt Margaret and Guards.*

Enter the EARL OF WARWICK, leaning on Soldiers.

War. Where is he? Lead me, lead me to my king.

K. Edw. My Warwick! my preserver! she shall
For this in ev'ry vein. [bleed

War. Think not of her,

She has no pow'r to hurt thee; and, with guilt
Like her's, 'tis punishment enough to live:
This is no time for vengeance; death comes on
With hasty strides; 'tis but a little while,
A few short moments, and we part for ever.
My friend—

K. Edw. I am not worthy of the name,
For I disgrac'd, dishonour'd, murder'd thee;
Edward's unkindness was the cause of all:
Canst thou forgive me?

War. Oh! may Warwick's crimes
Ne'er meet forgiveness from offended heav'n,
If, from my soul, I do not pardon, love,
And honour thee!

K. Edw. Away, let me support him;
'Tis the last office I shall e'er perform
For thee, my Warwick. Wilt thou lean upon me,
And seal my pardon with one kind embrace?

War. We never hated.

K. Edw. But my love was blind.

War. And blinder my resentment.

K. Edw. I forgot
Thy services.

War. And I remember'd not
Thou wert my king. My sweet Elizabeth,
Where is she? Edward, do not keep her from me;
We are no rivals now.

K. Edw. Shock'd at the news
Of thy untimely fate, she sunk beneath it,
And fainted in these arms; I seiz'd th' occasion,
And bade her weeping maidens bear her hence:
This would have been a dreadful sight, indeed.

Eliz. (*Without.*) I can, I will support it.

War. Ha! that voice—
Sure, 'tis Elizabeth's!

Enter LADY ELIZABETH GREY.

Eliz. Oh! give me way,
For I must see him. Oh! my Warwick!
War. Oh!

This is too much; the bitterness of death
Is to be sever'd thus from those we love.

K. Edw. Why would you bring her here?
(*To the Attendants.*)

War. Elizabeth,
Be comforted.

Eliz. Oh! no, it is my doom

Never to taste of joy or comfort more:
No; from this hateful world will I retire,
And mourn my Warwick's fate; imploring heav'n
That I may soon wear out my little store
Of hopeful days, and join thee in the tomb. [wrong,

War. That must not be: I've done my friend a
And only thou canst make atonement for it.

Thy hand, Elizabeth,—if e'er thou lov'dst,—
Observe me now—thine, Edward—for my sake
Cherish this beautiful mourner, take her from me,
As the last present of a dying friend. [more dear,

K. Edw. If aught could make the precious gift
It would be, Warwick, that it came from thee.

Oh! I will guard her with a parent's care,
From every ill, watch over and protect her;
And when the memory of thee shall awake,
As oft it will, her poignant griefs, repel
The rising sigh, wipe off the flowing tear,
And strive to charm her to forgetfulness.

War. Wilt thou, indeed? then I shall die in

Eliz. Yet thou may'st live. [peace.

War. Impossible: I feel

The hand of death press cold upon my heart,
And all will soon be o'er: I've liv'd to save
My falling country, to repent my crimes,
Redeem my honour, and restore my king.

K. Edw. Alas! my friend, the memory of thee
Will poison every bliss.

War. All-healing time,

That closes ev'ry wound, shall pour its balm
O'er thine; meanwhile, remember Warwick's fate.
I gave my word to Margaret, and broke it:
Heav'n is not to be mock'd, it soon o'ertakes us,
And in our crime we meet our punishment.

Oh! Edward, if thou hop'st that length of days
And fair prosperity shall crown thy wishes,
Beware of passion and resentment; make
Thy people's good and happiness thy own;
Discourage faction, banish flatterers, keep
Thy faith inviolate, and reign in peace.

I can no more—my love. Have mercy, heav'n! (*Dies*)

K. Edw. He's gone!

Eliz. And with him all my hopes of bliss.

K. Edw. Let ev'ry honour to a soldier due,
Attend the hero to his tomb; meanwhile,
Deep in the living tablet of my heart,
Will I engrave thy words, illustrious shade!
Living, thou wert my counsellor and friend,
And dead, I will remember and obey thee. [thee.

Eliz. Warwick, farewell; I shall not long survive

K. Edw. I hope thou wilt. Elizabeth, remember
His dying charge, think on thy promise giv'n.
Thou shalt remain with me, with me lament
Our common benefactor; we will sit
And talk together of my Warwick's virtues;
For I will try to emulate them all,
And learn, by copying him, to merit thee.
His great example shall inspire my breast
With patriot zeal, shall teach me to subdue
The pow'r of faction, vanquish party rage,
And make me, what alone I wish to be,
The happy king of an united people. [*Exeunt.*

MONSIEUR TONSON;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY W. T. MONCRIEFF.



Act I.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

MONSIEUR MORBLEU
MR. THOMPSON
TOM KING

JACK ARDOURLY
RUSTY
USEFUL

WATCHMAN
FIP
OFFICERS

ADOLPHINE DE COURCY
MADAME BELLEGARDE
MRS. THOMPSON

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Hart Street, Bloomsbury. (Evening.)*

Enter ADOLPHINE, hastily.

Adol. Am I in safety? (*Looking round.*) Yes; I have, at length, eluded my pursuer. Unfortunate Adolphine! Is it not enough that I am an emigrant from my native France; that an impenetrable mystery hangs over my birth; that I am only prevented being wholly dependant on the meagre exertions of one as wretched as myself, for support, by the sale of a few trifling drawings; but whenever, as now, I venture out, I must be the sport and prey of every libertine I meet? (*Noise without.*) Ah! let me fly! he is here again! Wretched, wretched girl!

[Exit, hastily.]

Enter ARDOURLY, in pursuit.

Arđ. Confusion! she has escaped me once more. What an unlucky dog I am! to behold the only object I feel I can ever love, merely to lose her. Never did tormenting fate lead a man astray with such beauteous will-o'-the-wisps, as those piercing sparklers and twinkling little feet of her's. She's lost—I'm lost—we're both lost. What the devil shall I do? D—e, I'll raise a hue and cry—I'll—but—no, I'll not give her up. Yet, which way has she gone? which way must I go? Here's a stranger coming, I'll inquire if he has seen her.

Enter TOM KING.

Pray, sir, have you seen a young woman?—Eh! why, zounds! 'tis my old friend, Tom King.

T. King. What, Jack Ardourly! inquiring after a petticoat in the neighbourhood of Monmouth-street? We shall have Cupid turning old clothes-man next. But, egad! my dear lad, I'm devilish glad to see you. Why, I haven't had the pleasure of meeting with you, since your rich uncle, old Thompson, popped so suddenly from the clouds,

and made you presumptive heir to one of the first fortunes in the three kingdoms; I congratulate you, faith!

Arđ. Congratulate me! pity me. What's the finding an old uncle, to the losing an angelic girl? What's the favour of fortune, to the malice of fate? I am the most miserable dog in existence!

T. King. Miserable about a wench! muslin-struck, quite. Ha, ha, ha! Some tea-drinking milliner, I warrant her; playing at hide and seek to find some wealthy fool to wed her. Was there ever such folly? Oh! Jack Ardourly, Jack Ardourly!

Arđ. Laugh at me, if you please, but hear me. If love is a folly, it is one I am up to my neck in. Ten minutes since, my heart was as free as your's; but, as the mischievous spirit of Cupid would have it, making a short cut from Long's, I met a lovely girl, who instantaneously effected a conquest of me; I started my fair game in Soho, she declined my attentions in Greek-street, bade me leave her in the most imperative mood imaginable; assumed tragedy airs in Berwick-street, gave me the slip in Cranbourn-alley, and was lost in St. Martin's-lane. I tracked the dear angel again in St. Giles's, but again parted with her and my heart in—

T. King. Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square. Ha, ha! This is whimsical enough: but what sort of a divinity is this walking Venus, this flying goddess, this hunting Diana, of your's?

Arđ. Her dress and manners are evidently French, but her person is heavenly; her—

T. King. Ah! I see; one of those pretty emigrants we have lately imported from Paris, with other French toys, to adorn our streets and amuse our leisure hours. I'll soon rout her for you, my boy; we'll set out on a voyage of discovery directly. What latitude did she sail in?

Arđ. I last missed her in this direction.

T. King. Allons! then; you shall find me as sharp

as a needle, in guiding you to this polar star of beauty of your's. We'll search every Frenchman's house in London, but we'll find her. We'll rummage Paddington, rout out Pancras, peep into Pentonville, summons Clerkenwell, and scour the Seven Dials for her.

Ard. And do you think we shall succeed?

T. King. When did Tom King ever fail, when the object was to serve a friend and promote mirth? I'll make you happy, my lad! Zounds! for a quiz, a hoax, a joke, a jest, a song, a dance, a catch, a tale, a race, or a row, Tom King wouldn't turn his back on any man in England. A'n't I the choice spirit of the day, the jolly dog, the roaring boy, the knowing lad, the rare blood, the prime buck, the rum soul, the funny fellow? Emperor of the Cockonians! Chairman of the Jacks! General of the Lumber Troop! Master of the Mugs! Chief of the Eccentrics! Member of Daffy's! President of the Flounder Club! Founder of the Snugs! passed Noble Grand of the Odd Fellows! and Vice of half the Freemasons' Lodges in the kingdom! Oh, d——e! Tom King's the man! so come along, my boy.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter THOMPSON and RUSTY.

Rus. Well, well, master, I don't mind letting you have the run of the key for an hour or two, if I go with you, and you can shew good cause.

Thom. I can, I can. These French drawings which I sent you to purchase in Rathbone-place, that I might refresh my memory of Paris, are subscribed with a name that has unsettled all my plans again. See, Rusty, see—Adolphe de Courcy! the very maiden name of my lost wife! The owner of this name lives, you say, in Seven Dials?

Rus. Ay; with Mounseer Morebleu, a French barber, one of your emigrants; at least, so the man at the shop told me.

Thom. We will go to him directly; I must see this Adolphe de Courcy: she may be the wife I have so long lamented as dead; or, more probably, the child I have so much and vainly searched for. What an unhappy man I am! doomed never to know a moment's rest.

Rus. No; I believe you never were so comfortable as when you were under my care in the Bastille. There you were properly looked after; nothing to disturb you.

Thom. True, true. Ah! I should never have left England, only I knew living was so much cheaper in France; and as I had but a very small fortune, I didn't wish to go beyond it; that brought on all my misfortunes.

Rus. Serve you right: you shouldn't have deserted your country, merely to save a shilling. I hope all absentees may have as much cause to repent it as you have.

Thom. Hum! then I should never have married my wife, the chief agent of all my troubles—

Rus. As most wives are: mine was; but she died in her confinement. She was confined the same time you were. Why did you have one so much your superior in rank and fortune as your wife was?

Thom. What did I profit by it? When I discovered that the proud old marquiss, her father, was never likely to consent to our union, didn't I marry her privately, and remove her into a retirement where I thought no one would ever have discovered us?

Rus. And were found out the very first thing. She was sent to a nunnery, and you to the Bastille.

Thom. It was a great misfortune the revolution breaking out.

Rus. Yes; for then the mob broke in: you gained your liberty, and I lost my place.

Thom. I had become so used to everything there; was bosom friends with a blue-bottle, had got on visiting terms with a spider, was favoured with a daily call from a robin red-breast, and was intimate with almost every rat in my dungeon; there wasn't

a stone in one of the walls I didn't know and esteem. Heigho!

Rus. Well, but you know you've gratified your old liking for the Bastille by building a house exactly on the model of it. Isn't your bed-room a perfect fac-simile of your old cell, and haven't you engaged me to look after you as usual? Don't I bring you your victuals, and lock you up exactly as I used to do?

Thom. You do, you do; but it's not the real thing, after all. Failing in my search for my wife and infant girl, I betook myself abroad—

Rus. Where, having been used to confinement under me, you didn't leave your plantation till you had acquired a princely fortune—

Thom. And no relation of the name of Thompson to leave it to, only my sister's son, Jack Ardourly. But these drawings! this name! I have a thousand hopes and fears; let us hasten directly to satisfy them.

Rus. Well, I don't mind granting you a rule of court, as it's to transact your private affairs; you may go.

Thom. Come along, then. Heigho! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Exterior of Monsieur Morbleu's House and Shop in the Seven Dials. A watch-box at one corner. (Night.)*

Enter MORBLEU.

Mor. Eh! mon Dieu! Je suis très fatigué vit my great business: all de head of de nation wish to be turn by me! and I am such grand professeur, I turn all de nation's head; coupe all dere objection short vit dere hair: my close revolution crop silence everything; and I make every man von Brutus. It is great change, ma foi, for me: in de grande nation, under de ancienne régime, I was de général of de régiment; here I am only de perruquier en général, only take de Anglois by de nose in de way of my occupation. Have noting to do vit any balls but de vash-balls; no powder but de hair-powder; no chevaux-de-frize but de combe and de tongs, dat I friz de cheveux vit. But vere is my house-keeper, Madame Bellegarde? Madame Bellegarde! (*Knocks at the door of his shop.*)

Enter MADAME BELLEGARDE.

Eh bien, madame! Me voici, here I am, glad to see you and de littel domicile once again. Comment vous portez vous cette bonne evening, madame?

Belle. Merci, monsieur, très jol!

Mor. Joli! you are joli comme une ange! que tu est charmante, ma chère Madame Bellegarde!

Belle. Ah! Monsieur Morbleu, you have so much of de politesse.

Mor. Ha, ha! true, true! you remember, madame, ven I use to valk de minuet vit you, twenty, tirty year ago, in de cour de Versailles. Oh! l'amour! dose vere bon temps.

Belle. Ah! monsieur, dat vas under de ancienne régime.

Mor. Oui, oui, en vérité. Times very much different now, ma foi! Den I vas Monsieur Morbleu, Chevalier de Saint Louis, and Général de Division! and you vere Madame la Marquise de Bellegarde, Dame d'Honneur, and grande beauté! You very different ting now, madame, and so am I. Now I am only one poor barbière, and you my housekeeper of all vork, to make de bed, scrub de board, and clean de lodgement. Eh, mon Dieu! but vere is my littel protégée, de petite Mademoiselle Adolphine, orpheline de Courcy? pauvre enfant! gone to sell her littel drawing?

Belle. Oui, monsieur; but she will be back preste-mint.

Mor. Bonne fille, bonne fille! She have de key, and can get through de door without our stay up to open it; so I shall go to my night-cap, for I am very much sleepy, and il est tard.

Nap. (Without.) Past ten o'clock!

Mor. Ah! dere is Monsieur Nap, de yash-a-man; he is come for to go to his box. Yaw'aw! venez, madame. Courage! Louis le Désiré, and de ancienne régime shall come back by-an-by, very often; den ve tread de minuet de la cour togeder again. La, la, la! de ral, de ral!

[*Exeunt into the house, singing 'C'est l'amour,' and dancing the minuet de la cour.*]

Enter NAP, the Watchman.

Nap. Past ten o'clock, and a moonlight night! Well, I've gone my beat, and cried the hour; so now I'll go into my box, and have a comfortable snooze. Past ten o'clock! [*Exit into the box.*]

Enter ADOLPHINE, hastily.

Adol. In spite of all my endeavours, my pursuer has traced me here. What will be think of the meanness of this abode, and what persecutions may I not expect from his attentions! Saint Louis preserve me! 'Tis fortunate I have the key: they come! surely, they will not attempt to knock: at all events, they will knock unanswered by me.

[*Exit into the house, unlocking and then re-locking the door.*]

Enter ARDOURLY and TOM KING, in pursuit.

T. King. Bravo, victoria! victoria, my boy! I told you Tom King would do the business for you: we've housed her at last.

Ard. Yes, there's the mischief of it: what are we to do now?

T. King. Why, unhouse her, to be sure.

Ard. But how?

T. King. Knock at the door.

Ard. And run away?

T. King. A lover, and run away! never! stand firm to the last: she may answer the door.

Ard. But suppose she shouldn't, and any one else should? [that's all.]

T. King. Then we have merely made a mistake, *Ard.* I'm afraid we shall be mistaken.

T. King. Or, we can inquire for some one.

Ard. Who?

T. King. Oh! Mr. Jenkins, or Mr. Tomkins, or any one we are sure is not there.

Ard. But we may be unlucky enough to pitch upon the very name of some person who is there.

T. King. To prevent that, we'll inquire for your uncle, old Thompson; we are very sure he is not there: so here goes. [*Knocks at Morbleu's door.*]

Ard. Stay, stay; what are you about?

T. King. 'Tis done now. [*Listens.*] No answer! the jade suspects us. I'll knock again. [*Knocks.*] They are all gone to bed. [*Listens.*] No; I hear the striking of a light; I'll expedite them. [*Knocks again, and peeps through the key-hole.*] Somebody coming; pat, pat, pat, pat! What strange animal have we here? [herself.]

Ard. Animal! it is, doubtless, the dear angel

MORBLEU opens the door, and appears in his night-cap, with a rushlight in his hand.

Confusion! a man!

Mor. Deux gentilhommes, and so late, too! I dare say some rich customer want me to dress dem for de grand assembly to-night. [*Aside.*] A votre service, messieurs, vat is your plaisir vit me?

T. King. I merely called, my dear friend, as I was passing your house, to know if—but I've disturbed your rest, I fear?

Mor. Oh! point de tout, not at all. I am too much proud of de honneur you confer par cette visite, ma foi!

T. King. You are very good: we merely called, knowing you are a man of information—

Mor. Oh! sare, you do me grande faveur. Je vous rend mille graces.

T. King. Don't mention it. We merely called to inquire if, among the persons who inhabit this street, one Mr. Thompson lodges here.

Mor. Diable! dat all! and I leave my bed on

purpose? Heigho! [*Aside.*] No, sare; no Monsieur Tonson do live here.

T. King. Hum! I'm sorry we troubled you, but I thought I'd just inquire: couldn't pass by your door without calling, you know.

Mor. Oh! sare, you are very great polite. Vish you vere at de diable! [*Aside.*] [cold.]

T. King. Good night! take care you don't catch *Mor.* Bon soir, messieurs. I am much glad they are going to go. Au revoir! Diable! dis dam puddel in de gutter, I put my foot on it. [*Exit.*]

T. King. Mind your rush-light don't go out. Ha, ha, ha! Was there ever seen so curious an animal? Let us see what species he belongs to. Lend me your lanthorn, Charley. [*Takes Nap's lanthorn, and reads the inscription over Morbleu's door.*] "Monsieur Morbleu, Grand Perruquier en Militaire, Coiffeur en Général." Ha, ha, ha! Very well, Monsieur Morbleu, Grand Perruquier: it is au revoir with us, indeed. We will speedily become better acquainted. There, Charley, there's your lanthorn, and a tizzy for you, my boy. [*Returns the lanthorn, and gives Nap sixpence.*] Zounds! Ardourly, nil des-perandum!

Ard. I must: you see she does not appear. What's to be done now? [Useful?]

T. King. Try again. Where is your rascal, *Ard.* At my hotel.

T. King. Then that's our point. I cannot, decently, shew myself again to night to monsieur, therefore, we'll hasten to the Sablonière. You write a passionate billet to Miss Morbleu, and let Useful bring it: he's a sharp dog, and with a little of my instruction, will soon afford us both satisfaction and amusement. Allons! Au revoir, Monsieur Morbleu. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter NAP, from his box.

Nap. Rum blades, them 'ere: out on a lark, I reckon. Well, it's no business of mine, so long as they don't come on my beat. Half-past ten! [*Calling the half-hour.*]

Enter THOMPSON and RUSTY.

Rus. I tell you, I'm sure this is the place; but we'll ask the watchman. Pray, my friend, isn't this the Seven Dials?

Nap. [*Holding lanthorn to Rusty's face.*] Ay, master, to be sure it is.

Rus. There, I told you so. Whereabouts does one Mounseer Moreblue, live?

Nap. What, the barber? I don't know: that is—I think—I can't tell.

Rus. [*To Thom.*] He thinks he can't tell!

Thom. Give him a shilling. [*Rusty gives Nap a shilling.*]

Nap. [*Looking at the shilling.*] Oh! I know now; he lives right under your nose: but he's gone to bed.

Thom. We must knock him up; I cannot pause a moment till my doubts are satisfied.

Nap. That's your business. Why, the old Frenchman has quite a congregation to-night: but I must go and call the half-hour. Half past ten! [*Exit.*]

Thom. Knock, Rusty, knock. I cannot rest.

Rus. No, nor you'll let nobody else rest. Hallo! [*Knocks at Morbleu's door.*] They're a long time coming.

Thom. Knock again; try once more.

Rus. It's no use: however, I suppose you won't be contented, so here goes. [*Knocks again.*]

Thom. Don't you hear a window opening?

Rus. Yes, there's somebody getting up in the garret.

Mor. [*Looking out of the garret window.*] Qui est là? Vat is dere, s'il vous plait? Vy you knock at de door of my maison, if you are so good?

Thom. 'Tis he, 'tis he! Is your name Morbleu, my good friend?

Mor. Oui, mon ami!

Thom. Come down instantly.

Mor. Sacrebleu! vil not de matin do, monsieur? for I am in bed, dans mon lit.

Thom. No; it is a matter of life and death.

Mor. Miséricorde! dey vant me to bleed somebody. Vell, to oblige you, monsieur, I shall get up—

Thom. Get up! Zounds! my dear friend, we want you to come down.

Mor. And put on my culotte. Restez là pour un moment. Heigho! I never can get not any rest at all.

Thom. He's coming, he's coming; and now, thank heaven, I shall have all my doubts silenced or confirmed.

Enter MORBLEU, from the house.

Mor. Yaw'aw! Excusez moi, monsieur, dat I have no candel, but I have burn my rushlight till him rush all away.

Thom. Make no apologies, my good friend; the urgent business I come upon precludes all ceremony. You have a lady under your care, bearing the name of Adolphe de Courcy?

Mor. Oui, monsieur, certainement; but she never assist in de shop. She never shave anybody.

Thom. Psha! You, doubtless, must have heard of an unfortunate man of the name of Thompson?

Mor. Diable! Vat, Monsieur Tonson come again? No, sare, I have hear of no Monsieur Tonson; I tell you so before, sare; no Monsieur Tonson do live here. Vat you mean by pull me out of my bed in dis vay? By gar! it dam bad manner and no gentilhomme!

[Thompson—

Thom. But hear me, my good friend; this Mr. Mor. All von bull and von cock; and if you call me up again, ma foi, I shall charge you vit de vash, for keeping de bad hour. Diable!

[Exit into the house, shutting the door in Thompson's face.

Thom. But, my good fellow!—Monsieur!—Monsieur!—Ah! I see how it is; these imperious De Courcys have hired this fellow to keep my wife (for it is doubtlessly she) still in their power: but I'll have redress; I'll go to Bow-street; they've locked her up, and now—

Rus. 'Tis high time I should lock you up.

Thom. Nay, Rusty, nay! let us go in search of the police. I'll enter the house by force, liberate my wife, and make a terrible example of those who would detain her from my arms.

[Exeunt.

Enter USEFUL.

Usef. So, the coast is clear at last. I thought those two old twaddlers never would have gone. Let me see: my instructions are, under pretence of inquiring for Mr. Thompson, to endeavour to give this letter to Miss Morbleu. Here's the house; now for it. (*Knocks at Morbleu's door.*) No answer? I'll knock again. Hallo! get up, get up! (*Knocking again violently.*)

Mor. (*Appearing at the garret window.*) Eh, mon Dieu! is de maison on fire, dat you knock so loud?

Usef. No, but you're wanted; you must come down directly: I am sent here in an official capacity, expressly to—but that is alien to the business.

Mor. Begar! vat does he say about his official capacity and de alien business? I must have de bienséance, de courtesie to him. (*Aside.*) Très bien, monsieur officier. I shall come down instamment. How I am broke of my sleep! Heigho!

[Exit from window.

Usef. So far so good; let me but once effect an entrance, I'll soon accomplish all the rest. Eh! here old soup-meagre comes.

Enter MORBLEU from the house, sneezing, as if from having newly caught cold.

Mor. Now, monsieur officier, sare, I am at your command, if you think so good, bounne grace.

Usef. I merely called, Mr. Morbleu, to inquire—

Mor. Yes, sare.

Usef. If there was one Mr. Thompson—

Mor. Vat, Monsieur Tonson again?

Usef. Yes, one Mr. Thompson—

Mor. Diable! vat you mean, sare? you dam

scoundrel! by come again? Vat you mean by Monsieur Tonson, to break my sleep in dis manner. I told you two, one, seven time, dere no Monsieur Tonson here. I know no Monsieur Tonson. Got dam!

Usef. Well, but my good friend, you needn't be in such a passion; if you don't know where Mr. Thompson lives, I dare say Miss Morbleu does, if you'll just have the goodness to call her up; or your servant will do—the housekeeper—anybody.

Mor. Parbleu! dis worse den all! You not content vit pull me out of my bed dese tree time, vit your dam Monsieur Tonson; but now you vant to pull my vard, Mademoiselle Adolphine, and my housekeeper, Madame Bellegarde, out of bed, too. Vat dey know about Monsieur Tonson? You use me très mauvais; I never vas use so under de ancienne régime, ma foi: it affront my honneur; I shall not put up vit it; I will have de satisfaction—I shall give you to de vash—I shall make a charge of you. Monsieur Vash! (*Calls.*) He shall put you in his box. Monsieur Vash! (*Calling.*)

Usef. Eh! calling the watch? Zounds! I may get in the wrong box here; I'd better be off. Bong swor, Mounseer Soapsuds.

[Exit.

Mor. Run away? Begar! I am sorry I did not run him troo. But he shall not get off so vell: Monsieur Vash! Monsieur Vash, I say! (*Calling.*)

Enter NAP.

Nap. Eh! who wants the watch? here I am: why, hang me! if it 'en't Mounseer Powder-blue, the barber. What's in the wind now? Consarn it! I hope there hasn't been no rogues breaking in and running away with the pomatum, has there?

Mor. Vorse dan dat, Monsieur Vash. I no mind de pomatum run away dis hot veadier; but dat dam Monsieur Tonson run away, too.

Nap. Eh! Mounseer Townsend! who's he?

Mor. Oh, by gar! me no know; me no vant to know. He come here seven, two, tree time, and pull me out of my bed; besides knock my door down; and now I will have him knock down, von dam rascal! you shall vash him ven he come again, and I shall give you him to keep for ever, and lock him in your house, Monsieur Vash; in your dam black hole, vere you live.

Nap. Why, now you speak of it, mounseer, I think I knows the rascal. Isn't this here Townsend a very ill-looking fellow?

Mor. Oh! très mauvais, très mauvais, nasty fellow, great blaguard; me never saw no man me like to see vorse: he come here to inquire after his relation, ma foi! but me no be cozen in dat vay. I shall charge—by gar! I shall charge—charge him vit you, Monsieur Vash.

[mounseer.

Nap. You can't do better; I'll take care of him.

Mor. Dat is right; you need not be fear, I have been great général, and I shall help you; yes, ven dey come, I shall—

Nap. Why, here they are—

Mor. Get behind the door: you can lay await till dey mention dere name, and den ve vill rush out, break dere neck several times, stop dere mout, knock dem down, and lock dem up.

Nap. Good, very good, mounseer; I'll do it. Away with you.

[Exeunt Morbleu into the house, Nap into box.

Enter THOMPSON and RUSTY, followed by TRAP and WANTEN.

Thom. Now, my good fellows, you know what you have to do; this is the house.

Trap. Ay, ay, ye're fly, master. We'll do the right thing, depend on't.

Thom. Insist on seeing the lady.

[out.

Trap. Make your mind easy; we'll rummage her

Thom. Knock at the door at once, and never fear but you'll be properly rewarded. Come, Rusty, let us look on. Stand aside, stand aside! (*Rusty and Thompson stand aside.*)

Trap. Now, Master Wantem, you tattle the tattle, and I'll open the business.

Want. Ay, ay; I'll knock. (*Knocks at Morbleu's door.*)

Enter MORBLEU.

Mor. Vell, vat you vant? Vat make you here at such late hour, if I am so bold?

Trap. We've a small bit of business with you, mounseer.

Mor. (Aside.) Oui, diable! and I have de small bit of business vit you, by-and-by. [*fair.*]

Trap. We've come about Muster Thompson's affair.

Mor. I thought it vas Monsieur Tonson; oui, and now you shall go to de diable. Venez ici, Monsieur Vash, dis is Monsieur Tonson: knock him down—lock him up very often. [*this?*]

Thom. Eh! what the deuce is the meaning of all

Nap. (Rushing out and seizing Wantem and Trap.) So, I've got you at last, have I? I'll teach you to come knocking at people's doors at this time of night.

Trap. Zounds! watchy, what are you at? You're on a wrong scent; we're from the public office.

Mor. But you shall no make oon public office of my maison, ma foi.

Trap. We're sent by Townsend.

Nap. Ay, ay; that's the name; it's all right.

Trap. We've come about a gemman's relation—but I'll tell you the whole pedigree on it.

Nap. We knows all about it, Muster Townsend; you musn't come arter your relations here.

Trap. Zounds! a'n't you awake?

Mor. Oui; you take dam good care of dat, Monsieur Tonson: lock him up.

Nap. Ay, ay; to the watch-house with you.

Rus. (Aside to Thom.) Lock him up! I'll spare them that trouble with you, master: come along.

Thom. But, Rusty—

Rus. It's no use: safe bind, safe find.

[*Exit, forcing off Thompson.*]

Trap. But, I tell you, you don't understand the business.

Mor. Nor ve no vant, Monsieur Tonson.

Nap. No, no, Muster Townsend. (*Springs his rattle, which is answered outside.*)

Trap. Eh! a surprise! then here goes for a fair pair of heels, and the devil take the hindmost.

[*Trap trips up Nap and Morbleu, and exit hastily with Wantem; Nap and Morbleu get up and follow in pursuit, rattles springing.*]

SCENE III.—*Exterior of the Sablonière Hotel, in Leicester-square. Rattles heard without.*

Enter USEFUL, hastily.

Usef. By those rattles, it would seem, the watchmen, that cursed Frenchmen sent after me, are close at my heels. It's lucky I've reached my master's hotel, that I may get housed at once. (*Rings the bell and knocks violently.*) Here they come! but they'll be disappointed for once. [*Exit into hotel.*]

Enter THOMPSON and RUSTY, hastily.

Thom. Are we out of their reach, Rusty? Yes; they've taken another direction, so we may stop and breathe a bit.

Rus. It's all my fault; I shouldn't have let you stop out. I might have known no good could follow it. But, come, let us get home to bed.

Thom. 'Twill be of no use; I shall not be able to sleep a wink. I must make another attempt. It is now near day-break; I'll throw myself on a sofa for an hour or two, and the first thing in the morning we'll set off to this barber once more: as he only saw us in the dark, he'll not know us again; and, under pretence of getting dressed and shaved by him, I can sound the scoundrel, and, perhaps, pump the truth out of him. [*my will.*]

Rus. Pump the life out of him! I would if I had *Thom.* You must indulge me in this, Rusty, if you lock me up for a twelvemonth after it.

Rus. Well, well; you always coax me over; I'm

the most tender-hearted keeper in Christendom. Come along.

Thom. Stay, who are these? Stand aside. (*Thompson and Rusty stand aside.*)

Enter TOM KING, ARDOURLY, and USEFUL, from the hotel.

T. King. Ha, ha, ha! old Thompson little thinks how we are amusing ourselves at his expense.

Thom. What? (*Aside.*)

T. King. And so the Frenchman called for the watch, did he?

Thom. My expense—old Thompson—the watch! What does all this mean? As I live, my graceless nephew! Oh, oh! I see it all. (*Aside.*)

T. King. (Turning round and seeing Thompson and Rusty.) Hallo! what pair of antiquities are these? From what curiosity-shop have they escaped?

Thom. Oh, you rascal! (*To Ardourly.*)

Ard. My uncle! confusion! I'm ruined! how the devil shall I get off? (*Aside.*)

Thom. You villain! but I'll—(*Rattles heard without.*)—Eh! they're coming, Rusty; we shall be taken into custody.

Rus. Not so; you're in my custody now, so come along.

Thom. You shall hear of this rogue! Oh, dear, oh, dear! [*Exit, taken off by Rusty.*]

T. King. Ha, ha, ha! Why, the old boy's off like a shot; he's getting into his second childhood; frightened at the sound of a rattle.

Ard. 'Tis a lucky escape for me, faith! he would not have gone off so quickly, if he had known those watchmen were in pursuit of his hopeful nephew. (*Aside.*)

T. King. We must carry on the war; the old Frenchman shall have no rest till you have. We'll storm his castle again to-morrow-night; Thompson is the watch-word, love the object, Tom King the leader, and victory must follow. (*Rattles heard nearer.*) Eh! d—n it, here they are: let's be off. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exeunt hastily, followed by Nap and watchmen, who cross in pursuit, springing rattles, and crying, Stop 'em, stop 'em, stop 'em!*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Interior of Monsieur Morbleu's shop.*

MADAME BELLEGARDE discovered.

Belle. Monsieur no return vit Mademoiselle Adolphine. How long de time does hang! Heigho! in ma patrie, de hour always pass quick as de littel minute here it so dull and so cloudy, dat pauvre Time can no see his vay; but creep, creep, creep, as slow as de old vash-a-man. Ah, France! bien aimée; me only vish to live to die vit you.

SONG.—MADAME BELLEGARDE.

AIR—"Partant pour la Syrie."

*Oh, France! beloved native land,
Tho' far from thee exil'd,
Still shalt thou first in memory stand,
By no new change beguil'd.
Ah! may no savage spoilers dare
That favour'd land enslave,
Whose fair are still the fairest fair,
Her brave the bravest brave.*

*Oh, France! with every glory bright,
What can thy thought destroy?
In memory still our beacon light,
In hope our only joy.*

*Ah! form'd to banish every care,
Thy plains are sorrow's grave;
Thy daughters are the fairest fair,
Thy sons the bravest brave!*

(*Knock without.*) Miséricorde! me hope dat is no Monsieur Tonson dat come last night, come again. I shall no open de door till I know. Qui est là? vat is knock dere?

Mor. (Without.) Ouvrez la porte—C'est moi, madame.

Belle. Monsieur himself. It all right—(Opens the door.)—and mademoiselle, too! quel bonheur!

Enter MORBLEU and ADOLPHINE.

Très bien venu, mes amis.

Mor. Merci, madame—voilà mon enfant. We have reach home safe at last! You never shall go out by yourself to sell your drawing, unless you are alone, never no more, if you no like.

Adol. Indeed, sir, I have but too good cause for apprehension! The horrid attack made on me this morning!

Mor. Ah! by dat dam Monsieur Tonson! Diable! he one peste; he not content vit come and call me up all night, but he return de first ting to-day to be dress and shave; and ven I run for de constable, he rush to you all razor and laddere, swear you belong to him, and make you faint vit de apprehension! Me hope he vill no come again to-night.

Belle. Sans doute, it vas some pauvre maniac. You see his keeper took him avay par violence!

Mor. Keeper or no keeper, I vish he could keep avay from me, mon Dieu! But you are mistake, madame: dis Monsieur Tonson is sent by de Convention to kill us, because ve are friend to de grand monarque and de ancienne régime! [ful.]

Belle. Miséricorde! Ve must be very much care-

Mor. I shall not open de door, never, nor go any vere in all de world, at all, vidout you, madame! dat if dis Monsieur Tonson should kill us, we may be vittess for von anoder to get him hang.

Adol. How much longer, my generous benefactor, am I to trespass on your bounty? Is there no clue by which I can discover my parents?

Mor. None dat I know of, ma foi! Ven de revolution broke out, de Marquis de Courcy, mon grand ami, send for me to de Conciergerie, vere he vas vait to be guillotine, commit you to my care as une pauvre orpheline dat belong à sa famille; charge me to take you to England, and bring you up; give me de trinket and de letter dat I give you, and finish de sad tale by having his head chop off de next day dat vas to come!

Adol. And did he not reveal the name of my parents?

Mor. No; he no tell me vat vas your père, nor vat vas your mère. He tell me he call you Adolphine de Courcy, and prize you as de last of his maison.

Adol. Unhappy man! Unhappy Adolphine!

Mor. It great misfortune certainment; but pourquoi you grieve? I protect you. You no vant fader nor moder vile I live, and though we no much rich, dis générale nation never suffer even her enemy to vant, but relieve de people in distress von day, dey kill very much in de battel de next. But come, it is souper time, and ve vill go to bed; for I am von great deal sleepy, and must dormir for to-night and last night all in von. Venez, ma chère Adolphine: venez, madame; ve vill go and get our souper. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Exterior of Morbleu's shop.

Enter TOM KING and ARDOURLY.

T. King. The sly old fox thinks he's got the young chick all to himself; but he's mistaken, and so is Madame Partlett, the hen; we'll soon draw them out of their coop; yes, now to begin our holy work for the evening—"Thompson's Night Thoughts."

Ard. And do you think it will be of any avail?

T. King. I do; but if we fail again, in attempting to effect an entrance, in their very teeth, we must resort to stratagem. I have a scheme already prepared that must succeed: vive la bagatelle!

Ard. Thou art a strange genius. Thy godfathers mistook when they christened thee Tom King; they should have named thee Joe King, for such thou ever art: I trust all to thee.

T. King. You shall not be disappointed. Now, then, for a coaxing, insinuating piece of street-door eloquence, that shall draw this old Frenchman through a deal board. I'm acquainted with every species of knock, from the single tap of the dun to the thundering lom, tom—tom, tom, tom—tom a rom-a-tom-tom! of the fashionable footman. Mark this: (Knocks at Morbleu's door.)—I hear somebody; they are waiting for us. Hush! if I can trust my ears, monsieur and his rib are disputing which shall come first: worthy souls! they're so anxious to receive us: listen!

Mor. (Within.) Pardonnez moi, madame, de marchioness always rank before de général.

Belle. (Within.) Non, de général always go first, de femme go vit de baggage.

Mor. (Within.) Ve vill split de difference and go side by side: you shall unlock de bolt while I unbolt de lock. Now, madame. (The door opens, and MORBLEU and MADAME BELLEGARDE appear.)

T. King. Serveur, madame. Your most obedient, monsieur. Pray, can you inform me if one Mr. Thompson lodges here?

Mor. By gar, 'tis Monsieur Tonson come again? Rascal! villain! get from my sight! get from my door! I shall be hang for you at vonce, and kill you outright, if you no go. Oh! dat I had my régiment here to charge you vit dere bayonet!

T. King. It would be of no use, my good friend; in the performance of my duty, an army wouldn't turn me. I have a sacred trust to execute in finding out Mr. Thompson, and all your threats will be of no avail. I am convinced he is in your house.

Mor. He is no in my house, I say. By gar, he is no in my house. Sur mon honneur, he is no in my house.

T. King. That we must ascertain in person. We must search your house.

Mor. Vat! doubt my honneur? search my maison? I dat have been great général? Sacrebleu! I vill be revenge. Dere is no Monsieur Tonson here. I know no Monsieur Tonson. My house-keeper, who vas great marchioness, know dere is no Monsieur Tonson here.

Belle. Non, non; monsieur is right: dere is no Monsieur Tonson here. [to us to—]

T. King. We must fulfil our duty: 'tis painful

Mor. You shall no search my maison.

T. King. But necessity—

Mor. Keep at von distance.

Belle. You shall no come in.

T. King. We must not stand on ceremony, my good friend, so I shall take the liberty to—

Mor. Shut the door in your face, ma foi.

[Exeunt Morbleu and Madame Bellegarde, shutting the door in their faces, just as they are on the point of effecting an entrance.]

T. King. Ha, ha, ha! fairly shut out, by Jove; the portcullis let down just as we'd crossed the bridge. Is Useful in waiting?

Ard. He is at the Sablonière.

T. King. Now, then, for stratagem. During the day I took the liberty of furnishing myself with an impression of monsieur's street-door key, in wax; a skilful blacksmith has made me one accordingly. I will now go and instruct Useful how to get the old Frenchman out, by some plausible story: he once out, we'll slip in, and while you improve the moments with miss, I'll make love to the old woman.

Ard. This, indeed, promises something; only let me have an opportunity of expressing my passion to the dear girl, of proving my disinterestedness, my sincerity, and I am happy.

T. King. Allons! my boy, it shall be done: we'll about it instantly: au revoir, monsieur! [Exeunt.]

Enter MORBLEU and MADAME BELLEGARDE, creeping cautiously from the house.

Mor. Prenez garde, madame. Oh! it is all

right; dat dam Monsieur Tonson is go away. By gar, he is von fantôme; but ve vill lay him: you shall put von pail of vater in de garret window, and ven he come again ve vill drown him for von vitch.

Belle. Oni, and den ve shall know vich von heis.

Mor. Très bien, très bien; ve vill lay and wait for him togeder in de garret, madame, and he shall sipid it never rain, but it pour vater; dis vay, madame. [*Exeunt ceremoniously, into the house.*]

Enter THOMPSON and RUSTY.

Rus. Well, well; on condition that you stand on one side, and don't interfere, I have no objection to another application being made to this old mounseer, but it must be all left to me; you shall see how I'll manage things. If I don't obtain something satisfactory, I'll give you leave to lock me up all the rest of my days, only you keep out of the way.

Thom. I'll not meddle, though I should like to have a hand in it.

Rus. (Retires.) You shall see how the Frenchman will shower his information on me, directly I apply. Are you quite out of the way?

Thom. Yes.

Rus. Then I'll commence operations. (*Knocks at Morbleu's door. Morbleu looks out of window.*)

Mor. Vat is dere? Vat you vant, sare?

Rus. I'll open the affair at once. (*Aside.*) I come from Mr. Thompson, about Mrs. Thompson, or Miss Thompson, whichever it is you are keeping so snugly here.

Mor. Vat, Madame Tonson come as vell as Monsieur Tonson? and Mademoiselle Tonson, too! Diable! ve shall have Maitre Tonson and de whole famille of de Tonsons next. Me fear von pail of vater vill not be half enough; I must get de New River cock turn on. (*Aside.*)

Belle. (Peeping over Morbleu's shoulder.) You are von great story, sare. Monsieur here keep no Madame Tonson, no Mademoiselle Tonson; he keep no voman but me and Mademoiselle Adolphine.

Mor. Non; madame is right: I keep no voman but dem; dere is no Tonson here, as I tell you before.

Rus. Come, come, this won't do; I'm not to be sent off with such an answer as this.

Mor. Non? den by gar, I must answer you in von oder vay. [*him. (Aside.)*]

Rus. I knew I should get something more from *Mor.* But first, permettez moi ask you von question, sare: Avez vous had your souper?

Rus. Supper? No, to be sure I haven't.

Mor. Den I shall give you something by vay of von vet, to stay your stomach till you have. Dere, Monsieur Tonson, take dat. (*Throws water on Rusty*)

[*Exeunt Thompson and Rusty, hastily, calling out murder, &c.*]

Enter MORBLEU from the house.

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! dat dam Monsieur Tonson has got von duck for his souper. Oui, oui; he has had de vater, and now he vill vish for de fire, so I shall give him von varm reception de next time he goes to come. Vere is Monsieur Vash? Monsieur Vash!

Enter NAP.

Nap. Here I am, mounseer; but it's not my hour, yet.

Mor. Vere is your great big large blunderbuss?

Nap. At home.

Mor. You shall go and fetch it, load it vit powder and littel pea, so dat it may not kill nobody, den go up and keep vash in my garret, and ven dis Monsieur Tonson come again, shoot him, and make him all over plum-pudding; dese Anglois like dat. Oui; you shall pepper him all over, for von seasoning; he has had de duck, now he shall have de pea.

Nap. I'll take care he shall smell powder, mounseer; but I mustn't go off my beat in this coat; I'll put it in my box till I come back.

Mor. Do; dere is de key of de street-door; you can let yourself in, ven you come back, and take your post in de garret, venever you like.

Nap. That won't be long, my cellar isn't far off.

[*Pulls off his watchman's coat, puts it into his box, and exits.*]

Mor. Dat settled, I can have some sleep vonce more; for I am very large sleepy. [*Exit.*]

Enter USEFUL.

Usef. "Wheedle the old Frenchman out!" hang him, he's just gone in; but I must obey my instructions. (*Knocks.*) Now for a good round lie. (*Knocks again.*) Zounds! the Frenchman don't come.

Mor. (Above.) It no do, Monsieur Tonson: you have change your habit for no purpose at all. I shall not come down. You had better call again in von half hour as shall come.

Usef. My dear friend, you entirely mistake; I come from no Mr. Tonson; I don't know any such person; I come for you; you are wanted at court immediately.

Mor. Court? By gar, den Louis le Desiré has sent for me to be shave. Oui, oui; I will come down directly; anything to make my vay to de court. [*Exit from the window.*]

Usef. He bites: Court—Yes, he shall go to St. Martin's-court, and there I'll leave him. There never was such a fellow as Useful: my master never had Useful's fellow.

Enter MORBLEU, from the house.

Mor. Now, sare, I am here all ready—tout prêt.

Usef. Ready to pray, Monsieur? Nonsense! are you ready to walk? because, if you are, allons! for we haven't a minute to lose. [*sieur.*]

Mor. Oh! oui, certainement: après vous, mon-

Usef. D—n ceremony! This way, this way! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter TOM KING and ARDOURLY.

T. King. There they go; the old fox is bagg'd. Now, then, to try if the locksmith's daughter is true to us. Here's a clear coast and a fair opportunity. (*Opens the door.*) Yes, it's all right, the door is open; love invites you; the Rubicon lies before you; you have only to cross it and be happy, you dog.

Ard. Ten thousand thanks! but you—

T. King. On second thoughts, I'll keep watch without here, to guard against surprise. In with you. Where can I conceal myself? Eh? zounds! this watch-box, is there anybody in it? What's here? A watch coat, rattle, and lantern. Where's the owner? *Tempus fugit!* ay, and the chronicler of time hath flown, too. As he has deserted his post, I'll make bold to take it. (*Dresses himself in Nap's coat, &c.*) Now, then, I'm as good a watchman as any Charley among them.—"Past ten o' clock and a star-light morning!"

[*Exeunt Tom King into the watch-box, and Ardourly into the house; the former crying the hour grotesquely.*]

SCENE III.—An Apartment in the house of Morbleu.

Enter ADOLPHINE.

Adol. Why am I unprotected thus? Few, fond memorials of parents beloved, though unknown. What hope have I from thee, dear nameless image of a mother's beauty! (*Looking at a miniature which she takes from her bosom.*) Brief records of a father's love. (*Looking at letters.*) The danger that forbade the hazard of a name before, for ever shuts out all disclosure now, and I must still live on, hopeless, joyless, kinless, friendless!

ARDOURLY appears, stealing in.

Ard. Not so, sweet girl: here, at thy feet, kneels one, who would be friend, kin, all to thee.

Adol. Ha! rash youth! what brings you here at this untimely hour? How did you gain admittance? Surely I have not been betrayed?

Ard. Banish your fears; I cannot live without

you. As a proof of my sincerity, I will this moment conduct you to the altar.

Adol. For heaven's sake, sir! I conjure you, leave me. Should you be discovered here, and at this hour, how would the world—

Ard. I must carry her off by a coup de main. 'At lovers' perjuries'—(*Aside*) You alarm yourself unnecessarily. Your guardian sanctions, nay, has desired this visit; he has obtained tidings of your parents—

Adol. Ah! of my parents. Oh! where is he?

Ard. He has sent me hither, purposely to conduct you to him; this key is witness of my veracity.

Adol. Fortunate, unlooked-for occurrence! I little thought the messenger that called my guardian out just now, was one of so much joy. Let us not lose a moment.

Ard. She's mine, she's mine! this note will prevent all unnecessary alarm. (*Throws a note on the table, unperceived by Adolphine.*) This way, this way, my charmer! [*Exit.*]

Enter MADAME BELLEGARDE.

Belle. Vere mon infant Adolphine, that she no come for her souper? Vat do I see? If I can believe my eyes, I see her not here; and vat mean dis papier? (*Reads.*) "Ven next you behold your vard, she vill be de maitresse de de house of Tonson." Mon Dieu! de pauvre child is gone; dat Monsieur Tonson has take her. Oh! misericorde! vat a dark night is dis.—Vere Monsieur Morbleu! Pauvre enfant, pauvre enfant! Monsieur! Monsieur! [*Exit, calling.*]

SCENE IV.—Exterior of Morbleu's House.

Enter TOM KING in Nap's coat, &c. from watchbox.

T. King. "Past ten o'clock, and a gas-light night!" All's quiet yet. (*Peeps at the door.*) Eh! here he comes, and not without his errand. He has storm'd the fort, and, now soldier-like, is retreating with his baggage.

Enter ARDOURLY from the house, bearing ADOLPHINE.

Ard. (*Aside to King.*) I've succeeded: she's mine. This way, sweet girl! this way! [*Exit.*]

T. King. Mum! he's carried her off safe enough. Somebody coming; I'll into my box.

[*Exit into the box.*]

Enter NAP, with a blunderbuss.

Nap. There; I've loaded it just enough to leave its mark behind it; one mustn't go to kill nobody. Where's the key, that I may take my post in the garret and wait for this Mr. Townsend? He shall nap the contents of this, directly he knocks at the door, as sure as my name is Charley. I shall have plenty of time to cry the hour by-and-by.

[*Unlocks the door, and enters Morbleu's house.*]

T. King. (*From the box.*) Hum! it's lucky I staid. "Beware of spring guns!" Egad! here's a customer for him. As I live, the old Frenchman; snug's the word: I smell mischief.

Enter MORBLEU.

Mor. Diable! dat it should be all von hoax at last. Dat damn Monsieur Tonson is down at de bottom of it all. I am so vex, dat I could almost shoot myself for de chagrin. I will get to bed. (*Going to knock, draws back.*) Stay, vere is Monsieur Nap? he may mistake, and shoot me for dis Tonson.

T. King. Past twelve o'clock!

Mor. Oh! he is dere in his box; it is all comme il faut. (*Knocks at the door.*) Madame! Madame Bellegarde!

Nap. (*Above.*) Ay, ay, Master Townsend; you blackguard, take that; I'm guard here. (*Fires at Morbleu.*)

Mor. Oh! by gar, I am murder! I am kill! Dat damn Monsieur Tonson! Vash! vash! I am mort. Madame Bellegarde! Oh dear! oh dear!

Nap. Eh! zounds! what have I done? I've shot Mounseer Powder-blue! here's a business.

Enter TOM KING from the box.

T. King. Ha, ha, ha! It's high time for me to be off. [*Pulls off Nap's coat, and exit, laughing.*]

Belle. (*Looks out of the window.*) Dieu m'en garde—Quelle horreur!

Mor. I am dead; shot troo my body. Oh! I am dead! I am mort! I vill no stop in dis maison not any more.

[*Exit Morbleu, hastily. Nap and Madame Bellegarde, at the windows of the house, holding up their hands in astonishment.*]

SCENE V.—A Room in the Elephant and Castle, Newington.

Enter SNAP and Waiters, preparing the room.

Snap. Now, boys, bustle about, the coaches will be coming in soon: all stop at the Elephant and Castle, you know. Get the room ready for passengers.

Fip. (*Without.*) Waiter! Waiter!

Snap. This way, sar; this way; this is the parlour. [*Enter FIP.*]

Fip. Has there been a French lady here, inquiring for Mr. Fip, or Mr. Assignat?

Snap. No, sar.

Fip. Then the Dover coach has not come in yet?

Snap. Not yet, sar.

Fip. I shall be in the way when it does.

Snap. Very well, sar.

Fip. Who the deuce is this French lady, my master, old Assignat, has sent me to meet? Some nun, I think he says, coming from Calais; to take refuge in the convent at Hammersmith, I suppose. I'm to give her this letter, and take her to our chambers in Paper-buildings; *de tout mon cœur*. No lawyer's clerk in the kingdom is more *au fait* at anything of this kind than I am, or cuts a better figure, I flatter myself, on eighteen shillings a-week, than I do. Well, I'll go and look at the paper till the coach comes in. [*Exit.*]

Enter SNAP, shewing in MORBLEU.

Snap. This way, sar; this is the parlour, sar; plenty of coaches—Brighton, Dover, Hastings—anywhere you like to go to, sar.

Mor. Begar, I like to go anywere, vere I no meet vit dat damn Monsieur Tonson. Oh! my pauvre back! I am all pepper and fright.

Snap. As you've not made up your mind where you'd please to go, have you made up your mind what you'd please to take, sar?

Mor. Eh! bien—ah! j'ai très grand faim. I shall take von pork chop.

Snap. Pork-shop! don't think there's any to let about this neighbourhood, sar.

Mor. Nonsense! you make de grand mistake.

Snap. A steak? very well, sar.

Mor. Vell, a steak vill do very vell, sare! and waiter—

Snap. Steak and water—have 'em directly, sar; one on the fire now. Cookey, dish up that steak, with a glass of water, for the foreign gentleman here. (*Calling off.*)

Enter FIP.

Fip. Well, waiter, coach come in yet, eh?

Snap. No, sar.

Fip. Hum! then I must amuse myself as well as I can till it does. Have you any books of any kind? any of the poets? We lawyers' clerks always patronize the poets; best judges in the world!

Snap. Our bar-maid has, I believe, sar: I'll get you one directly. [*Exit.*]

Mor. Vat vil pauvre Madame Bellegarde do now I leave my shop? though she grande Marchioness, she must go to the workhouse, ma foi! and Mademoiselle Adolphine, pauvre enfant?

Enter SNAP, with steak and water.

Snap. Your steak, sar. (*To Morbleu.*)

Mor. Très bon garçon—I am very faint, so I shall take a—

Snap. Glass of water, sar. (*Putting it down.*)

Mor. Vell, I may have vorse ting, so I shall make myself content vit dis.

Fip. Well, waiter, where's my book?

Mor. Now for vonnice piece. (*Cutting the steak.*)

Snap. Beg your pardon, sar, here it is.

Fip. Ha! what have we here: "The Seasons." My old favourite, Thomson!

Mor. Vat! (*Dropping his knife and fork.*) Ton-

Fip. Yes, Thomson; don't you admire him?

Mor. Monsieur Tonson here? Mon Dieu! den he is everywhere; at home, and abroad, and every place in de world beside. I have leave my maison for him: I have leave my shop, my boutique for him, and now he make me leave de country and my steak for him. Oh! Monsieur Tonson! Monsieur Tonson! (*Going.*)

Fip. Stay, sir, here is some mistake.

Snap. Pay, sar; you've forgot the steak.

Voice without. "Dover coach! That way, ma'am, you'll find the gemman there." (*Morbleu, in attempting to depart hastily, runs against MRS. THOMPSON, who is entering at that moment, preceded by a Waiter.*)

Waiter. A room for Mrs. Thompson here.

Mor. Diable! Je vous demande mille pardons, madame; but dat dam Monsieur Tonson—

Mrs. T. A countryman, and pronouncing the name of Thompson! Can you give me any information of Mr. Thompson, sir?

Mor. Eh, Diable! Again!

Fip. My dear sir, I regret that the name of our immortal Thomson—

Mor. Immortal, by gar! he is immortal, for dere never vill be not any end to him: he come at all seasons.

Fip. Yes; his Seasons are his noblest work. In spite of your dislike, sir, you must allow me to say, I think his death was a great loss to the country.

Mor. Dead! Vat is Monsieur Tonson dead?

Mrs. T. If it is of Mr. Thompson you are speaking, sir, I believe there is but too little doubt on that subject.

Fip. No doubt at all, ma'am; I could convince you of it in a minute.

Mor. Den I vill go back to my shop again. Ha, ha, ha! I am so glad. Bon jour, madame, bon jour, monsieur—Monsieur Tonson dead! Ha, ha! lira la, lira la.

(*Sings.*) "Monsieur Tonson is dead! Monsieur Tonson is dead!"

Monsieur Tonson is dead! he is very dead indeed!" [*Exit, singing to the air of "Marlbrook."*]

Mrs. T. Very strange, that the death of my husband should excite such joy in a countryman.

Fip. You come from Calais, I presume?

Mrs. T. I do, sir.

Fip. This letter, then, will explain everything.

Mrs. T. (*Reading.*) "Madame, agreeably to your instructions from Paris, through Monsieur Dupin, I have caused advertisements to be inserted in the newspapers, offering a reward for any information on the subject of your husband's death, hitherto without effect. Respecting the young lady, Miss Adolphe de Courcy, whom you inquire about, I have discovered that she lives at the house of a Monsieur Morbleu, a perquier, in the Seven Dials, whither my clerk will wait, to conduct you, as also to the residence of your humble servant, LOUIS ASSIGNAT.—Paper Buildings, Aug. 21, 96." Let me not lose a moment in clasp- ing the dear child in my arms.

Fip. I'll conduct you thither instantly, madam. This way, this way; fine woman, 'pon my veracity. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Exterior of Morbleu's house.*

Enter MORBLEU, singing "Monsieur Tonson is dead, &c."

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! I vill open my shop again. (*Opens the shutters.*) Madame, Madame Belle- garde! (*Knocks.*)

Enter MADAME BELLEGARDE.

Embrassez, embrassez, madame, Monsieur Ton- son is dead!

Belle. Oh! mon Dieu! est il possible, monsieur?

Mor. Oui! oui! Madame; it is all true enough, Monsieur Tonson is dead as de nail door, and vill never trouble us again. Ve shall live in great clover now, and sleep as quiet as the night long. So ve vill go in and have de littel drop of de vite liqueur, dat dese Anglois call Geneva, and drink confusion to Monsieur Tonson.

(*Sings.*) "Monsieur Tonson is dead, &c."

Belle. If we had but Mademoiselle Adolphe here, monsieur—

Mor. N'importe, n'importe; she shall not be lose; de bellman shall run after her very hard to- morrow. Come, madame.

[*Exeunt into the house, singing and dancing.*]

Enter TOM KING.

T. King. Ha! here's the scene of frequent mirth. My poor old Frenchman. I wonder if he's at home. Egad, I'll knock and see. (*Knocks.*)

MORBLEU and BELLEGARDE appear at the door, singing.

Mor. Vell, sare; you vant to be shave?

T. King. Mounseer himself, as I live! Pray, sir, does one Mr. Thompson live here?

Mor. Got dam! Here Monsieur Tonson come again. I am paralyze!

Belle. Oui, monsieur dead, and dis is his ghost!

Enter ARDOURLY and ADOLPHE.

Adol. My word is pledged; unravel the mystery of my birth, and that moment my hand is your's.

Ard. I swear it! You are my cousin: these letters which you have shewn me, as the only re- lics of your father, are in the writing of my uncle; the initials, too, correspond: P. T.—Peregrine Thompson. [*struck.*]

Mor. Two Monsieur Tonsons! I am tunder- Belle. Dis is de Monsieur Tonson dat steal off mademoiselle!

T. King. Jack Ardourly!

Ard. Tom King! Congratulate me.

Enter RUSTY and THOMPSON, the latter with a newspaper.

Thom. I don't care, Rusty, this is my wife's advertisement, and I will answer it in person. Ha! here is the Frenchman himself. Now, sir, Mr. Thompson is not dead. I am Mr. Thompson, and demand my wife.

Mor. Tree Monsieur Tonsons! Mon Dieu! dere is no end of dem. Your wife is no here, I tell you; your wife is—

Enter FIP and MRS. THOMPSON.

Fip. This way, madam; this is Monsieur Mor- bleu.

Mrs. T. Then, sir, you will resolve me at once. My name is Thompson.

Mor. Four Tonsons! De world is at von end! (*Faints in Madame Bellegarde's arms.*)

Mrs. T. I come to claim my child, my Adolphe.

Adol. Ah! my mother! (*Embraces her.*)

Thom. Rusty, it must be—it is—my wife!

Mrs. T. My husband! my child! (*Embrace.*)

Rus. Found his wife! then he won't want me to lock him up. [*tune.*]

Thom. Ardourly—nephew, you have lost a for- *Ard.* But I have gained a wife, sir, by this dis- covery, and I am happy.

T. King. I see your hearts are all too full for method. Let us in, and mutually explain these seeming mysteries. Mr. Thompson has found a wife and daughter; they have found a husband and a father; Ardourly has found a bride; Mon- sieur Morbleu here found out his persecutors; but will, I trust, with the kind permission of our friends, have ample cause to bid our Monsieur Tonson welcome, and gently whisper—Come again. [*Exeunt.*]

THE DEUCE IS IN HIM;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY GEORGE COLMAN, THE ELDER.



Act I.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

COLONEL TAMPER
MAJOR BELFORD

PRATTLE
MADEMOISELLE FLORIVAL

EMILY
BELL

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room in Emily's house.

Enter EMILY with a letter in her hand, and MADEMOISELLE FLORIVAL in man's clothes.

Em. Be assured, that I will do everything in my power to serve you; my brother knew that he might command my services. Be comforted, I beseech you, madam.

Flo. You cannot wonder, madam, that I should be shocked, extremely shocked, at the cruel necessity of appearing before you in so indelicate a disguise.

Em. Indeed, you need not: there is something in your manner which convinces me, that every action of your life carries its apology along with it; though I will not venture to inquire into the particulars of your story till your mind is more at ease.

Flo. Alas! madam, it is my interest to make you acquainted with my story. I am the daughter of Monsieur Florival, a French physician, in the island of Belleisle. An English officer, who had been desperately wounded, was, after the capitulation, for the sake of due attendance, taken into my father's house; and as I, in the very early part of my life, had resided in England, he took some pleasure in my conversation. In a word, he won my affections, and asked me of my father in marriage: but he, alas! too much influenced by the narrow prejudices so common between the two nations, forbade the officer his house; but not before we were, by the most solemn engagements, secretly contracted to each other.

Em. May I ask the officer's name?

Flo. Excuse me, madam. Till I see or hear from him once more, my prudence, vanity, or call it what you will, will scarcely suffer me to mention it. Your brother, indeed, is acquainted with—

Em. I beg your pardon; I hope, however, you have no reason to think yourself neglected or forgotten?

Flo. Oh! no; far from it. He was soon recalled by orders from England; and on my father's pressing me to consent to another match, my passion

(I blush to name it) transported me so far, as to depart abruptly from Belleisle. I came over in an English ship to Portsmouth; where I expected, according to letters he had contrived to send me, to find the officer. But, judge of my disappointment, when I learnt that he embarked but three days before for the siege of the Havannah.

Em. The Havannah! You touch me nearly: pray, go on.

Flo. In a strange kingdom—alone—and a woman—what could I do? In order to defeat inquiries after me, I disguised myself in this habit, and mixed with the officers of the place; but your brother soon discovered my uneasiness, and saw through my disguise. I frankly confessed to him every particular of my story: in consequence of which, he has thus generously recommended me to your protection.

Em. And you may depend on my friendship. Your situation affects me strangely.

Flo. Oh! madam, it is impossible to tell you half its miseries; especially since your brother has convinced me that I am so liable to be discovered.

Em. You shall throw off that dress as soon as possible, and then I will take you into the house with me and my sister; in the meantime, let me see you every day, every hour. I shall not be afraid that your visits will affect my reputation.

Flo. You are too good to me. (*Weeping.*)

Em. Nay, this is too much; it overcomes me. Pray, be cheerful.

Flo. I humbly take my leave.

Em. Adieu! I shall expect you to dinner.

Flo. I shall do myself the pleasure of waiting on you. [*Exit.*]

Em. Poor woman! I thought my uneasiness almost insupportable; and yet, how much must her anxiety exceed mine! [*Enter BELL.*]

Bell. So, sister! I met your fine gentleman. Upon my word, the young spark must be a favourite. You have had a tête-à-tête of above half an

Em. How d'ye like him? [*hour together.*]

Bell. Not at all: a soft lady-like gentleman, with a white hand, a mincing step, and a smooth chin. Where does this pretty master come from?

Em. From my brother.

Bell. Who is he?

Em. A present to you.

Bell. A present to me! What d'ye mean?

Em. Why did not my brother promise to take care of you before you went abroad?

Bell. Well, and what then?

Em. What then! why, he has taken care of you; sent you a pretty fellow for a husband: could he possibly take better care of you?

Bell. A husband! a puppet, a doll, a—

Em. A soldier, Bell! A red coat, consider.

Bell. A fine soldier, indeed! I can't bear to see a red coat cover anything but a man, sister. Give me a soldier that looks as if he could love me and protect me; ay, and tame me, too, if I deserved it. If I were to have this thing for a husband, I would set him at the top of my India cabinet with the China figures, and bid the maid take care she did not break him.

Em. Well, well; if this is the case, I don't know what my brother will say to you. Here's his letter; read it, and send him an answer yourself.

Bell. (Reads.) "*Dear sister—The bearer of this letter is a lady,*"—So, so! your servant, madam! and your's, too, sister!—"whose case is truly compassionate, and whom I most earnestly recommend to your protection."—Um!—"Take care of her"—Um!—"Not too many questions"—Um!—"In town in a few days." I'll be whipped, if this is not some mistress of his.

Em. No, no, Bell; I know her whole history: it is quite a little novel. She is a Frenchwoman, (Mademoiselle Florival,) who run away from her father at Belleisle, and is dying for an English gentleman at the Havannah. [I hope, sister.

Bell. The Havannah! Not for Colonel Tamper,

Em. If Colonel Tamper had been at the taking of Belleisle, too, I should have been frightened out of my wits about it. [him.

Bell. Suppose I should bring you some news of

Em. Of whom?

Bell. Colonel Tamper.

Em. What do you mean?

Bell. Only a card.

Em. A card! from whom? What card?

Bell. Oh! what a delightful flutter it puts her

Em. Nay, but tell me. [into! (Aside.)

Bell. Well, then, while your visitor was here, there came a card from Major Belford; and I took the liberty of sending an answer to it.

Em. Let me see it! Dear Bell, let me see it!

Bell. Oh! it was nothing but his compliments, and desiring to have the honour of waiting on you, any time this morning, from Colonel Tamper.

Em. From Colonel Tamper! What can this mean? I am ready to sink with fear. Why does he not come himself? [suppose.

Bell. He's not arrived; not come to town yet, I

Em. Oh! Bell, I could suppose twenty things that terrify me to death.

Bell. I think, now, such a message ought to put you quite out of your pain: he could not come from Colonel Tamper, if there were no such person in being.

Em. Ay; but suppose any accident should have happened to him! Heaven forbid! How unfortunate it is to dote upon a man whose profession exposes him, hourly, to the risk of his life!

Bell. Lord! Emily, how can you torment yourself with such horrid examinations? Besides, should the worst come to the worst, it is but a lover lost; and that is a loss easily repaired, you know.

Em. Go, you mad-cap! But you'll pay for all this, one day, I warrant you. When you come to be heartily in for it yourself, Bell, you will know, that when a pure and disinterested passion fills the

breast, when once a woman has set her heart upon a man, nothing in the world but that very man will ever make her happy.

Bell. I admire your setting your heart, as you call it, of all things. Your love, my dear Emily, is not so romantic: you pitch upon a man of figure and fortune; handsome, sensible, good-natured, and well-bred; of rank in life, and credit in his profession; a man that half the women in town would pull caps for; and then you talk, like a sly prude, of your pure and disinterested passion.

Em. Why, then, I declare, if he had not a friend on earth, or a shilling in the world; if he were as miserable as the utmost malice of ill-fortune could make him, I would prefer Colonel Tamper to the first duke in the kingdom.

Bell. Oh! sister, it is a mighty easy thing for persons rolling in affluence and a coach-and-six to talk of living on bread and water, and the comforts of love in a cottage.

Em. The coach-and-six, Bell, would give little happiness to those who could not be happy without it. When once the heart has settled its affections, how mean it is to withdraw them for any paltry consideration of what nature soever.

Bell. "I think the lady doth protest too much."

Em. "Ay, but she'll keep her word."

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Major Belford, madam.

Em. Shew him in. [Exit Serv.] Oh! Bell, I am ready to drop with apprehension.

Enter MAJOR BELFORD.

Belf. Ladies, your humble servant; (salutes them) I rejoice to find you so well.

Bell. And we congratulate you, Major, on your safe return from the Havannah. How does your friend Colonel Tamper do?

Belf. He is very well, madam; but—

Em. But what, sir? I am frighted beyond expression. Is he in England?

Belf. Yes, madam.

Em. In town?

Belf. Yes, madam

[him, then?

Em. Why have we not the pleasure of seeing Belf. He'll be here immediately, madam.

Em. Oh! well—

Belf. But it was thought proper that I should wait on you first, to prepare you for his reception.

Em. To prepare me! What does he mean?

Belf. Only to prevent your being alarmed at his appearance, madam.

Em. Alarmed! you terrify me more and more. What is the matter?

Belf. Nay, nothing; a trifle! the mere chance of war; *la fortune de la guerre*, as the French call it; that's all, madam.

Em. I'm upon the rack! Dear sir, explain.

Belf. The Colonel, you know, madam, is a man of spirit. Having exposed his person very gallantly in the several actions before the town of the Havannah, he received many wounds; one or two of which have been attended with rather disagreeable circumstances.

Em. But is the Colonel well at present, sir?

Belf. Extremely well, madam.

Em. Are not the consequences of his wounds likely to endanger his life?

Belf. Not in the least, madam.

Em. I am satisfied. Pray, go on, sir.

Belf. Do not you be alarmed, madam—

Em. Keep me no longer in suspense, I beseech you, sir!

Bell. What can all this mean?

Belf. The two principal wounds which the Colonel received, madam, were, one a little above the knee, and another in his face. In consequence of the first, he was reduced to the necessity of saving his life by the loss of a leg; and the latter has deprived him of the sight of an eye.

Em. Oh, heavens!

Bell. Poor Emily! How could you be so abrupt, sir? The violent agitation of her mind is too much for her spirits.

Belf. Excuse me, madam; I was afraid of making you uneasy; and yet it was necessary you should be acquainted with these circumstances previously to your seeing the Colonel.

Em. (*Recovering.*) Lost a leg and an arm, did you say, sir?

Belf. No, not an arm; an eye, madam.

Em. An eye! worse and worse. Poor Colonel!

Belf. Rather unfortunate, to be sure. But we should consider, madam, that we have saved his life; and these were sacrifices necessary for its preservation.

Em. Very true. Ay, ay; so that he has but his life, I am happy: and I ought now to be attached to him, not only from tenderness, but compassion.

Belf. After all, madam, his appearance is much better than you may imagine. His face, by the help of a black riband, is very little disfigured; and he has got a false leg, made so naturally, that, except a small hitch in his gait, there is no material alteration in his person and deportment: besides which, in point of health and spirits, he is particularly well.

Em. I am glad of it. But, alas! he, whose person was so charming!—and his eyes that were so brilliant!—So full of sensibility!

Belf. This accident, madam, on his own account, gives him no uneasiness; to say the truth, he seems rather vain upon it: I could wish, therefore, when he comes, that you would not seem too deeply affected; but rather assume an air of cheerfulness, lest any visible uneasiness in you should shock the Colonel.

Em. Poor Colonel! I know his sensibility. Let me endeavour, therefore, to convince him, that he is as dear to me as ever. Oh! yes; cost me what it will, I must shew him, that the preservation of his life is an entire consolation to me.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Colonel Tamper, madam.

Em. Eh! what? (*Disordered.*)

Bell. Desire the Colonel to walk up. Compose yourself, my dear! Poor Emily! I am in pain for her. (*Aside.*)

Enter COLONEL TAMPER, who runs up to Emily.

Tam. My dearest Emily, how happy am I to see you once again! I have brought back the honest heart and hand which I devoted to you: as to the rest of my body, you see I did not care sixpence what became of it. Miss Bell, I rejoice to see you so well—Major, I am your's—But my

Em. Oh, Colonel! (*Weeps.*) [*Emily—*

Tam. How's this? tears?

Bell. You should not have followed the Major so soon, Colonel; she had scarce recovered the first shock from his intelligence.

Tam. My impatience would suffer me to delay no longer. Why do you weep so, Emily? Are you sorry to see me again?

Em. Sorry to see you unfortunate. (*Weeping.*)

Tam. Unfortunate! call me rather fortunate. I am come back alive; alive and merry, Emily.

Em. I am glad you have saved your life.

Tam. I dare say you are. Look on me, then. What, not one glance! Won't you deign to look on your poor maimed soldier? (*Pausing.*) Is it possible, then, that any alteration of my person can occasion a change in your sentiments?

Em. Never, Colonel, never: it is surely no mark of want of affection to be so much hurt at your misfortunes.

Tam. Misfortunes! no misfortunes at all; none at all to a soldier; nothing but the ordinary incidents and common casualties of his life: marks of honour, and tokens of valour. I declare I bear them about with me as the most honourable badges of my profession: I am proud of them: I would

not part with this wooden leg for the best flesh and blood in Christendom. [*this accident?*]

Em. And can you really be so unconcerned at

Tam. Really; and you shall be unconcerned, too, Emily. You shall find more in me still, than in half the battered rakes and fops about town. It injures me no more than it does a fine tree, to lop my branches: my trunk is heart of oak, and I shall thrive the better for it.

Em. But is there no hope of recovering your eye again? Oh! we must have the best advice. Is the sight quite lost?

Tam. Quite. Blind as a mill-horse; blind as a beetle, Emily. But what does that signify? Love is blind, you know; and if I have lost one eye, why, they say, I shall see the clearer with the other.

Em. I cannot look at him without shuddering. (*Aside. Sits down.*) [*lonely?*]

Bell. What action was it you suffered in, Colonel. Before the Moro castle, madam; before the Moro. Hot work, hissing hot, by sea and land, I assure you, madam. Ah! the Moro, the Moro! But if men go to run their heads against stone-walls, they must expect to have a scone or two broken before they make their way through them. Eh, Major?

Bell. Major Belford was with you?

Tam. All the while. The Major and I fought side by side, cheek by jowl, till I fell, madam! We paid the Dons, didn't we, Major? But, Velasco, poor Velasco! A fine, brave Don, it must be owned! I had rather have died like Velasco, than have lived to be generalissimo.

Bell. (*To Emily.*) How are you, sister?

Tam. Nay, pr'ythee, Emily, be comforted! more than all this might have happened to me at home. I might have thrown away my life in a duel, or broke my neck in a fox-chace: a fit of the gout, or an apoplexy might have maimed me ten times worse for ever; or a palsy, perhaps, have killed one half of me at a single stroke. You must not take on thus; if you do, I shall be extremely uneasy.

Em. Excuse me, I cannot help it; but, be assured, I esteem you as much as ever, sir.

Tam. Esteem! and sir! This is cold language. I have not been used to hear you talk in that style, Emily. [*me retire.*]

Em. I don't know what I say: I am not well; let

Tam. When shall we name the happy day? I shall make shift to dance on that occasion—though as Withington fought—on my stumps, Emily. Tell me, when shall we be happy? [*chamber, Bell.*]

Em. I grow more and more faint. Lead me to my

Bell. She is very ill; don't tease her now, Colonel; but let us try to procure her some repose.

Tam. Ay, a short sleep and a little reflection, and all will be well, I dare say. I will be here again soon, and administer consolation, I warrant you. Adieu, my dear Emily!

Em. Adieu! Oh, Bell! [*Exit, with Bell.*]

Tam. (*Assuming his natural air and manner.*) Ha, ha, ha! Well, Belford, what is your opinion now? Will she stand the test or no?

Belf. If she does, it is more than you deserve. I could wish she would give you up with all my heart, if I did not think you would run stark mad with

Tam. Why so? [*vexation.*]

Belf. Because, as I have often told you before, this is a most absurd and ridiculous scheme: a mere trick to impose upon yourself, and, most probably, end in your losing the affections of an amiable lady.

Tam. You know, Belford, there is an excess of sensibility in my temper—

Belf. That will always make you unhappy.

Tam. Rather say, it will ensure the future happiness of my life. Before I bind myself to abide by a woman, at all events, and in all circumstances, I must be assured that she will, at all events, and in all circumstances, retain her affection for me.

Belf. 'Sdeath! I have no patience to hear you.

Have not you all the reason in the world to rest assured that Emily entertains a most sincere passion for you?

Tam. Perhaps so; but then I am not equally assured of the basis on which that passion is founded.

Belf. Her folly, I am afraid.

Tam. Nay, but I am serious, Major.

Belf. You are very ridiculous, Colonel.

Tam. Well, well; it does not signify talking. I must be convinced that she loves me for my own sake, for myself alone; and that, were I divested of every desirable gift of fortune and of nature, and she were to be addressed by fifty others who possessed them all in the most eminent degree, she would continue to prefer me to all the rest of mankind.

Belf. Most precious refinement, truly! These are the most high-flown metaphysics in sentiment I ever heard in my life; picked up in one of your expeditions to the coast of France, I suppose: no plain Englishman ever dreamed of such a whim. Love you for yourself! for your own sake! Not she, truly.

Tam. How then?

Belf. Why, for her own, to be sure; and so would anybody else. I am your friend, and love you as a friend; and why? because I am glad to have commerce with a man of talents, honour, and honesty. Let me once see you behave like a poltroon or a villain, and you know I would cut your throat, Colonel.

Tam. I don't doubt you, Major; but if she don't love me for my own sake, for myself, as I said, how can I ever be certain that she will not transfer that love to another?

Belf. For your own sake! for yourself, again! Why, what, in the name of common sense, is this self of yours that you make such a rout about? Your birth, your fortune, your character, your talents, and perhaps, sweet Colonel, that sweet person of your's—all these may have taken her; and continual intercourse must increase her partiality for them in you more than in any other person. But, after all, none of these things are yourself. You are but the ground; and these qualities are woven into your frame. Yet it is not the stuff, but the richness of the work, that stamps a value on the piece.

Tam. Why, this is downright sermonizing, Major: give you pudding-sleeves and a grizzle-wig, you might be chaplain to the regiment. Yet matrimony is a leap in the dark, indeed, if we cannot beforehand make ourselves at all certain of the fidelity and affection of our wives.

Belf. Marriage is precarious, I grant you, and must be so. You may play like a wary gamester, 'tis true. I would not marry a notorious profligate, nor a woman in a consumption; but there is no more answering for the continuance of her good disposition, than that of her good health.

Tam. Fine maxims! make use of them yourself; they won't serve me. A fine time, indeed, to experience a woman's fidelity, after marriage; a time when everything conspires to render it her interest to deceive you. No, no; no fool's paradise for me, Belford.

Belf. A fool's paradise is better than a wisesacre's.

Tam. 'Sdeath! Belford, who comes here? I shall be discovered. (*Resuming his counterfeited manner.*)

Enter PRATTLE.

Prat. Gentlemen, your most obedient; mighty sorry, extremely concerned to hear the lady's taken ill. I was sent for in a violent hurry; had forty patients to visit; resolved to see her, however. Major Belford, I rejoice to see you in good health. Have I the honour of knowing this gentleman? (*Pointing to Tamper.*)

Tam. Hum, hum! (*Limping away from Prattle.*)

Belf. An acquaintance of mine, Mr. Prattle. You don't know him, I believe. A little hurt in the service, that's all.

Prat. Accidents, accidents will happen: no less than seven brought into our infirmary yesterday, and ten into the hospital. Did you hear, Major

Belford, that poor Lady Di. Racket broke her arm last night, by an overturn, from her horses taking fright among the vast crowd of coaches getting in at Lady Thunder's rout; and yesterday morning, Sir Hester Skelter, who is so remarkably fond of driving, put out his collar-bone by a fall from his own coach-box.

Tam. Pox on his chattering! I wish he'd be gone. (*Aside.*) [afraid we detain you.

Belf. But your fair patient, Mr. Prattle: I am

Prat. Not at all; I'll attend her immediately. (*Going, returns.*) You have not heard of the change

Tam. Psha! (*Aside.*) [in the ministry?

Belf. I have.

Prat. Well, well! (*Going, returns.*) Lady Sarah Melville brought to bed within these two hours—a boy. Gentlemen, your servant, your very humble servant. [*Exit.*

Tam. Chattering jackanapes!

Belf. So, the apothecary's come already. We shall have a consultation of physicians, the knocker tied up, and straw laid in the street, shortly. But are not you ashamed, Tamper, to give her all this uneasiness?

Tam. No matter; I'll make her ample amends at last. What could possess them to send for this blockhead? He'll make her worse and worse! he will absolutely talk her to death.

Belf. Oh! the puppy's in fashion, you know.

Tam. It is lucky enough the fellow did not know me. He's a downright he-gossip! and anything he knows might as well be published in the Daily Advertiser. But come, for fear of discovery, we had better decamp for the present. March! [*per.*

Belf. You'll expose yourself confoundedly, Tam-

Tam. Say no more. I am resolved to put her affection to the trial. If she's thorough proof, I'm made for ever. Come along. (*Going.*)

Belf. Tamper!

Tam. Oh! I am lame; I forgot. (*Limping.*)

Belf. Lord, Lord! what a fool self-love makes of a man! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.—Emily's Dressing-room.

EMILY, BELL, and PRATTLE, discovered.

Bell. I think you seem to be a good deal recovered, Emily? [*Heigho!*

Em. I am much better than I was, I thank you.

Prat. Ay, ay; I knew we should be better by-and-by. These little nervous disorders are very common all over the town; merely owing to the damp weather, which relaxes the tone of the whole system. The poor Dutchess of Porcelain has had a fever on her spirits these three weeks; Lady Teaser's case is absolutely hysterical; and Lady Betty Dawdle is almost half mad with lowness of spirits, headaches, tremblings, vain fears, and wanderings of the mind. [*Crompton do!*

Em. Pray, Mr. Prattle, how does poor Miss

Prat. Never better, madam. Somebody has removed her disorder, by prescribing very effectually to the Marquis of Cranford. His intended match with Miss Richman, the hundred thousand pound fortune, is quite off; and so, madam, Miss Crompton is perfectly well again. By-the-by, too, she has another reason to rejoice; for her cousin, Miss Dorothy, who lives with her, and began, you know, to grow rather old maidish, as we say, madam, made a sudden conquest of Mr. Bumper, a Lancashire gentleman of a great estate, who came up to town for the Christmas; and they were married at Miss Crompton's yesterday evening.

Bell. Is it true, Mr. Prattle, that Sir John Medley is going to the south of France for the recovery of his health?

Prat. Very true, madam; very true, that he's going, I promise you; but not for the recovery of his health. Sir John is well enough himself; but his affairs are in a galloping consumption, I assure you. No less than two executions in his house. I heard it for a fact at Lady Modish's. Poor gentle-

man! I have known his chariot stand at Arthur's till eight o'clock in the morning. He has had a sad run a long time; but that last affair at Newmarket totally undid him. Pray, ladies, have you heard the story of Alderman Manchester's lady?

Bell. Oh, no! Pray, what is it?

Prat. A terrible story, indeed! Eloped from her husband, and went off with Lord John Sprightly. Their intention, it seems, was to go over to Holland; but the Alderman pursued them to Harwich, and caught them just as they were going to embark. He threatened Lord John with a prosecution; but Lord John, who knew the Alderman's turn, came down with a thousand pounds; and so the Alderman received his wife, and all is well again.

Bell. I vow, Mr. Prattle, you are extremely amusing. You know the chit-chat of the whole town.

Prat. Can't avoid picking up a few slight anecdotes, to be sure, madam. Go into the best houses in town; attend the best families in the kingdom; nobody better received; nobody takes more care; nobody tries to give more satisfaction. [*Prattle?*]

Bell. Is there any public news of any kind, Mr.

Prat. None at all, madam; except that the officers are most of them returned from the Havannah.

Em. So we hear, sir.

Prat. I saw Colonel Tamper yesterday. Oh! ay, and Major Belford and another gentleman, as I came in here this morning.

Bell. That was Colonel Tamper, sir.

Prat. That gentleman Colonel Tamper, madam?

Bell. Yes, sir.

Prat. Pardon me, madam! I know Colonel Tamper very well. That poor gentleman was somewhat disabled; had suffered a little in the wars: Colonel Tamper is not so unfortunate.

Em. Oh! yes; that horrid accident—

Prat. What accident?

[*sir?*]

Bell. His wounds, his wounds! Don't you know,

Prat. Wounds, madam! Upon my word, I never heard he had received any.

Bell. No! Why, he lost a leg and an eye at the siege of the Havannah.

Prat. Did he? Why, then, madam, I'll be bold to say he is the luckiest man in the world.

Bell. Why so, sir?

Prat. Because, madam, if he lost a leg or an eye at the Havannah, they must be grown again; or he has, somehow, procured others that do the business.

Em. Impossible! [every whit as well.]

Prat. I wish I may die, madam, if the Colonel had not yesterday two as good legs and fine eyes as any man in the world. If he lost one of each at the Havannah, we practitioners in physic should be much obliged to him to communicate his receipt for the benefit of Greenwich and Chelsea hospitals.

Em. Are you sure that the Colonel has had no such loss, sir?

Prat. As sure as that I am here, madam. I saw him going into the what-d'ye-call-him ambassador's, just over against my house, yesterday; and the last place I was at this morning was Mrs. Daylight's, where I heard the Colonel was at her rout last night; and that everybody thought he was rather improved than injured by his late expedition. But, odso!—Lack-a-day! Now I recollect—ha, ha, ha!

Bell. What's the matter, Mr. Prattle?

Prat. Excuse me, ladies; I can't forbear laughing. Ha, ha, ha! The gentleman in the other room, Colonel Tamper! Ha, ha, ha! I find the Colonel had a mind to pay a visit in masquerade this morning. I spoke to Major Belford; I thought I knew his friend, too; but he limped away and hid his face, and would not speak to me. Upon my word, he did it very well. I could have sworn there had been an amputation. He would make a figure at a masked

Em. and Bell. Ha, ha, ha! [ball. Ha, ha, ha!]

Prat. Ha, ha, ha! very comical! Ha, ha, ha!

Bell. A frolic, Mr. Prattle! I think, however, you had better not take any notice of it abroad.

Prat. Me! I shall never breathe it, madam; I am close as oak; an absolute free-mason for secrecy. But, madam, (*rising*) I must bid you good morning; I have several patients to visit before dinner. Mrs. Tremor, I know, will be dying with the vapours till she sees me; and I am to meet Dr. Valerian at Lord Heetic's in less than half an hour.

Em. Ring the bell, my dear. Mr. Prattle, your servant.

Prat. Ladies, your very humble servant. I shall send you a cordial mixture, madam, to be taken in any particular faintness, or lowness of spirits; and some draughts for morning and evening. Have a care of catching cold; be cautious in your diet; and I make no doubt but in a few days we shall be perfectly recovered. Ladies, your servant; your most obedient, very humble servant. [*Exit.*]

Bell. (*After a pause.*) Sister Emily!

Em. Sister Bell!

[*sister?*]

Bell. What d'ye think of Colonel Tamper now,

Em. Why, I am so provoked, and so pleased; so angry, and so diverted; that I don't know whether I should be in or out of humour at this discovery.

Bell. No! Is it possible you can have had so little spirit? This tattling apothecary will tell this fine story at every house he goes into: it will be town-talk. If a lover of mine had attempted to put such an impudent deceit upon me, I would never see his face again.

Em. If you had a lover that you liked, Bell, you would not be quite so violent.

Bell. Indeed, but I should. What, to come here with a Canterbury tale of a leg and an eye, and heaven knows what, merely to try the extent of his power over you; to gratify his inordinate vanity, in case you should retain your affection for him; or to reproach you for your weakness and infidelity, if you could not reconcile yourself to him on that supposition.

Em. It is abominably provoking, I own; and yet, Bell, it is not a quarter of an hour ago, but I would have parted with half my fortune to have made it certain that there was a trick in the story.

Bell. Well, I never knew one of these men of extraordinary sense, as they are called, that was not, in some instances, a greater fool than the rest of mankind.

Em. After all, Bell, I must confess that this stratagem has convinced me of the infirmity of my temper. This supposed accident began to make strange work with me.

Bell. I saw that plain enough. I told you what your pure and disinterested passion, sister, would come to, long ago. Yet this is so flagrant an affront, I would not marry him these seven years. [*sister.*]

Em. That, perhaps, might be punishing myself,

Bell. We must plague him, and heartily, too. Oh! for a bright thought now, some charming invention to torment him!

Em. Oh! as to that matter, I should be glad to have some comical revenge on him, with all my heart.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Captain Johnson, madam.

Em. Desire him to walk up. [*Exit Serv.*] I am fit to see any company now. This discovery will do me more good, I believe, than all Mr. Prattle's cordial mixtures, as he calls them.

Bell. Oh! you're in charming spirits, sister. But, Captain Johnson! you abound in the military; captains, colonels, and majors, by wholesale. Who is Captain Johnson, pray?

Em. Only the name that Mademoiselle Florival, the Belleisle lady you saw this morning, goes by.

Bell. Oh! sister, the luckiest thought in the world: such an use to make of this lady!

Em. What d'ye mean?

[*rival, sister.*]

Bell. Captain Johnson shall be Colonel Tamper's *Em.* Hush! here she is. [*Enter MADEMOISELLE FLORIVAL.*] Give me leave, madam, to introduce you to my sister.

Bell. I have heard your story, madam, and take part in your misfortunes. [*lady, madam.*]

Flo. I am infinitely obliged both to you and to that
Em. Oh! madam, I have been extremely ill since you was here this morning, and terrified almost beyond imagination.

Flo. I am very sorry to hear it; may I ask what has alarmed you? [*you.*]

Em. It is so ridiculous, I scarce know how to tell
Bell. Then I will. You must know, madam, that my sister was engaged to an officer, who went out on a late military expedition; he is just returned, but is come home with the strangest conceit that ever filled the brain of a lover. He took it into his head to try my sister's faith by pretending to be maimed and wounded, and actually visited her this morning in a counterfeit character. We have just now detected the imposition, and want your assistance to be pleasantly revenged on him.

Flo. I cannot bring myself to be an advocate for the lady's cruelty; but you may both command me in anything.

Em. There is no cruelty in the case; I fear I am gone too far for that. As you are, in appearance, such a smart young gentleman, my sister has wagsily proposed to make you the instrument of exciting Colonel Tamper's jealousy, by your personating the character of a supposed rival. Was not that your device, sister?

Bell. It was; and if this lady will come into it, and you play your part well, we'll tease the wise Colonel, and make him sick of his rogueries, I warrant you.

Flo. I have been a mad girl in my time, I confess, and remember when I should have joined in such a frolic with pleasure. At present, I fear I am scarce mistress enough of my temper to maintain my character with any tolerable humour. However, I will summon up all my spirits, and do my best to oblige you.

Bell. Oh! you will have but little to do: the business will lie chiefly on your hands, Emily. You must be most intolerably provoking. If you do but irritate him sufficiently, we shall have charming sport with him.

Em. Never fear me, Bell; Mr. Prattle's intelligence has given me spirits equal to anything. Now I know it is but a trick, I shall scarce be able to see him limping about without laughing.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Colonel Tamper, madam.

Em. Shew him in. [*Exit Serv.*] Now, ladies!

Bell. Now, sister! Work him heartily; cut him to the bone, I charge you. If you shew him the least mercy, you are no woman.

Enter COLONEL TAMPER.

Tam. This it is to have new servants! Not at home, indeed! A pack of blockheads! to think of denying my Emily to me. I knew the poor dear soul was a little out of order, indeed; but—(*seeing Florival*)—I beg pardon, madam; I did not know you had company.

Bell. Oh! this gentleman is a particular friend of my sister's: he's let in at any time.

Tam. Hum!

Em. I did not expect to see you return so soon. [*sir.*]

Tam. No; I believe I am come somewhat unexpectedly, indeed, madam.

Em. If your return had not been so extremely precipitate, sir, I should have sent you a message on purpose to prevent your giving yourself that trouble.

Tam. Madam! a message! for what reason?

Em. Because I am otherwise engaged.

Tam. Engaged! I don't apprehend you, madam.

Em. No? you are extremely dull, then: don't you see I have company? Were you at the opera last night, Captain Johnson? (*Coquetting with Flo.*)

Tam. I am thunderstruck. Madam! Miss Emily!

Em. Sir! Colonel Tamper! Sir!

Tam. I say, madam!—

Em. Sir?

Tam. 'Sdeath! I have not power to speak to her. (*Aside.*) This strange and sudden alteration in your behaviour, madam—

Em. Alteration! none at all, sir; the change is on your side, not mine: I'll be judged by this gentleman. Captain Johnson, here's a miniature of the Colonel, which he sat for just before he went abroad; done by a good hand, and reckoned a striking likeness. Did you ever see a poor creature so altered? (*Gives a bracelet.*)

Flo. Why, really, madam, there is, I must own, a very visible difference at present. That black ribbon (*looking by turns on the picture and Colonel Tamper*) makes a total eclipse of the brilliancy of this right eye; and then, the irregular motion of the leg gives such a twist to the rest of the body, that—

Tam. Sir! But it is to you I address myself at present, madam. I was once fond and foolish enough to imagine, that you had a heart truly generous and sensible; and flattered myself that it was above being shaken by absence, or affected by events. How have I been deceived! I find that—

Em. Pardon me, sir; I never deceived you; nay, you see that I disdained the thought of deceiving you even for a day. Out of respect to our late intual attachment, I am resolved to deal openly with you. In a word, then, everything between us must now be at an end.

Tam. Confusion! Everything at an end! and can you, Emily, have the courage to tell me so?

Em. Why not? Come, come, Colonel Tamper; vanity is your blind side.

Tam. Zounds, madam!

Em. Don't be in a passion. Do but consider the matter calmly; and though it may rather be displeasing, yet when you have duly weighed all circumstances, I am sure you must do me the justice to acknowledge my sincerity.

Tam. I shall run mad! Is it possible, Emily? Sincerity do you call this? Dissimulation, d—d dissimulation!

Em. Have patience, sir. The loss of your whole fortune would have been trifling to me; but how can I reconcile myself to this mangling of your figure? Let me turn the tables on you for a moment: suppose now, Colonel, that I had been so unfortunate as to have lost a leg and an eye, should you, d'ye think? have retained your affection inviolable for me?

Tam. False, false woman! Have a care, Emily, have a care, I say, or you'll destroy your fame and happiness for ever. Consider what you are doing, ere you make a final resolution. You'll repent your inconstancy, I tell you beforehand; upon my soul, you will! you'll have more reason to repent it, than you can possibly imagine.

Em. Why will you oblige me now to say shocking things to you? It goes against me to tell you so; but I can't even see you now without horror; nay, were I even, from a vain point of honour, to adhere to my engagements with you, I could never conquer my disgust. It would be a most unnatural connexion; would it not, Captain Johnson?

Tam. Hell! 'sdeath! confusion! How steadily she persists in her perfidy! (*Aside.*) Madam, madam! I shall choke with rage! But one word, and I am gone for ever; for ever, for ever, madam!

Em. What would you say, sir?

Tam. Tell me, then, and tell me truly: have not you received the addresses of that gentleman?

Em. He has honoured me with them, I confess, sir; and every circumstance is so much in his favour, that I could have no manner of objection to him, but my unfortunate engagements to you: but since your ill-fortune has invincibly divorced us from each other, I think I am at liberty to listen to him.

Tam. Matchless confidence! Mighty well, madam! It is not, then, the misfortunes that have be-

fallen me, but the charms you have found in that gentleman, which have altered your inclination.

Flo. Well, sir; and what, then, sir? The lady, I presume, is not included, like an old mansion-house, in the rent-roll of your estate, or the inventory of your goods and chattels. Her hand, I hope, is still her own property, and she may bestow it on you or me, or anybody else, just as she pleases.

Tam. You are a villain, sir. Withdraw!

Bell. Oh, heavens! here will be murder. Don't stir, I beg you, sir.

Flo. Oh! never fear me, madam; I am not such a poltroon as to contend with that gentleman. Do you think I would set my strength and skill against a poor blind man, and a cripple?

Tam. Follow me, sir; I'll soon teach you to use your own legs.

Flo. Oh! the sturdy beggar! Stir your stumps and begone; here's nothing for you, fellow!

Tam. Villain!

Flo. Poor man!

Tam. Scoundrel!

Flo. Pr'ythee, man, don't expose yourself.

Tam. Puppy!

Flo. Poor wretch!

[Colonel!

Em. What, quarrel before ladies? Oh! for shame,

Tam. *(Aside.)* This is beyond all sufferance: I can contain myself no longer. Know, then, madam, *(to Emily)* to your utter confusion, I am not that mangled thing which you imagine me: you may see, madam—*(Resuming his natural manner.)*

Em. A wonderful cure of lameness and blindness! Your case is truly curious, sir; and attested by three credible witnesses. Will you give us leave to print it in the public papers?

Tam. Madam, madam!

Flo. I think the story would make a figure in the Philosophical Transactions.

Tam. Sir! [minuet with me, Colonel?

Bell. A pretty leg, indeed. Will you dance a *Em.* Your wounds are not mortal, I hope, Colonel?

Tam. No, madam; my person, I thank heaven, is still unhurt. I have my legs, both legs, madam; and I will use them to transport me as far as possible from so false a woman. I have my eyes, too; my eyes, madam; but they shall never look on you again, but as the most faithless and ungrateful of your sex.

Em. If I am not surprised how he could act it so well! Pray, let us see you do it over again, Colonel. How was it, eh? *(nimiting)* hip-hop, hip-hop, like Prince Volscius, I think.

Tam. I took that method, madam, to try your truth, constancy, and affection. I have found you void of all those qualities, and shall have reason to rejoice at the effect of my experiment as long as I live.

Em. If you meant to separate yourself from me, you have, indeed, taken an excellent method. And a mighty proof you have given of your own affection, truly! Instead of returning, after an anxious absence, with joy into my presence, to come home with a low and mean suspicion, with a narrow jealousy of mind, when the frankness and generosity of my behaviour ought to have engaged you to repose the most unlimited confidence in me.

Tam. The event, madam, has but well warranted my experiment.

Em. And shall justify it, sir, still more: for here, before your face, I give my hand to this gentleman; solemnly declaring, that it shall never be in your power to dissolve the connexion formed between us.

Tam. As to you, madam, your infidelity be your punishment; but that gentleman shall hear from me.

Flo. I defy you, sir.

Em. Nothing farther remains between us: leave me, sir.

Tam. I am gone, madam; and, so help me, heaven! never, never, never to return. *(Going.)*

Enter MAJOR BELFORD.

Belf. How! going in a passion? Hold, Tamper!

All in confusion! I thought so; and came to set matters to rights again. [ford! Oh!

Flo. What do I see? Major Belford! Major Belford! Ah! my name, and fainting? What can this mean? *(Runs and takes her in his arms.)* By heavens! a woman! May I hope that—hold! she recovers. It is, it is she! my dear Florival herself! and we shall still be happy.

Tam. Belford's Belleisle lady, as I live! My rival a woman! I begin to feel myself very ridiculous.

Belf. What wonder, my love, has brought you hither, and in this habit?

Flo. Oh! sir, I have a long story to relate; at present, let it suffice to say, that that lady's brother has been the noblest of friends to me; and she herself, this morning, generously vouchsafed to take me under her protection.

Belf. I am bound to them for ever. At my return, I found letters from your father, who, supposing you were in England with me, wrote to acquaint me that he was inconsolable for your loss, and that he would consent to our union if I would but assure him that you were safe and well. The next post shall acquaint him of our good fortune. Well, Tamper, am not I a lucky fellow?

[in the world.

Tam. Oh! Belford, I am the most miserable dog

Belf. What, you have dropped your mask, I see; you are on your legs again. I met Prattle in the street; he stopped his chariot to speak to me about you; and I found that he had blown you up, and discovered to the ladies that you were returned quite unhurt from the Havannah.

Tam. Did that coxcomb betray me? That accounts for all Emily's behaviour. Oh! Major, I am ruined past redemption; I have behaved most extravagantly, both to your lady and Emily. I shall never be able to look them in the face again.

Belf. Ay, ay; I foresaw this. Did not I tell you that you would expose yourself confoundedly? However, I'll be an advocate for you; my Florival shall be an advocate for you; and I make no doubt but you will be taken into favour again.

Em. Does he deserve it, Major?

Belf. Why, madam, I can't say much for him, or myself either, 'faith! we must rely entirely on your goodness.

Flo. He's a true penitent, I see, madam; and I'll answer for it, he loves you to excess. Nay, look on him.

Em. Was it well done, Colonel, to cherish a mean distrust of me? to trifle with the partiality I had shewn to you? and to endeavour to give me pain, merely to secure a poor triumph over my weakness

Tam. I am ashamed to answer you. [to yourself?

Bell. Ashamed! and so you well may, indeed.

Tam. I see my absurdity; all I wish is to be laughed at and forgiven.

Belf. A very reasonable request. Come, madam; pity the poor fellow, and admit him to your good graces again.

Flo. Let us prevail on you, dear madam.

Em. Well, now I see he is most heartily mortified, I am half inclined to pity him.

Tam. Generous Emily!

[you deserve.

Em. Go, you provoking wretch! 'tis more than

Tam. It shall be the future study of my life to deserve this pardon. *(Kissing her hand.)* Belford, I give you joy. Madam, *(to Florival)* I have behaved so ill to you, I scarcely know how to give you joy as I ought.

Belf. Come, come; no more of this at present. Now we have on all sides ratified the preliminaries, let us settle the definitive treaty as soon as we can. We have been two lucky fellows, Tamper; I have been fortunate in finding my mistress, and you as fortunate in not losing yours.

Tam. So we have, Belford; and I wish every brave officer in his majesty's service had secured to himself such comfortable winter-quarters as we have, after a glorious campaign. [Exeunt.

FIRST LOVE;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND.



Act IV.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

LORD SENSITIVE
SIR MILES MOWBRAY
FREDERICK MOWBRAY
DAVID MOWBRAY

MR. WRANGLE
BILLY BUSTLER
ROBIN
SERVANTS

LADY RUBY
MRS. WRANGLE
MRS. KATE
SABINA ROSNY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter FREDERICK MOWBRAY, *followed by* DAVID MOWBRAY.

David. Well, I could almost swear—yet I won't be sure. I wish he would look back once again. Yes it is, by St. George! it is my dear brother Frederick. Ah! my sweet fellow, welcome to England. Don't you remember little David?

Fred. David! may I believe my eyes? 'Tis he, sure enough. Come to my arms, my brave lad! Why, you are altered out of knowledge! and in the navy uniform! that's right, my boy, there you're in your proper line.

David. Ay, ay, sir! But we'll talk of that by-and-by. How are you, in the first place? How fares it with you, my hearty? where are you come from? what sort of a cruize have you had in t'other country? have you fallen in with father?

Fred. No; nor do I wish him to know of my arrival as yet.

David. Be it so, be it so! Mum's the word for that. Are you come home full or empty? Egad! you'll find father cling plaguily by the claws; d—d close in the lockers: if you are bare of the ready, I've plenty.

Fred. Thank you, David, thank you heartily; but I can shift. Keep your money, my good lad.

David. Not that, with your leave; I know a little better than so, we may hope. But what brings you home o' the sudden?

Fred. My father's peremptory commands.

David. Enough said; then 'tis on account of sister's wedding.

Fred. I believe not: but I did not know till this moment she was married. Tell me the particulars, for 'tis interesting intelligence.

David. Why, she's married, that's all I can tell you: she has got a mate of father's own choosing; so he thinks he has done a mighty feat, and rigged her out for a fair-weather voyage; but, between you and me, I suspect there's foul wind in feather-bed bay, and a kind of cat-and-dog harmony on board between 'em; that's my notion.

Fred. I can well believe it; she has not the best temper in the world. What is the gentleman's name and condition?

David. Wrangle is his name, and wrangling I suspect to be his condition; but I heartily dislike the man, and therefore I would not have you take his character from me: see him, and judge for yourself.

Fred. There is one marriage in our family, then, to begin with; and now I must tell you, David, in confidence, that I do not believe it was on account of this wedding my father called me home in such haste, but with a view to another.

David. Like enough, like enough! that's your look-out, thank heaven! and not mine.

Fred. Bad luck for me, David, if it is as I fear; but you know Sir Paul Ruby is now dead, and my first love is a widow, young, blooming, and mistress of a mine of wealth: you can remember Clara Middleton, how devotedly I was attached to her, and how cruelly my father tore me from her?

David. Do I remember it? yes, to be sure, and in my mind never forgave old Crusty for his hard-heartedness to this hour; but if that be his sport, let him come on. By the Lord Harry! Fred.

you'll be a gay fellow if you can bring that prize into harbour.

Fred. Hush. hush! that can never be.

David. Why, you are in the right not to be too sure, for all the world is after her; but if she has a hankering for you still, you know—

Fred. Heaven forbid!

David. Well, well, I won't flatter you, brother; you are a little gone off to be sure, rather the worse for wear, a small matter out of trim; but we can soon put that to rights, if your timbers are but staunch.

Fred. It is not there I should fail, let us hope; but if death were the alternative, I could not give my hand to Lady Ruby.

David. I take you now; you'll be no man's second. I see how it is with you, first oar or none at all. Lord love you, what a whim is that! 'Tis no denial to a good ship because another man has commanded her.

Fred. You are wide of the mark, friend David; it is not that I object to Lady Ruby as a widow, for I dare say she is still beautiful as an angel.

David. That's more than I know, for I never saw one; but I'm sure she is as fresh and as fine as a daisy.

Fred. Why, that is as lowly a similitude as you can well find for her; but with all her charms, and all her riches, and all the love she could bestow upon me, were it warm and flattering as in our fondest moments, the barrier between us would be insuperable: fate has disunited us for ever.

David. Then fate has played you a very foul trick, let me tell you; for, search the world through, you will nowhere find her fellow.

Fred. If I dare trust you with a secret, I would put that to the trial; and yet I think you are too good a fellow to tell tales.

David. Give me none to tell, and that's a sure way to prevent it; but I think you might venture to trust me, too.

Fred. This it is, and I'll make a short story of it.

David. Do so.

Fred. I have brought a virtuous and lovely girl with me into England—

David. Indeed!

Fred. Who has been the preserver of my life, the companion of my journey from Padua to this place, and whom I have pledged myself to make the partner of my fortune.

David. Your wife?

Fred. My wife: the word is past, and I must keep it.

David. To be sure you must; but I'm sorry for it: there's no more to be said. Death and fury! what a torrent will you have about your ears! why, father will come down upon you like a water-spout.

Fred. I am now seeking out some place where she can be lodged and boarded with people of reputation, till I can arrange my affairs; but I have been so long out of England, that I am almost as much a stranger in London as herself. Perhaps, David, you can help me out.

David. Why, that's what I'm thinking of: I have a friend, a right one, as staunch an old cock as ever crowed,—my navy agent, Billy Bustler by name. I'm to dine with him to-day; and he has a sister Kate by the same token; a good soul!—But if your miss isn't of the right sort, look you—

Fred. Oh! fie, fie! Can you suppose any otherwise?

David. Well, well! but a word in time, you know—for Kate's a pure maiden, you must think, with a good deal of the buckram about her. Lord! how I do set her up sometimes. So, if you've stowed away all your courtship, d'ye see? and got your marriage tack fairly a-board, why, upon these terms, I think I have interest enough with Kate to coax her into compliance. Now, what say you?

Fred. Let us about it directly; for my lovely charge is expecting me, and time is precious.

David. Say no more, my bright fellow! As for Billy, he's a sure card. Give me your arm, and we'll be down upon him in a whiff. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Chamber in Mr. Wrangle's house.

Enter MR. and MRS. WRANGLE.

Mrs. W. Ah! my dear, dear Mr. Wrangle, I have been sighing for a sight of you this many a long hour: where in this world have you hidden yourself from the eyes of your fond doting wife? Come, come, my love, look kindly upon me; we, that are so happy in each other, should always meet with rapture.

Mr. W. Well, my dear Lyddy, and who is so rapturous as I? where is the husband that so dotes upon his wife?

Mrs. W. Don't say so, don't say so! Can you lay your hand upon your heart, and say you love me to the full as well as ever you did?

Mr. W. Better, better!

Mrs. W. No, you don't.

Mr. W. Yes, I do.

Mrs. W. I'll swear you don't; I know to a certainty your affection abates, whereas mine increases every hour; nay, it is so excessive, that I am almost afraid it grows troublesome to you.

Mr. W. Don't fear it; from my soul I believe our fondness for each other is equal and alike: the uninterrupted harmony of our nuptial state, and the fidelity I have ever manifested—

Mrs. W. Well, and what has my fidelity been, I would ask? Notorious, unique, the talk of all the town. I am really so pointed at in all companies as a mere domestic creature, that I am almost ashamed to shew my face in any fashionable circle.

Mr. W. Never mind their sneering; your own conscience can acquit you of deserving it. If I were you, Mrs. Wrangle, I would sometimes pass an evening at home, if it were only to shew them you despise their spleen.

Mrs. W. Sometimes, Mr. Wrangle! sometimes pass an evening at home! Where is the woman of fashion passes so many evenings at home as I do?

Mr. W. The present won't be one of the number, if I may judge from your dress.

Mrs. W. The present, indeed! How can you expect it? Isn't it opera night? Would you wish to deprive me of my only pleasure? Is there anything in life I love so well as an opera?

Mr. W. Oh! yes; your husband.

Mrs. W. Well, my husband, to be sure! my husband is before every pleasure, so you need not take me up so quickly; for you know, my dear, you are all in all to me.

Mr. W. With the opera to help out.

Mrs. W. The opera, indeed! You should be ashamed to mention the opera, where, I think, considering all things, I might expect to be indulged with a box to myself, instead of scrubbing into the pit, as I do at present; which, give me leave to say, few women of my pretensions would put up with.

Mr. W. Keep your temper, Mrs. Wrangle!

Mrs. W. And don't I keep my temper, Mr. Wrangle? Isn't it the part of a friend to let you know the whole town cries out upon you? that you're the public talk? Your character suffers by it. People know what a fortune I brought you; and you know in your heart, my dear, that if you had a little more of the gentleman in your spirit—

Mr. W. 'Sblood! madam, if I had a great deal less, you are enough to call it up.

Mrs. W. There, there! now you are going to be in one of your tantrums.

Mr. W. Then why do you provoke me to it?

Mrs. W. I provoke you! I only tell you of your faults, and you have not temper to hear of them.

Mr. W. You are very sharp-sighted in spying out my faults, methinks; and, at the same time, either shut your eyes upon your own, or find them too incurable to meddle with.

Mrs. W. I plead to no fault but the fault of keeping terms with you; and that I'm resolved to correct out of hand: I'll put up with your ill-humours no longer; my father, my family, the whole town shall know your treatment of me. I could bear my lot well enough if the world did but know I were not that happy wife they suppose me to be.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Lady Ruby.

[*Exit.*

Mr. W. Best impart your sorrows to her, then; she, you know, is your bosom friend.

Enter LADY RUBY.

Mrs. W. My dear Lady Ruby!

Lady R. My dear Mrs. Wrangle!

Mr. W. Here's a tender greeting. An honest man would suppose these women had a regard for each other; nothing less at heart with either. (*Aside.*)

Lady R. Oh! I know incorrigible creature! tête-à-tête with your own wife.

Mr. W. I have the grace, at least, of taking a hint, when the friends of my wife would dispense with my company, [*Aside, and exit.*

Lady R. Did you ever see the like? Upon my life, Lydia, you have spoilt that good man of your's, and made him as freakish as a humoured child: there is not one in a thousand of that silly sex can bear being petted. [*Intolerable.*

Mrs. W. Never think about him; he grows quite

Lady R. Bless me! I could not have believed it.

Mrs. W. No; because you will believe me what I am not, never have been, nor ever shall be—happy with that man. My temper is quick, his sullen; my nature is open and sincere, his dark and jealous.

Lady R. He jealous? *Mr. Wrangle* jealous?

Mrs. W. Oh! extremely so.

Lady R. I could not have believed it.

Mrs. W. Now cannot I, for the life of me, comprehend why you could not have believed it! because, though I am sufficiently guarded in my conduct, especially before him, yet I should hope I am not too vain, when I suppose some few attractions, some small pretensions, may still be said to belong to me; though comparatively nothing with what your ladyship possesses.

Lady R. Certainly, my dear madam, you have charms in full measure; and if you rather choose to be complimented upon them than your discretion, your husband shall be credited by me for all the jealousy you think fit to ascribe to him, with as much or as little cause for it as you may be disposed to allow of.

Mrs. W. I believe there is no woman but would be mortified if her husband was to say to her, "It is not in your power to make me jealous."

Lady R. I grant you the power is desirable, the exercise of it an experiment of some danger: 'tis like a dormant title, one would not give it up, though it may not suit us to assume it.

Mrs. W. Apropos to a title—now your year of widowhood is up, have you asked a certain question of that little heart of your's, and has the sly thing ever been brought to confession about this same Lord Sensitive, who follows you up and down like your shadow?

Lady R. Oh! yes; I've talked with the sly thing, as you call it, by the hour about him, and a very edifying conversation it was, I assure you.

Mrs. W. Ay, indeed! as how?

Lady R. Why, I took it roundly to task; for I began to perceive it had got some foolish flutterings, which you good wives know nothing of; now this I did not like, for, being as you see, a free

woman, I resolve to profit by past sorrows, and not enslave myself any more.

Mrs. W. Humph! that's a widow's resolution, made without meaning, and broken without remorse; but, for my part, as I don't believe you are at all in love with him, I must wonder what amusement you can find in tormenting him.

Lady R. La! child, the man torments himself; he takes all the trouble off my hands, and makes me a by-stander in my own quarrels: he sees things that never had existence, hears things that were never said, and seems to have a phantom ever at his beck; like a conjurer's familiar, that whispers in his ear, and drives him upon extravagancies that exceed all credibility.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Lord Sensitive begs permission to pay his respects to you.

Lady R. Look you there, now; phantom again! Better send him away; for if he gets a haunt of your house, he'll be under your couch, behind your bed-curtains; not a corner, closet, nor cupboard will be free from him.

Mrs. W. Now I won't send him away, for I perceive she's jealous. Provoking creature! how vexatiously well dressed she is! (*Aside.*) Shew my Lord Sensitive up. [*Exit Servant.*

Enter LORD SENSITIVE.

Lord S. I have presumed upon the privilege of an old acquaintance—

Mrs. W. To come in search of a new one. I am much beholden to Lady Ruby for the honour of this visit.

Lord S. Now that is quite cruel, Mrs. Wrangle; it really gives me pain; but it is my misfortune to have every attention of mine misunderstood.

Mrs. W. Would your lordship be understood, then, to have no attention for any lady in this room besides myself?

Lord S. I would be thought not to want more temptations than one for visiting Mrs. Wrangle; but whatever interpretation you may please to put upon my attentions, I must think myself highly honoured when they are regarded as an object, either by yourself or Lady Ruby.

Lady R. My lord!—meaning me?

Lord S. Madam!

[*was all.*

Lady R. I thought I heard my own name, that

Lord S. And do I offend by pronouncing it? if so, I fear I am guilty even in my sleep, nay, in my prayers; for I am apt to name you then.

Mrs. W. Now that's too much, by all that's tender! Heavens! what a Philander. Such milk and sugar speeches make me sick. (*Aside.*)

Lord S. I am very, unlucky, ladies, and, perhaps, unseasonably intrude upon some more interesting business; Lady Ruby's thoughts, at least, seem to be otherwise engaged than upon the present subject.

Lady R. You are not quite out of your guess; they were just then upon a ramble. I think, my lord, you was last summer in Italy. [*Italy.*

Lord S. In Italy! Yes, yes, madam, I was in

Lady R. Did you visit Padua?

Lord S. Padua! No—What do I say? Yes, I have been at Padua.

Lady R. Did you make any long stay there?

Lord S. Really I—I have almost forgot how long I staid. But pray, madam, why do you wish to know? Have you any particular motive for inquiring how long I staid at Padua, or what passed whilst I was there?

Lady R. None, none at all; not the least curiosity, be assured.

Mrs. W. Don't believe her, my lord; she has a motive for everything, and never speaks without forethought.

Lady R. How can you say so? Oh! you spiteful thing, what a persecution have you drawn upon me!

Lord S. Indeed, and indeed, Lady Ruby, you have alarmed me: I feel everything that falls from you, and am tremblingly alive to the slightest whisper that may wound my reputation where I am most interested to guard it. I entreat, if you have heard anything against me, that you will suffer me to defend myself.

Mrs. W. No time like the present; therefore, I'll charitably leave you together; which is a good-natured way of making you perfectly disagreeable to each other.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Lord S. It is now in your power, Lady Ruby, to make this abrupt departure of Mrs. Wrangle's the kindest action of her life, and the happiest moment of mine—

[*you.*]

Lady R. My lord, I don't perfectly understand *Lord S.* By permitting me to justify my character to your entire satisfaction. I will suppose, madam, you have heard that I had an idle attachment at Padua.

Lady R. I did not hear it was idle.

Lord S. Admit it was a serious one, then, for argument's sake; such fooleries, I should hope, do not stick fast to a man's character, especially after the object is shaken off and forgotten.

Lady R. Perhaps that may be the worst part of the story, if the lady was not unworthy; but I am no inquisitor.

Lord S. I'll not impeach the lady's reputation, neither will I allow it to be said I have dealt dishonourably with her in any shape: if any gentleman dares to fix that aspersion upon me, I am ready with my answer.

Lady R. I don't doubt it; there's a certain argument that answers everything.

Lord S. I guess from whom your information is derived: Mr. Frederick Mowbray has been at Padua; is there still, perhaps—

Lady R. Hold, hold! I must set you right in one particular; and I insist on your believing me, when I declare to you, upon my honour, that Frederick Mowbray is not my informer, neither does my information come by any other channel from him.

Lord S. May I ask the lady's name you suppose me to have been attached to?

Lady R. Sabina Rosny; of noble parents, who had perished under the axe in France; an orphan, fugitive, young, beautiful, and friendless.

Lord S. I befriended her, I protected her! If our best deeds are to be perverted by detraction, and then urged against us as crimes, who is safe?

Lady R. Innocence.

Lord S. Well, madam, I hope that is my case.

Lady R. I hope it is; and if it is, you'll treat such stories with contempt.

Lord S. And so I do; but I am penetrated, cut to the heart, confounded with—with contrition—no, not that—but with shame and vexation, that such stories should be entertained by you in any serious light.

Lady R. Your agitation makes them serious.

Lord S. My agitation is proportioned to the—
to the agony it gives me to say that I regard myself as dismissed, discarded, banished from your sight for ever.

[*Exit.*]

Lady R. Guilty, upon my honour!

Re-enter MRS. WRANGLE.

Mrs. W. Well, my dear lady, you have quarrelled, as I supposed, and parted with high words; and now, if his lordship should fall to his prayers, I should doubt if it will be a blessing he'll bestow upon you.

Re-enter LORD SENSITIVE.

Lord S. I step back once more, and for the last time—Confusion! Mrs. Wrangle here!

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. W. Shall I stop him?

Lady R. No; I beseech you let him go.

Mrs. W. He is terribly agitated.

Lady R. Not a whit more than will do him good; let us hope his fermentation will refine him.

Mrs. W. Ah! my dear lady, I see plainly how it will be; you will marry that man; positively you will marry him.

Lady R. If you are positively right and infallible in your predictions, it must be so; if I have anything to say to it, I shall beg leave to doubt; but time flies fast in your society, and I have been making you a most unconscionable visit. May I request your servant to order up my coach?

Mrs. W. Must I part from you? Who waits? [*Enter a Servant.*] Order Lady Ruby's servants.

Lady R. Well, good b'ye to you! We shall meet at the opera.

Mrs. W. My dear, dear friend, all happiness attend you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in Billy Bustler's house.

Enter BILLY BUSTLER and MRS. KATE.

Billy B. Well, Kate! well, girl! now let us hear how it goes in the kitchen quarter; it comes a little *mal-a-propos* to be sure, for I'm plaguy busy; but I know you like to set out a dinner, so give us your bill o' fare.

[*day.*]

Kate. Why, you know, Billy, this is Michaelmas—
Billy B. Yes, yes, I know that fast enough. I hope you have a goose.

Kate. La! brother, how you snap one up; to be sure there is a goose.

Billy B. At first course, I hope—bottom dish.

Kate. No, the goose is at top.

[*bottom.*]

Billy B. I tell you no, my goose shall be at

Kate. Why, then, you must have two geese, for no one shall cut it up but myself. There's a boiled leg of corned pork for your carving: I hope you call that a bottom dish, with a pease-pudding on one side, and a bowl of apple-sauce on the other.

Billy B. I tell you what, Kate, I can't give up the goose; I love to have him under my own nose, smoking with sage and onions. Oh! he's a savoury fellow! Can't give him up, Kate; can't, upon my soul.

Kate. Then you must give up me; for I won't sit at table on any other terms. You, indeed, to dispute with me about tops and bottoms! with me, who could have set out seven and eleven before you was man enough to tuck a napkin under your chin. Do, pr'ythee, keep to your own receipt-book, and leave me to mine; I know it all, from a lark to a loin of beef, and in the economy of the table, you'dn't hold a candle to Hannah Glasse herself, if she was living, and here at present.

Enter DAVID MOWBRAY.

David. Heyday! how came this to pass? Here's a breeze, indeed; here's a ripple! Kitty, my charmer, who has vexed you?

Kate. Why, Billy has vexed me; he will chatter about things he knows nothing of.

Billy B. I've done, I've done; serve up the goose in your own way.

David. Out upon him, for a lubber! he has been running foul of the kitchen haulyards, after his old fashion.

Billy B. No, no; it's all over; there's an end; I knock under: your presence, Pickle, always makes peace.

David. Why, how long have you lived by the sea, friend Bustler, not to find out that it's sure to make rough water where two tides meet? Kitty's temper is as smooth as a mill-pond, if you won't put in your oar. Come, come, let us be all in good humour with each other, for I've a favour to ask of you.

Kate. What is that, lapwing?

David. Oh! quite a small matter; I know you'll grant it at the first word.

[*hear it.*]

Kate. It shall go hard but I'll try for it. Let us

David. Why, 'tis only to accommodate a friend of mine with a night or two's lodging in your spare Kate. Is that all? [cabin.]

David. Yes; that's all.

Billy B. Any friend of your's, my dear boy, shall be welcome to my house, bed and board, for as long as he likes. Why didn't you bring the gentleman with you?

David. Gentleman! No, no; the gentleman in this case happens to be a lady.

Kate. Ah! gemini! you little wicked devil, would you foist your naughty lussies into my house?

David. Who says she's a naughty hussy? She's as spotless a virgin as yourself, only she is not so obstinately bent to continue one; for she's about to be married out of hand.

Kate. Get you gone, get you gone! I'll have nothing to do with her.

Billy B. Hold, hold! let us understand this a little better. What is the lady's name? who is she going to marry? and how are you interested about her? I don't think David Mowbray would bring a bad woman into my family.

David. Why, who can suppose I would? But with respect to entering into her history with you, I can't do it; for 'tis brother Frederick's affair, and he'll satisfy you in all points. It is not I that am going to marry her, but he: all I know is, that she is a person of rank, and an emigrant. Take notice, I have never seen her, and moreover, it is a close secret from father.

Kate. Billy, Billy, if it is a secret affair, don't meddle or make with it: as sure as can be, you'll get into hot water with Sir Miles Mowbray.

Billy B. Hot water, indeed! let him take care, then, he don't scald his own fingers. I shall act the straight part by my friend David; if he deceives me, that is his fault; if I deceive him, I am a flincher, and no true Englishman: so, I say the lady shall be welcome: I say it, and who shall gainsay it?

David. Come, sweet Kate, it only wants your concurrence; take a little pity into your heart for a poor orphan stranger, driven out of her own country by the murderers of her parents, and give her a small sample of your hospitality, for the honour of old England.

Kate. Nay, if she is an orphan and a stranger, and a fugitive from that cruel country, who but a monster would refuse to take her in? I'll not be outdone in charity by anybody. Let her come when she will, I'll do everything in my power for her.

Billy B. Well said, Kate! thou art a kind soul, though a dear lover of a little contradiction.

David. When there's a good heart at bottom, what matters it how you get to it? But I'm going to my brother; and when I bring him in my hand, I shall bring one, for whose honour I will vouch with my life. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Mr. Wrangle's House.*

Enter MR. and MRS. WRANGLE.

Mr. W. So, child, how comes it to pass you are not at the opera to-night?

Mrs. W. The fates decreed it otherwise.

Mr. W. Nonsense! the fates, indeed! You have other reasons than they can give you.

Mrs. W. Well, if you are not contented with the fates, you must make inquiry amongst the casualties. Your coach broke down with me at the opera door.

Mr. W. My coach! my new coach?

Mrs. W. The very same; and for an accident, methinks, you have come off reasonably well. If my limbs had been broken at the same time, you would have had double repairs on your hands.

Mr. W. Humph! are my horses safe?

Mrs. W. They are jobs, you know; you need have no feeling for them.

Mr. W. How did you come home? [me.]

Mrs. W. Took the first carriage that was offered

Mr. W. And whose was that?

Mrs. W. Colonel, Colonel—I can't think of the man's name.

Mr. W. Come, come, I know your man. I'll bet ten to one 'twas Colonel Doricourt's.

Mrs. W. That's high odds, but you'd win the wager. [court?]

Mr. W. You came home with Colonel Doricourt.

Mrs. W. Exactly so.

Mr. W. D——n! then there are more repairs on my hands than a broken carriage; there is a ruined reputation.

Mrs. W. Carry in your damages; the gentleman will satisfy you.

Mr. W. And do you think I'll be satisfied with this cool contempt, this insolent indifference to my just remonstrances? No, madam; your new method of insensibility won't serve: I'll make you feel before we part.

Mrs. W. Keep your temper, Mr. Wrangle.

Mr. W. I'll not keep my temper.

Mrs. W. Throw it aside, then, and get a better; for it is thoroughly worn out, and no longer fit for any gentleman's wear.

Enter SIR MILES MOWBRAY.

Sir M. So, so, so! very good, very good! Here you both are, close as ever: here I left you, and here I find you, still the same, ever fond and loving, ever happy in each other.

Mr. W. Oh! supremely happy.

Mrs. W. Both superlatively blest.

Sir M. Yes, yes, I know it well. And why are you so superlatively blest, but because you had the grace to discover that I could choose better for you than you could for yourself? Why is a father called the head of his family, but as it is his business to think for all those whose heads can't think for themselves? The human heart, children, has been my peculiar study; and as I have kept myself exempt from all those passions that disturb it, I may say, without vanity, I am master of the subject.

Mr. W. And pray, sir, may I ask how you became thus learned in the passions, having never experienced the effects of them?

Sir M. As a physician finds out a disease without feeling it; by natural intuition and deep reflection.

Mrs. W. And by which of these do you discover to a certainty that I am as happy as I pretend to be?

Sir M. Can I fail to discover it is day when the sun shines? If there were any hypocrisy in your heart, can you suppose it would escape me? When your brother Frederick was in love, did not I find it out? Yet I never was the dupe of that nonsensical passion myself.

Mrs. W. So I should think, sir, when you undertook to reason him out of it.

Sir M. Ay, madam, and now you shall see I'll reason him into it.

Mr. W. That I should guess will be no hard task, if Lady Ruby is the object. Mr. Mowbray will be a happy man if he obtains her.

Mrs. W. He'll be a rich one, at least: why you should so decidedly say he will be a happy one, I am at a loss to guess, because I know the lady is no favourite of your's.

Mr. W. I can have no favourites, whilst one reigns mistress of my heart, compared with whom all other objects are as nothing.

Sir M. Do you hear that, Lyddy? By my soul, Wrangle, though I say it to my daughter's face (and she's a good girl, I confess) thou art enough to spoil any wife in England.

Mrs. W. Not with kindness, I should think.

Mr. W. Can I possibly be too kind to such a wife?

Sir M. No; but you may talk too much about

it; you may turn her head with too many fine speeches.

Mrs. W. I wish you had heard what fine speeches he made to me just now.

Sir M. I don't doubt it.

Mrs. W. I had the misfortune to have my coach broken down at the opera. I have seen husbands that will fret and fume at such an accident, and scold the poor wife without mercy.

Sir M. Ay, those are peevish paltry fellows, truly!

Mrs. W. Are they not? Yet even these, who are such tyrants out of sight, shall be sycophants to your face, and pass themselves upon the world for the best of husbands, by the mean resource of flattery and fine speeches.

Sir M. Very true; they are the most loathsome characters in nature.

Mrs. W. I think so from my soul; and all the while the poor wife, though, in fact, the most miserable of beings, shall be falsely supposed the happiest of women. [of all.]

Sir M. That is the most provoking circumstance

Mrs. W. Insupportably so, in my opinion. Then the odious creature is so jealous upon every trifling occasion, and so petulant withal, that one knows not which he is most to be despised for, his capriciousness or his cruelty.

Sir M. Ah! child, child! had you been refractory and self-willed, all these miseries might have fallen upon you; whereas, by following my judgment in the great concern of life, you have all the blessings of wedlock, and escape its sorrows. So, farewell! I leave you happy; I have made you happy: and if I have the same success with Lady Ruby, to whom I am now going, we shall all be happy. [Exit.]

Mrs. W. My dearest life, permit me to attend upon you; honour me so far as to give me your hand.

Mrs. W. Oh! that I could recall the day when I did give you my hand! neither force, nor flattery, nor all the fortune upon earth, should prevail with me to consent to it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Chamber in Lady Ruby's house.

Enter LADY RUBY and a Waiting Woman.

Lady R. When Lord Sensitive's confidential servant informed you of his attachment for Sabina Rosny, did he speak of her as a woman of character?

W. Woman. Oh! yes, my lady; he gave the young gentlewoman a very high character.

Lady R. For her discretion, I ask you?

W. Woman. For her good qualities, my lady, her accomplishments, and above all, for her beauty.

Lady R. Pooh! her beauty is out of the question; I am simply talking of her character, of her conduct.

W. Woman. Pardon me, madam, I did not think it handsome to be over-curious about conduct; for I concluded Mr. Carrington too much a man of honour to betray his master's secrets.

Lady R. So it should seem, indeed, by his taking you into counsel for the keeping them. You may leave me. [Exit W. Woman.]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Lord Sensitive delivered this himself; and bids me say he attends to know your ladyship's pleasure. [Delivers a note.]

Lady R. Very well. [Reads it.] My compliments to his lordship, and if he wishes to walk up, I am at home. [Exit Servant.] So! here's another explanation to undergo. Ah! man, man! positively thou art the most irrational, nonsensical animal in the creation.

Enter LORD SENSITIVE.

Lord S. Am I permitted, once more, to approach you?

Lady R. You have the same permission, my lord, that you always had.

Lord S. I am sensible my visits can no longer be acceptable to you: where suspicion has taken hold, kindness cannot keep its place; I had, therefore, determined never to intrude again; but a natural wish to attempt my justification, and, more than all, a natural weakness, which my heart cannot instantly shake off, induce me once more, and for the last time, to solicit an admission.

Lady R. I am happy to see your lordship upon any terms; and I hope you will repeat your visits for the last time so often, that our acquaintance will improve by it.

Lord S. Ah! madam, madam, whilst you can sport with my feelings in this manner, your levity convinces me how indifferent I am to you: nay, I believe from my soul, I am become your aversion; and I am astonished, when your ladyship so well knows the real motives of my visits here, you have not ordered your doors to be shut against so unwelcome an intruder.

Lady R. Pray, my lord, what is our quarrel just now? and why should my doors, that are apt to be open to all persons of honour, and my friends in general, be shut against you in particular?

Lord S. Because I understand some tattling busy-body has impressed you with unfavourable notions of my conduct, in an affair, which delicacy forbids me to explain.

Lady R. Then let delicacy prevail with you to forbear the subject. We may be good friends without searching into the secrets of each other's heart.

Lord S. Right, madam! 'tis a compromise that saves us both from an unpleasant task: my heart is not pure enough for your inspection; your's, were I to search it, would disclose all the tender feelings, all the fond unabated affections, that are these glowing and alive for a certain person, who sways it still, though absent and neglectful. 'Sdeath! madam, it is a discovery that would drive me into madness; nor will I stoop to friendship where I have once aspired to love.

Lady R. That is sincere, at least: you think my nature steady to a first attachment; credit yourself for the same principle, and we have each of us our separate pursuits; they clash no longer.

Lord S. May I, then, be permitted to ask you one plain question?

Lady R. With all my heart; propose it.

Lord S. Are you not, at this moment, still so wedded to a first attachment, as to be no longer susceptible of any other?

Lady R. That is a question, let me observe to you, that none but the most intimate friend could expect an answer to; how, then, can your lordship look for it, when you will not submit to be regarded in that character?

Lord S. But if a lover presumed to put such a question, would you wave it in his case?

Lady R. If he were a man I disliked, I might, perhaps, avail myself of so fair an opportunity for getting rid of him; if he were one I esteemed, I should be sorry to find he had so self-tormenting a curiosity belonging to him.

Lord S. Oh! loveliest of women! ever charming, ever irresistible! pardon my too-anxious sensibility, and pity one who lives but in your sight. I find it is impossible to escape: scorn me, trifle with me, torture me as you will, still I must adore you.

Lady R. Must you be always in extremes? Now you are more intolerable than ever. Let go my hand, I desire of you.

Lord S. Grudge me not this short respite from my anguish; for pity's sake, do not leave me.

Lady R. Positively I must. Ah! you have crushed my hand; release it, I beseech you.

Lord S. Spare me these few moments; I am not so presumptuous as to flatter myself they can last.

Lady R. I hardly think they should; I don't be-

lieve any human hand could bear to be so squeezed much longer.

Lord S. Thus let me atone the injury I have done it. (*Kisses her hand.*)

Lady R. I perceive, my lord, our interviews should last no longer than whilst we keep up the spirit of controversy; as soon as ever we begin to be of the same mind, it is time we should part.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir Miles Mowbray begs the honour of a few minutes' conversation with your ladyship.

Lord S. There, there! all my apprehensions are verified.

Lady R. Hush, hush! Wait without a few moments. (*Servant retires.*) I confess I'm puzzled to account for this visit.

Lord S. So am not I; his motives are too clear: your fortune is the loadstone; he comes to make proposals for his son.

Lady R. Ridiculous! Go, go! you shall not stay a minute longer; I must admit him. Who waits? (*Servant advances.*) Tell Sir Miles Mowbray I am at his service.

Lord S. Well, madam, if it must be so, and if Sir Miles's business is so very interesting—

Lady R. Don't be so tiresome.

Lord S. I will obey; and yet—Oh! Lady Ruby, think of me! [*Exit.*]

Enter SIR MILES MOWBRAY.

Sir M. I am your ladyship's very humble servant. Greatly obliged to you for this indulgence, very greatly obliged to you, indeed. I am a suitor to your ladyship, under favour, for a few moments of your patience, if my request be not unseasonable.

Lady R. I am entirely at your command, Sir Miles. Be pleased to take a chair.

Sir M. Not so, my lady; let me entreat you to be seated first.

Lady R. Pray use no ceremony. With your leave I will sit by you.

Sir M. I humbly thank you. In truth, my lady, I do greatly covet to be near you, near in every sense. Believe me, I should greet the moment as the happiest of my life, that connected me and mine in the closest and nearest alliance with your ladyship.

Lady R. Has that always been your wish?

Sir M. Madam!—My lady!—Ahem! I am not sure I rightly comprehend your ladyship's question.

Lady R. If I remind you of your past opinion, Sir Miles, it is because I would not have you be deceived as to your present one: I do not think that within the period since you and I have ceased to be acquainted, I have any such acquisitions to boast of as should induce you to think better of me now that I am a widow, than you did before I was a wife.

Sir M. 'Tis a proof of your modesty, that you are pleased to say so; and what is so engaging? 'tis a token of your candour and sincerity; (amiable qualities!) and I always did you the justice to say that you possessed them in a very eminent degree.

Lady R. Indeed! did you say that?

Sir M. I did; I did, upon my soul; I said it, and I thought it.

Lady R. Then I suspect you do not think better of a woman for being only modest, candid, and sincere.

Sir M. Pardon me, madam! Can I give a stronger proof how highly I esteem those virtues, than by tendering you my son, my eldest son, Frederick?

Lady R. Bless me! would you recommend so bad a bargain to your son?

Sir M. How so, my lady? how so? Why do you say so bad a bargain?

Lady R. Because you have only reckoned up a ragged troop of virtues, which you once turned from your doors, when they were in better plight

than at present, without naming money, which, I believe, in your opinion, is a virtue worth them all.

Sir M. I know the value of money, madam, though I won't call it a virtue; and I own to you that Sir Paul Ruby's property, so worthily bequeathed to your ladyship, consolidated with what Frederick, as my heir, may expect, are circumstances not to be overlooked in the calculations of a prudent father.

Lady R. Well, Sir Miles, I am still so much your son's friend as to rejoice at having discovered, that when interest prompts you to seek out an alliance for him, the good qualities of the lady you contract with will be no bar to your bargain.

Sir M. Very much on the contrary, very much, indeed; and, therefore, let me hope, my good lady, when my son, whom I look for hourly, shall arrive, you will graciously permit me to lay him at your feet: in this hope I humbly take my leave—

Lady R. Your patience for a moment: whatever hopes you are pleased to found upon this conversation, I must candidly tell you they are not at all to be depended upon; and recollect, Sir Miles, that if my affection for your son is now extinguished, it was your own authority that put an end to it; let me add, that if I am not greatly flattered by the honour of this visit, it is because I clearly comprehend the motives of it.

Sir M. My lady, I—I—I am your very humble servant.

Lady R. Your most obedient, Sir Miles Mowbray. Who waits? [*Exit Sir M.*] Oh! Frederick, Frederick! false, forgetful man! did you but feel those wishes, which your interested father expresses, how little would you need an advocate! how easily would my resentment be appeased! [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Billy Bustler's House.

FREDERICK MOWBRAY AND SABINA ROSNY discovered.

Fred. Friend of my life! my benevolent preserver! I have now happily accomplished one effort of my gratitude, by escorting you to an asylum, where persecution cannot reach you.

Sabina. Generous Mowbray! I do wish to tell you, in the language you have taught me, how my poor heart is penetrated with your goodness to me: but I am not eloquent; I can only say I do thank you for your care of me, and for bringing me to your charitable country, which I do honour from my soul; indeed I do honour it; but, alas! it is not for me ever to be happy in it.

Fred. Why do you say that? I am incapable of deceiving you: this instant I am going to my father; and, be assured, it shall not be many days before the dubious situation you are in shall be honourably done away, and all my promises fulfilled.

Sabina. No, no, no; my good friend, I shall not call upon you from those promises: we are now in England, and those promises are nothing; they are void.

Fred. What can you mean, Sabina? Do you suspect my integrity?

Sabina. I do not suspect you at all: but you was sick, take notice, very sick, and deranged in your senses, when, because I did do my possible, in pity and compassion to assist you in your malady, you was pleased to make those promises you speak, and I did let them pass for the time, saying nothing to the contrary of them, because they were very good and commodious for me, as a single woman, travelling alone with you, under protection of your honour; but now that you are at home again, and, thanks to heaven! in good health, I shall not be so base to let you ruin yourself by marrying poor me, only because you pledged your word when you did hardly know what that word meant.

Fred. Nobly conceived! But I am not that wretch to sacrifice my honour to a mean mercenary evasion: though my heart has been wounded, as you know, it has not been debased; and I am determined to go this instant to my father, and announce the resolution I have taken.

Sabina. Stop, I conjure you, stop! I have something on my mind to tell you. Ah! *miséricorde*, what is a-coming now?

Enter LADY RUBY.

Lady R. Bless me! I did not know this room was occupied: I beg a thousand pardons, Mr. Mowbray!

Fred. Lady Ruby! this is, indeed, a surprise.

Lady R. I desire I may not break in upon your conference, sir. My business with the master of this house may be transacted in his office.

Fred. Our conference, madam, is at an end; I was on the point of my departure.

Lady R. By no means let me hasten it: I should be sorry to deprive the lady of one moment of your company.

Fred. It has been my good fortune to be the lady's companion for some time, and we are just arrived in England. Mademoiselle Rosny is an emigrant of noble birth, as much to be admired for her virtues, as she is to be pitied for her misfortunes.

Lady R. Rosny! is that the lady's name?

Sabina. Yes, madam, that is my name: alas! I am the last that bear it: those that did honour to it once, are now no more: I am a miserable, solitary relict.

Lady R. So young an orphan! How my heart bleeds for you!

Sabina. How good, to feel for the distressed and stranger! Ah! had you known my parents! they perished at Marseilles; I fled to Padua, but sorrow overtook me: I had great sufferings there.

Lady R. I can well believe it. Lord Sensitive has that to answer for. (*Aside.*)

Fred. Sabina, you shall spare yourself the painful recital: Lady Ruby, if I rightly know her, is not curious to inquire into the private histories of the unfortunate.

Lady R. In point of idle curiosity, I hope you do me no more than justice; but to know misfortunes for the purpose of relieving them, permit me to say that I am curious. If Mademoiselle Rosny should prefer the protection of one of her own sex to her present situation, my heart and house are open to receive her.

Sabina. Oh! that is great consideration for me, truly.

Lady R. What say you, amiable Sabina? I am, like you, a solitary woman: will you consent to be my companion and friend?

Sabina. I have all possible *empressement* for your goodness, and certainly so charming a lady cannot fail to have a tender heart for the unhappy; but I am without a friend in England, except this worthy gentleman, and I do think he will advise me for the best. It seems to me that you are not quite estranged to one another: Mr. Mowbray is very honourable and good to poor me; I pray you, let me hear what he will say.

Lady R. Speak, Frederick.

Fred. I scarce know how to answer.

Lady R. If you believe me worthy of the trust, and sincere in wishing for it—

Fred. How can I doubt of either? But my connexion with this lady is a delicate one.

Lady R. I must suppose it is an honourable one.

Fred. In the strictest sense. Gratitude, not less than, under Providence, for my life, binds me to Sabina Rosny. Through the sad period of an excruciating illness, her soothing pity was my only support: snatched by her care from death, or a condition worse than death, could I do less than

dedicate what's left of life and senses to the generous preserver of them? I am now going to my father; I need not say how much my fate depends upon that interview.

Sabina. No, no, no! I do once more pray and implore of you, Mr. Frederick, not to speak of me to your father: I have reasons for that, which it would be great pain and difficulty for me to explicate to you; but since my lady is so good to permit me to come to her, I do pray you let me avail myself of her kind favour; and, then, when I will make my confession to her, you shall find yourself very happy that you have not spoken to your father.

Fred. Go, then, and may you find your happiness where mine was lost! Oh! Lady Ruby, pardon a distracted mind—

Sabina. Be tranquil, my good friend; you shall have no cause to complain of me; and I am persuaded this lady, who has the beauty of an angel, has also the benevolence of one.

Enter MRS. KATE and BILLY BUSTLER, hastily.

Kate. My lady, I am your ladyship's most obedient humble servant! Pray, my lady, excuse this seeming want of manners; if we had had any item of your ladyship's doing us this great honour, things should have been in another sort of fashion, to have welcomed such a visitor.

Billy B. Sister and I had but just stepped out.

Kate. Yes, my lady, brother Billy and I had but just stepped out to provide something dainty for our charming guest—and a lovely young lady she is, though I say it to her face, as any in the kingdom, your ladyship always excepted.

Lady R. No apology to me, my good Mrs. Catherine; your brother knows that my business relates only to some small accounts of Sir Paul Ruby's, and those can be adjusted at any other time as well as the present.

Billy B. They are all ready, my lady; examined, vouched, and balanced; with your leave, I will bring up the abstract, and pay in the amount.

Lady R. Another time, if you please: till, then, I will trouble you to be my banker; everybody knows your punctuality, my good friend.

Billy B. Pretty correct, pretty correct, I flatter myself, fair lady: haven't lost my credit yet—hope I never shall.

Lady R. There is a loss, however, you must be prepared for; I am going to rob you of your amiable guest: you must pardon me, if I take Mademoiselle Rosny with me.

Billy B. Everything this house contains is so entirely at your ladyship's command, that if you were to take away not only my amiable guest, but sister Kate into the bargain, I must submit and obey.

Kate. La! brother, how you talk! as if such a person as me could be company for her ladyship. But Miss Rosny deserves better entertainment than we can give her; and, to be sure, if your ladyship so wishes, much as we shall feel the loss of her sweet society, yet, with Mr. Frederick's consent, we shall resign her.

Sabina. I am very thankful, indeed I am, good madam and good sir, for your politeness; and I am persuaded that the more I had known you, the more and more I should have loved you; but adieu for the present! I will pay you my devoirs as soon as it is in my power.

Kate. The blessing of blessings light upon you, sweet innocent! they must be monsters who could harm you.

Lady R. Come, my dear, are you ready?

Sabina. One word with you, Mr. Frederick. Ah! my good friend, give me your hand: I shall see you soon, and you shall know all my sad history; then you will pity and excuse me: meanwhile, I do pray, if you regard my happiness or your own,

say not one word to your father on the subject we were speaking of.

Fred. So far I promise you, till the mystery is cleared up. Lady Ruby, I commit to your protection a tender pledge, which, if I had not kept sacred whilst under guardianship of my honour, I were a wretch too hideous for society. What she has to reveal to you, I know not: if misfortunes, you will pity them; if mistakes, you will pardon them: wronged she may be, guilty she cannot be.

Lady R. Oh! Frederick, Frederick! I have much to say to you; many things to explain, and something to impart that will surprise you. Be cautious in your language to your father. After you have conferred, let me see you.

Fred. Is it possible you can wish it? Is there an object so unwelcome, so proscribed as I am?

Lady R. If your heart suggests that question, why do you trust me with a charge so dear to you? and, if you were unwelcome, why did I solicit the trust? Ah! where is your wonted intuition?

Fred. I can make no reply; I'll strive to fortify my heart, and wait upon you. Shall I attend upon you to your coach?

Lady R. By no means; stay where you are. Here is my bean.

[*Exit, attended by Bustler, and followed by Sabina and Mrs. Kate.*]

Fred. Where am I? What is this obscurity, that gathers like a cloud ready to burst upon me? Sabina meditates to set me free—but why? I cannot penetrate her motives: I have no trace of what I may have divulged in the wanderings of my reason. Perhaps she has discovered my first love in the person of this lady, and means to make a generous sacrifice of her right in me. I'll not permit it: no! though my heart should burst with the recoil of that unconquerable affection, which the sight of my enchantress has revived, I never will submit to be a villain, and abandon my preserver. David!

Enter DAVID MOWBRAY.

David. Ay, sure enough I am he. Where's mademoiselle?

Fred. Gone with Lady Ruby.

David. Is she so? then I caught a glimpse of her for the first time. Well, I say nothing, every man to his own fancy; but, for my part, brother Frederick, if little England couldn't furnish me with a mate to my liking, I would be content to go single for the rest of my days. [now.]

Fred. David, we won't talk upon that subject just

David. Very well; then you must keep clear of father, for he will talk of nothing else; yet I think you should speak him quickly, for it's out of chance for you to lie hid in this tattling town much longer.

Fred. I waited only till Sabina was disposed of, and am going to him directly. Will you accompany me?

David. To be sure I will, if you wish it. But, harkye! Frederick, I hope you don't take in ill part what I said to you, only because I thought it a pity an honest Englishman should go out of his own country for a wife; whereas, do you see, if your heart is pledged, why there's an end of the matter.

Fred. There let the matter end, then.

David. Enough said, leave it there; only if father comes down upon you with a spanking breeze, I would not have him take you at a nonplus.

Fred. A man who knows his duty cannot be surprised: I am his son in all lawful service; but where my honour is engaged, friend David, I think you will agree with me that an honest heart ought not to be shaken either by menaces or soothing; so let us boldly set forward, face our fortune, and defy its malice.

David. Come on, my brave fellow! to the last breath of my life I will stand by you; and if father cuts you off with a shilling, and leaves me his estate,

the shilling shall be mine, and the estate shall be your's. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Sir Miles's house.*

Enter ROBIN, who is crossing the stage;
MR. WRANGLE following.

Mr. W. (Calling.) Robin, Robin! A word in your ear. [*did not see you.*]

Rob. I humbly beg your pardon, Mr. Wrangle, I

Mr. W. No offence, my good friend, no offence. How are you, honest Robin! [*I pray?*]

Rob. Thank you, sir. What are your commands,

Mr. W. Where's your master? where's Sir Miles? I want a word or two with him in private.

Rob. I'll tell him as much. [*Exit.*]

Mr. W. Do so, do so! I am determined it shall come out: she threatens to complain of me to her father; and as she always takes care to have the last word, it is but fair that I should have the first.

Re-enter ROBIN.

Rob. I crave your pardon, sir, but I hope you have no bad news about my young mistress?

Mr. W. Why should you suppose it, Robin?

Rob. Because I hear she had an accident at the opera-door; no bad consequences from the fright, I hope. Oh! here my master comes. [*Exit.*]

Enter SIR MILES MOWBRAY.

Sir M. So, Wrangle, what's the best news with you?

Mr. W. I cannot say, Sir Miles, that I have any particular good news to impart to you; and yet, with your leave, I would fain solicit your attention for a few minutes.

Sir M. What's the matter now? Why do you round me with a circumbendibus in this manner, when I so often desire you to speak plainly, and to the point at once?

Mr. W. Well, sir, then to the point at once.

Sir M. To be sure; that's the way to be understood, son Wrangle; whereas to be verbose and circumstantial, is to be tedious; and when a man is tedious, you know, 'tis ten to one if his hearers are not tired with his preamble, before he lets them into the body of his bill.

Mr. W. At the present moment, I conceive, that fault does not lie with me.

Sir M. I don't say it does, I don't say it does; yet, a fault it is, lie where it will; and every man has his faults, which it is the part of a friend to tell him of; it is the part of a father: you yourself are not without faults, son Wrangle.

Mr. W. I own it, sir; I do not affect to disguise them; but the faults I would recommend to your cognizance are secret faults, which you do not see, and which I cannot remedy without your help.

Sir M. Come, come, sir, my insight may go deeper than you are aware of; I have spied out some little lurking peccadilloes in a certain person, which I shall not descant upon in your hearing.

Mr. W. Peccadilloes, do you call them? they merit a much harder name, believe me.

Sir M. Well, well, well! if, for obvious reasons, I don't give them hard names, let that be no proof with you I mean to overlook them.

Mr. W. I hope you will not.

Sir M. Be sure of that, son Wrangle; you will hardly doubt but I have my daughter's interest very thoroughly at heart, and having been the author of your union, feel myself responsible for the happiness or unhappiness that may result from it.

Mr. W. Sir Miles, I honour you for the candour of that very liberal confession. Ours was not a match of passion; prudence concerted our alliance, and on your wisdom I reposed my hopes; but, indeed and indeed, I am not what I seem; I am not that happy man you supposed me to be.

Sir M. Why, I'm sorry for it; but don't despair; confiding your situation to me, you take a prudent

step, and you shall find me, my dear Wrangle, a zealous friend to serve you. Tempers may be corrected; there shall be no want of admonition on my part, in your behalf; in the meantime, let it be a secret between you and me; don't tell your wife a word of what has passed: I shall take the affair into my own hands.

Mr. W. Well, sir, on that condition I will not let her know I have appealed to you.

Sir M. Every husband ought to keep up his consequence and authority; whereas, this would only tend to lower you in her respect, as if you had not power of yourself to regulate your own concerns, without calling me in to assist you.

Mr. W. 'Tis very true; I see your motives, and am beholden to you for them. Under your fatherly correction, worthy sir, I may now flatter myself we shall go on better than ever.

Sir M. I hope you will: and now you see the good effects of plain speaking; let me advise you never to be circumlocutory any more.

Enter ROBIN, hastily.

Rob. Oh! sir, sir, sir! rare news! Master Frederick is arrived well and hearty, heaven be praised for all things! Humbly beg pardon for my boldness, but I couldn't contain myself for joy. [Exit.]

Enter FREDERICK and DAVID MOWBRAY.

Sir M. How, how, how is all this? Ay, there he is, sure enough; my own dear boy come home again. Welcome, Freddy, welcome again and again! And how are you, my brave fellow? glad to see old England once more!

Fred. I am happy to see you, sir, in such health and spirits.

Sir M. Why, for health, thank heaven! I am pretty well; for spirits, look you, I am all the better for the sight of you. But hold, hold! here's a new relation of your's, Caleb Wrangle, Esquire, husband to our Lyddy. And such a husband! Bear up, Wrangle; I'm no blab. (*Aside to Mr. W.*) Ay, that's right, that's right! take him by the hand; give him joy! though I say it to his face, I don't know such another. Davy knows what a fond couple they are; don't you, Davy?

David. Not I, father; that's only known to themselves.

Sir M. Out upon thee, surlyboots! wilt never be civilized? Wrangle, I am staunch; I'll stand by you. (*Aside to Mr. W.*)

Mr. W. We are so rarely favoured with our brother David's company, that he cannot witness what he does not see: I flatter myself Mr. Frederick will be more neighbourly; but I'll not intrude upon moments so precious. I'll run home to my beloved, and gladden her fond heart with the joyful tidings. [Exit.]

Sir M. There he goes, the paragon of husbands, bating a few infirmities of temper, which I shall soon correct.

David. I'll lend you a hand heartily at that job, father, if you want a mate.

Sir M. Hold your tongue, sirrah! if you were as free to find out your own failings, and as candid to confess them, as he is, you would be fitter for society than you are. I hope, son Frederick, you, at least, like your new brother-in-law.

Fred. I hope my sister does, sir; that is most to the purpose. All I can say of him is, that he seems a very civil, smooth-spoken gentleman.

Sir M. You are right; a little too oily-tongued; that is a fault, to be sure, but I shall correct that: I own I like a man that speaks his mind boldly.

David. Not when it does not fall in with your own, father.

Sir M. Peace, puppy! I'm now coming to the point with you, Frederick. I have sent for you home upon an affair of the last consequence to your happiness and my own: your first love, Lady Ruby,

is now a free woman, and one of the greatest fortunes in the kingdom.

Fred. Her fortune is no lure to me. [boldly.]

David. You like a man that speaks his mind

Sir M. Get out of my sight! Her fortune no lure! You was in love with her, then, for her poverty, was you not? You liked her best when you had a fair chance of starving with her?

Fred. Not so, sir; but as you considered her good qualities but as dust in the scale till money was thrown into it, I consider money but as dust to dust.

Sir M. Your humble servant, sir! You may march back to your old quarters; your head is turned; you have filled it with foreign vapour and outlandish rhodomontade.

Fred. I hope I did not go out of my own country to be taught the duties of a man of honour.

Sir M. I wish you would learn the duties of a son, and not insult my ears with that puppy word honour. I can remark you have always the honour to think differently from me; if it was not for that same honour of running counter to my wishes, you would run into this lady's arms; your honour was eager enough for it when I stood your friend and opposed it.

David. Ay, father, you spoke your mind boldly, then, and now its Frederick's turn to speak his.

Sir M. Saucebox! jackanapes! impudent varlet! If you don't instantly vanish, by the horns of Jupiter Ammon, I swear, I will extinguish you.

David. Say no more, father, I'm off. Good morning to you. Marry, I'd rather mess with you a week than a fortnight. By the horns of Jupiter Ammon! That's a good one, by the Lord Harry!

[Exit.]

Fred. With your permission, sir, I will take my leave for the present.

Sir M. Sir, you may take it for everlasting: I care not what becomes of a reprobate son. [Exit Frederick.] Ah! poor Wrangle! he has a thousand faults; but what then? he has the grace to own them. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in Lady Ruby's house.

LADY RUBY and SABINA discovered.

Lady R. I pry not into your secrets, amiable Sabina: tell me nothing that will give you pain to reveal; but treat me as a friend, who needs no spur to serve you, nor any other testimonies of your innocence than you carry in your countenance.

Sabina. Ah! my dear, good lady! you are very considerate of me, and have great pity for unhappy Sabina; but it is my duty to explain to you my follies as well as my misfortunes: you are too good in crediting me for my innocence; but I will not be a deceiver, though I have myself been sacrificed by deceit.

Lady R. What do I hear? Has Frederick—

Sabina. Oh! no, no, no! He is perfection of a man, and if he did know my wrongs, I do believe he would expose his life for my redress; therefore, I will not let the name of my betrayer pass my lips, for fear that it should reach his ears.

Lady R. How's this, Sabina? Have you been wronged, betrayed, and yet did you consent to Frederick's proposal?

Sabina. Not for the universe would I consent; for I do know his heart too well, and my own conscience still better. Ah! my dear lady, if you can pity me, a stranger, for my sufferings, what must you feel for his, when you shall know yourself to have been the cause of them?

Lady R. I! I the cause of them?

Sabina. Ah! yes, indeed; it was your marriage broke his heart, his brain; he was a dying, a distracted man.

Lady R. How could my marriage so affect him?

Had he not forsaken me, had he not renounced me, I would have suffered death ere I would have joined my hand to any other man's.

Sabina. I know not how that was; I only know how he did rave when his poor mind was gone, and his life almost at the last moment: I'm sure, if ever woman was adored by man, you are by Mr. Frederick; for myself, then, if I were free, (which I am not,) judge if I could, in honour, marry him.

Lady R. Did he not freely offer it? Does he not still most strongly press it?

Sabina. He presses it in honour, not in heart; and when he offered it he was beside himself with rage and disappointment for the loss of you: in fine, my lady, I do wish I had a friend just now, who would say to Mr. Frederick, that Sabina Rosny cannot, if she would, accept his hand; and further, if she could, for his sake she would not.

Lady R. And who so fit to say that, as Sabina Rosny herself?

Sabina. Alas, alas! how difficult for me, how dangerous for him! If I should say how I was treated by a certain person of this country, (I did believe all Englishmen were honest,) would he not force me to confess the whole? And then, oh, terrible! is it not better I should bury my sad story in my heart, and suffer in secret?

Lady R. A villain should be dragged to light, and punished by the world's contempt.

Sabina. Let his own conscience be his punishment! Though he has ruined me, basely betrayed me by a pretended marriage, and then cruelly abandoned me, what can I say or do? Shall a poor alien like me contend with power like his? Your laws will not redress me; my religion is not his religion: I know not who is that Italian monk that married us; I know not where to find him; or, if I could, what then? my lord would little care for that.

Lady R. My lord shall care; doubt not but there are means to make him care and feel, and tremble for his character, which public fame shall blast through all the world, unless he does you right.

Sabina. But you don't know him: I did say too much when I said, unawares, "my lord," but yet I have not named him.

Lady R. I know his name; his nature, too, I know, and how susceptible he is of the world's fame, how quick of feeling. Am I not right, Sabina? is he not very, very—Sensitive?

Sabina. Ah! (*Shrieks.*) You are magicienne.

Lady R. Come, come; you see you might as well have trusted me at once; I've fathomed your deep secret. Be now convinced, Sabina, a man cannot do wrong in this country, and escape discovery; in the next place, assure yourself Lord Sensitive is not that man who can offend without atoning for it: honour belongs to him still, though he can shift it off awhile, but nakedness will soon shame him into wearing it again. Hark! we have a visitor; perhaps you'll wish to ponder on these things in private.

Sabina. I pray you, let me retire; my heart is very full. [*Exit.*]

Enter LORD SENSITIVE.

Lord S. If I am too bold in approaching you without special permission, your servants are in the fault, who said they had orders to admit me without reserve.

Lady R. They told you truth; you may remember I said my doors were open to all persons of honour; and who fulfils that character more completely than Lord Sensitive?

Lord S. But might I not have interrupted a conversation more agreeable than Lord Sensitive's? Frederick Mowbray is come home.

Lady R. Well, if he is?

Lord S. Then there is one more votary (and no mean one, I confess,) to offer incense at the shrine

of that divinity whom all men worship, and all women envy.

Lady R. I could give you a reason, my lord, which, I am sure, you would admit to be conclusive, against Mr. Mowbray's addressing me.

Lord S. May I ask what should prevent him from paying his addresses to your ladyship?

Lady R. Simply this; because he has pledged them elsewhere, and is too much a man of honour to violate his engagements.

Lord S. Oh! if he is engaged elsewhere—that is—if—he is absolutely bound, that alters the case.

Lady R. To be sure it does: I knew you would allow the reason to be good; I knew you would feel the force of it.

Lord S. I do, indeed; I feel the force of it very thoroughly.

Lady R. I'm satisfied you do, and I hope you will credit me when I declare to you, upon the word of truth, that if Frederick Mowbray was the one man whom I preferred before all men living, and I knew him guilty of having pledged his faith to another woman, whom he afterwards abandoned, I would as soon join hands with infamy, and be the outcast of society, as with such a traitor.

Lord S. That, that is very strong, Lady Ruby, and bespeaks your utter abhorrence of double-dealing; but you will permit me to observe, that much would depend upon who, and what the woman was.

Lady R. I would not hear of such a plea, and you, my lord, would be the last man living to allow of it; it would be a mere evasion, not a mitigation of his guilt. Every mean wretch can blast the reputation of the fond, believing victim, whom his unmanly cunning has seduced, and his unprincipled inconstancy deserted.

Lord S. That is quite unanswerable, Lady Ruby; that brings it home to a man's conscience, I confess: I have nothing to offer in defence of such a proceeding.

Lady R. No, no; there is no sophistry can palliate seduction. What, then, would you say, if, in aggravation of his wickedness, he had abused her credulity by a pretended marriage?

Lord S. Madam—madam! who told you this?

Lady R. Who told me? What is it you mean? I am supposing a case, and did you understand I was stating a fact? I hope there is no one (of my acquaintance, at least,) whose conscience can plead guilty to a charge like this; if there is, I am sure Frederick Mowbray is not the man. So now your lordship sees I have set you perfectly at your ease about him.

Lord S. I cannot say, madam, I am just now perfectly at my ease.

Lady R. Why, how now, my good lord? I think I have been tolerably explicit.

Lord S. Yes, yes; I don't complain of that; I perfectly understand you.

Lady R. Well, then, what ails you?

Lord S. Oh! I have many ails.

Lady R. What other phantom have you conjured up? Come, come; you are very dull company; I shall not let you in another time, if you are such a melancholy gentleman.

Lord S. I will ask to be admitted to you but once more, before I take my leave for ever. I most heartily beg your pardon for all the foolish things I have said or done since I had the honour of knowing you: I was betrayed into involuntary admiration; it is not easy to reflect within the sphere of your attraction, but I have regained my senses, and shall be out of England before three days are at an end.

Lady R. Ay, so you say; but this is one of your freaks: however, I conjure you let me see you before you go. Promise me this—

Lord S. I promise.

Lady R. Upon your honour?

Lord S. Solemnly I promise. Then you shall know me better. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

Enter DAVID MOWBRAY and BILLY BUSTLER.

David. Ah! Billy, my fine fellow, how fares it with you?

Billy B. I don't know whether I shall speak to you; I am not sure I shall acknowledge you.

David. Heyday! what is in the wind now, my heart of oak? What have I done to offend you?

Billy B. What have you done? inquire of sister Kate; she will let you know what you have done, and set her claws into your face at the same time for your doings. You have brought a naughty woman into our house.

David. 'Tis false!

Billy B. Don't say so. I have proof positive. She a virtuous suffering innocent! She to be married to your brother Mowbray! No such thing, friend David; she is married already, and your honourable brother has made free to steal a march with another man's wife.

David. I'll tell you what, Billy, in one word, either prove what you say, prove it upon the spot, or fall to your prayers and take leave of life, for d——e if you don't tread upon your grave.

Billy B. Read, then, and be convinced. Here is a trinket sister Kate found in her drawer after she had left us: 'tis the portrait of some gentleman; his name is not to it, but see what is inscribed at the back.

David. Give it me, give it me: I should know this face. Aha! my lord have I discovered you? Now for the writing at the back: "*The husband of the forsaken Sabina!*" D——n! Does the world contain such villany? I'll make him swallow it, ay, and digest it, ere I suffer my poor brother to be so abused.

Billy B. Why, you astonish me; I never could have thought—

David. Mark me! don't think at all, for this business belongs to me; your only part is to be inviolably secret, hushed as death, till I have sifted it to the minutest grain: that done, I will report to you the particulars; and then, as I am sure my brother's honour will come out clear as the light, you must revoke every syllable you have uttered injurious to his reputation.

Billy B. Ay, ay; revoke! one of us must revoke; for I'll swear there is a foul trick somewhere. So, your humble servant. *[Exit.]*

David. Now which tack shall I be upon? Whether to begin first with madame or monsieur, (for I am positive this leering traitor is Lord Sensitive,) or, first and foremost, to make sure of my poor Frederick, and snatch him from the snare, is a question that—I need not debate upon, for here he comes. How now, Fred.! whither bound?

Enter FREDERICK MOWBRAY.

Fred. In your phrase I answer, on a dangerous coast; I believe I am rash enough to be going to Lady Ruby.

David. I believe not.

Fred. Why do you say that?

David. Because I think your rashness will not attempt to make its passage through my body, and there is no other road.

Fred. I comprehend you, and I take your motive in good part: you see my weakness, you perceive I am relapsing into my former passion for Lady Ruby, and you tremble for the honour I have pledged to Sabina Rosny.

David. You are right; I tremble for your honour; I plant myself between you and ruin; and I conjure you, nay, I compel you to turn back with me from that house, which will else be the tomb of your happiness, your fortune, and your fame.

Fred. Explain yourself.

David. I cannot now; I will hereafter. Answer me this, are you married to the Frenchwoman?

Fred. I am not.

David. Thank heaven!

Fred. Speak of her, however, more respectfully, if you mean we should be friends.

David. Friends, friends! Who dares to call my friendship into question, when I have pledged it to a brother? I am no trifler, Frederick.

Fred. I will not treat you as such, but follow you as my guardian genius, sent to snatch me from disgrace; for, alas! I must confess to you I am lost if I behold that siren, who first took possession of my soul. Come, let us fly! Whither shall we go? Carry me to your sister. *[her yet?]*

David. To your sister, then! Haven't you seen

Fred. Not I; Lady Ruby, Lady Ruby is the loadstone that draws away every particle of steel that should fortify my heart, and leaves it weaker than a woman's tear.

David. What's all that, brother? A kind of gabble I don't deal in, nor aim to understand: let actions speak for me. Come along. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*The House of Mr. Wrangle.*

Enter MR. WRANGLE, speaking to a Servant.

Mr. W. Tell your mistress I would speak with her before she goes out. Hold! I see she is coming. Leave me. *[Exit Servant.]*

Enter MRS. WRANGLE.

So, madam, you are on the wing, I perceive: have you any very pressing engagements on your hands?

Mrs. W. Half a hundred.

Mr. W. And suppose I had a wish to engross a few minutes of your conversation, how many of these very pressing engagements would you dispense with at my request?

Mrs. W. Ridiculous! What conversation can you want with me?

Mr. W. A very serious one, be assured; therefore, with your leave, I will dismiss your equipage; and, in place of half a hundred frivolous visits, recommend you a more profitable method of disposing of your time with me. *(Going.)*

Mrs. W. Hold! sir, are you mad?

Mr. W. No, madam, I am not mad; nor will I suffer you to act as if you were.

Mrs. W. Do you mean to make your house my prison? Shall I not be allowed to visit my own father?

Mr. W. By all means, your father. I'll go with you to Sir Miles myself.

Mrs. W. You are a bold man, Mr. Wrangle, if you will venture to face that accusation which I shall prefer against you: I should doubt if your hypocrisy will bear you out with my too credulous father any longer.

Mr. W. Try it, Mrs. Wrangle; I shall resort to no hypocrisy; truth will serve my purpose.

Mrs. W. Are you sure of that? Sha'n't you feel a little awkward in attempting so very new an experiment? I rather think your interest lies in a quarter opposite to truth.

Mr. W. I believe, madam, you will find it pretty strong in a quarter you don't suspect: if you are wise, you will be silent; Sir Miles Mowbray knows you.

Mrs. W. From your report, I defy him, or any person else, to know me; for your malice is too gross to escape detection, and your wit too dull to make even scandal entertaining.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Frederick and Mr. David Mowbray.

[Exit.]

Enter FREDERICK and DAVID MOWBRAY.

Mrs. W. There, there! My protectors are at hand.

Welcome, my dear Frederick! welcome to England! Welcome to the rescue of your poor imprisoned sister, whose heart panted to be with you, but whose tyrant husband, lost to all human feelings, would not suffer her to depart from his doors.

Fred. What is all this? Can you explain it, sir?

David. Oh! yes, he can explain anything.

Fred. How greatly I am shocked I need not say! I came to give you both a joyful greeting; I am saluted by one party with a flaming accusation, by the other with a sullen reserve. What am I to say?

Mr. W. The less the better between man and wife. I hope, gentlemen, you do not combine to over-awe me in my own house.

David. Step out of it, then, with me: the open air is common property, and we will talk together man to man.

Mr. W. I shall do no such thing: it is enough for me that I am married to your sister; I am not bound to risk my life against her brothers.

Fred. It will not be required of you, Mr. Wrangle. My brother David is too quick; and, I am sure, when I tell him it is my particular request, he will have the kindness to withdraw.

David. With all my heart, for I never wish to be under the same roof with the man I despise.

Fred. Hush, hush! Impetuous boy!

David. Harkye! Frederick, a word in your ear: don't quarrel with him; he's below your anger. I am going to Lady Ruby; come to me there; I have thought better of it since I prevented you a while ago, and have a secret to communicate worth a king's ransom. Don't fail me. And, look! by Saint George and the dragon! here comes my father, a joyful witness to the happiness of a match of his own making. [Exit.]

Enter SIR MILES MOWBRAY.

Sir M. What does the puppy prattle about?

Mrs. W. Oh! sir, sir, don't reprove him for his generous indignation against a cruel husband, who oppresses and insults your poor suffering daughter, till, no longer able to endure her sorrows and his tyranny, she is compelled to cast herself at your feet, and implore your pity and protection.

Sir M. I'm thunderstruck! I'm petrified! This is one fault more, Wrangle, than I thought you had.

Fred. Rise, sister, rise! You are too vehement in your remonstrance: I must believe it is not in this gentleman's nature to oppress or insult an unoffending wife, which I hope you are; and I am heartily sorry you make our father a party in your little domestic squabbles, which might easily be adjusted without his privacy.

Sir M. Give me your hand, Frederick, you speak like an angel. I am friends with you from this moment for ever.

Mr. W. Through the favour of Mr. Mowbray's temperate interposition, for which I am greatly beholden to him, I flatter myself I may now have leave to speak.

Sir M. By all means, Mr. Wrangle, by all means; no man speaks better, when his own faults are the topic, and I do not forget the promise I have made you.

Mr. W. To that promise I now appeal. The cause of Mrs. Wrangle's complaint is simply this: she had ordered her coach to make half a hundred idle visits, and I, in the expectation of her brother's coming, would fain have prevailed with her to stay at home and receive him.

Mrs. W. Monstrous prevarication!

Sir M. Hush, child, hush! A small stretch upon the truth would have been a softer phrase.

Mr. W. Now, Sir Miles, if you recollect what I hinted to you about your daughter's temper—

Sir M. About my daughter's temper? What is it you mean? I heard a pretty many broad hints of your own temper, but not one of my daughter's.

Mr. W. Of my temper, sir? No: whatever faults there may be in my temper, I owe no account of them to you; because, if you had taken the smallest pains to know me before I married Miss Mowbray, you must have seen and confessed I was the last person living to make her happy, or be happy with her.

Sir M. I wish you had imparted that to me in good time. Your intelligence, Mr. Wrangle, is rather of the latest.

Mrs. W. It is very true, sir; and had you given me leave to choose a husband for myself, Mr. Wrangle, be assured, is just the very last man in existence, on whom I should have fixed my choice.

Sir M. Heyday! why, then, did you both agree in persuading me you were the happiest, fondest couple in all England?

Mrs. W. You persuaded yourself: we were miserable enough, methinks, not to be mistaken.

Mr. W. 'Tis very true: Mrs. Wrangle herself will do me the justice to say I never pretended to be happy with her.

Mrs. W. No, no; we both had a very sovereign dislike for each other: 'tis the only point we ever agreed in.

Sir M. Your most obedient humble servant! I am very much obliged to you both; and, as you so lovingly agree in laying all your faults upon me, I leave you in a perfect state of harmony with each other; and I pray heaven you may live long to enjoy it! [Exit.]

Fred. Sister, sister, make it up, I conjure you; where there is blame on both sides, you should exchange forgiveness. [Exit.]

Mr. W. (After a pause.) Mrs. Wrangle! Love!

Mrs. W. Mr. Wrangle! My dear!

Mr. W. I begin to think—

Mrs. W. What do you begin to think?

Mr. W. That we have exposed ourselves very sufficiently.

Mrs. W. Quite enough in all conscience. Why would you complain to my father?

Mr. W. Why would you complain to your brother?

Mrs. W. We were both to blame: complaints are very foolish.

Mr. W. Then away with them at once, say I.

Mrs. W. For ever! Let us forbear to gratify our friends, by never publishing our disagreements.

Mr. W. And cure the world of its contempt, by never calling upon it for its pity.

Mrs. W. Agreed! here's my hand upon it.

Mr. W. And here's my heart; to which I press you with the warm affection of a husband, that will never cool.

Mrs. W. And I return it with the love and duty of a wife, who will never create a murmur, nor utter one again. [Crisy.]

Mr. W. Why, this is happiness without hypo-

Mrs. W. Perfect felicity unfeigned.

Mr. W. Oh! joyous husband!

Mrs. W. Oh! transported wife!

[Exit, hand in hand.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in Lady Ruby's house.

Enter LADY RUBY, meeting DAVID MOWBRAY.

Lady R. Out upon you, false loon! What can you say for yourself, for not having been near me these three long days?

David. Lord love you, my dear lady, I have been brushing up and down this great town about my ship affairs, here and there, and everywhere; and now, you know, brother Frederick is come home.

Lady R. Oh! you sea-creature! were you half as much of a lover as you are of a hero, you would understand that no excuse will serve for neglecting a fond woman.

David. Always a dab for poor David; but when I am at sea again, and sailing in the *Venus*, I shall never cast a look upon the figure at the head without thinking of your ladyship.

Lady R. That's very fine, David; but, come, be sincere, isn't that the *bon-mot* of the ship? Can you lay your hand on your heart and declare you never said that to anybody before?

David. Never, never; though I don't deny but others have, for I heard Joe Jackson, our gunner, say it to his wife as she went over the side at parting. And now to my business: I have a small matter of property belonging to Mademoiselle Rosny, which I would fain deliver into her own hands.

Lady R. From your brother, we'll suppose.

David. I rather suppose not. Here it is; not very like Frederick, is it, madam?

Lady R. Lord Sensitive to the very life! Where did you pick up this?

David. Billy Bustler delivered it to me, open as you see; they found it in her toilette, after she had left the house.

Lady R. Have you shewn it to your brother?

David. I hardly thought that necessary, as the inscription on the back shews the lady to be already provided with a husband.

Lady R. Yes, yes; I see it. Alas! poor Sabina! this confirms her own sad story, and his lordship's guilt.

David. Does it not do something more than that, if the lady has been carrying on designs upon my brother?

Lady R. There you do her wrong. Who waits? [*Enter a Servant.*] Tell Mademoiselle Rosny I desire to speak with her. [*Exit Servant.*] She has no designs upon your brother; but, in the most decided manner, has declined his honourable offers. If she has withheld the secret from him hitherto, it is simply because she would not involve him with Lord Sensitive. Oh! here she comes!

Enter SABINA ROSNY.

My dear, this young officer is your friend Mr. Mowbray's brother. I don't know if you have met before. [unor.]

Sabina. I do not remember to have had that ho-

Lady R. He has something in charge to return to you from the good people in whose house he procured you a reception. Do you recollect having left any small article of your property behind you?

Sabina. A picture: I have been searching for it everywhere.

David. I am happy to restore it to you, and wish I could, at the same time, restore the original to a sense of his honour, for I feel it as a disgrace to myself to own him for my countryman.

Sabina. It is so your brother would have said, if he had seen it; which I hope he has not.

David. No, no, madam; man to man is a fair match; there is no need of two masters to teach one worthless individual his duty. My sword is at your service.

Sabina. Heaven forbid I should employ your sword, when your country has such need of it! In defending that, you defend me, and thousands like me, who refuge in its generous protection.

Enter a Servant, and whispers David Mowbray.

David. Very well. I'll come to him.

Lady R. What does he tell you?

David. My brother is below.

Lady R. My dear Sabina, do your spirits serve you for an interview with Mr. Mowbray?

Sabina. Aid me, my good lady, and I will do my possible.

Lady R. Say to Mr. Mowbray, we request the favour of his company. [*Exit Servant.*] Now, my brave lad, recollect we are not to aggravate your brother's mind against Lord Sensitive, for whom I

take upon myself to answer; and you, Sabina, whose gentle bosom has long laboured with a painful secret, be assured one short and final effort will conclude your sufferings, and restore you to your peace.

Enter FREDERICK MOWBRAY.

Mr. Mowbray, we rejoice to see you.

Fred. I have obeyed your ladyship's commands.

Lady R. You would greatly have disappointed our wishes, if you had not. You see I have your amiable fellow-traveller in safe keeping; how I have fulfilled my trust, and whether I deserve a further continuation of it, you have a right to know, and she will take occasion of informing you.

Fred. I cannot doubt your kindness, nor her proper sense of it.

David. Lord! brother, how you stand! Oh! that I might but speak! (*Aside.*)

Fred. Sabina, I am prepared to expect some discovery from you, that I am interested to be informed of: I rely upon your candour for the fullest satisfaction; but if you would consult my feelings, you will ask permission of Lady Ruby that we may retire.

Sabina. As it shall be your will, so am I. But if my lady, who knows my sad history, and how I am embarrassed to relate it, would have pity for my confusion—

Fred. Oh! Sabina, Sabina! you know not what you ask, nor see the ruin you invite upon yourself and me. If you would wish to preserve my senses, patiently to hear and honourably to decide, take me from hence without a moment's loss.

Sabina. Come, then, with me; your happiness, my best of friends, is as my own.

Lady R. Stop, if you please; this room is your's. David and I have something to discuss elsewhere.

David. I wish you'd let me say it here. A little plain sailing would bring us all to the point.

Fred. Are you offended with me, loveliest of women?

Lady R. Not much; not quite past reconciliation: a little, it may be, a very little angry; but if you are disposed to make peace, here is my hand.

Fred. Oh, heavens! my soul sinks in it. Where, where are you, Sabina?

[*Exeunt Lady Ruby and David.*]

Sabina. You are alarmed for me, my dear, dear friend, without a cause. It is my wish, my prayer, my supplication to heaven for you, that you may be blest and happy all your long life with that charming lady.

Fred. Sabina, what have you a mind to make of me? a villain, a betrayer of my word and faith? or a distracted husband without heart or head?

Sabina. Husband! that cannot be. I tell you now, in verity, as I did tell you before, you cannot be my husband, because—because—ah, me! ah, me! How shall I speak it? I am much ashamed—

Fred. Speak, I beseech you!

Sabina. Because—I am already married.

Fred. Married! it cannot be! Married! Beware, Sabina; solemnly I adjure you to reflect that my unalterable purpose cannot be dispensed with. If, because you see me combatting a passion that was once my master, you suppose me conquered, you mistake: my faith, my honour, my confirmed experience of your virtues, never can be shaken, be the trial ever so severe.

Sabina. I pray you, pardon my poor mode of speaking, but I do feel your goodness at my heart, indeed, indeed I do; and be not angry with me, my good friend, for that I did not tell you this before, but it is true no less—I am a wife—I will not say a happy one, for it was not for me to find a heart like your's; but I will hope the best, for I have not merited to be forsaken. [you?]

Fred. Is there a monster living would forsake

Sabina. Oh! yes; for I am poor. My family, my fortune perished: yet I should not expect a noble

Englishman would make my poverty my crime, when there was nothing else that he could urge against me.

Fred. Sabina, I must now believe that you are serious; my part, therefore, must change with your condition: but though some obligations are dissolved, others are left in force, which honour cannot acquit me of: therefore, before I ask the name of your betrayer, be he who he may, I solemnly devote myself to your redress.

Sabina. Ah! that is why I tremble to disclose his name. Oh! my dear friend, I pray you to excuse me this one day. My Lady Ruby flatters me with hopes all shall be well.

Fred. I must insist upon his name.

Sabina. No, no; you will not make me more unhappy than I am: you will not, surely, refuse my intercession, if I do pray you on my knees.

Fred. Hold, hold, sweet supplicant! he not so humble. I will not wound your tender sensibility for all the earth. Compose yourself.

Sabina. Oh! when you are so good to me, how can I stop my tears?

Fred. What can I say? what shall I do to comfort you?

Sabina. I wish, I wish my lady were but here.

Fred. Behold, she comes upon your wish.

Enter LADY RUBY.

Lady R. My dear, what ails you?

Sabina. Oh! he is so generous and so kind to poor Sabina, that my heart is fit to break: I do think he is the best man living, and I do know he loves you, my sweet lady—heaven! how he does love you! Will you, then, be very angry with me, if I shall be so bold to say, you are the only lady upon earth that does deserve him.

Lady R. Oh! you seducing creature! that is not his opinion; for there is only this distinction between your fate and mine, that Frederick ran from me before marriage, Lord Sensitive from you after it.

Fred. Lord Sensitive! I'm thunderstruck!

Sabina. Ah! what have you said?

Lady R. Was it a secret?

Fred. So help me heaven! I cannot name the man whose honour I would so implicitly have vouched for as Lord Sensitive.

Lady R. And he'll redeem his honour, be assured.

Fred. Yes, or his life must answer it. I know him well; brave, generous, quick to feel and to resent each breath that glances at his fame. Either there is some error in his brain, or else some villainous traducer has imposed on his credulity. I'll probe him to the heart—

Lady R. Ah! Frederick, there are certain cases of the heart, which women are supposed to treat better than men. Leave this to me; if he does not receive his cure from under my hands, I'll then consent to turn him over as a desperate case to you. (*Loud knocking.*) That must be Lord Sensitive's.

Sabina. Ah, *miséricorde!* what will now come of me?

Lady R. Away, away! take your fair *protégée* off the field, and leave it clear for me. On your allegiance, Frederick, stir not from your post till I relieve you. [*Exeunt Frederick and Sabina.*] Now, conscience take our part! 'tis your own cause; support it.

Enter LORD SENSITIVE.

Lord S. Lady Ruby, I have remembered my promise; and as I know your late impressive words were pointed at my heart, I beg leave to assure you they have reached it. When I say I am your convert, need I add that I am prepared to make atonement to Sabina Rosny?

Lady R. I congratulate your lordship on that re-

solution, and am persuaded you can only find your happiness where you have left your honour.

Lord S. I'll not attempt to varnish my misdeeds. I acknowledge that Sabina Rosny has every requisite of merit, birth, and beauty, to engage and fix my heart. When I left her on a sudden call to England, I was not guilty of a purpose to desert her; my promise of a speedy return was sincerely given: but in the interim—what shall I say? Your candour must supply the rest.

Lady E. We'll talk not of the past: Sabina's candour, and your lordship's better thoughts, as soon as you shall meet, will bury all offences in oblivion.

Lord S. You predict flatteringly, but I have many anxious hours to pass before that meeting.

Lady R. 'Tis a long distance between this and Padua; but if your resolution is made up—

Lord S. Unalterably! I shall set out within this hour.

Lady R. Wait a few moments, then; and though I cannot promise you a wind, as witches did of old, I'll do my best to give you a quick passage. Sit down: your sylph shall be at your elbow before you can well draw a sigh. [*Exit.*]

Lord S. What can she mean? what project has her active fancy sprung to back this bold profession? Hark! I hear her. Well, fair sylph, I keep my post, and wait your promised favour. Ah! what now? Sabina! Heaven uphold me! from what cloud have you dropped down on earth?

Enter SABINA ROSNY.

Sabina. My lord! my husband!

Lord S. Come to my arms! Oh! unexpected joy! Now we will part no more.

Sabina. Indeed! will you not forsake your poor Sabina any more? Ah! what sad moments I have passed, counting the hours for your return, day after day, but all in vain. No lord, no letter, no hope left at last, no country to receive me, no parents, brothers, friends, to fly to: miserable me! I did believe I was renounced of Providence, and destined to despair.

Lord S. Oh! my much-injured, my acknowledged wife!

Sabina. That has sweet sound with it: my heart is comforted.

Lord S. My life shall be devoted to atonement. Trust me, my sweet Sabina, 'tis not my nature to be base or cruel: once restored to your forgiveness, (and, methinks, your eyes promise me that,) I will offend no more.

Sabina. I know not how to call it an offence, for what am I? My fortune nothing, my nobility a shadow; a heart to honour you is all that I can boast. How, then, can I be angry, if, when returned to your own happy country, where so many fairer ladies court your attention, you forgot poor, humble, lost Sabina? But of this no more: I have a friend, an honourable, noble friend, to whom I owe this happy meeting; I must take you to him. Give me your hand.

Lord S. My heart and hand. Thus, led by virtue, and restored to reason, I am a man again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Sir Miles Mowbray's house.*

SIR MILES MOWBRAY AND MR. WRANGLE discovered.

Sir M. Well, sir, 'tis your own concern; if you are contented with each other, it's a proof you are soon pleased. Quarrel when you like, and make it up how you can, you have my free leave. I find, by late experience, that the man who thinks for more heads than he carries on his own shoulders, lays out care for himself, and reaps no thanks for his kindness.

Mr. W. Believe me, my good Sir Miles—

Sir M. Pardon me, my good Sir Caleb! that is a weakness I am cured of. I was the dupe of credulity when I believed you would make my daughter happy, and when I took your word for your being so: I was the veriest dolt in creation, when I thought I could either qualify your failings, or compose your squabbles. I pray you, sir, be husband and wife in your own way, and never let me be middle-man between you, henceforth and for ever.

Enter MRS. WRANGLE.

Mrs. W. Oh! my dear, dear father! this is, at length, a joyful meeting.

Sir M. I am glad to hear it. What am I to be joyful for?

Mrs. W. For the total and complete extinction of all possible dissensions between my beloved and myself.

Sir M. If he is your beloved, keep that a secret to yourself; at least, don't insist upon my believing it.

Mrs. W. Nay, surely, you'll believe me, and rejoice, when I tell you, that my ever-dear Mr. Wrangle—

Sir M. Child, child! your fondlings make me sick, and your feuds make me sad; therefore, let me have no more of either, I beseech you.

Enter FREDERICK and DAVID MOWBRAY.

Welcome, welcome, Frederick; give me your hand: I have to ask your pardon for my folly, in supposing I had a right over your affections; first, by diverting them from the woman of your heart, and secondly, by directing them towards her; and all my wonder is, you had the patience to listen to my nonsensical authority, in either instance. I have, also an apology to make to that amiable lady for a most impertinent visit.

Fred. That amiable lady thinks the apology rather due for her reception of you, than for your visit to her; and before many minutes are gone by, I expect she will be here to tell you so.

Sir M. I can't believe it, Freddy; I won't believe it; 'tis a happiness above my hopes. How now, Robin, how now?

Enter ROBIN, hastily.

Rob. Sir! your honour! She's a-coming, she's a-coming up the stairs—

Sir M. Who's a-coming?

Rob. Sir, the lady—the lady—I shall forget my own name—my young master knows who I mean.

[*Exit. Fred. goes out to receive Lady R.*]

Enter LADY RUBY, LORD SENSITIVE, and SABINA ROSNY.

Sir M. My Lady Ruby, this is, indeed, an honour and happiness—and a—My lord, I am your most obedient; may I request to be made known to this fair stranger?

Lord S. This fair stranger, Sir Miles, whom I have the honour to call wife, is ambitious to pay her compliments to the father of her best friend, and my greatest benefactor.

Sabina. Yes, truly, sir, I am very happy to make my humble obeisance to you, for the sake of your honourable son, my very good friend, Mr. Frederick Mowbray; for whose favours I have not the words to speak my gratitude, though I have a heart that will never cease to feel them.

Lord S. If such be your gratitude, lovely Sabina, what should mine be to those friends of honour who have restored you to my heart, and blessed me with a prospect of that state of happiness, which I truly hope the married part of this company will

continue to enjoy, and the unmarried make haste to obtain.

David. Brother Wrangle, there's one wish for you and my sister; part it between you. And, brother Frederick, were I as you, I would drop down on both knees to my sweet Lady Ruby, and beg to go halves in the other wish with her.

Sabina. And if my prayers could profit for his sake, I would kneel and pray till some kind saint, that favours virtuous love, should hear me.

Fred. (Kneeling.) Oh! more than ever dear, long-lost, lamented, and despaired of, even to distraction; has your once tender heart, weaned by time, or alienated by suspicion, forgot its former feelings?

Lady R. Rise, Frederick! explanations of this nature should be private: yet I will freely own, in presence of this company, 'twas the abrupt and secret manner of your leaving me, which I could not reconcile to that generous sensibility I gave you credit for. Did you write me one letter from abroad?

Fred. Several—many. Did you answer one?

Lady R. As truth shall judge me, not a line of yours ever reached my hands.

David. I wish to my soul they had passed through mine; I would have staked my life for the delivery of them. Father, I should like to know if anybody here present could give an account of those same unlucky letters.

Sir M. Say no more, say no more. My conscience flies in my face; but a man can do no more than own it.

Fred. I have done: this only let me assert, in vindication of the truth, that I ceased not from the tenderest expostulations on your silence; imploring you to keep me in your thoughts, and promising eternal constancy on my part, till I heard you was married: then, I confess, I was not hypocrite enough to send you my congratulation; my exhausted spirits sunk under the shock of that intelligence.

Lady R. Here let us pause. You have a zealous advocate, from whom I have heard the rest. I have now only to apologize to Sir Miles Mowbray for my reception of his visit, which if he is not discouraged to repeat, I can only assure him that the same proposal will not be treated with the same indifference.

Sir M. I am infinitely happy to hear you say so; but, really, madam, I am so confounded and ashamed of my past mistakes in cases of the heart, that I dare not venture upon more than putting up a prayer in secret for your happiness and my son's. Hitherto I have been an officious, and, I fear, an unfortunate father.

Mrs. W. Suffer me for a moment to interrupt your self-reproaches, so far, at least, as they apply to me. I now declare from my soul, that if a second choice were in my power, I would voluntarily fix it where you first directed.

Mr. W. And I protest, with equal and unfeigned sincerity, that, brought to recollection by this scene, and resolute to emulate the examples I behold, my life shall be devoted to the blessing you bestowed upon me.

Sir M. Excellently resolved on both sides! I only hope you will not want me to put you in mind of it.

David. We all join in that hope: Peace at home, for your sakes, ye happy husbands! war abroad for mine and yours, my gallant comrades!

Sir M. Corrected by experience, I will now venture to pronounce, that First Love is a faithful guide; and the parent who attempts to turn that stream from its course, makes himself responsible for all the miseries and miscarriages that may result from his diversion of it. [Exeunt.]

THE DESERTED DAUGHTER;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.



Act III.—Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

MR. MORDENT
CHEVERIL
LENNOX

DONALD
ITEM
GRIME

CLEMENT
LADY ANNE
JOANNA

MRS. SARNSET
MRS. ENFIELD
SERVANTS

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*The House of Mr. Mordent.*

Enter MORDENT and DONALD.

Don. Gin the black de'il glow at me, I'ze tell ye my mind! Discharge me, an ye wull: I ha' been nae mair but thirty years i' the faimily. I care nae for yeer cankered girns! An ye wad nae hear fashus tales, ye munna be guilty o' fou' deeds!

Mor. Will you speak in a lower key? Earth is wholly inhabited by harpies, and I am eternally haunted by the most malignant of them!

Don. An I get nae tidings of her to-day, I'ze advertize for her i' the public papers: ay, and I'ze gar yeer name be imprinted at full length.

Mor. (*Terrified.*) Print my name?

Don. The de'il hike me on his horns, gin I dunna!

Mor. Demon! I'll blow your brains out!

Don. Fiz, wi' your flash i' the pan! I dunna fear ye! Yeer rash and mad enoch! Sham betide ye! a father abandon his child!

Mor. Leprosy seize your licentious tongue! will you speak lower? Did I abandon her?

Don. Ye wad nae acknowledge her; wad nae see her; never frae the time that she war a wee tot at the knee. Gin ye had a hairt ye wad nae aixpose

Mor. What? [her tul—

Don. Tramp the streets! Aixpald the world of onest by her ain father! And why, trow? she is a natural child! To beget children, and then turn them adrift to bag, steal, or stairve, is a d—d unnatural deed!

Mor. Prophet of evil! would you tell all the family? Expose me to my wife?

Don. I'ze aixpose ye tul the whole world, gin I dunna find her. And what the muckle better shall I be gin I do! A thrawart poverty maun be her lot! Ye ha' diced, and drabbed, and squandered, and mortgaged, till ye wull nae ha' a hawbee tul yeersal. [vern this house, or I?

Mor. Cease your croaking, raven! Do you go—
Don. Govern, trow! Balzebub himsal is the governor! There is yeer pet steward—an auld whilly wha! Tak warning! I ha' tould ye afore-time, and I tell ye again, he's a rascal!

Mor. Viper, 'tis false! If the earth holds an honest man, Mr. Item is he.

Don. Onest? A juggling loon o' hell! He feigns to borrow the siller for ye, wetch he lends himsal; and the waltly possessions ye lang syne held, wull, eftsoon, be aw his ain. [zeal are unexampled,

Mor. I say 'tis false! His truth, integrity, and

Don. Marcy o' God! ye're bewetched!

Mor. What a den of misery is this world! Swarming with one set of fiends that raise the whirlwind of the passions, and with another that beset and tantalize the bewildered wretch for having been overtaken by the storm!

Don. Poor Joanna! winsom lassy! I'ze keep my

Mor. Can nothing stop your pestiferous tongue? Have I not fifty times descended to explanation, and shewn you that I must not, cannot own her?

Don. Dare not! Ye hanna the hairt to be onest! Ye bogle at shadows!

Mor. Pertinacious devil! The public clamour and disgrace, the affected sufferings and insulting forbearance of Lady Anne, the resentment of her imperious family, are these shadows? [*Enter MRS. SARNSET.*]

Mrs. S. What is it you are pleased to be talking, pray, about my lady, Mr. Scotch Donald? [ill,

Don. Troth, Mrs. English Sarnset, nae ward o'

Mrs. S. Ill, truly! No, sir; my lady may defy her worst enemies; though there are folks, who ought to adore the very ground she treads upon,

Mor. How now? [that use her like a Turk.

Mrs. S. I name no names.

Mor. Who sent for you here, mistress?

Mrs. S. My lady sent me here, sir. [tinence?

Mor. And did she bid you behave with imper-

Mrs. S. She, indeed! A dear, suffering saint! She bid me always behave with affability and decorum; and so I would, if I could. But it would provoke an angel!

Mor. And what is it your wisdom thinks so pro-

Mrs. S. To see a sweet lady sit for hours, and pine and grieve; and, then, when some folks are in sight, pretend to smile, and be all contentment, when all the while her poor heart is ready to break.

Mor. Then she complains to you?

Mrs. S. I said no such thing, sir! No; she complains to no christian soul! I wish some folks had a little of my spirit; other folks, mayhap, must find the difference. [Mrs. Sarsnet.]

Don. Troth, an yee wad nae be speaking o' that, *Mrs. S.* A poor, weak woman, who can only take her own part by crying and fainting.

Don. Yee forget, *Mrs. Sarsnet*, there are some poor, weak women that ha' tongues and nails.

Mrs. S. Have they, *Mr. Snapshort*? Why, then, if I had you for a husband, mayhap, I would let you see that I could use them.

Don. The muckle de'il may doubt yee!

Mrs. S. It's a shame, *Mr. Donald*, for you to be getting into corners, and whispering, and peering, and plotting to my lady's dishonour!

Don. I plotting? How dare yee, *Mrs. Sarsnet*—*Mrs. S.* You ought to be ashamed of making yourself a spy, and a skip-jack go-between!

Don. I a skip-jack? Varra weel! Yee hear, sir, what are my thanks. 'Tis unco weel! I ha' but my desairts! True enoch, I am a go-between.

Mrs. S. Yes; we know that well, *Mr. Donald*.

Don. But nae sic go-between as yee, *Mrs. Malapert*, may think me. I ha' been a trust-worthy caterer tul the family; (*to Mordent*) a slave tul yeer revels, and yeer roots, and yeer banquetings. 'Tis lang syne ye made me yeer purveyor; but nae man ever yet made me his pander.

Mor. Begone! See if *Mr. Item* is returned.

Don. Skip-jack! Go-between! Mag's malison o' yeer spitefu' tongue-gab! [Exit.]

Mor. Did your lady, I say, instruct you to behave with this insolence?

Mrs. S. You know very well, sir, my lady is the best of wives! she sent me on a civil message, and bid me speak with propriety; and so, if speaking one's mind and telling the truth be a fault, it's *Mor.* I'll put an end to this. [all my own.]

Mrs. S. Oh! to be sure; you may tell my lady and get me turned away, if you please. Because, I know very well, if you bid her, she will do it.

Mor. Prometheus and his vulture is no fable!

Mrs. S. But, as it is all for love of my lady, I am sure the Earl of Oldcrest, her father, will give me a situation. He knows, mayhap, more than you may think; so does the viscount, her brother, too; her aunt, Lady Mary, and her uncle, the bishop: to every body is not obliged to be so blind, and so tame

Mor. What is it they know? [as my lady.]

Mrs. S. That's more than I can say; but they have all been here, and my lady desires to speak with you.

Mor. (Aside.) Indeed!—I have no leisure.

Mrs. S. Ah! I told my lady so.

Mor. Begone! inform your lady I have tormentors enough, and have no inclination to increase the number. [Exit.]

Mrs. S. I prognostified the answer! A good-for-nothing chap! I know very well what is becoming of a husband. He should love his wife dearly, by day and by night: he should wait upon her; and give her her own way; and keep her from the cold and the wet; and provide her with everything comfortable; and if she happen to be in an ill-humour, should coax her, and bear a little snubbing patiently. The fellows! what are they good for? [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The Steward's Room.*

Enter ITEM and GRIME, meeting.

Item. (Eagerly.) My dear *Grime*, I am glad you are come. Well, is the deed prepared?

Grime. Ready for sealing. *Mr. Mordent* never examines what he signs; he trusts all to you.

Item. We cannot be too safe. But this other affair, this *Joanna*; what have you done? Have you decoyed her to *Mrs. Enfield's*?

Grime. Really, *Mr. Item*, she is so fine a creature that, when I consigned her over, I am not a true Christian, if I did not feel such a twinge here— [suspect nothing?]

Item. Curse your twinges! Is she safe? Did she

Grime. No, no! The poor innocent blessed herself to think what a kind protectress Providence had sent

Item. That is well! that is well! [her.]

Grime. But I do not yet understand why you should seek the ruin of this lovely creature?

Item. I? You mistake; 'tis *Mr. Mordent*.

Grime. What! wish destruction to his child?

Item. No, no: we neither of us seek her harm, but

Grime. Which way? [our own safety.]

Item. He has various tormentors: his wife, or rather, her proud relations, are among the chief; and he dreads they should come to the knowledge of this secret. But his strongest terror is of being detected, in having for years disowned a child, who, if now produced, would be his everlasting disgrace.

Grime. Then he does not know that his daughter is now in the house of *Mrs. Enfield*?

Item. Not a word. His plan, for the present, is to settle her in some profession; for this he will bestow a thousand pounds, which—ha, ha, ha!—I

Grime. Or keep? [am to expend.]

Item. (Aside.) Plague! I have said too much.

Grime. (Aside.) Oh, oh! A thousand pounds?

Item. That, my dear *Grime*, would be a paltry mo-

Grime. (Aside.) I'll have my share. [tive.]

Item. *Mr. Mordent* has been all his life squandering, like a blockhead, what I have been prudently picking up. [Item.]

Grime. And pretty pickings you have had, *Mr.*

Item. (Exulting.) I have him in the toils! Interest accumulating upon interest, and all in arrears. I can foreclose upon him, when I please, for all except the *Berkshire* estate; and by this second mortgage, agreeably to the deed you have brought, equity of redemption will be forfeited, and that as well as the rest will then be mine!

Grime. If he had but signed and sealed—

Item. Which he shall do this very day.

Grime. Still, why are you the enemy of *Joanna*? What have you to fear from her?

Item. Much! An action of recovery. [mate.]

Grime. How so? She has no title: she is illegiti-

Item. Would she were! No, no; a lawful daughter, born in wedlock: her mother, poor but virtuous, and died in childbed. Fearful it should injure his second marriage with *Lady Anne*, he never produced the infant; but told his man, *Donald*, it was a natural daughter, and by his intermission, secretly maintained and had her educated.

Grime. Why not employ the same agent still?

Item. Because this *Donald* has got the fool's disease—pity; and threatens to make *Mordent* own his daughter, or impeach. [nald's knowledge?]

Grime. And was it prudent to place her beyond *Do-*

Item. It was.

Grime. Ah! 'tis a strange world! Well, now, *Mr. Item*, give me leave to say a word or two on my own affairs. [spare not.]

Item. To be sure, my dear friend. Speak, and

Grime. There is the thousand pounds you men-

Item. (Aside.) Hem! [tioned.]

Grime. Then the premium on this mortgage.—In short, *Mr. Item*, I do all your business, stand in your shoes— [eyes!]

Item. You are my right hand, the apple of my

Grime. Ay, but—

Item. The dearest friend I have on earth!

Grime. The division of profits—

Item. Don't mention it. Am not I your friend? I shall not live for ever.

Grime. No, nor I neither. Friendship—

Item. Don't think of it. You can't distrust me! the first and best friend you ever had!

Grime. Fine words—

Item. (Eeading.) Yonder is my nephew. (*Calls.*) *Clement!* *Enter CLEMENT.*

Clem. Sir?

Item. Fetch the title-deeds of the *Berkshire* estate from my good friend, *Mr. Grime's*.

Grime. Well, but—

Item. Any time to-day.

Clem. Very well, sir.

Grime. Once again, Mr. Item—

Item. And, Clement—

Grime. I say, the division—

Item. (Listens.) Hark! I hear Mr. Mordent!

Grime. (Aside.) It shall not pass off thus. I begin to know you.

Item. I would not have you seen just now. My dear Grime! my kind friend! Through this door!—Some other opportunity—Pray oblige me.

Grime. Well, well! (Aside.) The next time we meet, you shall know more of my mind. [Exit.

Item. The rascal begins to grow troublesome. Take care of the steps, good Mr. Grime! [Exit.

Enter MORDENT.

Mor. What is life? a continual cloud, pregnant with mischief, malignity, disease, and death. Happiness? an ignis-fatuus. Pleasure? a non-entity. Existence? a misfortune, a burthen. None but fools condescend to live. Men exert their whole faculties to torture one another: animals are the prey of animals: flowers bloom to be plucked and perish: the very grass grows to be torn and eaten; trees to be mangled, sawed, rooted up, and burned. The whole is a system of exquisite misery, and I have my full proportion. Oh! this girl! Why am I thus perturbed concerning her? She can but be wretched; and wretchedness is the certain fate of all! [Re-enter ITEM.]—Well, my good Mr. Item, this poor Joanna! What have you done? Can you secure her happiness? Psha! fool! Can you lighten her misery? I can think of nothing but her; though distraction is in every thought. [thing lightly.

Item. 'Tis a serious affair: you ought to do no.

Mor. Turned adrift! rejected of all! no relation, no friend! never acknowledged, never!

Item. My advice, you know, sir, was, at once boldly to produce her as your daughter. No matter for the impertinent clamours and questions of who her mother was, and what became of her? why the child was never owned? where she had been concealed, and for what purposes?

Mor. Ay, ay, ay! The malignant sneers offriends, the cutting calumny of enemies, the reproaches of Lady Anne, the insults of her pompous family!

Item. For my part, I obey your commands, but I cannot approve them.

Mor. My late ward, Mr. Cheveril, should he hear of it, what would he think? Then this Berkshire mortgage! [advice.

Item. Ay, there again! Totally opposite to my

Mor. Can you shew me any other possible way of paying my debts?

Item. The danger of signing it is extreme.

Mor. 'Tis ruin! But what matter? Is not the whole one mass of wretchedness?

Item. Young Cheveril, I own, has demands.

Mor. Which must be paid. [very insolent.

Item. Then the out-standing bills—tradesmen are

Mor. Ay, ay! They, like the rest, have their appointed office of torture. [warning.

Item. Well, remember I have given you fair

Mor. Certainly: you do your part, and with the best intentions; good and sting, and add your quantum to the sum of suffering. The consistency of evil is amazing: good and bad all concur. Is the deed

Item. I must first read it through. [ready?

Mor. Do so: I leave it all to you.

Item. But that will not take ten minutes.

Mor. I will be back presently. The gulph is before me; plunge I must, and to plunge blindfold will be to cheat the devil of some part of the pain.

Item. Nay, if you will not be warned, it is not my fault. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Dressing-room of Lady Anne.

LADY ANNE and MRS. SARNET discovered.

Mrs. S. I told your ladyship he would refuse.

Lady A. What reason did he give?

Mrs. S. Reason, forsooth! Husbands never have any reason. [wish to avoid me?

Lady A. (Aside.) Unkind man! Why does he thus

Mrs. S. He keeps his distance both day and night: but I would teach him to sleep in two beds! A pretty fashion, truly! I would tell him I was afraid of ghosts; and so I married because I could not, nor I would not, lie alone. So let him remember that. [message back?

Lady A. Why were you so long in bringing the

Mrs. S. Why, that is what I have to tell your ladyship. If there is not bad doings, say I am no

Lady A. What do you mean? [witch.

Mrs. S. Your ladyship must not be angry; but you know I can't help having a sharp eye and a quick ear of my own.

Lady A. What have you been doing now?

Mrs. S. So, I saw my master go into the steward's

Lady A. Psha! folly! What of that? [room—

Mrs. S. So I had all my seven senses and my eye-

Lady A. Pray, have done! [teeth about me—

Mrs. S. So, I clapped my ear to the key-hole; and, then, I heard a—whuz, buz—

Lady A. This was very improper.

Mrs. S. So, I could only catch up a word here and there; and the first was summut about—of a

Lady A. A child? [child—

Mrs. S. And a mother, my lady! Though for the matter of that, where there is a child, one's own natural penetrality will tell one there must be a mother.

Lady A. Of what weakness am I guilty?

Mrs. S. And I thought I caught the sound of Mr. Item of a fathering the child; and I'm positive he said it wuz against his conscience.

Lady A. Who said so?

Mrs. S. Mr. Item, my lady. And so, a little bit after, my master called somebody a poor injurious girl, and a prodigality of wit and beauty. So, then, I heard somebody's foot on the stairs, and I wuz fain to scamper.

Lady A. I know not why I listen to this indecent prattle. My over-anxious curiosity betrays me, and you are much too forward to profit by my weakness.

Mrs. S. Because you know, my lady, I love you in my heart; and it is all for your own good.

Lady A. A child! an injured girl! Yet why do I feel agitation? His infidelities have been too open for me to be ignorant of them. And who has been to blame; he or I? Oh! doubtful and difficult question! [me, in all its purticulars.

Mrs. S. But I'll come at the truth, I warrant

Lady A. Suffering, perhaps, under the consciousness of error, which the sight of me might increase, he flies from additional anguish. Oh! that I had the power to sooth and reconcile him to himself! Why will he not receive consolation from me?

Mrs. S. I'll rummage about!

Lady A. If I am unhappy, how must I be certain that it is not my own fault? Where there is unhappiness, neither party can be wholly blameless.

Mrs. S. He ought to love and adore such a lady; and clothe her in satin and gold.

Lady A. Shall I tyrannize over the affections that I cannot win? If I want the power to please, let me correct my own defects, and not accuse my husband of insensibility. Oh! nothing is so killing to a husband's love, as a discontented, irksome, wailing wife! let me be anything but that.

Mrs. S. He is a barbarian Turk; and so I as good as told him. If any fellow was to use me so, I know what I would do.

Lady A. Yet have I not lost his love? Dreadful doubt! My family advise a separation; and, if this fatal loss be real, how is it to be avoided? Yet I will not lightly yield: let me hope my efforts will not all be ineffectual. Would this agonizing contest were ended. [Exit.

Mrs. S. She may say what she will, but I know very well she is the most miserablest lady alive, and I could tear his eyes out. Husband, indeed! And so, because I listened to the fellow's love, and nonsense-stuff, and took pity on him when he was

going to hang or drown himself, he must think, as soon as he has got me safe, to be my lord and master: I'd tell him another story. My lord and master, truly!

[Exit.]

ACT II.—SCENE I.—*The House of Mrs. Enfield.*

MRS. ENFIELD and BETTY discovered.

Mrs. E. And, mind me, treat her with great kindness and deference. I'll be careful.

Mrs. E. Keep her in continual good-humour: don't let her ask for anything twice; and, above all things, listen to her complaints, and pity them.

Betty. My white handkerchief shall be at her service. Mrs. E. Is the messenger returned?

Betty. Yes, madam; and there is no answer from Mr. Mordent; but Mr. Lennox sent word he will send her to me.

Mrs. E. Send her to me.

Betty. Yes, madam.

Mrs. E. She is young, and ignorant of the town; but I can see she has a quick and courageous spirit. [Enter JOANNA.]—Well, my sweet Joanna, do you think you can love me, and follow my advice?

Joanna. Are you not my benevolent protectress? and will it not be my duty?

Mrs. E. Why, that's a precious! Ay, ay; do but as I desire you, darling, and then—

Joanna. Oh! that I will. Come, set me to work.

Mrs. E. Ah! I won't kill you with work. Pretty dear! those delicate arms were not made for work!

Joanna. Fie! You must not tell me that. My mother is dead, and my father—But I must bear my fate with fortitude. Labour is no punishment.

Mrs. E. Labour! Oh! the beauty! Chicken gloves, my lamb, for those white hands! A noble looking-glass, to see that sweet form! a fine chariot, to shew off your charms! These you ought to have, and a thousand other fine things; ay, and if you will take my advice, have them you shall.

Joanna. Fine things! chariots! No, no; not for me. To work, to work! But I'll willingly take your advice; for you are so kind, it cannot be ill.

Mrs. E. Ill! Heaven protect me! I advise a dear, sweet, handsome creature to ill!

Joanna. Handsome! Fie! an orphan! fatherless!

Mrs. E. Ay, very true. Ill! No, no; think me

Joanna. Dear lady!

Mrs. E. Ah! my tender lamb! Think of joy; think of pleasure.

Joanna. Be not so kind. You should not soften, but steel my heart: teach it to have neither fear nor feeling of wrong; to laugh when others weep.

Mrs. E. Do not think of it.

Joanna. Did you never see your father?

Mrs. E. Anan, dear!

Joanna. I never saw mine; do not even know his name. I had a strange desire to see him once, but once, and I was denied. I am a high-spirited girl, but I would have kneeled to him; would have kissed his feet; and was refused. No matter.

Mrs. E. Forget it.

Joanna. Well, well! Courage! You must let me work: I'll earn what I eat. I love you for your kindness, but I will not be dependant.

Mrs. E. Since you will—You say you can draw?

Joanna. It has been my delight. I have studied the human countenance; have read Lavater.

Mrs. E. Will you copy the engraving I shewed

Joanna. What, the portrait of that strange—

Mrs. E. Mr. Mordent. (Handing down a frame.)

Joanna. Mordent?

Mrs. E. Of Portland-place.

Joanna. He's a wicked man.

Mrs. E. Nay—

Joanna. A wild eye. I hope he is not your relation?

Mrs. E. No; but has been a very good friend.

Joanna. Take care of him.

Mrs. E. Can you judge so certainly?

Joanna. Looking at such a face, who can fail? (Examining Mrs. E.) You are a worthy lady; a kind lady; your actions bespeak it: and yet—don't be angry, there is something about your features that

Mrs. E. Bless me, dear!

[I don't like.

Joanna. I must be wrong, because you are good: but you have not a good countenance. 'That's strange; I never saw such a thing before. And the more I look, the less I like.

Mrs. E. (Aside.) Does she suspect me?

Joanna. If ever I draw your face, I'll alter some of the lines. I'll make them such as I think virtue ought to have made them; open, honest, undaunted. You have such a number of little artful wrinkles at the corners of your eyes—You are very cunning.

Mrs. E. (Aside.) What does she mean?

Joanna. But what of that? You are kind to me; and I fear no cunning, not I. You found me friendless, have given me work, and I would die to serve you; so I'll copy that wild man's portrait.

Mrs. E. Wild!

Joanna. Nay, for that matter, you need not fear him: but if you know any vain, foolish, young girls, that love flaunting, and will listen to fine promises, bid them beware of him.

Mrs. E. (Aside.) A little witch.—[Enter BETTY.]

Betty. Mr. Lennox is below, madam.

Mrs. E. I am glad of that. My sweet Joanna, I'll

Joanna. Me, madam?

Mrs. E. Ay, child, that I will. Everybody shall

know what an angel my dear young friend is.

Joanna. Consider, madam—

Mrs. E. Nay, I am sure you will not refuse me this

Joanna. You are too kind.

Mrs. E. Come, my precious!

Joanna. Well, I commit myself to your trust. Friendless and fatherless, you will be my guardian. You are too generous to injure the helpless and the forlorn; and the lines in your face are false.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*An Ante-chamber in Mordent's house.*

MORDENT and CHEVERIL discovered.

Chev. Grumble no more, guardy! Have done with prognosticating evil. 'Tis all in vain: your gloomy reign is ended: I am of age!

Mor. To play the fool.

Chev. I'm free! I'm alive! I'm beginning to

Mor. Like a wretch at the stake, when the flames first reach him!

Chev. The whole world is before me; its pleasures are spread out, and I long to fall on. The golden apples of delight hang inviting me to pluck,

Mor. Be poisoned.

Chev. Ha, ha, ha!

Mor. As your guardian, I—

Chev. D—n guardianship! I have been guarded too long. Years out of number have I been fed with lean Latin, crabbed Greek, and an abominable olio of the four faculties: served up with the jargon of Aristotle, the quirks of Thomas Aquinas, and the quibbles and quodlibets of Doctor Duns Scotus—

Mor. Take warning—

Chev. Fined for Horace; horsed for Homer; and plucked because I could not parrot over their premises and predicates, majors and minors, antecedents and consequents. My brain was a broker's-shop; the little good furniture it contained all hid by lam-

Mor. Let me tell you, young sir—

Chev. Not now: your day is done. I am my own man! I breathe! I am abroad! I am on the wing to visit the regions of fruition and Paradise; to banquet with the gods, and sip ambrosia from the lips of Venus and Hebe, the loves, and the graces!

Mor. You are a lunatic!

Chev. No; I am just come to my senses—for I am just come to my estate. High health, high spirits, eight thousand a-year, and one-and-twenty.

Mor. Youth! riches! Poor idiot! Health, too! What is man but a walking hospital? You, boy! you, little as you suspect it, include within yourself a whole pharmacopoeia of malady and mischief!

Chev. Zounds! he'll persuade me presently I am

Mor. So you are.

Chev. Why, guardy, you are mad!

Mor. True, or I should take the shortest way to get rid of misery, and instantly go hang myself.

Chev. What a picture!

Mor. Equal it in accuracy, if you can.

Chev. Why, I am but a young artist; however, I can dash my brush at the canvas as daringly as you have done. So, what think you of mirth, songs, and smiles; youth, beauty, and kisses; friendship, liberty, and love; with a large, capacious soul of benevolence, that can sooth the afflicted, succour the poor, heal the sick, instruct the ignorant, honour the wise, reform the bad, adore the good, and hug genius and virtue to the heart?

Mor. Every feature a lie!

Chev. Curse me! but I say the likeness is, at least, as good as your's: and I am sure the colouring is infinitely more delightful.—[*Enter DONALD.*]

Don. I've ganging about the business of the poor lassy, ken ye me? Gin ye want me, I've be back in a blink. [not torment me.]

Mor. Go to the devil, if you will; so that you do

Chev. Ah! friend Donald, don't you know that I'm of age? Won't you revel and roar, my boy? Why do you look so glum, old honesty?

Don. Troth, ye mistake the maitter, young gentleman; I am an auld go-between.

Chev. Ha, ha, ha!

Don. It's varra true; wetch makes me unco blate. A helpless bairn has been cast up' the wide world by a hairtless father, and I am a pairt o' the cause.

Mor. Again, imp?

Chev. A child deserted by the father!

Don. Ye well may shew the gogle o' yer een.

Chev. Is he poor? is he pennyles?

Don. Much thereabout, an I dunna miss my ken.

Chev. Bring the child to me; bring it to me, old rueful! I'll be its father. I never fathered a child in my life, and I long to begin.

Don. Ye seem, truly, to ha' mair human affection than some fathers. [vampire!]

Mor. Begone! Leave us, blood-sucker! goblin!

Don. Yas; I've gang where I tow'd ye; and, gin I dunna hear o' her, ye've hear o' me. [*Exit.*]

Chev. Bring me the baby, Donald. Zounds! how it would delight me to father all the fatherless children in the world. Poor little dears! I should have a plentiful brood. And so, guardian, I want money.

Mor. What, to purchase destruction wholesale?

Chev. I have five hundred good, wicked, spirited, famous projects on hand. You have seventeen thousand pounds of mine, hard cash: I want it—

Mor. Seventeen thousand plagues!

Chev. Every farthing.

Mor. Your money, sir, is locked up in mortgages.

Chev. Locked up? Oh, d—e! I'll unlock it. I'll send honest Grime to ye; he carries a master-key.

Mor. Have you no regard to my convenience?

Chev. I'll pay the premium; and, if you want security, you may have mine. I must have money! The world must hear of me; I'll be a patron, and a subscriber, and a collector, and an amateur, and a connoisseur, and a dilettanti! I'll hunt, I'll race, I'll dice! I'll grub, plant, plan, and improve! I'll buy a stud, fell a forest, build a palace, and pull down a church! [*Exit.*]

Mor. Mr. Cheveril! He is flown! Why, ay, with spirits equally wild, wanton, and ignorant of evil, I began my career. I have now lived long enough to discover that universal nature is universal agony. Oh! this rejected Joanna! Miserable girl! Well, am not I miserable; too? Who is not? The dangers to which she may be exposed! the cruelty of utterly abandoning her! Never shall I again be at peace with myself!

Lady A. (*Without.*) Where is your master?

Mor. Hark! my wife! She tortures me with her silent sufferings and her stifled sighs. Passion, bitter reproach, and violent menace, would be infinitely more supportable. In short, I have not deserved her kindness, and cannot endure it. [*Exit.*]

Enter LADY ANNE.

Lady A. Mr. Mordent! Thus does he continually shun me. Why, then, do I haunt him? why intrude myself upon him? Must this have no end? Fond,

foolish heart, these aches and pains are fruitless: sleep in forgetfulness, cease to feel, and be at peace!

Mrs. S. (*Without.*) I tell you, I can't stay.

Lady A. The stories, too, with which this kind but officious creature torments me—

Enter MRS. SARNSET, hastily.

Mrs. S. I've got it, my lady! I've got it!

Lady A. What is the matter now?

Mrs. S. Why, I'll tell your ladyship. A queer, quandary kind of person brought my master a letter, which I knew was suspicious. So, my master's coat was all powder, over here: how he came by it, I don't know.

Lady A. Psha! Pray don't tease me.

Mrs. S. So, my lady, he took it off, and ordered one of the fellows to give it a brush. So, making a pretence I was close at his heels—

Lady A. At whose heels?

Mrs. S. The footman's, my lady. So, while he was brushing, he had a wranglement with the cook; and turned about to gabble footman's gibberish with she; so I, having a hawk's-eye, twirled my hand behind me, so; and felt in the pocket, and there I found this written letter, which I slyly slipped under my apron, so.

Lady A. Take a letter out of your master's pocket?

Mrs. S. Yes, my lady; because, being broke open, I read the contents, and found that it was from one Mrs. Enfield, to appoint an assassination between my master and a young girl.

Lady A. Give it me. [but wish to see it.]

Mrs. S. Yes, my lady; I was sure you could not

Lady A. Mistress Sarsnet, I have frequently cautioned you against practices like these; which are

Mrs. S. My lady! [mean and dishonest.]

Lady A. To have robbed your master of his money would have been less culpable than to steal from him the knowledge of transactions which, because of their impropriety, he has not the courage to avow.

Mrs. S. It's very hard, because I can't bear your lady—ladyship's ill-usage; and—and—and always feel as if my very stays were a-bursting, to see your—your treatment, time after time, that I should get myself ill—ill—ill-will, because I love you from the very bottom of my heart.

Lady A. I have winked at these liberties too often; I'll suffer them no longer.

Mrs. S. Very—very well. Since your ladyship is so angry, you may turn—turn me away, if you please, and quite break—break—break my heart.

Lady A. No; the fault is more than half my own: but, from this time, I seriously warn you against such improper, such base actions.

Mrs. S. Very—very well, my lady. I'll be deaf, and dumb, and blind; and when I see you treated worse than a savage, I'll burst twenty laces a-day before I'll speak a word.

Lady A. (*With great kindness.*) What you have done has been affectionately meant. I am sorry to have given you pain, and to have excited your tears; but I must earnestly desire you will commit no more such mistakes. They are wrong in themselves, and every way fatal to my peace.

Mrs. S. (*Kisses her hand.*) You are the tenderest and best of ladies! and I know who is an unfeeling brute! [*Exit Lady A.*]

Enter LENNOX and CHEVERIL.

Len. Pray, Mrs. Sarsnet, is Mr. Mordent within?

Mrs. S. Indeed, sir, I don't know. [*Muttering.*] Mr. Mordent is a good-for-nothing chap! [*Exit.*]

Len. I'll bet you a thousand, Cheveril, your charmer does not equal the girl I have this moment

Chev. Done, for ten thousand. [left.]

Len. You would lose.

Chev. You never beheld so peerless a beauty!

Len. How did you become acquainted with her?

Chev. We are not yet acquainted; and I fear we

Len. Oh, oh! [never shall be.]

Chev. I met her three times in the Green Park. The first moment I gazed at her with admiration—as soon as she was gone by—

Len. Gone by?

Chev. Good manners, you know, would not let me stare her in the face. Such a shape! such elegance! The next time I determined to speak to her, and approached as resolutely as Hercules to

Len. A good simile for a beauty. [the Hydra.

Chev. I had studied a speech; but, somehow, there was such a sweet severity in her looks, I—I had not the power to utter a word.

Len. Courageous lover!

Chev. The third time, however, it being a little darker, (for it was always in the evening,) I was more undaunted: so, fully determined to throw myself at her feet, and declare my passion, up I marched; but, as the devil would have it, she turned and looked me full in the face; and her beauty, and—virtue, and—and modesty, were so awful, that my heart sunk within me.

Len. Ha, ha, ha!

Chev. It is now a fortnight since; and although I have walked the Green Park, morning, noon, and night, every day, I could never once again set eyes on her. Intolerable booby that I was, to lose three such precious opportunities—

Len. Of making love to a lady's-maid.

Chev. Oh! for one momentary glance, that I might give vent to the passion that devours me!

Len. Ha, ha, ha!

Chev. What, you think I dare not?

Len. Ha, ha, ha! Look you, Cheveril; I know you: a lighted match and the mouth of a cannon could not cow you like the approach of a petticoat.

Chev. I afraid of women! D—me! I don't understand having my character attacked and traduced. Make a Master Jackey of me? I am a wicked one!

Len. Ha, ha, ha! Wicked! you are as conscientious as a drunken methodist, or a dying miser. You are not only afraid of the woman, but of the sin.

Chev. Why, if—no, d—me! 'tis not true. I have no more conscience than yourself.

Len. Me! I have a deal of conscience. Pleasure, I own, can tempt me; but I make no pretensions, like you, to the sin for the sake of reputation.

Chev. Sir, I make no such pretensions. I am, indeed, resolved to be a fellow of enterprise, pith, and soul; but not by vile, rascally methods. I'll love all the women, and, perhaps, trick some of the men; but not seduce wives, ruin daughters, and murder husbands and fathers. No; if I cannot be wicked without being criminal, d—me, if I do not live and die an honest, dull dog! [Exit.

Enter MORDENT, searching his pockets.

Mor. Curse the letter! it's gone! Careless booby!

Len. What's the matter? [hands of Lady Anne.

Mor. A thousand to one but it has fallen into the

Len. What have you lost?

Mor. A d—d epistle from—

Enter LADY ANNE.

Lady A. Mr. Mordent, I am glad to meet with

Mor. Glad! Is the thing so difficult? [you.

Lady A. I did not say so; I meant nothing unkind.

Mor. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady A. Indeed, I did not. I wish to speak to you.

Mor. (To *Lennox*, retiring.) Stay where you are, *Lennox*. What, man, you are in no fear of soothing insult? You are not married.

Len. I'll return in five minutes.

[Exit.

Lady A. Pray, Mr. Mordent—

Mor. Psha! I know I am a bear at the stake: don't shorten my tether.

Lady A. I have a paper—(Shewing the letter.)

Mor. Ay, ay; I knew it. Come, I am prepared.

Lady A. It fell into my hands by the reprehensible but unauthorized curiosity of my woman.

Mor. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady A. Indeed, I have never opened it.

Mor. Nor she either?

Lady A. Yes; but that is not my fault.

Mor. Your's, indeed! Impossible!

Lady A. The heart, which I cannot secure by affection, I will not alienate by suspecting.

Mor. Psha! Meekness is but mockery; forbearance, insult!

Lady A. How shall I behave? Which way frame my words and looks, so as not to offend? Would I could discover!

Mor. You never complain! You have no jealousy!

Lady A. Indeed, I've been very obstinately blind.

Mor. Ay, ay! "Patience on a monument!"

Lady A. Reproach has never escaped my lips.

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! As if lips were the only instruments of upbraiding! No deep fetched sighs? no pale, melancholy glances? no obvious hiding of the ever-ready tear?

Lady A. I fear I have been to blame. Indeed, I am sorry that my sensations have been so acute.

Mor. You accuse! You give a husband pain! Insolent supposition!

Lady A. I sincerely wish, my dear, you gave no more than I intend to give. [accuse!

Mor. There! Did not I say so? Ha, ha, ha! You

Lady A. I am wrong; I forgot myself, Pray, forgive me. Why am I subject to these mistakes?

Mor. You are all angel—

Lady A. Would I were!

Mor. And I all demon! [tion you once bore—

Lady A. Do not, Mr. Mordent, by the dear affection.

Mor. There, there! The affection I once bore!

Lady A. Heavens! must I ever be fated to wound, when it is most the wish of my soul to heal?

Mor. Why was the Earl of Oldcrest here this morning? Why are these family consultations held?

Lady A. They are contrary to my wish.

Mor. A separation, I hear, is the subject of them.

Lady A. But not countenanced by me.

Mor. Pretending in pity to spare me yourself, they are to be set upon me.

Lady A. Never! Heaven be my judge, never!

Mor. I am to be subjected to their imperious dictates.

Lady A. I own they have lately been very urgent with me to return to my father; but, were you only kind, their solicitations would be vain, indeed. Oh! take pity on yourself and me, and teach me to regain your lost affections! or, if that be too great a blessing to hope, there is still one evil which I would suffer any other torture to escape: think, if you can, that I no longer love; treat me with unkindness; neglect, accuse, do anything—but hate me! Let me not endure that last stage of misery! But, oh, heavens! if our former endearments must end in that, have mercy, and retard or conceal it as long as you can. [Exit.

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! What are barbs, and stings, and poisoned arrows? Pitiful instruments! Thou, triumphant wretchedness, usest these but on small occasions; they want pungency.—[Enter *LENNOX*.]

Len. May I come in?

Mor. Ay, ay! Now am I ripe for mischief.

Len. You seem out of temper. What has happened?

Mor. Trifles, trifles! She has got the letter.

Len. From whom?

Mor. Mrs. Enfield.

Len. Zounds!

Mor. An invitation to a new sample of beauty. She has seen it; returned it; has graciously forgiven; has racked, has driven me mad!

Len. And do you mean to go?

Mor. Ay, will I! Since devil I am, devil let me be! It will be some, though but a petty vengeance

Len. You must not, [for prying.

Mor. Indeed but I will.

Len. We have long been friends, and fellow-sinners; but, in these affairs, we have always been

Mor. What then? [haved honourably.

Len. I have seen the girl.

Mor. Where?

Len. At Enfield's.

Mor. Did she write to you, too?

Len. She did. An angel, Mordent!

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! Marry her, and make wretchedness secure.

Len. No; but I am fixed for life. Such animation! such soul! The finest creature my eyes ever beheld!

Mor. I'll see her.

Len. No; I cannot consent.

Mor. Why so? I'll aid you to carry her off.

Len. Are you serious?

Mor. As malice can make me. The sex have been worse to me than plague, pestilence, and famine.

Len. And what have you been to them?

Mor. No matter; I'll have my revenge.

Len. And you will aid me in this business?

Mor. I will.

Len. Solemnly! on your word and honour?

Mor. I tell you I will! [pany, observe.

Len. Why, then, see her you shall; but in my com-

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! Right; anticipate your tortments! [assistance and advice.

Len. On this condition, I shall thank you for your

Mor. Why, ay! Advice! I, too, fool that I am, knowing the impotence of man to avert mischief, I wish for advice! I—(Aside.)—There may be dan-

Len. Well? [ger in telling him.

Mor. A—a friend of mine has a child; suppose it a—a natural child, that he knows not how properly to dispose of. [perly to dispose of?

Len. A natural child, that he knows not how pro-

Mor. Yes.

Len. Could not he sell it to the kidnappers?

Mor. Psha! [fifty pounds down.

Len. There are honest overseers that will take it,

Mor. Not an infant; twenty years of age.

Len. Oh! then, indeed—there are crimp sergeants.

Mor. When I put a serious question, I expect a serious answer. [his child!

Len. Serious! And ask what a man is to do with *Mor.* Suppose he should have legitimate offspring?

Len. Oh, oh! Legitimate! Ah! Made of other metal! a different manufacture!

Mor. You won't hear. He provided for her—

Len. A female, too? [rejected his assistance—

Mor. Would have continued to provide, but she

Len. How so?

Mor. Unless he would see her, embrace her; that is, whine over, acknowledge her, and bestow his

Len. And he refused? [blessing.

Mor. Why not? Of what benefit are blessings?

Where all is evil, why torment conscience concern-
Len. He is a monster! [ing the mode?

Mor. But, sir, appearances—

Len. D—n appearances!

Mor. Friends—

Len. D—n his friends!

Mor. A wife—

Len. D—n his wife! He has friends, appearances, and a wife; but he has no heart.

Enter DONALD, in great agitation.

Don. She is gone! she is lost for aye! I've e'en red wude! [and mischief?

Mor. (Aside to *Don.*) How now, herald of malice?

Don. I canna foregather her! Fair fa' yeer hairt! I've ne'er set eyes o' her mair.

Mor. Peace, hound!

Don. I tell you I wanna! Misca' me an ye wull, the de'il ma' care! A father turn his back o' his bairn!

Len. Oh, oh! What it was yourself, your own daughter, you were talking of?

Don. Gin earth haud her, I've ha' her yet; ay, and I've gar ye do her recht. She laft a massige for ye.

Mor. What message?

Don. Tell him, gin he wanna gi' his child ane kess, ane scrimpet blessing, that child wull wark, stairve, and die, ore she wull leve like a parish pauper on scraps and alms. Tell him she has a pridefoo' spirit, that wanna bag, gin she canna win: and, gif he scorn his dochtor, she scorns aksapt his clarity. (Going.)

Len. So, you commit crime, and then invent a system for its justification? Excellent philosopher!

Don. Why dunna ye spier a'ter her yeersal? Eh, waesucks! Ye dunna ken yeer ain bairn!

Len. How?

Don. Ye never saw the face o' her, sin she hung a wee giglet at the breast. Weel, weel! Nothing comes more surely tul licht than that which is long hidden. An ill life, an ill end! [Exit.

Mor. Wolves, tigers, serpents, were first created, and then man.

Len. You are, truly, a high fellow, Mordent: and you spend your fortune, wrong your wife, and disown your child: that is, you inflict misery, and then tell us all are miserable.

Mor. I act and I am acted upon: the precept and the proof go together.

Len. You are incorrigible! But come; we must about this business. My heart is deeply interested.

Mor. My affairs are at a crisis; and, if I augur rightly, it will soon be all over with me. [field's.

Len. Hope better. Come, come with me to En-

Mor. I'll meet you there in half an hour.

Len. Do not fail. I am all impatience. [Exit.

Mor. Just so are curs fighting, and thieves in the act of plundering. Man is ever eager on mischief. With what infernal ardour do two armies prepare in the morning to exterminate each other before noon! Are they not wise? What is it but compressing the sum of evil within an hour, which trembling cowardice would protract through an age? [Exit.

ACT III.—SCENE I.—*The House of Mordent.*

CHEVERIL and GRIME discovered.

Chev. You must let me have the cash directly.

Grime. That is impossible.

Chev. I say, you must. When I have wants and wishes, nothing shall be impossible.

Grime. (Aside.) What if I were to tell him of Joanna? He would pay well.

Chev. Twelve hours have I been free, and have not had a taste of pleasure yet. If I do not make haste, I shall grow old before I begin.

Grime. (Aside.) I should make him my friend: 'tis a rare thought!

Chev. Why do you ruminate? Do you doubt me?

Grime. Mr. Cheveril!

Chev. Well, sir?

Grime. Do you love innocence, youth, and beauty?

Chev. Do I! 'Sdeath! I am dying for them.

Grime. I know where they are to be found.

Chev. You?

Grime. The rarest creature!

Chev. Where, where?

Grime. Such pure white and red!

Chev. Ay!

Grime. Such moist, ripe, ruddy lips! [where?

Chev. 'Sdeath! don't drive me mad. Tell me where,

Grime. At a certain convenient— [kind.

Chev. No, no; I have no taste for beauties of that

Grime. See her, and then judge.

Chev. (Aside.) Besides, I'll not be unfaithful to my angelic incognita of the Green Park.

Grime. She is a young, untutored thing.

Chev. Untutored?

Grime. That I can assure you.

Chev. Then depend upon it I'll not be her instructor. How came she in such a place?

Grime. She knows nothing of the place, nor in the least suspects she is in bad company.

Chev. Poor, dear soul! What rascal sent her there?

Grime. Hem! Why, that is—it—it—it was a kind of accident.

Chev. She is not for me. I want to be a famous wicked fellow, but not by ensnaring the helpless.

Grime. Nay, if you will neither ensnare nor accept the already ensnared, you must e'en marry, or starve.

Chev. That is d—d hard!

Grime. Ensnared she will be.

Chev. Curse me, but she shall not!

Grime. What will you do? [cherish her.

Chev. Snatch her from danger; provide for her,

Grime. Ay, now you say something.

Chev. Zounds! Here have I been an age in the possession of eight thousand a-year, and have not done one famous, good, wicked thing yet. It's a d—d shame!

Grime. You will fall in love with her the moment you see her.

Chev. To be sure I shall. No; on recollection, I can't love two at a time. Then, if she should tempt me to be wicked—I mean vicious? I love wickedness, but I hate vice. 'Tis a dirty whirlpool, in which, if once a man set his foot, he is soon up to his chin. [with an introduction.

Grime. 'Tis in Dover-street. I'll furnish you *Chev.* You are abundantly civil. An introduction from an usurer to a—Hem! I shall come to prefer.

Grime. This is the address. *[Gives a card.]* [ment. *Chev.* Dover-street?

Grime. Yes; Mrs. Enfield.

Chev. *[Reads.]* "Number"—'Shlood! Why do I stand prating here? I, who have been kept fasting from happiness and pleasure so long! Another day will be over, and I shall not get a taste of pleasure. *[Going.]*

Grime. Nay, I am telling you of a banquet.

Chev. Are you? Why, then, I have a keen appetite, and most devouring wish to fall to: so here goes! *[Exit.]* Enter MORDENT.

Mor. So, Mr. Grime! [good leisure.

Grime. Everything is prepared, sir: we wait your *Mor.* You will find Mr. Item in his own room.

Grime. I shall attend you there: we can do no business till you come. *[Exit.]*

Enter CLEMENT.

Clem. My uncle desires me to inform you, sir, that he has examined the deed, and it is ready for *Mor.* I am coming. [signing.

Clem. Had I but any influence with you, sir, I would entreat, I would conjure you not to execute *Mor.* Why? [it.

Clem. A sudden demand may be made by the first mortgagee; you may be unprovided for payment; equity of redemption will be forfeited; he will foreclose, and the estate will be his, at a valuation made fifty years ago, at less than half its present worth.

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! 'Twill become his incumb-
brance, as it has been mine.

Clem. Money-lenders neglect no advantage.

Mor. And, as for conscience or honour—

Clem. Some of them, I am afraid, sir, have very little of either.

Mor. 'Tis in the order of things. Your uncle, indeed, is a man of integrity; he knows them to be rogues, and warns me of them.

Clem. Sir, he—he may be a mistaken man, like others. I once again conjure you, sir, to re-consider the consequence. It's a very serious affair.

Mor. Mr. Clement you are young: you cherish the fond hope of alleviating misery. Ah!

Clem. Sir, I—My situation is a painful one; but every feeling of honesty and duty compel me to inform you, that when once you have signed this deed, you will be wholly in the grasp of mercenary men, who will pay no respect to former profits, the benefits they have received, or the feelings and distresses of him by whom they have acquired wealth, power, and pride. *[Exit.]*

Mor. The nephew and the uncle, poor fools! have the misfortune to be honest. Grime is more cunning, and will not forfeit his hope of cutting evil short at the gallows. The deed must be signed; for the money must be had. Yet these cautionings do but strengthen an aversion, which, in spite of necessity, I have always felt against this last act of despair.—*[Enter ITEM.]*—Mr. Item, you are right: this mortgage is a d—d affair. Delay is dangerous; thought is vain; yet I am inclined to think again before I sign.

Item. By all means, sir. I like that; I approve of that. Act with your eyes open; take no rash step. 'Tis what I always say—But mine is a thankless office. Like other officious fools, I can give counsel, but no help. I'm sorry to tell you, the upholsterer is below, who is very insolent, and declares, if he be not paid immediately, he will have an execution in the house before night.

Mor. Could not you put him off for a week?

Item. He has been put off too often.

Mor. Are there no means by which you might advance me that sun yourself?

Item. Oh! that I could; it would make me the happiest man on earth!

Mor. Affectionate soul!

Item. Riches would now, indeed, be welcome!

Mor. Mr. Item, you make me as great a fool as yourself. [not to sign it.

Item. As to the deed, again and again I warn you *Mor.* Then I will not. Ruin and wretchedness are certain; but the mode of being wretched is in my own choice, and I will not.

Item. Yet, what the devil I shall say to all your other tradesmen, I don't know: they are every man of them as clamorous as the upholsterer. I don't believe one of them will wait two days.

Mor. Was ever man so pestered!

Item. Here, too, is a long account I have just received from your groom at Newmarket; who says he shall soon want even a wisp of hay. For my part, I have not a guinea in hand: I wish I had. Then the impatience of Cheveril! and what the malignant world will say of the defalcation of a guardian, there is no foreseeing! Sign you must not!

Mor. At least I will take an hour or two to think of it. Misfortune, disgrace, and approaching infamy, sit mocking at me; and I shall soon attain the acmé of misery. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*The Street.*—Enter CHEVERIL.

Chev. This is the street! it must be somewhere hereabout! What a fatiguing affair pleasure-hunting is! Oh! that I could once more meet my lovely angel! my Green-park deity! This is the number.

Enter LENNOX from Mrs. Enfield's house.

Heyday! Lennox coming from—You, who preach refinement of pursuit and delicacy of enjoyment?

Len. Oh! we preach one thing, and practice another. Beside, were you but to see her—

Chev. Her! who? [ture—

Len. The girl I told you of. The divinest creature. What, here? In this house?

Len. Yes; but she shall not remain there half-an-hour. I am going to prepare everything. I am determined to secure her. [roduction, too.

Chev. *[Aside.]* Honest Grime has given him an in-

Len. Hush! there she is! *[Pointing to a window.]*

Chev. Where? I see nobody.

Len. Ah! she is gone again.

Chev. Oh! but I'll—*[Preparing to run.]*

Len. *[Seizing him.]* Where are you going?

Chev. To leap through the window.

Len. No, Cheveril; that must not be.

Chev. Why not?

Len. She is mine!

Chev. Your's? [a hundred pounds down.

Len. I have bought an exclusive right to her; paid

Chev. Pooh!

Len. I tell you she is, and shall be mine!

Chev. Well, well; if so—*[Going.]*

Len. *[Preventing him.]* Come with me.

Chev. No; I can't.

Len. Why not?

Chev. Good bye! *[Exit in haste.]*

Len. Zounds! my d—d blabbing tongue—*[Looking after him.]* There he flies, the whirligig! Ah! he is out of sight, and all his safe. I must have Mordeant's assistance. Where the devil does he loiter? I'll soon be back, though, for fear of accidents. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*The House of Mrs. Enfield.*

Enter MRS. ENFIELD.

Mrs. E. *[Calling.]* Betty!

Betty. *[Without.]* Ma'am?

Mrs. E. Who is it that bounced through the back-door in such haste? *[Enter BETTY.]*

Betty. I don't know, ma'am: a young—Hem!

Enter CHEVERIL. *[Exit.]*

Chev. I am safe here: I have tricked him! Your humble servant, madam. Your name is—

Mrs. E. Mrs. Enfield, at your service, sir.

Chev. You keep a—modish magazine, I think?

Mrs. E. Magazine!

Chev. Of ready-made beauty?

Mrs. E. Well, sir?

Chev. Your acquaintance, honest Mr. Grime, informed me you have a sample of a fine sort.

Mrs. E. Ah! you are too late.

Chev. My friend, Lennox, has paid you one hundred pounds. Don't stare! I know the whole. Bring me to the lady, and, if I like her—

Mrs. E. I am very sorry, sir, but I cannot: my honour won't let me.

Chev. Prodigious virtue! Come, come! Lennox is cunning forty; I am foolish one and twenty. He is too old to be a lavish paymaster.

Mrs. E. Ah! sir, that is your mistake! He is too young. He will pay better as he grows older.

Chev. I have eight thousand a-year, and am determined to be a—a wicked dog.

Mrs. E. Ah! lord love you.

Chev. So, see her I must. This is my proof. *[Shows a bank-bill.]* [you have his permission?

Mrs. E. As Mr. Lennox is your friend, perhaps

Chev. Permission! Oh! yes—No! I'll be wicked, but not unprincipled: I won't lie; that is a paltry scoundrel vice; no soul in it. Lookye! if that sum will not content you, tell me what will?

Mrs. E. Why, sir, you are such a handsome, charming, pleasant young gentleman, that—if you could spare me another such— [there.

Chev. To settle accounts with your honour. Well,

Mrs. E. Observe, sir; it is only a short conver-

Chev. Nothing more. [sation.

Mrs. E. No injury to Mr. Lennox?

Chev. Never fear. [never saw so acute a one.

Mrs. E. But you must be wary: young as she is, I

Chev. Never fear! I tell you, I understand such affairs; or soon shall do, at least. I'm a young beginner, but a devilish apt scholar. *[Exit Mrs. E.]* Now, if she be worth carrying off, and I could out-wit Lennox—I—Oh! I should establish my character for spirit, soul, and intrepidity for ever. I'll not be out of countenance. No, d—e, I am determined! I'll—I'll speak, and to the purpose, too! I'll be a d—d forward, prating, impudent, wicked dog.

Re-enter MRS. ENFIELD, leading JOANNA.

Mrs. E. Ah! my lamb, pray oblige me! He is *Joanna.* What then? [one of my best friends.

Mrs. E. You are so sweet a cherub, I must procure my friends the pleasure of your acquaintance. Ah! there's a dove! there's a beauty! Dear! I forgot my knotting. I'll be back in a moment. *[Exit.*

Chev. [Calls.] Mrs. Enfield! She is gone! I should have felt bolder, had she been present.

Joanna. It is very strange. *[Aside.]*

Chev. What does she say?

Joanna. First one man and then another—

Chev. [Listening.] Eh! Hem!

Joanna. Her friends, too, are all men— [down?

Chev. Where the devil, now, is all my impudence *Joanna.* But she is so kind, so winning, that I have not the power to deny.

Chev. If I could but turn round—One plunge, and it would be over! *[Turns by degrees.]* Ma—Heavens! *[Stands astonished.]*

Joanna. [Aside.] Mercy! It is he! [Park!

Chev. [Aside.] The very beauty of the Green *Joanna. [Aside, and sighs.]* I had almost hoped never to have seen him more.

Chev. [Aside.] This is the luckiest—Lucky!—To find her here! [too often.

Joanna. [Aside.] I have thought of him much *Chev. [Aside.]* A creature so divine! Looks of such conscious modesty! And in this place!

Joanna. Sir— [touch her lips!

Chev. Madam—*[Aside.]* Oh! that I might but *Joanna.* Mrs. Enfield informs me you are one of *Chev.* Me, madam? [her best friends.

Joanna. Yes, sir.

Chev. Why—That is—*[Aside.]*—No; I'll not

deceive her. *[Aloud.]* I—I never saw Mrs. Enfield before in my life.

Joanna. Never?

[her again.

Chev. Never: and I don't care if I never see

Joanna. Bless me!

Chev. Very true, madam. And I—

Joanna. [Calling.] Mrs. Enfield!

Chev. Stop, madam! Pardon my presumption, but—I—you—you have so much beauty, and modesty, and merit, and I am such a faltering, bashful booby, that, if you leave me, I shall run mad!

Joanna. Mad, sir?

Chev. Upon my soul, I shall, madam! I can't help it. I never was so enchanted, enraptured, and ravished in all my life; and I am very sorry to

Joanna. Sorry to find me? [find you—

Chev. No, no, no, madam! Glad to find you; infinitely glad; but not in this house.

Joanna. And why, sir?

Chev. I was frantic to think I had lost you.

Joanna. How so, sir? We are not acquainted.

Chev. I am sorry for it, madam; b—b—but I hope we shall be. I have been a very Bedlamite! I could neither eat, drink, nor sleep! I have dreamed of you every night! You have been in my head, in my heart, in my arms—

Joanna. Your arms, sir?

Chev. Oh, lord! no, madam; no, no; I—I am talking in my sleep now. I mean—that is—I would not offend you, madam, no, not for ten thousand thrones. Though to find you here is the great—

Joanna. Torment? [est torment—

Chev. B—b—bliss! I—I—I would say bliss, madam; bliss ineffable! And if you would but leave this wicked place—

Joanna. I do not understand you, sir.

Chev. Purity of heart is the characteristic of your countenance: I am sure you are innocent; or, if not, I would give worlds that you were.

Joanna. This, sir, is the first time we have ever spoken together: what have you heard or seen of me, that should authorize you to doubt?

Chev. Nothing, madam; on my soul, nothing! Every motion, word, and look, speak virtue void of blemish. I would lay down my life to prove it, and to rescue you from this bad woman.

Joanna. From Mrs. Enfield?

Chev. An odious, vile—

Joanna. You make me half suspect you are as frantic as you describe yourself. She is the most benevolent of women.

Chev. Forgive me if I appear intruding; indeed my intention is good; but how long have you been

Joanna. Not four hours. [in this house?

Chev. And how long acquainted with this woman?

Joanna. To-day was the first time I ever saw her.

Chev. She's innocent! she's innocent!

Mor. [Without.] I tell you, I will see her!

Chev. [Alarmed.] 'Sdeath! I hear my guardian.

Mor. [Without.] Lennox will be here presently.

Chev. [Looking round.] I must not be seen; but, for heaven's sake, let me speak to you once more! *[Retires into a closet, from which he occasionally speaks.]* Enter MORDENT.

Mor. [Surveying Joanna.] Your humble servant, madam. *[Aside.]* She is, indeed, beautiful!

Joanna. [Aside.] This is the man of the portrait.

Mor. You are acquainted, I believe, with my friend, Mr. Lennox?

Joanna. I, sir? Not to my knowledge.

Mor. Did he not converse with you this morning?

Joanna. I have conversed with two gentlemen this morning: you are the third.

Mor. [Aside.] Lovely creature! Can she, too, be an instrument of malevolence? *[Aloud.]* I mean a fair gentleman, about forty.

Joanna. Well, sir, what of him?

Mor. Did he not make proposals?

Joanna. To me? [promoting of ill?

Mor. Ay, madam; on the common subject, the

Joanna. You speak riddles. He talked idly;

and, perhaps, was more unprincipled and insulting than I supposed.

Mor. (Aside.) By heavens, she is an innocent! Nay, her countenance would half persuade me there are beings capable of happiness.

Chev. (From the closet.) Zounds! He looks as if he, too, would fall in love with her.

Mor. Pardon my intrusion, madam; I am a stranger. *Joanna.* Not entirely. [ger to you, but—

Mor. Not? [ing
Joanna. I have been studying you all the morning. *Me?* You never saw me before?

Joanna. Yes, I have.

Mor. When? where? [figy.

Joanna. (Pointing to the picture.) Here! in effect. *Chev.* What are they about?

Mor. My portrait! *(Aside.)* How dare the old beldam hang it up in her house? [the original.

Joanna. It speaks volumes: yet not so much as *Chev.* Oh! that I could hear them!

Mor. Indeed! And what does it say, madam? If it speak good, it lies.

Joanna. Either it indicates falsely, or you have flattered, promised, deceived, and betrayed—

Mor. (Aside.) Astonishing! Who?

Joanna. More poor girls than one.

Mor. (Aside.) Her eyes penetrate to the heart. *(Aloud.)* Evil is everywhere, therefore in me.

Chev. How she gazes at him! 'Sdeath!

Joanna. There is a mixture; traits that struggle to be just and good; occasional marks of virtue, but more of moody remorse.

Mor. (Aside.) Is this real? You judge and speak freely, madam: I applaud your sincerity.

Joanna. What should I fear? Besides, you have not the features of revenge.

Mor. (Aside.) Her understanding and discernment surpass her beauty.

Chev. Will they never have done?

Joanna. This eye, how often must it have assumed the same deceiving form and meaning, to have impressed these deep lines of artful seduction! How frequently must health, wealth, and principle, have been sacrificed, to gratify dishonest passions!

Mor. (Aside.) Amazing! So young, too!

Joanna. You are an unhappy man: for you have not the apathy of folly; you have a sense, a feeling of what you have done.

Chev. I shall go mad! [profession?

Mor. I have never had faith in sorcery: is it you *Joanna.* I have no profession. I am nobody;

the child of nobody; a branch lopped off and cast away, that might have grown, but that could find no root. Misfortune and an active spirit, struggling to shake off oppression, have quickened me a little. Other than this, I am but a simple girl; and my whole art is to note what I see, and to speak what I think.

Mor. Whoever you are, come but with me; and, while I have a morsel, a home, or a heart, you shall share them!

Chev. (Rins from the closet.) D—e if she shall!

Mor. Why, Mr.— [my heart!

Chev. She shall have my morsel, my home, and *Mor.* You in this house, sir?

Chev. Nay, sir; you in this house, sir! Madam, put no faith in him. You are very right, he is a seducer. I love you, heart, body, and soul. I'll offer you no wrong. Every proof that the most ardent, purest passion can give, feel, or imagine, shall be your's.

Joanna. This house! What is it you mean, gentlemen? Is there contamination in this house?

Chev. Vile! detestable! A place of intrigue!

Joanna. Heavens! [Exit in haste.

Mor. How came I, sir, to find you here?

Chev. Zounds! sir, how came I to find you here?

Enter MRS. ENFIELD.

Mrs. E. What have you done, gentlemen, to alarm the young creature in this manner? A little more, and she had escaped us all.

Mor. Hark you, Mrs. Enfield! at your peril, keep her safe and free from insult till my return. [Exit.

Chev. Insult! If you breathe impurity in her presence, I'll make a general massacre. Let any one take her away, speak to her, or even look at her, while I am gone, and I'll grind you all to powder. *(Goes, and hastily returns.)* Here, here are all the bills I have; I'll be back in five minutes; keep her safe, and I'll give you a thousand pounds. My name is Cheveril—ten thousand! *(Returns.)* Cheveril—I say, my whole estate! [Exit.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—The House of Mordent.

ITEM and GRIME discovered.

Grime. (Enraged.) Once for all, Mr. Item, it will not do; so be of a sweet temper.

Item. Why, you grumbling old blockhead, what would you have? May you not thank me for every shilling you are worth in the world?

Grime. Don't tell me, Mr. Item, I am but your scavenger, and you put me to a deal of dirty work.

Item. Here's gratitude! Why, Mr. Grime—

Grime. Well, Mr. Item?

Item. Did I not first find you in a miserable garret, in Fullwood's Rents, where you was starving in *Grime.* Well! [rags and wretchedness?

Item. Did I not take you to Monmouth-street; make you cast your beggar's skin; transform you into something almost human; hire you apartments in the Temple; and pass you on my master for a rich usurer—a d—d rogue?

Grime. Very true; but you would not let me act my part. You took care to be the d—d rogue yourself.

Item. Have I not trusted you, tutored you, taught you your trade, and furnished the tools?

Grime. What then? [prescribe terms to me?

Item. And do you pretend to bargain, wrangle, and

Grime. Yes; I do.

Item. You do?

Grime. I do. Help yourself how you can.

Item. Here's a villain!

Grime. You tutored me, you know; you taught me my trade, and furnished the tools. [you?

Item. You viper! Sting the bosom that fostered

Grime. I follow your own example; Mr. Mordent fostered you! There's morality in it.

Item. Oh! d—d your morality.

Grime. Be of a sweet temper! Time was I was your slave; you now are mine.

Item. Oh! the rascal!

Grime. I am too deep in your secrets for you to dare to discard me; so, I'll have my share.

Item. Your— [tempered.

Grime. Ay, my—my full share. So, be sweet

Item. And who is to find the money?

Grime. You.

Item. And who is to run the risk?

Grime. You. [and collusion—

Item. And who is to be prosecuted for usury *Grime.* Cast, perhaps, for perjury, whipped, imprisoned, and put in the pillory? You.

Item. And you to run away with half the profits?

Grime. Yes. [do we live in!

Item. Here's justice! Oh! what a d—d world

Grime. Your fortune is made; you must now help to make mine.—[Enter DONALD, unperceived.]

Item. Here's a villain!

Grime. You must, or I tell.

Item. What will you tell?

Grime. All; all the usurious tricks you have practised on Mordent: the arts by which you have cheated him of his estates, pretending that I am the man; your intention to foreclose; your neglect in not paying yourself interest, purposely to rob according to law; your plots to ruin Cheveril; all, *Item.* You will tell all this? [all!

Grime. I will. [you cut-throat!

Item. Why, you fiend! you superlative villain!

Grime. (Seeing Donald.) Hem! *(Pause.)*

Don. What the hornie de'el do ye stop at? What gars ye swither? I'ze haud my whisht! Yeer confabulation is unco entertaining.

Item. Ah! good Mr. Donald! here is my old friend, Mr. Grime, has—has—(Aside to Grime.)—You see what your villany has done! (Aloud.) He is a good-natured soul, as you know—Scoundrel! (aside to Grime) and he—I—I— [crackt.]

Don. Ye! yas; yeer a sweet nut, gin ye war well
Item. I—I—I was bantering him: trying to—to—Villain! (aside to Grime) but nothing can put him in a passion—Oh! curse you! (aside to Grime) nothing! [ligapus!]

Don. The fient! Wow! but yeer a pauky Gil-

Item. Do you want our good master, Mr. Donald?

Don. Aiblins yeer right, auld Cloutie.

Item. He is gone out. Nothing but a joke, Mr. Donald: nothing else. [o' the haffet!]

Don. (Aside.) Noo could I gi' him sic an a gowf

Item. Can I, can my dear friend, Mr. Grime—

Oh, you thief! (aside to Grime)—do you any ser-

Don. Hand yeer blether, mon. [vice?]

Item. Can we oblige you any way in the world?

Don. Yas.

Item. (Fawning.) How? how?

Don. Tak compassion o' the boodels o' yeer brother, Jack Ketch, and be yeer ain hangman! [Exit.]

Item. There, villain! you see what you have done.

Grime. Is it my fault? I tell you again, you had better be sweet-tempered. I shall say no more: you know my mind. (Going.)

Item. (Aside.) Oh! that I could poison him.

(Aloud.) Mr. Grime, Mr. Grime!

Grime. Well, Mr. Item?

Item. This quarrelling is very foolish.

Grime. Oh, ho!

Item. We are necessary to each other.

Grime. I know it.

Item. Your hand?

Grime. There.

Item. We are friends?

Grime. If you please.

Item. Well, well—(Aside.) D—n him! How I hate the dog—Concerning this Berkshire mort-

Grime. Ay? [gag—]

Item. You shall have twenty per cent. on the

Grime. That won't do. [premium.]

Item. Thirty!

Grime. It won't do. Half; the full half.

Item. (Aside.) Hell take him! Well, my dear

Grime, the half be it. [given with Joanna.]

Grime. Together with my moiety of the thousand

Item. Your—Hem! (Sighs.) You shall, you

shall! Are you satisfied?

Grime. On those conditions.

Item. Where is the deed?

Grime. In that bag.

Item. Mordent is coming. I know he will, for

I know he shall, sign. But that is not all.

Grime. What more?

Item. This d—d Scotchman will assuredly betray us to him; and Lady Anne's jointure prevents his being so entirely destitute as is necessary.

Grime. But how is that to be helped?

Item. Easily enough. You must convey information to her father and relations that he has a

Grime. Nay, but— [daughter.]

Item. Hush! Here he comes! I will give you my reasons and instructions when we are alone.

Where is the deed?

Grime. Here, ready!—[Enter MORDENT.]

Mor. (In anger.) What is the meaning, Mr. Item, that I see that upholsterer, and two other ill-looking followers with him, below?

Item. Nay, why ask me? why knit your brows at me? Can I coin? [at friends and foes.]

Mor. Excuse me; I am a hunted bull, and butt

Item. The insolent fellow insisted on taking possession; so, thinking you would not wish Lady Anne to know, I prevailed on him and the officer to remain in the hall, till I could speak to you. If I have done amiss, shew me in what.

Mor. No, no; I know your zeal. Why will you not advance two thousand pounds, for that and

other immediate purposes, and delay signing, Mr. Grime? I ask only a day.

Item. Ay, Mr. Grime, why will you not?

Grime. (With great gravity.) Impossible!

Item. Don't tell me; impossible, indeed! You ought to consent; it is your duty; nay, you shall

Grime. I cannot. Must have security. [consent.]

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! Villain! Where is the deed?

Item. So, you will not, Mr. Grime? you will not?

Grime. I wish I could. But I am myself a bor-

rower: the money is not my own.

Item. Hem! [Give me the pen.]

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! D—n your rascally hypocrisy!

Item. (Holding his arm.) Why, you will not sign,

sir, will you?

Mor. Peace, fool! Cannot you see a wretch on

the wheel, but that your bones, too, must ache?

Item. (Mor. signs.) Ah! it is always thus: I may advise, but my advice is never followed.

Mor. (Seals.) "I deliver this as my act and deed." Here, implement of hell! I know your thirst, bloodhound! 'Tis ready mixed destruction:

take, quaff, and burst! Begone!

Item. (Seizing the deed.) Come, sir. My good master has sufficient reason to be angry with you.

It was very unfriendly, sir, to refuse. You teach Mr. Mordent what he has to expect. (Aside.) All

is now secure. [Exeunt Item and Grime.]

Enter DONALD, looking earnestly after them.

Don. Ha' ye signed? ha' ye signed?

Mor. Ask no questions; yes.

Don. Weel, weel! Stark deed has nae remeed.

Twa wolves may worry ane sheep. I kam to tal ye that yeer glib gabbit steward, and his compeer,

Grime, are too scoondrels.

Mor. Psha! Fool!

Don. I tal ye, they are twa d—d villains!

Mor. Grime, fellow! Grime; a paltry, gold-

loving, ravenous rascal! But Item, a worthy man!

Don. He wordy! that fient! Marcy o' my soul!

he is the prime cock deel o' the blackest pit o' hell! The malison curse catch 'em aw! 'Tis nae

stick and stow sax minutes sin I heard aw their

Mor. Hear? [murgullied gab.]

Don. Yas, hear!

Mor. What did you hear?

Don. Item himsal confess that he had fletchered ye of aw yeer estates; that Grime is nae mair but

his lunkie; that it is his intantion to foreclose; that he has wilfully neglected to pay himsal interest, for that he may claw ye according tul law;

that there ha' been sham deeds; and that a plot is laid to felch Maister Cheveril of aw his walth.

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! You heard all this?

Don. Wi' my ain ears.

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! Item! Are you sure you heard this precious mischief?

Don. When did Donald tall ye a lie?

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! Item! I am glad on't! 'Tis right! 'tis consistent! 'tis delightful! Ha, ha, ha!

Abraham's rejected prayer: not one honest man.

Don. Hoot awa! Nae onest! Nor ye nor the black clawed Lucifer himsal canna deny but that Donald is onest.

Mor. Item! Ha, ha, ha! Inestimable villain! And I, too, thought him just and good. Oh!

gull, gull, gull! Ha, ha, ha! (Recollecting.) Tell Mr. Clement I wish to speak with him.

Don. Noo the steed is stolen, ye wad steck the door. [Exit.]

Mor. Oh! the sharp-fanged wolf! Ha, ha, ha!

Enter LENNOX.

Len. Mordent! How now? How you look.

Mor. I am an ass; a most ineffable ass!

Len. What is the matter?

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! 'Tis proved upon me!

Len. Your mirth is of a strange kind.

Mor. The man whom I have trusted through life, ha, ha, ha! he whose rigid honesty—do you mark me? Ha, ha, ha! Honesty!

Len. Well?

Mor. Ha, ha, ha! whose honesty made me sometimes doubt the truth of the self-evident system of evil—ha, ha, ha!—He's a rascal! A double-leagued

Len. Your steward? [hell dog!

Mor. Item! A deep d——e, thorough-paced villain; that can bully, cajole, and curse, fawn, flatter, and filch. Ha, ha, ha!

Len. Be patient.

Mor. Oh, I am delighted! Ha, ha, ha!

Len. Be calm. You knew yourself to be in the power of a villain, and 'tis little matter whether his name be Grime or Item.

Mor. How? Ha, ha, ha! In a world of rationality, are not two rascals better than one?

Len. Nay, but attend to me. I want your help instantly, in Dover-street.

Mor. Dover-street?

Len. Yes.

Mor. It must not be.

Len. Eh! What's the freak now?

Mor. You can have no help of mine.

Len. Indeed, but I must! [for worlds.

Mor. I would not commit an injury on that girl,

Len. Why, what conscientious mummery is this? You neglect your own child, and pretend to interest yourself for a stranger. [cent being, why not?

Mor. If the stranger be an angel of light, a benefi-

Len. Benificent! What, in this system of evil?

Mor. An exception to the rule! A rare exception.

Len. Like Item?

Mor. Psha! Hell! [equally an angel.

Len. And may not your deserted daughter be

Mor. May she? If she should—I'll have no concern in the ruin of that girl.

Len. Harkye! Mordent, you are plotting.

Mor. I?

Len. No distress can cure you of your old propensities. You mean to trick me of her.

Mor. Ha, ha!

Len. 'Tis evident. Do you not affirm she cannot remain innocent in the house into which she is de-

Mor. Granted. [coyed?

Len. Marriage excepted, which would be madness, am I a man to treat her vilely?

Mor. Not worse than the malignity of fate ordains.

Len. Pooh! Cant! Cheveril, in the fervour of youth, is lunatic enough rather to marry than lose her. [of wretchedness.

Mor. Ay, ay; he is horn-mad to begin his career

Len. And you, his guardian, from pretended pity to a stranger, will guide and spur him to the course?

Mor. Even so it is. Mischief here, mischief there; turn which way you will, mischief!

Len. Your word and honour are solemnly pledged. If you really wish the lovely creature's welfare, would preserve your ward, and prove your friendship and honest intentions, you will aid me.

Mor. Well, well, I am blind; I am but the tool of destiny; so be it. [yield her to me.

Len. Your authority will oblige Mrs. Enfield to

Mor. No; my credit there is on the decline. Strat-

Len. But how? What? [agem, stratagem!

Mor. Convey a disguise to the girl.

Len. And so she will escape us all.

Mor. Escape! No, no; malevolence is the element of man, and I have an apt alacrity: I will instruct you. Come this way. Having her safe, you may post away with her to my commodious house in Park-lane. Fear not me. When Belial is busy, shall his progeny be idle?—[Re-enter DONALD.]

Don. Maister Clement is nae i' the hoose.

Mor. No matter!

Len. Come, come!

Mor. Oh! what an excellent gull is this image of the gods, this thing called man! [Exit with Len.

Don. Ah! Woes me! This poor lassy! I canna rest. I hirlpe here, and gang hirlching there, till I'ze e'en ramfeelzed wi' the ripples. I wist nae where tul spier niest. My dool and thole will be my deeth! I' Gode's name, and wi' aw my hairt; for I'ze recht weary o' life!

Enter CHEVERIL in great haste, searching.

Don. Hoot, man! what is the bang?

Chev. My dear Donald, can you direct me where Mr. Item or Mr. Grime may be found?

Don. Donald direct, ye tul sic an pair o' scoondrels? Fathaer Balzebub! but I wad at anes gar ye o'er catch plague, pastilence, and famine.

Chev. 'Sdeath! they are both dead and buried, I believe; for they are neither here, nor there, nor anywhere else. Can you tell me where I can borrow a few thousands?

Don. Sir! Do ye tak me for a thief, or a steward?

Chev. I shall go mad. Oh! Donald, I left the most angelic girl your eyes ever beheld, at a wicked house. She must be friendless and fatherless, or she could not have been there.

Don. What's that ye red of angil and fatherless?

Chev. I am sure she is innocent. Vile as the house is, she is innocent.

Don. What? what she? what hoose?

Chev. I can't stay—I saw her first in the Green

Don. Green Pairk? [Park.

Chev. She is now at Enfield's. A divine girl!

Don. What? Hoo? A menzfoo' maikless lass?

Chev. Not twenty; yet with the penetration, wit, and understanding of the seven sages.

Don. The Green Pairk? Maircy misgi' me! En-

Chev. In Dover-street. [field's?

Don. I ken the place! A hoose o' hell! Gin it be—Quick, Donald, quick! [Exit, hastily.

Chev. What is the matter with the honest soul? I don't know what sum that old harridan will require, but I can do nothing without money. I must have enough, too, for I must make sure. I'll place her in safety and splendour: she shall be my queen. [Enter ITEM.] Ah! my dear, dear Item! I am the luckiest fellow on earth. I am in instant want of money. [life.

Item. So am I: I have been in want of it all my

Chev. You must furnish me with ten thousand

Item. Ah! I wish I could. [pounds.

Chev. 'Sblood! don't stand wishing, but give me the money.

Item. If my friend Grime were but here—

Chev. 'Sdeath and the devil, give me the money! I shall lose her! She'll be gone! I'll make over the seventeen thousand that is in Mordent's hands. I will, by heaven!—on the word and honour of a

Item. The seventeen thousand? [gentleman.

Chev. I will.

Item. It is true, I have cash in hand; but not my own. [have it.

Chev. Zounds! never mind whose it is: let me

Item. Why, if I could but manage the matter—I am but a poor old man, and it would be a little lift.

Chev. D—n your poverty and your cant!

Item. You are sure you understand—the seven-

Chev. I tell you, yes. [ten thousand?

Item. The risk will be very great.

Chev. Do you doubt my word?

Item. No, no; but—

Chev. But what?

[a memorandum.

Item. Your hand-writing on a stamp would be

Chev. You shall have it. Write a receipt for seventeen thousand; I'll sign it.

Item. (Takes out an account book, lays it down; then takes out another-book, finds a stamp, and writes.) Ay, this is the thing. You remember the risk? otherwise, it might be thought—

Chev. Give it me, give it me! I have no time for thinking. (Signs.)

Item. I must borrow to replace it.

Chev. Will you come away, and let me have the money? Come, come, man. 'Sdeath! will you despatch.

Enter CLEMENT.

Clem. Do you know where Mr. Mordent is, sir?

Item. No, sir. (Cheveril hurries Item off; who puts up his receipt in one book, but forgets the other.)

Clem. Mr. Mordent has asked for me; and, unfortunately, I cannot find him. I fear he has signed the mortgage. Oh, this uncle! Never was

SCENE I.]

situation so excruciating as mine. Must I cast off all ties of blood, become his accuser, and, as the world would call it, betray my benefactor? Beside, what have I to reveal? my fears and my suspicions: unconnected facts, that can alarm, but not relieve. And who is it that I should thus impotently accuse? my own uncle. (*Sees the book.*) Ah! what have we here? As I live, his private account-book! The very thing he so carefully has concealed from all inspection. What shall I do? Deliver it to Mordent? What may be the consequences? Disgrace, infamy, and—Dreadful thought! I must not be rash. Hark! he's here. I must consider well. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter ITEM and CHEVERIL.—Item searches every place for his account-book.

Chev. You see there is no book here.

Item. I am certain I had it in my hand.

Chev. We have not quitted the room a minute; nobody can have been here since.

Item. We left my nephew here.

Chev. Well, if he has it, it is safe enough.

Item. I don't know that! If I have lost it, I shall never sleep again.

Chev. Come away; you have it somewhere, locked up safe. [*It.*]

Item. No; I laid it down here: I am positive of *Chev.* Nay, but you see that is impossible. Come!

Item. If it be gone, I shall go mad.

Chev. Is it so valuable? [*the world.*]

Item. I would not lose it for all I am worth in *Chev.* Come, come. What did it contain?

Item. My soul! my secrets!

Chev. Well, it certainly is not here. You must go! you shall go! I'll indemnify you.

Item. You can't.

Chev. I tell you, I will. (*Pushing him off.*) It is in your own room.

Item. (*Turning back.*) I hope so, I hope so! But my heart misgives me. Oh, lord! I'm undone!

Chev. (*Pushing him.*) Will you go?

Item. (*Turning.*) I am wretched!

Chev. (*Pushing him again.*) You won't?

Item. (*Turning.*) I'm ruined!

Chev. (*Still pushing him.*) Will you, or—

Item. (*Turning.*) I'm lost! I'm dead! I'm—

Chev. (*Pushes him with more violence.*) Furies and fire, begone. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter MORDENT.

Mor. (*Calls.*) Mr. Cheveril! Mr. Cheveril! 'Tis impossible to stop him; but no matter, the plan cannot fail: Lennox, by this time, has her safe.

Why, ay; I have advised, I have plotted, I have aided! And in what? why the ruin of an innocent; who, while I looked and listened to her, I would have lost my life to defend.—[*Enter MRS. SARNET.*]

Mrs. S. My lady, sir, desires to know if she may have the honour to see you?

Mor. What is the matter now?

Mrs. S. Oh! as to that, let my lady speak; I have got ill-blood enough, because I would not take somebody's part. But that is all over.

Mor. What is over?

Mrs. S. I have told my lady, often and often, how a gentleman's proud spirit might be brought down; but she would never listen to my consulta-

Mor. Before? [*tion before.*]

Mrs. S. "For, (said I,) my lady, you would be as merry as May, if you would but pluck up a spirit to take the earl's advice, and leave all base seducers

Mor. You said so? [*to their own course.*]

Mrs. S. Yes, I did! I should be no woman, if I would not take part with my sect! So we are all ready for moving; seeing as we are resolved.

"For, (said I,) if he should fall at my feet, and cry his eyes out, I would not hear a word."

Mor. Indeed!

Mrs. S. Not but I have as tender a heart as another; but, then, I would sooner break his heart than my own.

Mor. What does this insolent gabble mean?

Mrs. S. Why, it means that my lady is coming to take her leave; and that, then, we shall be gone; and, then, it will be seen who will have most cause

Mor. (*Aside.*) Is it possible? [*to repent.*]

Mrs. S. I am sure if I could have made folks happy, I would have done it with all my heart and soul: but the secret is out at last, and all is settled. Not but, for all I'm so glad, I can't say but I'm sorry in the main; for I'm sure some folks will be miserable enough; and, though they richly deserve it, one can't help feeling for them in one's heart. And so, sir, as, perhaps, I shall never see you no more, God bless you, and mend you. [*Exit.*]

Enter LADY ANNE.

Lady A. Mr. Mordent, I am driven upon an agonizing task, which a too painful sense of duty only could oblige me to execute.

Mor. Proceed, madam; apologies for feeling, or for inflicting pain, are quite unnecessary.

Lady A. Forgive me. Would it were to be avoided—You have a daughter?

Mor. Whence gain you that intelligence?

Lady A. From the Earl of Oldcrest.

Mor. And what is his authority?

Lady A. I know not: but I, it seems, have innocently been the cause that she is disowned and abandoned. Of such an act I cannot knowingly consent to be a moment guilty. The fatal period is come; that separation which I so much have dreaded, is inevitable.

Mor. And you support your fate with patience.

Lady A. Cruel man! do I deserve this parting reproach? [*It?*]

Mor. You deserve! Who shall dare insinuate

Lady A. Happy days and past endearments rush upon my mind with sensations unutterable!

Mor. I know, I know I am the vilest of men!

Lady A. Far from saying, far from thinking so, I take my full share of blame. How do I know that the fault is not wholly mine?

Mor. (*Agitated.*) Madam, I—I—I request I may be tortured by anything but your candour.

Lady A. I know I have lost the envied art of making myself intelligible to your feelings: and how? you once were happy, tender, and prone to smile at every look and word of mine. Of what fatal errors have I been guilty, that should have wrought this change? [*strung!*]

Mor. Oh, exquisite! Continue! my nerves are

Lady A. To despair of recovering those inestimable blessings was quite sufficient; but to be the cause of banishing a child from a father's arms and heart? to cast it an orphan on a tempestuous world? No; whatever my other mistakes may have been, of that no tongue shall accuse me.

Mor. Right; let the guilt be all my own.

Lady A. And now, I have one last request to make, which I conjure you, by all our former affection, not to deny.

Mor. To ask favours, where there is neither the power to grant, nor the desire to be thanked, is fruitless. [*state of your affairs—*]

Lady A. I am but too well acquainted with the

Mor. A humane motive for parting. (*Aside.*)

Lady A. The settlements you made on me, in our early days of love, were ample. In the sincerity of affection, I vowed, if ever they should be necessary to your happiness, that moment they should again be your's.

Mor. (*Greatly agitated.*) Madam!

Lady A. Pardon and endure this proof of my fidelity. The deeds are now in Mr. Clement's possession: he will restore them to you.

Mor. (*Indignantly.*) Never!

Lady A. Stop! Beware of rashness! You are a father, and have a father's sacred duties to fulfil. Take home your daughter: make her what amends you can for the desertion of a parent's love.

Mor. 'Tis too much! Scorpions could not sting like this!

Lady A. On this last occasion, suffer a gleam of

former kindness once more to warm your bosom. Money is a poor vehicle for the affections of the soul; a contemptible token of the love I have borne you; but, such as it is, for that love's sake, give it welcome. A cold adieu I cannot take. It freezes my very heart. From my soul, I ever have loved, and ever shall love. Had I a heaven of happiness to bestow, would you but deign to accept it from me, it should be your's. [Exit.]

Mor. Why, so, so, so! It rages! it bursts! it is complete! Let fate or fiends increase the misery, if they can.

Enter DONALD.

Don. It's past! it's aw o'er! My forebodings are fulfilled!

Mor. (Alarmed.) Have you not found her yet?

Don. Yes, yes; I ha' found her.

Mor. Have you? Where? [what are ye?

Don. I've noo, indeed, a rasca' go-between! But

Mor. You say you have found her?

Don. She is gone! she is ruined! Ye're a wratch; the most meeserable o' wratches!

Mor. Tormenting demon! What? who? where

Don. To Dover-street! [have you been?

Mor. (Alarmed.) Dover—

Don. Tul the elritch limmer Enfield.

Mor. (With terror.) What do you say?

Don. I was too late. A maister scoondrel, e'en as wecked as her ain father, had decoyed her intul

Mor. Decoyed? [his net.

Don. Lennox! yeer friend, yeer crony!

Mor. From Enfield's?

Don. Ha' not I toud ye?

Mor. Lennox? Dover-street? Joanna?

Don. Hear it, gin ye can, and live: Joanna! yeer child! yeer guileless Joanna!

Mor. (Distractedly.) Misery of hell! And was that Joanna? that my child? Celestial creature! and I the pit-digger! (Pause.)

Don. Sir!—Sir!—Maister!

Mor. (Starting.) I the pander! I cast her shrieking on the bed of infamy, and chain her in the arms of lust! Her father do this? (Pause.)

Don. Maister!—Dear Maister!—Maister Mordent!—Dear Maister Mordent! Speak! I'ze forgi' ye! Why, maister! I'ze pray for ye! I'ze die for ye! I'ze forgi' ye!

Mor. Fly! Summon the servants! Arm yourselves! follow me to Park-lane! [Exit.]

Don. William! Sandy! Jock! [Exit, calling.]

ACT V.—SCENE I.—The Green Park.

Enter MORDENT and LENNOX.

Mor. We are now in private.

Len. I am glad we are.

Mor. And now, sir, I insist on a clear and explicit answer. Where have you lodged Joanna?

Len. Nay, sir, where have you lodged Joanna?

Mor. Mr. Lennox, I will not be trifled with: where is she?

Len. Nor will I be trifled with, Mr. Mordent: I say where is she? The contrivance was your own. I know you. The moment you set your eyes on her, you began your cursed plots to secure her for yourself; and, when you found I would not give her up at your persuasion, you put them in practice, while you treacherously pretended to secure her to me. I tell you, I know you.

Mor. This will not serve, sir; it is all evasion.

Len. Ay, sir, it is evasion! cunning, base, d—d evasion! and I affirm she is in your possession.

Mor. Mr. Lennox, I am at this moment a determined and desperate man, and must be answered. Where is she?

Len. Sir, I am as determined and as desperate as yourself, and I say where is she? For you alone

Mor. 'Tis false! [can tell.

Len. False?

Mor. Ay, false!

Len. (Going up to him.) He is the falsest of the false that dares whisper such a word.

Mor. Harkye, sir! I understand your meaning,

and came purposely provided. (Draws a pair of pistols.) Take your choice: they are loaded.

Len. Oh! with all my heart! Come, sir!

Mor. (Approaching sternly.) Nigher!

Len. As nigh as you please.

Mor. (Placing himself.) Foot to foot!

Len. (Both presenting.) Muzzle to muzzle!

Mor. Why don't you fire?

Len. Why don't you unlock your pistol?

Mor. (After unlocking it.) There!

Len. Why do you turn out of the line? (Pause.)

I see your intention, Mordent; you are tired of life, and want me to murder you. D—n it, man, that is not treating your friend like a friend. Kill me if you will, but don't make me your assassin.

Mor. Nay, kill me, or tell me where you have lodged the wretched girl.

Len. Fiends sieze me if I have lodged her anywhere, or know what is become of her.

Mor. Your behaviour tells me you are sincere; and to convince you at once that I am no less so, know—she is my daughter!

Len. Your daughter! [her at Enfield's.

Mor. The honest, indefatigable Donald discovered

Len. Murder my friend, and debauch his daughter!

Mor. We are sad fellows. Again and again, it is a vile world! [Forgive me!

Len. I'll seek it through with you to find her.

Mor. Would I could forgive myself!

Len. But it seems, then, she has escaped, and is, perhaps, in safety.

Mor. Oh! that she were! Donald used to meet her here, in the Green Park, about this time of the evening. (Listens.) I hear the sound of feet. 'Tis not a woman. Let us retire among the trees, and keep on the watch. [Enter CHEVERIL.]

Chev. She is nothere! she's gone! for ever gone! I shall never more set eyes on her! I'll fire that infernal Dover-street! I'll pistol Lennox! I may perambulate here till doomsday, and to no purpose. She would have been here, had she been free. Ay, ay; she is in thralldom; perhaps in the very gripe of vice. Furies!—Lennox is a liar! I'll cut his throat! I'll hack him piecemeal! I'll have her, or I'll have his heart! (Walks among the trees.)

Enter JOANNA, in man's clothes.

Joanna. Whither shall I run? where shall I hide? How fly the pursuits of wicked men, and women still more depraved? I have neither house, home, nor friend on earth; and the fortitude that can patiently endure is my only resource. What, then? Have I not escaped the dens of vice? Oh, happiness! I have, I have! And rather than venture in them again, welcome hunger, welcome cold, welcome the bare ground, the biting air, and the society of brute beasts.

Chev. (Advancing.) What can that youth want?

Why is he watching here? (Walks round Joanna.)

Joanna. As I live, the young gentleman I saw this morning. What reason can he have for being in this place? (Aside.)

Chev. He eyes me with curiosity. (Aside.)

Joanna. His intentions seemed good, for he first warned me against that wicked woman. (Aside.)

Chev. Who can say, he may know her? He is a smart, handsome, dapper fellow: I don't like him.

Joanna. I am not now confined by walls and bolts; there can be no danger. I'll speak. (Aside.) Pray,

Chev. Well, sir? [sir—

Joanna. Have you seen a young person—

Chev. A lady?

Joanna. Yes.

Chev. With blue eyes, auburn hair, aquiline nose, ivory teeth, carnation lips, ravishing mouth, enchanting neck, a form divine, and an angel face?

Joanna. Have you seen her?

Chev. Are you acquainted with that lady?

Joanna. I am acquainted with a lady, but not an angel. [her—her lover?

Chev. Ah! then it is not her. Perhaps you are

Joanna. Humph! I—I love her.

Chev. You do? (*Aside.*) I'll be the death of him.

Joanna. Why—yes. [And she loves you?

Chev. (*Aside.*) I'll put an end to him. Are you

Joanna. No. [married?

Chev. You—you mean to marry her?

Joanna. No.

Chev. Is she, then, lost to virtue?

Joanna. Who dare suppose it?

Chev. Ay, who dare? I'll cut the villain's throat that dares. [violence; but not guilt.

Joanna. She has endured insult, constraint, and *Chev.* Guilt! no; not wilful guilt. Impossible!

But, then, is she safe? is she safe?

Joanna. Disowned by her family, exposed to the snares of vice, houseless, hopeless, not daring to approach the wicked haunts of men, she wanders forlorn and desolate, willing to suffer, disdaining to complain.

Chev. Tell me where! I will rescue, defend, protect, cherish, love, adore, die for her!

Joanna. Is your heart pure? Have you no selfish, dishonest purposes?

Chev. How came you to imagine, sir, that I, or any man, durst couple her and dishonesty, even in a thought?

Joanna. Meet me here to-morrow at ten.

Chev. You?

Joanna. You shall see her.

Chev. See her? Shall I?

Joanna. You shall. [At nine?

Chev. My dear brother! I'll make your fortune!

Joanna. Ten.

Chev. Could not I see her to-night?

Joanna. To-morrow Joanna will meet you.

Chev. Joanna! Is that her dear name?

Joanna. It is.

Chev. Delightful sound! The sweet Joanna! the divine Joanna! My heart's best blood is not so precious as Joanna!

Joanna. But, pray, where do you live?

Chev. Joanna—In Portland-place.

Joanna. Your name?

Chev. Joanna—Cheveril: Hans Cheveril. Joanna—Be sure you don't forget.

Joanna. I'll be punctual. Who's here? (*Hides behind a tree.*)

Chev. Joanna!—At eight did you say?—Where is he gone? Sir! Sir! [Exit.

Mor. (*Appearing.*) I heard the name repeated. (*Aloud.*) Who is it here that knows Joanna?

Joanna. (*Appearing.*) I do. [Is she safe?

Mor. Sir! Do you? Well, and what? where?

Joanna. I hope so.

Mor. But where, sir, where? [you inquire?

Joanna. (*Aside.*) 'Tis Mr. Mordent. Why do

Mor. For heaven's sake! sir, do not torment me by delay, but tell me where she is.

Joanna. I must not. [shall.

Mor. (*Seizes her.*) But, sir, I say you must, and *Joanna.* Sir, you mistake, if you suppose menaces can prevail.

Mor. Excuse me; I would give my right hand to know what it appears you can tell.

Joanna. I can tell nothing till I am first made acquainted with your true motives.

Mor. And will you inform me, then?

Joanna. Provided I am certain of their purity.

Mor. Know, then, that I pant for a sight of her once more, to do her the little justice that is yet in my power. Know, the wrongs she has received from me are irreparable, vile; such as could not have happened but in this worst of worlds. Know that I, her natural guardian, have been her actual persecutor; that I drove her to the abode of infamy; that I became the agent of her ruin, the plotter against her chastity; and that, when I had set the engines of darkness and hell at work to ensure her everlasting wretchedness, I then discovered—she was my daughter!

Joanna. Sir!—Your daughter? You—you my

Mor. How!— [father?

Joanna. (*Falling at his feet.*) Oh!

Mor. Can it be? My child? my Joanna? It

Joanna. My father! [is! it is!

Mor. My child! And innocent?

Joanna. As your own wishes; or the word father should never have escaped my lips. This dress was the disguise conveyed to me, by which I effected my escape. I can suffer anything but dishonour.

Mor. A father! Oh! I do not deserve thee! Once again let me fold thee to my heart.

Len. (*Without.*) Sounds! sir!

Chev. (*Without.*) I insist, sir!

Joanna. I hear voices. (*They retire.*)

Enter CHEVERIL and LENNOX.

Chev. Oh! for swords, daggers, pistols—

Mor. (*To Joanna.*) This way. [*Exit with Joanna.*

Len. Confound your impertinent freaks; they have stopped my mouth this half hour. I would have told you all I new instantly, but for your insulting passion. [where she is?

Chev. Did not you say you would not tell me

Len. I said I could not.

Chev. Why there now! [you will but hear.

Len. But I suspect I can tell more at present, if

Chev. 'Sdeath! then why don't you?

Len. Will you be silent? I had a glimpse of Mordent, this moment, in conversation with a youth.

Chev. Well? [to Joanna.

Len. It was the identical dress I sent as a disguise

Chev. How! [herself.

Len. And I suspect that very youth to be Joanna

Chev. (*Recollecting.*) By heaven, and so it is!

In the possession of Mordent?

Len. Be patient; there is a secret. His claims supersede all others. [and hell—

Chev. His claims! By every power of heaven

Len. Be patient, I tell you—she is his daughter!

Chev. Joanna! my sweet Joanna! his daughter?

Len. Even so.

Chev. His daughter! Huzza! My dear Lennox!

(*In ecstasy.*) Huzza! Oh, lord! oh, lord! Huzza!

His daughter! Huzza, huzza, huzza! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The House of Mordent.*

CLEMENT and MRS. SARNET discovered.

Clem. Are you sure it was Mr. Mordent?

Mrs. S. I tell you, sir, I was on the watch, and opened the door myself. Take care, my dear, said he, to the sham gentleman-lady; and handed her in as lovingly—The monster! My lady is bewitched! she is fabricated! she can't quit the house. I am sure he must have nailed an invisible horse-shoe to the threshold.

Clem. But how do you know this pretended youth to be a woman?

Mrs. S. Did not I hear? I held the candle full flare in her face; it was a perfect picter! I never saw the like. So she is to be brought home, truly! Such magnanimous impudence! But I'll go to my

Clem. Be cautious; you may do mischief. [lady.

Mrs. S. I don't care; I am resolved to stabilate and confound facts. So, then, having a sufficient dearth of proofs, we shall sail off in the charut; and be properly received by the earl, the viscount, and the bishop; and be squired into the hall; and be kissed for joy; and shall swim up stairs into the bosom of the family. [*Exit.*

Enter CHEVERIL, hastily.

Chev. Dear Clement, have you seen Mr. Mordent? [the utmost importance.

Clem. No; I am in search of him, on affairs of

Chev. So am I.

Clem. No less than the recovery or total loss of

Chev. How? [his mortgaged lands.

Clem. I am in great need of advice, and should be glad to consult you.

Chev. Consult! 'Sdeath! man, I am in a hurry. I cannot rest till I have found him.

Clem. Nay, but on the decision of the moment his ruin or safety depends. [What is it?

Chev. Indeed! If so, my impatience must wait.

Clem. I hear footsteps. This way, [Exeunt.
Enter MORDENT and JOANNA.]

Mor. Yes, dear girl, your rare endowments surpass my hopes; and, convinced as I am, that beauty is destructive, and wisdom impotent, I joy to find you thus adorned.

Joanna. Wait to know me better. I fear you should prize me above my worth.

Mor. How shall I reward it? Fool that I am, madman that I have been!

Joanna. This is my rich reward. (*Kissing him.*)

Mor. I have told you, in part, my desperate situation. If Grime would but give honest evidence—But of that there is little hope.

Joanna. My greatest fear arises from what you have said of Lady Anne. I must not, will not be the cause of separation.

Mor. Let me do her justice: she is a miracle of forbearance. I have hated and spurned at the kindness I did not deserve. Her perseverance in good has been my astonishment and my torture.

Joanna. Oh! that I could see you reconciled! Oh! that I could gain the love of such a lady.

Mor. Of that, sweet girl, you are certain. Lennox is with her; and, by this, she knows your story; and I am sure adores your virtue.

Lady A. (*Without.*) Where is she?

Mor. I hear her.—[Enter LADY ANNE.]

Lady A. Oh! noble girl! (*Embraces Joanna.*) Forgive this rude tumult of affection, which I cannot restrain.

Joanna. Is it possible? [not restrain.]

Lady A. Mr. Mordent, you are now a million fold more dear to me.

Mor. I cannot bear it!

Lady A. Will you be my daughter?

Joanna. Oh, madam!

Lady A. Will you?

Joanna. Adversity I could endure, but this unhoped-for tide of blessings overpowers me.

Mor. Oh! how I hate myself.

Lady A. And why? Can you be ignorant of the virtuous struggles which have caused the conflict you have felt? The strength of these sensations shew how fitted you are to be great and good.

Mor. To be a—I dare not think!

Lady A. Indeed you are wrong. Had I not been guilty of a thousand errors, you never would have had occasion for this self reproach. Like cowards, we both have shunned inquiry. Let us be more courageous; let us affectionately communicate our mutual mistakes, and while we examine we shall correct the mind, expand the heart, and render ourselves dear to each other, and beneficent to the whole world.

Mor. Oh! shame, shame!

Lady A. Nay, my love—

Joanna. My dear father!

Mor. Well, well, I will endure existence a little longer, if it be but to hate myself.

Enter CHEVERIL, who runs to Joanna.

Chev. My life! my soul! my precious Joanna!

Mor. They will persuade me presently that happiness is possible. (*Aside.*) You have cause, child, to thank Mr. Cheveril. [stamp.]

Joanna. Oh! yes; he has a heart of the noblest *Mor.* Ay, all angels except myself! I am cast into the shade; a kind of demon, grinning in the dark.

Chev. Come, guardian, dismiss those sombre familiars; they have plagued you long enough. Clement is in eager search of you, to communicate secrets of the utmost importance concerning his uncle.

Mor. The villain!

Chev. Yes; he is below, foaming with rage; and accusing every servant in the house with having stolen his book. I hear him: pray, keep back, my sweet Joanna! but for a moment. [Exeunt.]

Enter ITEM.

Item. 'Tis gone! 'tis lost! I am undone! I am murdered! I am betrayed! I shall be prosecuted, pilloried, fined, cast in damages, obliged to pay all, to refund all! All, all, all! I'll hang myself! I'll

drown myself! I'll cut my throat! Mordent has got it! All my secrets, all my projects, all my rogueries—past, present, and to come! Oh! that I had never been born! Oh!—[Enter CLEMENT.] Have you seen my book? Give it me! Where is

Clem. What book? [my book?]

Item. My account-book! my secrets! my soul! (*Feels Clement's coat pocket.*) 'Tis here! I feel it!

Clem. Yes, sir, 'tis here! Be pacified.

Item. I won't, I won't! I'll have it! Give it me! I'll swear a robbery! I'll have you hanged!

Clem. (*Shews a book.*) This book, sir, I consider as a sacred trust: part with it to you I must not.

Item. You shall part with it, villain! I'll have your soul! 'Tis mine! I'll have your heart! 'Tis mine! I will have it! (*Striking Clement.*)

Clem. You shall have heart, life, and soul, first.

Item. (*Kneels.*) My dear nephew! my kind Clement! I'll supply all your wants; I'll pay all your debts; I'll never deny anything you ask; I'll make you my heir!

Clem. You are the agent of Mr. Mordent, whom, I fear, you've deeply wronged. I've a painful duty to perform; but justice must be obeyed: nothing must or shall bribe me to betray an injured man.

Item. I'll give you ten thousand pounds! I'll give you twenty! I'll give you fifty! Would you rob and ruin your uncle? would you see him hanged? (*Seizes him.*) Villain, I will have it! 'Tis mine! I will, I will!

Enter MORDENT, LADY ANNE, LENNOX, CLEMENT, GRIME, DONALD, CHEVERIL and JOANNA.

Mor. (*With the book.*) I am glad, Mr. Item, that your inattention, and your nephew's inflexible honesty have afforded me the means of doing myself justice: that is all I require. [and your agent.]

Len. Here is double testimony; your hand-writing

Item. (*To Grime.*) Have you impeached, then?

Grime. I am a villain, a rascal, a cut-throat!

Mor. Mr. Clement, your worth and virtue are beyond my praise. [than I expect.]

Clem. If my conduct escape censure, it is more

Mor. If it meet not retribution, all sense of justice is lost. [never-failing friend!]

Joanna. (*To Donald.*) My watchful guide! my

Chev. Your hand, old boy! you and I must settle accounts. I am I know not how many score pounds

Mor. What, then, am I? [a-year in your debt.]

Joanna. And I?

Don. Hoot awa! Gin ye wad pay Donald, it mun nae be wi' yeer dirty siller; it mun be wi' yeer affections. [hand.]

Joanna. True, my noble protector! (*Kisses his* *Don.* Why ay, noo, that's a receipt in foo! It makes my hairt gi' sic an a bang! [cile—]

Mor. Honest, worthy soul! And now to recon-

Chev. Come, come; make no speeches: I'll settle the business: I am the proper person. I have eight thousand a-year, and ten thousand in my pocket—Ten!—(*to Item*) Is it ten or seventeen?

Item. Seventeen.

Chev. Joanna shall be queen of joy, pleasure, and happiness. Honesty, here, shall settle all his ill-gotten gains on his nephew; Lennox, as a bachelor's penance, shall marry his housemaid; you, guardian, shall change your system of evil for practical good; Lady Anne shall become more patient and kind—if she know how; and old Moloch (*to Grime*) shall go and hang himself.

Len. Spoken like an oracle.

Chev. Why, then, toss up your caps! farewell to folly! long life to one and twenty! and mirth, health, and happiness to all!

Lady A. How strange are the vicissitudes of fortune! How have the storms of this memorable day risen, and increased even to horror! and now how bright the prospect, and how glowing the hope that it excites! Cherish it, kind friends, with your smiles; and, in the gentle slumbers of the night, let us joyfully dream that we still merit, and still obtain, your willing favour. [Exeunt.]

LOVE FOR LOVE;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY WILLIAM CONGREVE.



Act III.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

SIR SAMPSON LEGEND
VALENTINE
BEN
SCANDAL

TATTLE
FORESIGHT
JEREMY
TRAPLAND

SNAP
MRS. FORESIGHT
MRS. FRAIL
MISS PRUE

ANGELICA
NURSE
JENNY
SERVANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Valentine's Lodgings.*

VALENTINE *discovered reading*; JEREMY *waiting.*
Several books upon the table.

Val. Jeremy!

Jer. Sir?

Val. Here, take away; I'll walk a turn, and digest what I have read. (*Rises.*)

Jer. You'll grow devilish fat upon this paper diet! (*Aside, and taking away the books.*)

Val. And, d'y'e hear? go you to breakfast: there's a page doubled down in Epictetus, that is a feast for an emperor

Jer. Was Epictetus a real cook, or did he only write receipts?

Val. Read, read, sirrah, and refine your appetite; learn to live upon instruction; feast your mind, and mortify your flesh. Read, and take your nourishment in at your eyes; shut up your mouth, and chew the cud of understanding: so Epictetus advises.

Jer. Oh, lord! I have heard much of him, when I waited upon a gentleman at Cambridge. Pray, what was that Epictetus?

Val. A very rich man—not worth a groat.

Jer. Humph! and so he has made a very fine feast, where there is nothing to be eaten?

Val. Yes.

Jer. Sir, you're a gentleman, and probably understand this fine feeding; but, if you please, I had rather be at board-wages. Does your Epictetus, or your Seneca here, or any of these poor rich rogues, teach you how to pay your debts without money? will they shut up the mouths of your creditors? will Plato be bail for you? or Diogenes, because he understands confinement, and lived

in a tub, go to prison for you? 'Slife! sir, what do you mean, to mew yourself up here with three or four musty books, in commendation of starving and poverty?

Val. Why, sirrah, I have no money, you know it; and therefore resolve to rail at all that have: and in that I but follow the examples of the wisest and wittiest men in all ages—these poets and philosophers, whom you naturally hate, for just such another reason; because they abound in sense, and you are a fool.

Jer. Ay, sir, I am a fool, I know it; and yet, heaven help me! I'm poor enough to be a wit. But I was always a fool, when I told you what your expenses would bring you to; your coaches and your liveries; your treats and your balls; your being in love with a lady, that did not care a farthing for you in your prosperity; and keeping company with wits, that cared for nothing but your prosperity, and now when you are poor, hate you as much as they do one another.

Val. Well! and now I am poor, I have an opportunity to be revenged on them all; I'll pursue Angelica with more love than ever, and appear more notoriously her admirer in this restraint, than when I openly rivalled the rich fops that made court to her. So shall my poverty be a mortification to her pride, and perhaps make her compassionate the love; which has principally reduced me to this lowliness of fortune. And for the wits, I'm sure I am in a condition to be even with them.

Jer. Nay, your condition is pretty even with theirs, that's the truth on't.

Val. I'll take some of their trade out of their hands.

Jer. Now heaven of mercy continue the tax upon paper! You don't mean to write?

Val. Yes, I do; I'll write a play.

Jer. Hem! Sir, if you please to give me a small certificate of three lines; only to certify those to whom it may concern, "That the bearer hereof, Jeremy Fetch by name, has, for the space of seven years, truly and faithfully served Valentine Legend, Esquire; and that he is not now turned away for any misdemeanor, but does voluntarily dismiss his master from any future authority over him."

Val. No, sirrah! you shall live with me still.

Jer. Sir, it's impossible; I may die with you, starve with you, or be damned with your works: but to live, even three days, the life of a play, I no more expect it, than to be canonized for a muse after my decease.

Val. You are witty, you rogue; I shall want your help. I'll have you learn to make complets, to tag to the end of acts. D'ye hear? get the maids to crambo in an evening, and learn the knack of rhyming; you may arrive at the height of a song sent by an unknown hand, or a chocolate-house lampoon.

Jer. But, sir, is this the way to recover your father's favour? Why, Sir Sampson will be irreconcilable. If your younger brother should come from sea, he'd never look upon you again. You're undone, sir; you're ruined; you won't have a friend left in the world, if you turn poet: I never think of the trade but the spirit of famine appears to me; sometimes like a decayed porter, worn out with pinking, and carrying billet-doux and songs; not like other porters, for hire, but for the jest's sake: now like a thin chairman, melted down to half his proportion, with carrying a poet upon tick, to visit some great fortune; and his fare to be paid him, like the wages of sin, either at the day of marriage, or the day of death.

Enter SCANDAL.

Scand. What! Jeremy holding forth?

Val. The rogue has (with all the wit he could muster up) been declaiming against wit.

Scand. Ay! Why, then, I'm afraid Jeremy has wit: for wherever it is, it's always contriving its own ruin.

Jer. Why so I have been telling my master, sir. Mr. Scandal, for heaven's sake! sir, try if you can dissuade him from turning poet.

Scand. Poet! he shall turn soldier first, and rather depend upon the outside of his head, than the lining! Why, what the devil! has not your poverty made you enemies enough? must you needs shew your wit to get more?

Jer. Ay, more indeed; for who cares for anybody that has more wit than himself?

Scand. Jeremy speaks like an oracle. Don't you see how worthless great men and dull rich rogues avoid a witty man of small fortune? Why he looks, like a writ of inquiry, into their titles and estates; and seems commissioned by heaven to seize the better half.

Val. Therefore, I would rail in my writings, and be revenged. (*Rises.*)

Scand. Rail! at whom? the whole world? Impotent and vain! Who would die a martyr to sense, in a country where religion is folly? You may stand at bay for a while; but, when the full cry is against you, you sha'n't have fair play for your life. If you can't be fairly run down by the hounds, you will be treacherously shot by the huntsman. No; turn flatterer, quack, lawyer, anything, but a poet: a modern poet is worse, more servile, timorous, and fawning, than any I have named; without you could retrieve the ancient honours of the name, recall the stage of Athens, and be allowed the force of open honest satire.

Val. You are as inveterate against our poets, as if your character had been lately exposed upon the stage. Nay, I am not violently bent upon the trade. (*A knock.*) Jeremy, see who's there. [*Exit Jeremy.*] But tell me what you would have me do? What

do the world say of me, and my forced confinement?

Scand. The world behaves itself, as it uses to do on such occasions. Some pity you, and condemn your father; others excuse him, and blame you. Only, the ladies are merciful, and wish you well; since love and pleasurable expense have been your greatest faults.

Enter JEREMY.

Val. How now?

Jer. Nothing new, sir. I have despatched some half a dozen duns with as much dexterity as a hungry judge does causes at dinner-time.

Val. What answer have you given them?

Scand. Patience, I suppose—the old receipt?

Jer. No, faith, sir: I have put them off so long with patience and forbearance, and other fair words, that I was forced to tell them in plain downright English—

Val. What?

Jer. That they should be paid.

Val. When?

Jer. To-morrow.

Val. And how the devil do you mean to keep your word?

Jer. Keep it? not at all: it has been so very much stretched, that I reckon it will break of course by to-morrow, and nobody be surprised at the matter! (*Knocking.*) Again! Sir, if you don't like my negociation, will you be pleased to answer these yourself?

Val. See who they are. [*Exit Jeremy.*] By this, Scandal, you may see what it is to be great. Secretaries of state, presidents of the council, and generals of an army, lead just such a life as I do; have just such crowds of visitants in a morning, all soliciting of past promises; which are but a civil sort of duns, that lay claim to voluntary debts.

Enter JEREMY.

Jer. Oh! sir, there's Trapland, the scrivener, with two suspicious fellows, like lawful footpads, that would knock a man down with pocket tipstaves; and there's your father's steward; and the nurse, with one of your children, from Twit'n'am.

Val. Plague on her! could she find no other time to fling my sins in my face? Here! give her this, (*gives money*) and bid her trouble me no more: bid Mr. Trapland come in. If I can give that Cerberus a sop, I shall be at rest for one day.

[*Exit Jeremy.*]

Enter JEREMY with TRAPLAND.

Oh! Mr. Trapland, my old friend, welcome! Jeremy, a chair quickly: a bottle of sack and a toast. Fly—a chair first. [*Exit Jeremy.*]

Trapl. A good morning to you, Mr. Valentine; and to you, Mr. Scandal.

Scand. The morning's a very good morning, if you don't spoil it.

Val. Come, sit you down: you know his way.

Trapl. (*Sits.*) There is a debt, Mr. Valentine, of fifteen hundred pounds, of pretty long standing—

Val. I cannot talk about business with a thirsty palate. Sirrah! the sack.

Enter JEREMY, with wine, &c.

Trapl. And I desire to know what course you have taken for the payment.

Val. Faith and troth, I am heartily glad to see you. My service to you! fill, fill, to honest Mr. Trapland—fuller!

Trapl. Hold! sweetheart, this is not to our business. My service to you, Mr. Scandal! (*Drinks.*) I have forborne as long—

Val. To other glass, and then we'll talk. Fill, Jeremy.

Trapl. No more, in truth. I have forborne I say—

Val. And how does your handsome daughter?—Come, a good husband to her. (*Drinks.*)

Trapl. Thank you—I have been out of this money—

Val. Drink first. Scandal, why do you not drink? (*They drink.*)

Trapl. And, in short, I can be put off no longer.

Val. I was much obliged to you for your supply: it did me signal service in my necessity. But you delight in doing good. Scandal, drink to me my friend Trapland's health. An honest man lives not, nor one more ready to serve his friend in distress; though I say it to his face. Come, fill each man his glass.

Scand. What! I know Trapland has been a wench, and loves a girl still. You never knew a wench, that was not an honest fellow.

Trapl. Fie! Mr. Scandal, you never knew—

Scand. What don't I know? I know the buxom black widow in the Poultry—eight hundred pounds a-year jointure, and twenty thousand pounds in money. Ha, ha! old Trap!

Val. Say you so, i'faith? Come, we'll remember the widow: I know whereabouts you are; come, to the widow.

Trapl. No more, indeed.

Val. What! the widow's health? off with it. (*They drink.*) A lovely girl, i'faith, black sparkling eyes, soft pouting ruby lips! Better sealing there, than a bond for a million, eh?

Trapl. Ha, ha, ha! Verily, give me a glass. You're a wag; and here's to the widow. (*Drinks.*)

Scand. He begins to chuckle; ply him close, or he'll relapse into a dun. [*Exit Jeremy.*]

Enter SNAP.

Snap. By your leave, gentlemen. Mr. Trapland, if we must do our office, tell us. We have half a dozen gentlemen to arrest in Pall Mall and Covent Garden; and if we don't make haste, the chairmen will be abroad, and block up the chocolate-houses; and then our labour's lost.

Enter JEREMY.

Trapl. Odso! that's true. Mr. Valentine, I love mirth; but business must be done; are you ready to—

Jer. Sir, your father's steward says he comes to make proposals concerning your debts.

[*Exit Jeremy.*]

Val. Bid him come in: Mr. Trapland, send away your officer; you shall have an answer presently.

Trapl. Mr. Snap, stay within call. [*Exit Snap.*]

Enter JEREMY and Steward, who whispers Valentine.

Scand. Here's a dog now, a traitor in his wine! Sirrah! refund the sack; Jeremy, fetch him some warm water; or I'll rip up his stomach, and go the shortest way to his conscience.

Trapl. Mr. Scandal, you are uncivil. I did not value your sack; but you cannot expect it again, when I have drunk it.

Scand. And how do you expect to have your money again, when a gentleman has spent it?

Val. You need say no more. I understand the conditions; they are very hard, but my necessity is very pressing: I agree to them. Take Mr. Trapland with you, and let him draw the writing. Mr. Trapland, you know this man; he shall satisfy you.

Trapl. Sincerely, I am loth to be thus pressing; but my necessity—

Val. No apology, Mr. Scrivener; you shall be paid.

Trapl. I hope you forgive me: my business requires— [*Exeunt Trapland, Steward, and Jeremy.*]

Scand. He begs pardon, like a hangman at an execution.

Val. But I have got a reprieve.

Scand. I am surprised. What! does your father relent?

Val. No; he has sent me the hardest conditions

in the world. You have heard of a booby brother of mine, that was sent to sea, three years ago? This brother, my father hears, is landed; whereupon, he very affectionately sends me word, if I will make a deed of conveyance of my right to his estate, after his death, to my younger brother, he will immediately furnish me with four thousand pounds, to pay my debts and make my fortune. This was once proposed before, and I refused it; but the present impatience of my creditors for their money, and my own impatience of confinement, and absence from Angelica, force me to consent.

Scand. A very desperate demonstration of your love to Angelica! and, I think, she has never given you any assurance of hers.

Val. You know her temper; she never gave me any great reason either of hope or despair.

Scand. Women of her airy temper, as they seldom think before they act, so they rarely give us any light to guess at what they mean. But you have little reason to believe that a woman of this age, who has had an indifference for you in your prosperity, will fall in love with your ill fortune. Besides, Angelica has a great fortune of her own; and great fortunes either expect another great fortune, or a fool.

Enter JEREMY.

Jer. More misfortunes, sir!

Val. What! another dun?

Jer. No, sir; but Mr. Tattle is come to wait upon you.

Val. Well, I can't help it; you must bring him up; he knows I don't go abroad. [*Exit Jeremy.*]

Scand. Plague on him, I'll begone.

Val. No, pr'ythee, stay: Tattle and you should never be asunder; you are light and shadow, and shew one another. He is perfectly thy reverse, both in humour and understanding; and as you set up for defamation, he is a mender of defamations.

Scand. A mender of reputations! ay, just as he is a keeper of secrets; another virtue that he sets up for in the same manner. For the rogue will speak aloud, in the posture of a whisper; and deny a woman's name, while he gives you the marks of her person: he will forswear receiving a letter from her, and, at the same time, shew you her hand in the superscription; and yet, perhaps, he has counterfeited the hand, too, and sworn to a truth. In short, he is a public professor of secrecy, and makes proclamation that he holds private intelligence. He is here.

Enter TATTLE.

Tatt. Valentine, good morrow: Scandal, I am yours—that is, when you speak well of me.

Scand. That is, when I am your's: for while I am my own, or anybody's else, that will never happen.

Tatt. How inhuman!

Val. Why, Tattle, you need not be much concerned at anything that he says: for to converse with Scandal, is to play at Losing Loadum; you must lose a good name to him, before you can win it for yourself.

Tatt. But how barbarous that is, and how unfortunate for him, that the world should think the better of any person for his calumination! I thank heaven, it has always been a part of my character to handle the reputations of others very tenderly, indeed.

Scand. Ay, such rotten reputations as you have to deal with, are to be handled tenderly, indeed.

Tatt. Nay, why rotten? why should you say rotten, when you know not the persons of whom you speak? How cruel that is!

Scand. Not know them? Why, thou never hadst to do with any one that was not common to all the town.

Tatt. Ha, ha, ha! nay, now you make a jest of it, indeed. For there is nothing more known, than that nobody knows anything of that nature of me.

As I hope to be saved, Valentine, I never exposed a woman, since I knew what woman was.

Val. And yet you have conversed with several?

Tatt. To be free with you, I have; I don't care if I own that; nay, more, (I'm going to say a bold word, now,) I never could meddle with a woman, that had to do with anybody else.

Scand. How!

Val. Nay, faith! I'm apt to believe him; except her husband, Tattle.

Tatt. Oh! that—

Scand. What think you of that noble commoner, Mrs. Drab?

Tatt. Pooh! I know Madam Drab has made her brags in three or four places, that I said this and that, and writ to her, and did I know not what—but, upon my reputation, she did me wrong. Well, well! that was malice; but I know the bottom of it. She was bribed to that by one we all know—a man, too—only to bring me into disgrace with a certain woman of quality—

Scand. Whom we all know.

Tatt. No matter for that. Yes, yes; everybody knows! no doubt on't, everybody knows my secrets! But I soon satisfied the lady of my innocence; for I told her: "Madam, (says I,) there are some persons who make it their business to tell stories, and say this and that of one and the other, and everything in the world; and, (says I,) if your grace—

Scand. Grace! [tongue!]

Tatt. Oh, lord! what have I said? My unlucky

Val. Ha, ha, ha!

Scand. Why, Tattle, thou hast more impudence than one can in reason expect: I shall have an esteem for thee. Well, and ha, ha, ha! well, go on; and what did you say to her grace?

Val. I confess this is something extraordinary.

Tatt. Not a word, as I hope to be saved; an arrant *lapsus lingue*! Come, let us talk of something else.

Val. Well! but how did you acquit yourself?

Tatt. Pooh, pooh! nothing at all; I only rallied with you. A woman of ordinary rank was a little jealous of me, and I told her something or other, faith! I know not what. Come, let's talk of something else. (*Hums a song.*)

Scand. Hang him! let him alone; he has a mind we should inquire.

Tatt. Valentine, I supped last night with your mistress, and her uncle, old Foresight: I think your father lies at Foresight's.

Val. Yes.

Tatt. Upon my soul, Angelica's a fine woman! And so is Mrs. Foresight, and her sister, Mrs. Frail.

Scand. Yes; Mrs. Frail is a very fine woman; we all know her.

Tatt. Oh! that is not fair.

Scand. What?

Tatt. To tell—

Scand. To tell what? Why, what do you know of Mrs. Frail?

Tatt. Who, I? Upon honour, I don't know whether she be a man or a woman; but by the smoothness of her chin, and roundness of her hips.

Scand. No!

Tatt. No.

Scand. She says otherwise.

Tatt. Impossible!

Scand. Yes, faith! Ask Valentine else.

Tatt. Why, then, as I hope to be saved, I believe a woman only obliges a man to secrecy, that she may have the pleasure of telling herself.

Scand. No doubt on't. Well, but has she done you wrong or no? You have succeeded with her, eh?

Tatt. Though I have more honour than to tell first, I have more manners than to contradict what a lady has declared.

Scand. Well, you own it?

Tatt. I am strangely surprised! Yes, yes; I cannot deny it, if she taxes me with it.

Scand. She'll be here by-and-by; she sees Valentine every morning.

Tatt. How?

Val. She does me the favour—I mean, of a visit sometimes. I did not think she had granted more to anybody.

Scand. Nor I, faith! But Tattle does not use to belie a lady; it is contrary to his character. How one may be deceived in a woman, Valentine!

Tatt. Nay, what do you mean, gentlemen?

Scand. I'm resolved I'll ask her.

Tatt. Oh, barbarous! Why did you not tell me—

Scand. No; you told us.

Tatt. And bid me ask Valentine?

Val. What did I say? I hope you won't bring me to confess an answer, when you never asked me the question.

Tatt. But, gentlemen, this is the most inhuman proceeding—

Val. Nay, if you have known Scandal thus long, and cannot avoid such a palpable decoy as this was; the ladies have a fine time, whose reputations are in your keeping.

Enter JEREMY.

Jer. Sir, Mrs. Frail has sent to know if you are stirring.

Val. Shew her up when she comes.

[*Exit Jeremy.*]

Tatt. I'll begone.

Val. You'll meet her.

Tatt. Is there not a back way?

Val. If there were, you have more discretion than to give Scandal such an advantage; why, your running away will prove all that he can tell her.

Tatt. Scandal, you will not be so ungenerous. Oh! I shall lose my reputation of secrecy for ever. I shall never be received but upon public days; and my visits will never be admitted beyond a drawing-room: I shall never see a bed-chamber again, never be locked in a closet, nor run behind a screen, or under a table; never be distinguished among the waiting-women by the name of trusty Mr. Tattle more. You will not be so cruel?

Val. Scandal, have pity on him; he'll yield to any conditions.

Tatt. Any, any terms!

Scand. Come, then, sacrifice half a dozen women of good reputation to me presently. Come, where are you familiar? And see that they are women of quality, too; the first quality.

Tatt. 'Tis very hard. Won't a baronet's lady pass?

Scand. No; nothing under a right honourable.

Tatt. Oh, inhuman! You don't expect their names?

Scand. No, their titles shall serve.

Tatt. Alas! that is the same thing! Pray spare me their titles; I'll describe their persons.

Scand. Well, begin, then. But take notice, if you are so ill a painter, that I cannot know the person by your picture of her, you must be condemned, like other bad painters, to write the name at the bottom.

Tatt. Well, first, then—

Mrs. Frail. (*Within.*) No, no; bid them wait.

Tatt. Oh, unfortunate! she's come already. Will you have patience till another time? I'll double the number.

Scand. Well, on that condition—Take heed you don't fail me.

Enter MRS. FRAIL.

Mrs. F. I shall get a fine reputation, by coming to see fellows in a morning! Scandal, you devil, are you here, too? Oh! Mr. Tattle, everything is safe with you, we know.

Scand. Tattle!

Tatt. Mum—Oh! madam, you do me too much honour.

Val. Well, Lady Galloper, how does Angelica? *Mrs. F.* Angelica? Manners!

Val. What, you will allow an absent lover—

Mrs. F. No; I'll allow a lover present with his mistress to be particular; but, otherwise, I think his passion ought to give place to his manners.

Val. But what if he has more passion than manners?

Mrs. F. Then let him marry, and reform.

Val. Marriage, indeed, may qualify the fury of his passion; but it very rarely amends a man's manners.

Mrs. F. You are the most mistaken in the world; there is no creature perfectly civil, but a husband: for in a little time, he grows only rude to his wife; and that is the highest good-breeding, for it begets his civility to other people. Well, I'll tell you news; but I suppose you heard your brother Benjamin is landed; and my brother Foresight's daughter is come out of the country: I assure you, there's a match talked of by the old people. Well, if he be but as great a sea beast, as she is a land monster, we shall have a most amphibious breed; the progeny will be all otters: he has been bred at sea; and she has never been out of the country.

Val. Plague take them! their conjunction bodes no good, I'm sure.

Mrs. F. Now you talk of conjunction, my brother Foresight has cast both their nativities, and prognosticates an admiral, and an eminent justice of the peace, to be the issue male of their two bodies. 'Tis the most superstitious old fool! He would have persuaded me that this was an unlucky day, and would not let me come abroad: but I invented a dream, and sent him to Artemidorus for interpretation, and so stole out to see you. Well, and what will you give me now? what will you give me, Mr. Tattle?

Tatt. I? My soul, madam.

Mrs. F. Pooh! no, I thank you; I have enough to do to take care of my own. Well; but I'll come and see you one of these mornings: I hear you have a great many pictures.

Tatt. I have a pretty good collection, at your service; some originals.

Scand. Hang him! he has nothing but the Seasons, and the Twelve Caesars, paltry copies; and the Five Senses, as ill-represented as they are in himself; and he himself is the only original you will see there.

Mrs. F. Ay, but I hear he has a closet of beauties.

Scand. Yes; all that have done him favours, if you will believe him.

Mrs. F. Ay! let me see those, Mr. Tattle.

Tatt. Oh! madam, those are sacred to love and contemplation. No man but the painter and myself was ever blest with the sight.

Mrs. F. Well, but a woman—

Tatt. Nor woman, till she consented to have her picture there, too; for then she is obliged to keep the secret.

Scand. No, no! come to me if you'd see pictures.

Mrs. F. You?

Scand. Yes, faith! I can shew you your own picture, and most of your acquaintance, to the life, and as like as at Kneller's.

Mrs. F. Oh! lying creature! Valentine, does not he lie? I can't believe a word he says.

Val. No, indeed; he speaks truth now; for, as Tattle has pictures of all that has granted him favours, he has the pictures of all that has refused him; if satires, characters, and lampoons, are pictures.

Scand. Yes; mine are most in black and white; and yet there are some set out in their true colours, both men and women. I can shew you pride, folly, affectation, wantonness, inconstancy, covetousness,

dissimulation, malice, and ignorance, all in one piece. Then, I can shew you lying, foppery, vanity, cowardice, bragging, and ugliness, in another piece: and yet one of these is a celebrated beauty, and t'other a professed beau. I have some hieroglyphics, too.

Mrs. F. Come, let's hear them.

Scand. I have a lawyer with a hundred hands, two heads, and but one face; a divine, with two faces, and one head; and I have a soldier, with his brains in his belly, and his heart where his head should be.

Tatt. And no head?

Scand. No head.

Mrs. F. Pooh! this is all invention. Well, I'll come, if it be but to disprove you.

Enter JEREMY.

Jer. Sir, here's the steward again from your father.

Val. I'll come to him. [*Exit Jeremy.*] Will you give me leave? I'll wait on you again presently.

Mrs. F. No; I'll begone. Come, who squires me to the Exchange? I must call on my sister Foresight there.

Scand. I will: I have a mind to your sister.

Mrs. F. Civil!

Tatt. (*To Mrs. Frail.*) I will; because I have a *tendre* for your ladyship.

Mrs. F. That's somewhat the better reason, to my opinion. [*Exeunt Mrs. Frail and Tattle.*]

Val. Tell Angelica I am about making hard conditions to come abroad, and be at liberty to see her.

Scand. I'll give an account of you and your proceedings. If indiscretion be a sign of love, you are the most a lover of anybody that I know. You fancy that parting with your estate will help you to your mistress; in my mind, he is a thoughtless adventurer,

*Who hopes to purchase wealth by selling land;
Or win a mistress with a losing hand.* [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in Foresight's house.

Enter FORESIGHT and JAMES.

For. Heyday! What, are all the women of my family abroad? Is not my wife come home? nor my sister, nor my daughter?

James. No, sir.

For. Mercy on us! what can be the meaning of it? Sure, the moon is in all her fortitudes! Is my niece Angelica at home?

James. Yes, sir.

For. I believe you lie, sir.

James. Sir?

For. I say, you lie, sir. It is impossible that anything should be as I would have it; for I was born, sir, when the crab was ascending; and all my affairs go backward.

James. I can't tell, indeed, sir.

For. No, I know you can't, sir; but I can tell, and foretell, sir.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse, where's your young mistress?

Nurse. Wee'st heart! I know not; they're none of them come home yet. Poor child! I warrant she's fond of seeing the town! Marry, pray heaven, they have given her any dinner! Good lack-a-day! ha, ha, ha! Oh, strange! I'll vow and swear now, ha, ha, ha! Marry, and did you ever see the like?

For. Why, how now! what's the matter?

Nurse. Pray heaven send your worship good luck! marry, and amen, with all my heart! for you have put on one stocking with the wrong side outward.

For. Ha! how? Faith and troth, I'm glad of it! and so I have; that may be good luck, in troth, in troth, it may, very good luck; nay, I have had

some omens. I got out of bed backwards, too, this morning, without premeditation; pretty good that, too. But, then, I stumbled coming down stairs, and met a weasel; bad omens those! Some bad, some good; our lives are chequered; mirth and sorrow, want and plenty, night and day, make up our time. But, in troth, I am pleased at my stocking—very well pleased at my stocking! Oh! here's my niece! Sirrah, go tell Sir Sampson Legend I'll wait on him, if he's at leisure. [*Exit James.*] 'Tis now three o'clock, a very good hour for business; Mercury governs this hour.

Enter ANGELICA.

Ang. Is it not a good hour for pleasure, too, uncle? Pray lend me your coach; mine's gone to be mended.

For. What, would you be gadding too? Sure, all females are mad to-day. It is of evil portend, and bodes mischief to the master of a family. I remember an old prophecy, written by Messahalab, the Arabian, and thus translated by a reverend Buckinghamshire bard:

*When housewives all the house forsake,
And leave good men to brew and bake,
Withouten guile, then be it said,
That house doth stand upon its head;
And when the head is set in ground,
No mar'l, if it be fruitful found.*

Fruitful! the head fruitful! that bodes horns; the fruit of the head is horns! Dear niece, stay at home; for by the head of the house, is meant the husband; the prophecy needs no explanation.

Ang. Well, but I can neither make you a cuckold, uncle, by going abroad, nor secure you from being one, by staying at home.

For. Yes, yes; while there's one woman left, the prophecy is not in full force.

Ang. But my inclinations are in force. I have a mind to go abroad; and if you won't lend me your coach, I'll take a hackney, or a chair. Why don't you keep your wife at home, if you are jealous of her when she's abroad? You know my aunt is a little retrograde (as you call it) in her nature. Uncle, I'm afraid you are not lord of the ascendant! Ha, ha, ha!

For. Well, jill-flirt! you are very pert; and always ridiculing that celestial science.

Ang. Nay, uncle, don't be angry. If you are, I'll reap up all your false prophecies, ridiculous dreams, and idle divinations. I'll swear, you are a nuisance to the neighbourhood. What a bustle did you keep against the last invisible eclipse, laying in provision, as it were for a siege! What a world of fire and candle, matches and tinder-boxes, did you purchase! One would have thought we were ever after to live underground; or, at least, to make a voyage to Greenland, to inhabit there all the dark season. Indeed, uncle, I'll indite you for a wizard.

For. How, hussy! was there ever such a provoking minx?

Nurse. Oh! merciful father, how she talks!

Ang. Yes, I can make oath of your unlawful midnight practices; and you the old nurse there.

Nurse. Marry, heaven defend! I at midnight practices! Oh, lord! what's here to do? I in unlawful doings with my master's worship! Why, did you ever hear the like now? Sir, did ever I do anything but warm your bed, and tuck you up, and set the candle and your tobacco-box by you, and now and then rub the soles of your feet? Oh, lord! I—

Ang. Yes, I saw you together, through the key-hole of the closet, one night, like Saul and the witch of Endor, turning the sieve and shears, and pricking your thumbs to write poor innocent servants' names in blood, about a little nutmeg-grater which she had forgot in the candle-cup.

For. I defy you, hussy! but I'll remember this,

I'll be revenged on you, cockatrice! I'll hamper you! You have your fortune in your own hands! but I'll find a way to make your lover, your prodigal spendthrift gallant, Valentine, pay for all, I will. I will have patience, since it is the will of the stars that I should be thus tormented; this is the effect of the malicious conjunctions and oppositions in the third house of my nativity; there the curse of kindred was foretold. But I will have my doors locked up; I'll punish you; not a man shall enter my house.

Ang. Do, uncle; lock them up quickly, before my aunt comes home; you'll have a letter for alimony to-morrow morning! But let me begone first; and then let no mankind come near the house: but converse with spirits and the celestial signs; the bull, and the ram, and the goat. Bless me! there are a great many horned beasts among the twelve signs, uncle! But cuckolds go to heaven!

For. But there's but one virgin among the twelve signs, spitfire! but one virgin!

Ang. Nor there had not been that one, if she had had to do with anything but astrologers, uncle! That makes my aunt go abroad.

For. How, how! is that the reason? Come, you know something; tell me, and I'll forgive you; do, good niece. Come, you shall have my coach and horses; faith and troth, you shall. Does my wife complain? Come, I know women tell one another.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha!

For. Do you laugh? Well, gentlewoman, I'll—But, come, be a good girl; don't perplex your poor uncle! Tell me—Won't you speak? Od! I'll—

Enter JAMES.

James. Sir Sampson is coming to wait upon you, sir. [*Exit.*]

Ang. Good b'ye, uncle. Call me a chair. I'll find out my aunt, and tell her she must not come home. [*Exit.*]

For. I am so perplexed and vexed, I am not fit to receive him; I shall scarce recover myself before the hour be past. Go, nurse, and bid them tell Sir Sampson I'm ready to wait on him.

Nurse. Yes, sir. [*Exit.*]

For. Well—why, if I were born to be a cuckold, there's no more to be said! He is here already.

Enter SIR SAMPSON LEGEND, with a paper.

Sir S. Nor no more to be done, old boy; that is plain—here it is, I have it in my hand, old Ptolemy; I'll make the ungracious prodigal know who begat him; I will, old Nostrodamus. What, I warrant, my son thought nothing belonged to a father but forgiveness and affection; no authority, no correction, no arbitrary power; nothing to be done, but for him to offend, and me to pardon! I warrant you, if he danced till doomsday, he thought I were to pay the pence. Well, but here it is under black and white, *signatum, sigillatum, and deliberatum*—that, as soon as my son Benjamin is arrived, he is to make over to him his right of inheritance. Where's my daughter that is to be, eh! old Merlin? Body of me! I'm so glad I'm revenged on this undutiful rogue!

For. Odso! let me see; let me see the paper. Ay, faith and troth, here it is, if it will but hold; I wish things were done, and the conveyance made. When was this signed? what hour? Odso! you should have consulted me for the time. Well, but we'll make haste.

Sir S. Haste! ay, ay, haste enough; my son Ben will be in town to-night; I have ordered my lawyer to draw up writings of settlement and jointure; all shall be done to-night. No matter for the time; pr'ythee, brother Foresight, leave superstition: there's no time but the time present; there's no more to be said of what's past; and all that is to come will happen. If the sun shine by

day, and the stars by night—why, we shall know one another's faces without the help of a candle; and that's all the stars are good for.

For. How, how, Sir Sampson? that all? Give me leave to contradict you, and tell you, you are ignorant.

Sir S. I tell you, I am wise: and *sapiens dominabitur astris*; there's Latin for you to prove it, and an argument to confound your Ephemeris. Ignorant! I tell you, I have travelled, old Fercu! and know the globe. I have seen the antipodes, where the sun rises at midnight, and sets at noon day.

For. But I tell you I have travelled, and travelled in the celestial spheres; know the signs and the planets, and their houses; can judge of motions, direct and retrograde; of sextiles, quadrates, trines, and oppositions; fiery trigons, and aqualical trigons; know whether life shall be long or short, happy or unhappy; whether diseases are curable or incurable; if journeys shall be prosperous, undertakings successful, or goods stolen, recovered: I know—

Sir S. I know the length of the emperor of China's foot; have kissed the great mogul's slipper, and rid a hunting upon an elephant with the cham of Tartary. Body o'me! I have made a cuckold of a king; and the present majesty of Bantam is the issue of these loins.

For. I know when travellers lie, or speak truth, when they don't know it themselves.

Sir S. I have known an astrologer made a cuckold in the twinkling of a star.

For. What! does he twit me with my wife, too? I must be better informed of this. (*Aside.*) Do you mean my wife, Sir Sampson? Though you made a cuckold of the king of Bantam, yet, by the body of the sun—

Sir S. By the horns of the moon, you would say, brother Capricorn.

For. Capricorn in your teeth, thou modern Mandeville; Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude. Take back your paper of inheritance; send your son to sea again. I'll wed my daughter to an Egyptian mummy, ere she shall incorporate with a contemner of sciences and a defamer of virtue.

Sir S. (*Aside.*) Body o'me! I have gone too far; I must not provoke honest Albumazar. An Egyptian mummy is an illustrious creature, my trusty hieroglyphic; and may have significations of futurity about him. Odsbud! I would my son were an Egyptian mummy for thy sake. What! thou art not angry for a jest, my good Haly? I reverence the sun, moon, and stars, with all my heart. What! I'll make thee a parent of a mummy. Now I think on't, body o'me! I have a shoulder of an Egyptian king, that I parloined from one of the pyramids, powdered with hieroglyphics; thou shalt have it brought home to thy house, and make an entertainment for all the philomaths, and students in physic and astrology, in and about London.

For. But what do you know of my wife, Sir Sampson?

Sir S. Thy wife is a constellation of virtues; she is the moon, and thou art the man in the moon; nay, she is more illustrious than the moon; for she has her chastity, without her incontinency. 'Sbud! I was but in jest.

Enter JEREMY.

How now! who sent for you, eh? what would you have?

For. Nay, if you were but in jest—Who's that fellow? I don't like his physiognomy.

Sir S. (*To Jeremy.*) My son, sir? what son, sir? my son Benjamin, eh?

Jer. No, sir; Mr. Valentine, my master! it is the first time he has been abroad since his confinement, and he comes to pay his duty to you.

Sir S. Well, sir?

Enter VALENTINE.

Jer. He is here, sir.

Val. Your blessing, sir!

Sir S. You've had it already, sir; I think I sent it you to-day, in a bill of four thousand pounds. A great deal of money, brother Foresight!

For. Ay, indeed, Sir Sampson, a great deal of money for a young man; I wonder what he can do with it!

Sir S. Body o' me! so do I. Harkye! Valentine, if there be too much, refund the superfluity; dost hear, boy?

Val. Superfluity, sir! it will scarcely pay my debts. I hope you will have more indulgence than to oblige me to those hard conditions which my necessity signed to.

Sir S. Sir! how, I beseech you, what were you pleased to intimate concerning indulgence?

Val. Why, sir, that you would not go to the extremity of the conditions, but release me at least from some part.

Sir S. Oh! sir, I understand you; that's all, eh?

Val. Yes, sir; all that I presume to ask; but what you, out of fatherly fondness, will be pleased to add, will be doubly welcome.

Sir S. Here's a rogue, brother Foresight, makes a bargain under hand and seal in the morning, and would be released from it in the afternoon! here's a rogue, dog! here's conscience and honesty! This is your wit now, this is the morality of your wit! You are a wit, and have been a beau, and may be a—Why, sirrah! is it not here under hand and seal? Can you deny it?

Val. Sir, I don't deny it!

Sir S. Sirrah, you'll be hanged; I shall live to see you go up Holborn-hill. Has he not a rogue's face? Speak brother; you understand physiognomy; a hanging look to me; of all my boys the most unlike me. He has a d—d Tyburn face, without the benefit of the clergy.

For. Hum! Truly, I don't care to discourage a young man; he has a violent death in his face; but I hope no danger of hanging.

Val. Sir, is this usage for your son? For that old weather-headed fool, I know how to laugh at him; but you, sir—

Sir S. You, sir! and you, sir! Why, who are you, sir?

Val. Your son, sir.

Sir S. That's more than I know, sir; and I believe not.

Val. Faith! I hope not.

Sir S. What, would you have your mother a whore? Did you ever hear the like? did you ever hear the like? Body o' me—

Val. I would have an excuse for your barbarity and unnatural usage.

Sir S. Excuse! Impudence! Why, sirrah, mayn't I do what I please? are not you my slave? did not I beget you? and might not I have chosen whether I would have begot you or no? Oons! who are you? whence came you? what brought you into the world? how came you here, sir? here, to stand here, upon those two legs, and look erect, with that audacious face, eh? Answer me that. Did you come a volunteer into the world? or did I, with the lawful authority of a parent, press you to the service?

Val. I know no more why I came, than you do why you called me. But here I am; and if you don't mean to provide for me, I desire you would leave me as you found me.

Sir S. With all my heart. Come, uncase, strip, and go naked out of the world as you came into it.

Val. My clothes are soon put off; but you must also divest me of my reason, thought, passions, inclinations, affections, appetites, senses, and the huge train of attendants that you begot along with me.

Sir S. Body o' me! what a many-headed monster have I propagated!

Val. I am of myself, a plain, easy, simple creature; and to be kept at small expense: but the retinue that you gave me are craving and invincible; they are so many devils that you have raised, and will have employment.

Sir S. Oons! what had I to do to get children? Can't a private man be born without all these followers; why, nothing under an emperor should be born with appetites; why, at this rate, a fellow that has but a groat in his pocket may have a stomach capable of a ten shilling ordinary.

Jer. Nay, that's as clear as the sun; I'll make oath of it before any justice in Middlesex.

Sir S. Here's a cormorant, too! 'Sheart! this fellow were not born with you? I did not beget him, did I?

Jer. By the provision that's made for you, you might have begot me, too. Nay, and to tell your worship another truth, I believe you did; for I find I was born with those same whoreson appetites, too, that my master speaks of.

Sir S. Why, look you there now! I'll maintain it, that, by the rule of right reason, this fellow ought to have been born without a palate. 'Sheart! what should he do with a distinguishing taste? I warrant, now, he'd rather eat a pheasant than a piece of poor John: and smell, now; why, I warrant, he can smell, and loves perfume above a stink: why, there's it; and music—don't you love music, scoundrel?

Jer. Yes, I have a reasonable good ear, sir, as to jigs and country-dances, and the like. I don't much matter your solos or sonatas; they give me the spleen.

Sir S. The spleen! Ha, ha, ha! A pox confound you! Solos or sonatas! Oons! whose son are you, unckworm?

Jer. I am, by my father, the son of a chairman; my mother sold oysters in winter, and cucumbers in summer: and I came up stairs into the world; for I was born in a cellar.

For. By your looks you shall go up stairs out of the world, too, friend.

Sir S. And if this rogue were anatomized now, and dissected, he has his vessels of digestion and concoction, and so forth, large enough for the inside of a cardinal; this son of a cucumber! These things are unaccountable and unreasonable. Body o'me! why were I not a bear, that my cubs might have lived upon sucking their paws? Nature has been provident only to bears and spiders; the one has its nutriment in its own hands; and the other spins its habitation out of its own entrails.

Val. Fortune was provident enough to supply all the necessities of my nature, if I had my right inheritance.

Sir S. Again! Oons! haven't you four thousand pounds? If I had it again I would not give thee a groat. What, wouldst thou have me turn pelican, and feed thee out of my own vitals. Odsheart! live by your wits; you are always fond of the wits. Now let's see if you have wit enough to keep yourself. Your brother will be in town to-night, or to-morrow morning; and then, look you perform covenants; and so your friend and servant. Come, brother Foresight. [*Exit with Foresight.*]

Jer. I told you what your visit would come to.

Val. 'Tis as much as I expected. I did not come to see him; I came to see Angelica; but since she was gone abroad, it was easily turned another way, and at least looked well on my side. What's here? Mrs. Foresight and Mrs. Frail! They are earnest. I'll avoid them. Come this way, and go and inquire when Angelica will return. [*Exit with Jeremy.*]

Enter MRS. FORESIGHT and MRS. FRAIL.

Mrs. F. What have you to do to watch me? 'Slife! I'll do what I please.

Mrs. For. You will?

Mrs. F. Yes, marry, will I! A great piece of

business to go to Covent Garden, to take a turn in a hackney-coach with one's friend!

Mrs. For. Nay, two or three turns, I'll take my oath.

Mrs. F. Well, what if I took twenty? I warrant, if you had been there, it had only been innocent recreation! Lord! where's the comfort of this life, if we can't have the happiness of conversing where we like?

Mrs. For. But can't you converse at home? I own it, I think there's no happiness like conversing with an agreeable man; I don't quarrel at that, nor I don't think but your conversation was very innocent. But the place is public; and to be seen with a man in a hackney-coach is scandalous. What if anybody else should have seen you alight, as I did? How can anybody be happy, while they are in perpetual fear of being seen and censured? Besides, it would not only reflect upon you, sister, but on me.

Mrs. F. Pooh! here's a clutter! Why should it reflect upon you? I don't doubt but you have thought yourself happy in a hackney-coach before now! If I had gone to Knightsbridge, or to Chelsea, or to Spring Gardens, or to Barn Elms, with a man alone, something might have been said.

Mrs. For. Why, was I ever in any of those places? What do you mean, sister?

Mrs. F. Was I? What do you mean?

Mrs. For. You have been at a worse place.

Mrs. F. I at a worse place, and with a man?

Mrs. For. I suppose you would not go alone to the World's-end.

Mrs. F. The World's-end! What, do you mean to banter me?

Mrs. For. Poor innocent! You don't know that there is a place called the World's-end? I'll swear, you can keep your countenance purely! you'd make an admirable player!

Mrs. F. I'll swear you have a great deal of confidence, and, in my mind, too much for the stage.

Mrs. For. Very well; that will appear who has most. You never were at the World's-end?

Mrs. F. No.

Mrs. For. You deny it positively to my face?

Mrs. F. Your face! What's your face?

Mrs. For. No matter for that; it's as good a face as your's.

Mrs. F. Not by a dozen years' wearing. But I do deny it positively to your face, then.

Mrs. For. I'll allow you now to find fault with my face; for, I'll swear, your impudence has put me out of countenance. But look you here now, where did you lose this gold bodkin? Oh! sister, sister!

Mrs. F. My bodkin!

Mrs. For. Nay, 'tis your's; look at it.

Mrs. F. Well, if you go to that, where did you find this bodkin? Oh! sister, sister! sister every way!

Mrs. For. Oh! devil on't! that I could not discover her without betraying myself! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. F. I have heard gentlemen say, sister, that one should take great care, when one makes a thrust in fencing, not to lay open one's self.

Mrs. For. It is very true, sister. Well, since all's out, and, as you say, since we are both wounded, let us do what is often done in duels, take care of one another, and grow better friends than before.

Mrs. F. With all my heart. Well, give me your hand, in token of sisterly secrecy and affection.

Mrs. For. Here it is, with all my heart.

Mrs. F. Well, to tell truth, and speak openly one to another, I'm afraid the world have observed us more than we have observed one another. You have a rich husband, and are provided for: I am at a loss, and have no great stock either of fortune or reputation, and, therefore, must look sharply about me. Sir Sampson has a son that is expected to-night; and, by the account I have heard of his

education, can be no conjurer. The estate, you know, is to be made over to him. Now, if I could wheedle him, sister, eh? you understand me?

Mrs. For. I do; and will help you, to the utmost of my power. And I can tell you one thing that falls out luckily enough; my awkward daughter-in-law, who, you know, is designed to be his wife, is grown fond of Mr. Tattle; now, if we can improve that, and make her have an aversion for the booby, it may go a great way towards his liking you. Here they come together; and let us contrive some way or other to leave them together.

Enter TATTLE and MISS PRUE.

Miss P. Mother, mother, mother, look you here!

Mrs. For. Fie, fie, miss, how you bawl! Besides, I have told you, you must not call me mother.

Miss P. What must I call you, then? are you not my father's wife?

Mrs. For. Madam; you must say madam.

Miss P. Look you here, madam, then, what Mr. Tattle has given me. Look you here, cousin; here's a snuff-box; nay, there's snuff in't: here, will you have any? Oh, good! how sweet it is! Mr. Tattle is all over sweet; his peruke is sweet, and his gloves are sweet, and his handkerchief is sweet, pure sweet, sweeter than roses; smell him, mother—madam, I mean. He gave me this ring for a kiss.

Tatt. Oh, fie! miss; you must not kiss and tell.

Miss P. Yes, I may tell my mother. And he says he'll give me something to make me smell so. Oh! pray, lend me your handkerchief. Smell, cousin; is it not pure? It's better than lavender, mun. I'm resolved I won't let nurse put any more lavender among my clothes, eh! cousin?

Mrs. F. Fie, miss!

Tatt. Oh! madam, you are too severe upon miss; you must not find fault with her pretty simplicity; it becomes her strangely. Pretty miss, don't let them persuade you out of your innocence.

Mrs. For. I wish you don't persuade her out of her innocence.

Tatt. Who, I, madam? Oh, lord! how can your ladyship have such a thought? sure, you don't know me.

Mrs. F. Ah! devil, sly devil! He's as close, sister, as a confessor. He thinks we don't observe him.

Tatt. Upon reputation—Oh, lord! I swear I would not for the world.

Mrs. F. Oh, hang you! who'll believe you? You'll be hanged before you'd confess. We know you—she's very pretty! Lord! ne'er stir; I don't know, but I fancy, if I were a man—

Miss P. How you love to jeer one, cousin!

Mrs. For. Harkye! sister, by my soul, the girl is spoiled already: d'ye think she'll ever endure a great lubberly tarpaulin? 'Gad! I warrant you, she won't let him come near her, after Mr. Tattle.

Mrs. F. On my soul, I am afraid not, eh! filthy creature, that smells all of pitch and tar! Devil take you, you confounded toad! you will supplant the sailor.

Mrs. For. My husband will hang us: he'll think we brought them acquainted.

Mrs. F. Come, faith, let us begone. If my brother Foresight should find us with them, he'd think so, sure enough.

Mrs. For. So he would: but then, the leaving them together is as bad; and he's such a sly devil, he'll never miss an opportunity.

Mrs. F. I don't care; I won't be seen in it. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. For. Well, Mr. Tattle, we trust to your discretion. *[Exit.]*

Miss P. What makes them go away, Mr. Tattle? What do they mean, do you know?

Tatt. Yes, my dear, I think I can guess; but hang me if I know the reason of it.

Miss P. Come, must not we go too?

Tatt. No, no; they don't mean that.

Miss P. No! what then? What shall you and I do together?

Tatt. I must make love to you, pretty miss; will you let me make love to you?

Miss P. Yes, if you please.

Tatt. Frank, egad! at least. What a plague does Mrs. Foresight mean by this civility? Is it to make a fool of me? or does she leave us together out of good morality, and do as she would be done by. Egad! I'll understand it so. *(Aside.)*

Miss P. Well, and how will you make love to me? Come, I long to have you begin. Must I make love, too? You must tell me how.

Tatt. You must let me speak, miss; you must not speak first. I must ask you questions, and you must answer.

Miss P. What, is it like the catechism? Come, then, ask me.

Tatt. D'ye think you can love me?

Miss P. Yes.

Tatt. Pooh! plague! you must not say yes already. I sha'n't care a farthing for you, then, in a twinkling.

Miss P. What must I say, then?

Tatt. Why, you must say no; or, believe not; or, you can't tell.

Miss P. Why, must I tell a lie, then?

Tatt. Yes, if you'd be well-bred. All well-bred persons lie. Besides, you are a woman; you must never speak what you think: your words must contradict your thoughts; but your actions may contradict your words. So, when I ask you if you can love me, you must say no; but you must love me, too. If I tell you you are handsome, you must deny it, and say, I flatter you; but you must think yourself more charming than I speak you, and like me for the beauty which I say you have, as much as if I had it myself. If I ask you to kiss me, you must be angry; but you must not refuse me. If I ask you for more, you must be more angry, but more complying; and as soon as ever I make you say you'll cry out, you must be sure to hold your tongue.

Miss P. Oh, lord! I swear this is pure! I like it better than our old-fashioned country way of speaking one's mind. And must not you lie too?

Tatt. Hum! Yes; but you must believe I speak truth.

Miss P. Oh, gemini! Well, I always had a great mind to tell lies; but they frightened me, and said it was a sin.

Tatt. Well, my pretty creature, will you make me happy by giving me a kiss?

Miss P. No, indeed; I'm angry at you. *(Runs and kisses him.)*

Tatt. Hold, hold! that's pretty well: but you should not have given it to me, but have suffered me to have taken it.

Miss P. Well, we'll do it again.

Tatt. With all my heart. Now, then, my little angel! *(Kisses her.)*

Miss P. Pish!

Tatt. That's right. Again, my charmer! *(Kisses again.)*

Miss P. Oh, fie! nay, now I can't abide you.

Tatt. Admirable! That was as well as if you had been born and bred in Covent Garden. And won't you shew me, pretty miss, where your bed-chamber is?

Miss P. No, indeed, won't I: but I'll run there, and hide myself from you, behind the curtains.

Tatt. I'll follow you.

Miss P. Ah! but I will hold the door with both hands, and be angry; and you shall push me down before you come in.

Tatt. No, I'll come in first.

Miss P. Will you? then I'll be more angry, and more complying.

Tatt. Then I'll make you cry out.

Miss P. Oh! but you sha'n't, for I'll hold my tongue.

Tatt. Oh! my dear, apt scholar!

Miss P. Well, now I'll run, and make more haste than you. *[Exit.]*

Tatt. You shall not fly so fast as I'll pursue. *[Exit.]*

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Miss, miss, Miss Prue! Come to your father, child. Open the door, miss. I hear you cry bush! Oh, lord! who's there? *(Peeps.)* A man with her! *(Knocks.)* Won't you open the door? I'll come in the back way. *[Exit.]*

Enter TATTLE and MISS PRUE.

Miss P. Oh, lord! she's coming: and she'll tell my father. What shall I do now?

Tatt. Plague take her! if she had staid two minutes longer, I should have wished for her coming. *(Aside.)*

Miss P. Oh, dear! what shall I say? Tell me, Mr. Tattle, tell me a lie.

Tatt. There's no occasion for a lie; I could never tell a lie to no purpose. But, since we have done nothing, we must say nothing, I think. I hear her. I'll leave you together, and come off as you can.

[Thrusts her in, shuts the door, and exits.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in Foresight's house.

Enter VALENTINE, SCANDAL, and ANGELICA.

Ang. You can't accuse me of inconstancy; I never told you that I loved you.

Val. But I can accuse you of uncertainty, for not telling me whether you did or not.

Ang. You mistake indifference for uncertainty; I never had concern enough to ask myself the question.

Scand. Nor good-nature enough to answer him that did ask you: I'll say that for you, madam.

Ang. What, are you setting up for good-nature?

Scand. Only for the affectation of it, as the women do for ill-nature.

Ang. Persuade your friend that it is all affectation.

Val. I shall receive no benefit from the opinion, for I know no effectual difference between continued affectation and reality.

Enter SIR SAMPSON LEGEND, MRS. FRAIL, TATTLE, MISS PRUE, and JAMES.

Sir S. Is Ben come? Odso! my son Ben come? Ods! I'm glad on't. Where is he? I long to see him. Now, Mrs. Frail, you shall see my son Ben. Body o' me! he's the hopes of my family. I haven't seen him these three years: I warrant he's grown! Call him in; bid him make haste. I'm ready to cry for joy. *[Exit James.]*

Mrs. F. Now, miss, you shall see your husband. *(Aside to Miss P.)*

Miss P. Pish! he shall be none of my husband. *(Aside to Mrs. F.)*

Mrs. F. Hush! Well, he sha'n't: leave that to me. I'll beckon Mr. Tattle to us.

Ang. Won't you stay and see your brother?

Val. We are the twin stars, and cannot shine in one sphere; when he rises, I must set. Besides, if I should stay, I don't know but my father, in good-nature, may press me to the immediate signing the deed of conveyance of my estate; and I'll defer it as long as I can. Well, you'll come to a resolution.

Ang. I cannot. Resolution must come to me, or I shall never have one.

Scand. Come, Valentine, I'll go with you: I have something in my head to communicate to you. *[Exit with Valentine.]*

Sir S. What! is my son Valentine gone? What! is he sneaked off, and would not see his brother? There's an unnatural whelp! there's an ill-natured

dog! What! were you here, too, madam, and could not keep him? could neither love, nor duty, nor natural affection, oblige him? Odsbud! madam, have no more to say to him; he is not worth your consideration. The rogue has not a drachm of generous love about him! all interest, all interest! He's an undone scoundrel, and courts your estate. Body o' me! he does not care a doit for your person.

Ang. I am pretty even with him, Sir Sampson; for, if ever I could have liked anything in him, it should have been his estate, too.

Sir S. Odsbud! well spoken! and you are a wiser woman than I thought you were.

Ang. If I marry, Sir Sampson, I am for a good estate with any man, and for any man with a good estate: therefore, if I were obliged to make a choice, I declare I'd rather have you than your son.

Sir S. Faith and troth! you are a wise woman; and I'm glad to hear you say so. I was afraid you were in love with a reprobate. Od! I was sorry for you with all my heart. Hang him, mongrel! cast him off. You shall see the rogue shew himself, and make love to some desponding Cadua of fourscore for sustenance. Od! I love to see a young spendthrift forced to cling to an old woman for support, like ivy round a dead oak; faith I do. I love to see them hug and cotton together, like down upon a thistle.

Enter BEN and JAMES.

Ben. Where's the father?

James. There, sir; his back's towards you. *[Exit.]*

Sir S. My son Ben! Bless thee, my dear boy! Body o' me! thou art heartily welcome.

Ben. Thank you, father; and I'm glad to see you.

Sir S. Odsbud! and I'm glad to see thee. Kiss me, boy; kiss me again and again, dear Ben. *(Kisses him.)*

Ben. So, so; enough, father. Mess! I'd rather kiss these gentlewomen.

Sir S. And so thou shalt. Mrs. Angelica, my son Ben.

Ben. Forsooth, if you please! *(Salutes Ang.)* Nay, mistress, I'm not for dropping anchor here; about ship, if faith! *(Kisses Mrs. F.)* Nay, and you, too, my little cock-boat! so. *(Kisses Miss P.)*

Tatt. Sir, you're welcome ashore.

Ben. Thank you, thank you, friend.

Sir S. Thou hast been many a weary league, Ben, since I saw thee.

Ben. Ay, ay! been? been far enough, and that be all. Well, father, and how do all at home? how does brother Dick, and brother Val?

Sir S. Dick! Body o' me! Dick has been dead these two years. I writ you word when you were at Leghorn.

Ben. Mess! that's true: marry, I had forgot. Dick is dead, as you say. Well, and how? I have a many questions to ask you. Well, you ben't married again, father, be you?

Sir S. No; I intend you shall marry, Ben; I would not marry, for thy sake.

Ben. Nay, what does that signify? An' you marry again, why, then, I'll go to sea again; so there's one for t'other, and that be all. Pray, don't let me be your hindrance; e'en marry, a' God's name, and the wind sit that way. As for my part, mayhap, I have no mind to marry.

Mrs. F. That would be pity, such a handsome young gentleman.

Ben. Handsome! he, he, he! Nay, forsooth, an' you be for joking, I'll joke with you; for I love my jest, an' the ship were sinking, as we said at sea. But I'll tell you why I don't much stand towards matrimony. I love to roam about from port to port, and from land to land; I could never abide to be port-bound, as we call it. Now, a man that is married, has, as it were, d'ye see, his feet in the

bilboes, and, mayhap, mayn't get them out again when he would.

Sir S. Ben is a wag.

Ben. A man that is married, d'ye see, is no more like another man, than a galley-slave is like one of us free sailors: he is chained to an oar all his life; and, mayhap, forced to tug a crazy vessel into the bargain.

Sir S. A very wag! Ben is a very wag! only a little rough; he wants a little polishing.

Mrs. F. Not at all: I like his humour mightily; it is plain and honest. I should like such a humour in a husband extremely.

Ben. Say'n you so, forsooth? Marry, and I should like such a handsome gentlewoman for a bedfellow hugely. How say you, mistress? would you like going to sea? Mess! you're a tight vessel, and well rigged, an' you were but as well manned.

Mrs. F. I should not doubt that, if you were master of me.

Ben. But I'll tell you one thing, an' you come to sea in a high wind, or that lady, you mayn't carry so much sail o' your head. Top and top-gallant, by the mess!

Mrs. F. No! why so?

Ben. Why, an' you do, you may run the risk to be verset; and then you'll carry your keels above water. He, he, he!

Ang. I swear, Mr. Benjamin is the veriest wag in nature; an absolute sea wit.

Sir S. Nay, Ben has parts; but, as I told you before, they want a little polishing. You must not take anything ill, madam.

Ben. No, I hope the gentlewoman is not angry: I mean all in good part: for, if I give a jest, I'll take a jest: and so, forsooth, you may be as free with me.

Ang. I thank you, sir; I am not at all offended. But, methinks, Sir Sampson, you should leave him alone with his mistress. Mr. Tattle, we must not hinder lovers.

Tatt. (Aside to Miss P.) Well, miss, I have your promise. *[Exit with Angelica.]*

Sir S. Body o' me! madam, you say true. Look you, Ben, this is your mistress. Come, miss, you must not be shame-faced; we'll leave you together.

Miss P. I can't abide to be left alone. Mayn't my cousin stay with me?

Sir S. No, no. Come, let's away.

Ben. Look you, father! mayhap, the young woman mayn't take a liking to me.

Sir S. I warrant thee, boy! Come, come; we'll begone. I'll venture that. *[Exit with Mrs. F.]*

Ben. Come, mistress, will you please to sit down? For, an' you stand a-stern a that'n, we shall never grapple together. Come, I'll haul a chair; there, an' you please you to sit, I'll sit by you.

Miss P. You need not sit so near one; if you have anything to say, I can hear you farther off; I an't deaf.

Ben. Why, that's true, as you say, nor I an't dumb; I can be heard as far as another. I'll heave off, to please you. *(Sits farther off.)* An' we were a league asunder, I'd undertake to hold discourse with you, an' 'twere not a main high wind, indeed, and full in my teeth. Look you! forsooth, I am, as it were, bound for the land of matrimony; 'tis a voyage, d'ye see, that was none of my seeking; I was commanded by father. How say you, mistress? The short of the thing is, that, if you like me, and I like you, we may chance to swing in a hammock together.

Miss P. I don't know what to say to you; nor I don't care to speak with you at all.

Ben. No! I'm sorry for that. But, pray, why are you so scornful?

Miss P. As long as one must not speak one's mind, one had better not speak at all, I think; and, truly, I won't tell a lie for the matter.

Ben. Nay, you say true in that; it's but a folly

to lie: for to speak one thing, and to think just the contrary way, is, as it were, to look one way, and to row another. Now, for my part, d'ye see, I'm for carrying things above board; I'm not for keeping anything under hatches: so, that, if you ben't as willing as I, say so, a God's name! there's no harm done. Mayhap, you may be shame-faced; some maidens, tho' they love a man well enough, yet they don't care to tell'n so to's face. If that's the case, why silence gives consent.

Miss P. But I'm sure it is not so, for I'll speak sooner than you shall believe that; and I'll speak truth, though one should always tell a lie to a man; and I don't care, let my father do what he will; I'm too big to be whipped; so I'll tell you plainly, I don't like you, nor love you at all; nor never will, that's more. So, there's your answer for you; and don't trouble me no more, you ugly thing!

Ben. Look you! young woman, you may learn to give good words, however. I spoke you fair, d'ye see, and civil. As for your love, or your liking, I don't value it of a rope's-end; and, mayhap, I like you as little as you do me. What I said was in obedience to father. 'Gad! I fear a whipping no more than you do. But I tell you one thing, if you should give such language at sea, you'd have a cat-o'-nine-tails laid across your shoulders. Flesh! who are you? You beard t'other handsome young woman speak civilly to me of her own accord. Whatever you think of yourself, 'gad! I don't think you are any more to compare to her, than a can of small beer to a bowl of punch.

Miss P. Well, and there's a handsome gentleman, and a fine gentleman, and a sweet gentleman, that was here, that loves me, and I love him; and if he sees you speak to me any more, he'll thrash your jacket for you, he will, you great sea-calf!

Ben. What! do you mean that fair-weather spark that was here just now? Will he thrash my jacket? Let'n, let'n! But an' he comes near me, mayhap, I may give'n a salt eel for's supper, for all that. What does father mean, to leave me alone, as soon as I come home, with such a dirty dowdy? Sea-calf! I a'n't calf enough to lick your chalked face, you cheese-curd, you! Marry thee! Oons! I'll marry a Lapland witch as soon, and live upon selling contrary winds and wrecked vessels.

Miss P. I won't be called names, nor I won't be abused thus, so I won't! If I were a man *(cries)* you durst not talk at this rate; no, you durst not, you stinking tar-barrel.

Enter MRS. FORESIGHT and MRS. FRAIL.

Mrs. For. They have quarrelled, just as we could wish. *(Apart to Mrs. F.)*

Ben. Tar-barrel! Let your sweetheart there call me so, if he'll take your part—your Tom Essence—and I'll say something to him. 'Gad! I'll lace his musk doublet for him. I'll make him smell more like a weasel than a civit-cat, afore I ha' done with'n.

Mrs. For. Bless me! what's the matter, miss? What, does she cry? Mr. Benjamin, what have you done to her?

Ben. Let her cry: the more she cries the less she'll—she has been gathering foul weather in her mouth, and now it rains out at her eyes.

Mrs. For. Come, miss, come along with me; and tell me, poor child!

Mrs. F. Lord! what shall we do? There's my brother Foresight and Sir Sampson coming. Sister, do you take miss down into the parlour, *[Exeunt Mrs. For. and Miss P.]* and I'll carry Mr. Benjamin into my chamber; for they must not know that they are fallen out. Come, sir, will you venture yourself with me? *(Looking kindly on him.)*

Ben. Venture! Mess! and that I will, though it were to sea in a storm. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter SIR SAMPSON LEGEND and FORESIGHT.

Sir S. I left them together here. What, are

they gone? Ben is a brisk boy: he has got her into a corner. Father's own son, faith! he'll touzle her, and mouzle her. The rogue's sharp-set, coming from sea. If he should not stay for saying grace, old Foresight, but fall to without the help of a parson, eh? Od! if he should, I could not be angry with him; 'twould be but like me, a chip of the old block. Ha! thou'rt melancholic, old prognostication! as melancholic as if thou hadst spilt the salt, or pared thy nails on a Sunday. Come, cheer up; look about thee; look up, old star-gazer! Now is he poring upon the ground for a crooked pin, or an old horse-nail, with the head towards him.

For. Sir Sampson, we'll have the wedding to-morrow morning.

Sir S. With all my heart.

For. At ten o'clock; punctually at ten.

Sir S. To a minute, to a second: thou shalt set thy watch, and the bridegroom shall observe its motions; they shall be married to a minute, go to bed to a minute—

Enter JAMES.

James. Sir, Mr. Scandal desires to speak with you upon earnest business, which must be told you, he says, within this hour, or 'twill be too late.

For. I'll wait on him. Sir Sampson, your servant.

[Exit.]

Sir S. What is this business, friend?

James. Sir, 'tis about your son Valentine: something has appeared to him in a dream, that makes him prophecy.

[Exit.]

Sir S. Hoity-toity! what have I to do with his dreams or his divinations? Body o' me! this is a trick to defer signing the conveyance. I warrant, the devil will tell him, in a dream, that he must not part with his estate. But I'll bring him a parson to tell him that the devil's a liar; or, if that won't do, I'll bring a lawyer that shall out-lie the devil; and so, I'll try whether my blackguard or his shall get the better of the day.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Valentine's Lodgings.*

Enter SCANDAL and JEREMY.

Scand. Well, is your master ready? Does he look madly, and talk madly?

Jer. Yes, sir; you need make no great doubt of that: he, that was so near turning poet yesterday morning, can't be much to seek in playing the madman to-day.

Scand. Would he have Angelica acquainted with the design?

Jer. No, sir, not yet. He has a mind to try whether his playing the madman won't make her play the fool, and fall in love with him; or, at least, own that she has loved him all this while, and concealed it.

Scand. I saw her take coach just now with her maid; and I think I heard her bid the coachman drive hither.

Jer. Like enough, sir; for I told her maid this morning, my master was run stark mad, only for love of her mistress. *(Knock.)* I hear a coach stop; if it should be she, sir, I believe he would not see her, till he hears how she takes it.

Scand. Well, I'll try her: 'tis she; here she comes.

Enter ANGELICA and JENNY.

Ang. Mr. Scandal, I suppose you don't think it a novelty to see a woman visit a man at his own lodgings in a morning.

Scand. Not upon a kind occasion, madam. But when a lady comes tyrannically to insult a ruined lover, and make manifest the cruel triumphs of her beauty, the barbarity of it something surprises me.

Ang. I don't like railfully from a serious face. *(To Jeremy.)* Pray, tell me what is the matter?

Jer. No strange matter, madam; my master's mad, that's all. I suppose your ladyship has thought him so a great while.

Ang. How d'ye mean, mad?

Jer. Why, faith, madam, he's mad for want of his wits, just as he was poor for want of money. His head is e'en as light as his pockets; and anybody that has a mind to a bad bargain, can't do better than to beg him for his estate.

Ang. If you speak truth, your endeavouring at wit is very unseasonable.

Scand. She's concerned, and loves him! *(Aside.)*

Ang. Mr. Scandal, you can't think me guilty of so much inhumanity as not to be concerned for a man I must own myself obliged to. Pray, tell me the truth.

Scand. Faith! madam, I wish telling a lie would mend the matter. But this is no new effect of an unsuccessful passion.

Ang. *(Aside.)* I know not what to think: yet I should be vexed to have a trick put upon me. May I not see him?

Scand. I am afraid the physician is not willing you should see him yet. Jeremy, go in and inquire.

[Exit Jeremy.]

Ang. Ha! I saw him wink and smile. I fancy a trick. I'll try. *(Aside.)* I would disguise to all the world, sir, a failing, which I must own to you: I fear my happiness depends upon the recovery of Valentine.

Scand. So, this is pretty plain! *(Aside.)* Be not too much concerned, madam; I hope his condition is not desperate. An acknowledgment of love from you, perhaps, may work a cure, as the fear of your aversion occasioned his distemper.

Ang. Say you so? nay, then, I'm convinced; and if I don't play trick for trick, may I never taste the pleasure of revenge! *(Aside.)* Acknowledgment of love! I find you have mistaken my compassion, and think me guilty of a weakness I am a stranger to. Good-nature and humanity oblige me to be concerned for him; but to love, is neither in my power nor inclination.

Scand. Eh! brave woman, i'faith! Won't you see him, then, if he desires it?

Ang. What signifies a madman's desires? Besides, 'twould make me uneasy. If I don't see him, perhaps, my concern for him may lessen. If I forget him, 'tis no more than he has done by himself; and now the surprise is over, methinks I'm not half so sorry as I was.

Scand. So, faith! good-nature works apace; you were confessing just now an obligation to his love.

Ang. But I have considered that passions are unreasonable and involuntary. If he loves, he can't help it; and if I don't love, I cannot help it, no more than he can help his being a man, or I my being a woman; or no more than I can help my want of inclination to stay longer here. *[Exit with Jenny.]*

Scand. Humph! An admirable composition, faith! this same womankind.

Enter JEREMY.

Jer. What, is she gone, sir?

Scand. Gone! why, she was never here, nor anywhere else; nor I don't know her if I see her, nor you neither.

Jer. Good lack! what's the matter now? Are any more of us to be mad? Why, sir, my master longs to see her; and is almost mad in good earnest with the joyful news of her being here.

Scand. We are all under a mistake. Ask no questions, for I can't resolve you; but I'll inform your master. In the meantime, if our project succeed no better with his father than it does with his mistress, he may descend from his exaltation of madness into the road of common sense, and be content only to be made a fool with other reasonable people. I hear Sir Sampson. You know your cue; I'll to your master. *[Exit.]*

Enter SIR SAMPSON LEGEND and BUCKRAM.

Sir S. D'ye see, Mr. Buckram, here's the paper signed with his own hand?

Buck. Good, sir! And the conveyance is ready drawn in this bag, if he be ready to sign and seal.

Sir S. Ready! Body o' me! he must be ready: his sham sickness sha'n't excuse him. Oh! here's his scoundrel. Sirrah, where's your master?

Jer. Ah! sir, he's quite gone.

Sir S. Gone! what, he's not dead?

Jer. No, sir; not dead.

Sir S. What, is he gone out of town? run away, eh? has he tricked me? Speak, varlet!

Jer. No, no, sir; he's safe enough, sir, an' he were but as sound, poor gentleman! He is, indeed, here, sir, and not here, sir.

Sir S. Heyday, rascal! do you banter me, sirrah, d'ye banter me? Speak, sirrah! where is he? for I will find him.

Jer. Would you could, sir! for he has lost himself. Indeed, sir, I have almost broke my heart about him. I can't refrain tears when I think on him, sir. I'm as melancholy for him as a passing-bell, sir; or a horse in a pond.

Sir S. A plague confound your similitudes, sir! Speak to be understood; and tell me in plain terms what is the matter with him, or I'll crack your fool's skull.

Jer. Ah! you've hit, sir; that's the matter with him, sir: his skull's cracked, poor gentleman! he's stark mad, sir.

Sir S. Mad!

Buck. What, is he *non compos*?

Jer. Quite *non compos*, sir.

Buck. Why, then, all's obliterated, Sir Sampson. If he be *non compos mentis*, his act and deed will be of no effect; it is not good in law.

Sir S. Oons! I won't believe it; let me see him, sir. Mad! I'll make him find his senses.

Jer. Mr. Scandal is with him, sir: I'll knock at the door. *(Goes to the scene, which opens and discovers VALENTINE upon a couch, disorderly dressed; SCANDAL near him.)*

Sir S. How now! what's here to do?

Val. Ha! who's that? *(Starting.)*

Scand. Forheaven's sake! softly, sir, and gently: don't provoke him.

Val. Answer me; who's that and that?

Sir S. Gadsbobs! does he not know? is he mischievous? I'll speak gently. Val, Val, dost thou not know me, boy? not know thy own father, Val? I am thy own father; and this, honest Brief Buckram, the lawyer.

Val. It may be so—I did not know you—the world is full. There are people that we do know, and people that we do not know; and yet the sun shines upon all alike. There are fathers that have many children; and there are children that have many fathers—'tis strange! but I am honesty, and come to give the world the lie.

Sir S. Body o' me! I know not what to say to him.

Val. Why does that lawyer wear black? Does he carry his conscience without-side? Lawyer, what art thou? dost thou know me?

Buck. Oh, lord! what must I say? Yes, sir.

Val. Thou liest; for I am honesty. 'Tis hard I cannot get a livelihood amongst you. I have been sworn out of Westminster-hall the first day of every term. Let me see—no matter how long—I am honesty, and can't tell: I have very few acquaintance.

Sir S. Body o' me! he talks sensibly in his madness. Has he no intervals?

Jer. Very short, sir.

Buck. Sir, I can do you no service while he's in this condition. Here's your paper, sir. He may do me a mischief, if I stay. The conveyance is ready, sir, if he recovers his senses. *[Exit.]*

Sir S. Hold, hold! don't you go yet.

Scand. You'd better let him go, sir; and send for him, if there be occasion: for I fancy his presence provokes him more.

Val. Is the lawyer gone? 'Tis well! then we may drink about without going together by the ears. Heigho! what o'clock is it? My father here! your blessing, sir.

Sir S. He recovers! Bless thee, Val! How dost thou do, boy?

Val. Thank you, sir, pretty well. I have been a little indisposed. Won't you please to sit, sir?

Sir S. Ay, boy! Come, thou shalt sit down by me.

Val. Sir, 'tis my duty to wait.

Sir S. No, no: come, come, sit thee down, honest Val. How dost thee do? Let me feel thy pulse. Oh! pretty well now, Val. Body o' me! I was sorry to see thee indisposed: but I am glad thou art better, honest Val!

Val. I thank you, sir.

Scand. Miracle! the monster grows loving! *(Aside.)*

Sir S. Let me feel thy hand again, Val. It does not shake: I believe thou canst write, Val. Eh, boy? thou canst write thy name, Val? Jeremy, step and overtake Mr. Buckram: bid him make haste back with the conveyance; quick!

[Exit Jeremy.]

Scand. *(Aside.)* That ever I should suspect such a heathen of any remorse!

Sir S. Dost thou know this paper, Val? I know thou'rt honest, and will perform articles. *(Shows him the paper, but holds it out of his reach.)*

Val. Pray, let me see it, sir; you hold it so far off, that I can't tell whether I know it or not.

Sir S. See it, boy! Ay, ay; why, thou dost see it: 'tis thy own hand, Vally. Why, let me see, I can read it as plain as can be. Look you here: *(reads)* "The condition of this obligation"—look you, as plain as can be, so it begins. And, then, at the bottom: "As witness my hand, VALENTINE LEGEND," in great letters. Why, 'tis as plain as the nose on one's face. What, are my eyes better than thine? I believe I can read it farther off yet: let me see. *(Stretches his arm as far as he can.)*

Val. Will you please to let me hold it, sir?

Sir S. Let thee hold it, say'st thou? Ay, with all my heart. What matter is it who holds it? What need anybody hold it? I'll put it in my pocket, Val, and then nobody need hold it. *(Puts the paper in his pocket.)* There, Val: it's safe enough, boy. But thou shalt have it as soon as thou hast set thy hand to another paper, little Val.

Enter JEREMY and BUCKRAM.

Val. What, is my bad genius here again? Oh! no; 'tis the lawyer with an itching palm; and he's come to be scratched. My nails are not long enough. Let me have a pair of red-hot tongs, quickly, quickly; and you shall see me act St. Dunstan, and lead the devil by the nose.

Buck. Oh, lord! let me be gone. I'll not venture myself with a madman. *(Runs out.)*

Val. Ha, ha, ha! you need not run so fast. Honesty will not overtake you. Ha, ha, ha! the rogue found me to be *in formâ pauperis* presently.

Sir S. Oons! what a vexation is here! I know not what to do or say, or which way to go.

Val. Who's that, that's out of his way? I am honesty, and can set him right. Harkye! friend, the straight road is the worst way you can go. But it is wonderful strange, Jeremy!

Jer. What is it, sir?

Val. That grey hairs should cover a green head—and I make a fool of my father.

For. *(Without.)* Where is he? where is he?

Val. What's here? *Erra pater*, or a bearded sybil? If prophecy comes, honesty must give place. *[Exeunt Val. and Jer.]*

Enter FORESIGHT, MRS. FORESIGHT, and MRS. FRAIL.

For. What says he? What did he prophecy? Ah! Sir Sampson! Bless us! how are we?

Sir S. Are we? A plague on your prognostications! Why, we are fools as we used to be. Oons! that you could not foresee that the moon would predominate, and my son be mad! Where are your oppositions, your trines, and your quadrates? Ah! plague on't! that I, who know the world, and men and manners, who don't believe a syllable in the sky and stars, and sun and almanacs, and trash, should be directed by a dreamer, an omen-hunter, and defer business in expectation of a lucky hour! when, body o' me! there never was a lucky hour after the first opportunity. *[Exit.]*

For. Ah! Sir Sampson, heaven help your head! This is none of your lucky hour! *Nemo omnibus horis sapit!* What, is he gone, and in contempt of science? I'll stars and unconvertible ignorance attend him!

Scand. You must excuse his passion, Mr. Foresight, for he has been heartily vexed. His son is *non compos mentis*; and, thereby, incapable of making any conveyance in law; so, that all his measures are disappointed.

For. Ah! say you so?

Mrs. F. What, has my sea-lover lost his anchor of hope, then? *(Aside to Mrs. For.)*

Mrs. For. Oh! sister, what will you do with him?

Mrs. F. Do with him! Send him to sea again in the next foul weather. He's used to an inconstant element, and won't be surprised to see the tide turned.

For. Wherein was I mistaken, not to foresee this? *(Considers.)*

Scand. But would you not talk with Valentine? Perhaps you may understand him; I am apt to believe, there is something mysterious in his discourse; and, sometimes, rather think him inspired than mad.

For. You speak with singular good judgment, Mr. Scandal, truly. I am inclining to your Turkish opinion in this matter, and do reverence a man whom the vulgar think mad. Let us go to him. *[Exit with Scandal.]*

Mrs. F. Sister, do you go with them; I'll find out my lover, and give him his discharge, and come to you. *[Exit Mrs. For.]* On my conscience, here he is!

Enter BEN.

Ben. All mad, I think. Flesh! I believe all the calentures of the sea are come ashore, for my part.

Mrs. F. Mr. Benjamin in choler?

Ben. No, I'm behaved well enough, now I have found you. Mess! I have had such a hurricane on your account yonder!

Mrs. F. My account? Pray, what's the matter?

Ben. Why, father came, and found me squabbling with yon chitty-faced thing, as he would have me marry; so he asked what was the matter. He asked in a surly sort of a way. It seems brother Val is gone mad, and so that put'n in a passion; but what did I of know that? what's that to me? So he asked in a surly sort of manner, and, gad! I answered 'em as surlily. What thof he be my father, I a'n't bound prentice to 'em: so, faith, I told'n in plain terms, if I were minded to marry, I'd marry to please myself, not him; and for the young woman that he provided for me, I thought it more fitting for her to learn her sampler, and make dirt-pies, than to look after a husband; for my part, I was none of her man, I had another voyage to make, let him take it as he will.

Mrs. F. So, then, you intend to go to sea again?

Ben. Nay, nay, my mind ran upon you, but I would not tell him so much. So he said, he'd make my heart ache; and if so be that he could get a woman to his mind, he'd marry himself. Gad! says I, an' you play the fool, and marry at these years, there's more danger of your head's aching than my heart. He was wondrous angry when I giv'n that wipe, he hadn't a word to say;

and so I left'n, and the green girl together; mayhap, the bee may bite, and he'll marry her himself—with all my heart!

Mrs. F. And were you this undutiful and graceless wretch to your father?

Ben. Then why was he graceless first?

Mrs. F. Oh! impiety, how have I been mistaken. What an inhuman merciless creature have I set my heart upon. Oh! I am happy to have discovered the shelves and quicksands that lurk beneath that faithless smiling face!

Ben. Hey-toss! what's the matter now? Why, you ben't angry, be you?

Mrs. F. Oh! see me no more, for thou wert born among rocks, suckled by whales, cradled in a tempest, and whistled to by winds; and thou art come forth with fins and scales, and three rows of teeth, a most outrageous fish of prey.

Ben. Oh, lord! oh, lord! she's mad, poor young woman. Love has turned her senses; her brain is quite overset. Well-a-day! how shall I do to set her to-rights?

Mrs. F. No, no, I am not mad, monster; I am wise enough to find you out. Hadst thou the impudence to aspire at being a husband, with that stubborn and disobedient temper? You, that know not how to submit to a father, presume to have a sufficient stock of duty to undergo a wife? I should have been finely fobbed indeed, very finely fobbed.

Ben. Harkye! forsooth, if so be that you are in your right senses, d'ye see! for aught as I perceive I'm like to be finely fobbed, if I have got anger here upon your account, and you are tacked about already. What d'ye mean? after all your fair speeches and stroking my cheeks, and kissing and hugging, what, would you sheer off so? would you? and leave me aground?

Mrs. F. No, I'll leave you adrift, and go which way you will.

Ben. What, are you false-hearted then?

Mrs. F. Only the wind's changed.

Ben. More shame for you. The wind's changed? It is an ill-wind blows nobody good. Mayhap I have a good riddance on you, if these be your tricks. What, did you mean all this while to make a fool of me?

Mrs. F. Any fool, but a husband.

Ben. Husband! Gad! I would not be your husband, if you would have me, now I know your mind; thof you had your weight in gold and jewels, and thof I loved you never so well.

Mrs. F. Why, canst thou love, Porpus?

Ben. No matter what I can do; don't call names. I don't love you so well as to bear that, whatever I did. I'm glad you shew yourself, mistress: let them marry you as don't know you. Gad! I know you too well, by sad experience; I believe, he, that marries you, will go to sea in a hen-pecked frigate. I believe that, young woman; and mayhap may come to an anchor at Cuckold's Point; so there's a dash for you, take it as you will; mayhap you may hollow after me when I won't come to you. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. F. Ha, ha, ha! no doubt on't. *(Sings.)* "My true love is gone to sea!"

Enter MRS. FORESIGHT.

Oh! sister, had you come a minute sooner, you would have seen the resolution of a lover. Honest Tar and I are parted; and with the same indifference that we met. On my life, I am half vexed at the insensibility of a brute I despised.

Mrs. For. What, then, he bore it most heroically?

Mrs. F. Most tyrannically; for you see he has got the start of me; and I, the poor forsaken maid, am left complaining on the shore. But I'll tell you a hint that he has given me. Sir Sampson is enraged, and talks desperately of committing matrimony himself. If he has a mind to throw him-

self away, he can't do it more effectually than upon me, if we could bring it about.

Mrs. For. Oh! hang him, old fox! he's too cunning; besides, he hates both you and me. But I have a project in my head for you, and I have gone a good way towards it. I have almost made a bargain with Jeremy, Valentine's man, to sell his master to us.

Mrs. F. Sell him? how?

Mrs. For. Valentine raves upon Angelica, and took me for her; and Jeremy says will take anybody for her that he imposes on him. Now I have promised him mountains, if in one of his mad fits he will bring you to him in her stead, and get you married. Here they come; stand aside a little, and tell me how you like the design.

Enter SCANDAL and JEREMY.

Scand. And have you given your master a hint of their plot upon him? (*To Jeremy.*)

Jer. Yes, sir; he says he'll favour it, and mistake her for Angelica.

Scand. It may make us sport.

Enter VALENTINE and FORESIGHT.

For. Mercy on us!

Val. Hush! interrupt me not; I'll whisper prediction to thee, and thou shalt prophecy. I have told thee what's past, now I'll tell what's to come. Dost thou know what will happen to-morrow? Answer me not, for I will tell thee. To-morrow, knaves will thrive through craft, and fools through fortune; and honesty will go as it did, frost-nipt in a summer-suit. Ask me questions concerning to-morrow.

Scand. Ask him, Mr. Foresight.

For. Pray, what will be done at court?

Val. Scandal will tell you—I am honesty; I never come there.

For. In the city?

Val. Oh! prayers will be said in empty churches, at the usual hours. Yet you will see such zealous faces behind counters, as if religion were to be sold in every shop. Oh! things will go methodically in the city. Husbands and wives will drive distinct trades; and care and pleasure separately occupy the family. But, hold! I must examine you before I go further; you look suspiciously. Are you a husband?

For. I am married.

Val. Poor creature! Is your wife of Covent Garden parish?

For. No; St. Martin in the Fields.

Val. Alas! poor man! his eyes are sunk, and his hands shrivelled; his legs dwindled, and his back bowed. Pray, pray for a metamorphosis. Change thy shape, and shake off age; get thee Medea's kettle, and be boiled anew; come forth, with labouring callous hands, a chine of steel and Atlas' shoulders. Let Taliacotius trim the calves of twenty chairmen, and make thee pedestals to stand erect upon, and look matrimony in the face. Ha, ha, ha! that a man should have a stomach to a wedding-supper, when the pigeons ought rather to be laid to his feet. Ha, ha, ha!

For. His frenzy is very high now, Mr. Scandal.

Scand. I believe it is a spring-tide.

For. Very likely, truly; you understand these matters. Mr. Scandal, I shall be very glad to confer with you about these things which he has uttered. His sayings are very mysterious and hieroglyphical.

Val. Oh! why would Angelica be absent from my eyes so long?

Jer. She's here, sir.

Mrs. For. Now, sister.

Mrs. F. Oh, lord! what must I say?

Scand. Humour him, madam, by all means.

Val. Where is she? Oh! I see her. She comes like riches, health, and liberty, at once, to a despairing, starving, and abandoned wretch. Oh! welcome, welcome!

Mrs. F. How d'ye, sir? can I serve you?

Val. Harkye! I have a secret to tell you: Endymion and the moon shall meet us upon Mount Latmos, and we'll be married in the dead of night. But say not a word. Hymen shall put his torch into a dark lantern, that it may be secret; and Juno shall give her peacock poppy-water, that he may fold his ogling tail; and Argus' hundred eyes be shut, eh? Nobody shall know but Jeremy.

Mrs. F. No, no; we'll keep it secret; it shall be done presently.

Val. The sooner the better; Jeremy, come hither—closer, that none may overhear us. Jeremy, I can tell you news. Angelica is turned nun; and I am turned friar: and yet we'll marry one another in spite of the pope. Get me a cowl and beads, that I may play my part; for she'll meet me two hours hence in black and white, and a long veil to cover the project; and we won't see one another's faces, till we have done something to be ashamed of, and then we'll blush once for all.

Jer. I'll take care and—

Val. Whisper.

Enter ANGELICA and TATTLE.

Ang. Nay, Mr. Tattle, if you make love to me, you spoil my design; for I intend to make you my confidant.

Scand. How's this! Tattle making love to Angelica!

Tatt. But, madam, to throw away your person, such a person, and such a fortune, on a madman!

Ang. I never loved him till he was mad; but don't tell anybody so.

Tatt. Tell, madam! alas! you don't know me: I have much ado to tell your ladyship how long I have been in love with you; but, encouraged by the impossibility of Valentine's making any more addresses to you, I have ventured to declare the very inmost passion of my heart. Oh! madam, look upon us both. There you see the ruins of a poor decayed creature! Here, a complete lively figure, with youth and health, and all his five senses in perfection, madam; and to all this, the most passionate lover.

Ang. Oh! fie for shame, hold your tongue. A passionate lover, and five senses in perfection! When you are as mad as Valentine, I'll believe you love me; and the maddest shall take me.

Val. It is enough. Ah! who's there?

Mrs. F. Oh, lord! her coming will spoil all. (*To Jeremy.*)

Jer. No, no, madam; he won't know her; if he should, I can persuade him.

Val. Scandal, who are these? Foreigners? If they are, I'll tell you what I think. Get away all the company but Angelica, that I may discover my design to her. (*Whispers.*)

Scand. I will. I have discovered something of Tattle, that is of a piece with Mrs. Frail. He courts Angelica: if we could contrive to couple them together—Harkye!—(*Whispers.*)

Mrs. F. He won't know you, cousin; he knows nobody.

For. But he knows more than anybody. Oh! niece, he knows things past and to come, and all the profound secrets of time.

Tatt. Look you, Mr. Foresight; it is not my way to make many words of matters, and so I shan't say much. But, in short, d'ye see, I will hold you a hundred pounds, now, that I know more secrets than he.

For. How? I cannot read that knowledge in your face, Mr. Tattle. Pray what do you know?

Tatt. Why, d'ye think I'll tell you, sir? Read it in my face! No, sir, it is written in my heart; and safer there, sir, than letters written in juice of lemon, for no fire can fetch it out. I'm no blab, sir.

Val. Acquaint Jeremy with it: he may easily bring it about. They are welcome, and I'll tell them so myself. (*To Scandal.*) What, do you look

strange upon me? Then I must be plain : (coming up to them) I am honesty, and hate an old acquaintance with a new face. (*Scandal goes aside with Jeremy.*)

Tatt. Do you know me, Valentine?

Val. You? Who are you? I hope not.

Tatt. I am Jack Tattle; your friend.

Val. My friend! what to do? I'm no married man, and thou canst not lie with my wife. I am very poor, and thou canst not borrow money of me. Then what employment have I for a friend?

Tatt. Ha! a good open speaker, and not to be trusted with a secret.

Ang. Do you know me, Valentine?

Val. Oh! very well.

Ang. Who am I?

Val. You're a woman; one to whom nature gave beauty, when it grafted roses on a briar. You are the reflection of heaven in a pond; and he that leaps at you is sunk. You are all white; a sheet of lovely spotless paper, when you were first born; but you are to be scrawled and blotted by every goose's quill. I know you; for I loved a woman, and loved her so long, that I found out a strange thing; I found out what a woman is good for.

Tatt. Ay, pr'ythee, what's that?

Val. Why, to keep a secret.

Tatt. Oh, lord!

Val. Oh! exceedingly good to keep a secret; for though she should tell, yet she is not believed.

Tatt. Ha! good again, faith.

Jer. I'll do't, sir.

Scand. Mr. Foresight, we had best leave him. He may grow outrageous, and do mischief.

For. I will be directed by you. [*Exit Foresight.*]

Jer. (To *Mrs. Frail.*) You'll meet, madam. I'll take care everything shall be ready.

Mrs. F. Thou shalt do what thou wilt; in short, I will deny thee nothing.

Tatt. Madam, shall I wait upon you? (To *Ang.*)

Ang. No; I'll stay with him. Mr. Scandal will protect me. Aunt, Mr. Tattle desires you would give him leave to wait upon you.

Tatt. Pox on't! there's no coming off, now she has said that—Madam, will you do me the honour?

Mrs. For. Mr. Tattle might have used less ceremony. [*Exeunt Mrs. Frail, Mrs. For. and Tattle.*]

Scand. Jeremy, follow Tattle. [*Exit Jer.*]

Ang. Mr. Scandal, I only stay till my maid comes, and because I have a mind to be rid of Mr. Tattle.

Scand. Madam, I am very glad that I overheard a better reason which you gave to Mr. Tattle; for his impertinence forced you to acknowledge a kindness for Valentine, which you denied to all his sufferings and my solicitations. So, I'll leave him to make use of the discovery; and your ladyship to the free confession of your inclinations.

Ang. Oh! heavens, you won't leave me alone with a madman?

Scand. No, madam; I only leave a madman to his remedy. [*Exit.*]

Val. Madam, you need not be very much afraid, for I fancy I begin to come to myself.

Ang. Ay, but if I don't fit you, I'll be hanged. (*Aside.*)

Val. You see what disguises love makes us put on. Gods have been in counterfeited shapes for the same reason; and the divine part of me, my mind, has worn this masque of madness, and this motley livery, only as the slave of love and menial creature of your beauty.

Ang. Mercy on me, how he talks! Poor Valentine!

Val. Nay, faith, now let us understand one another; hypocrisy apart. The comedy draws towards an end; and let us think of leaving acting, and be ourselves; and since you have loved me, you must own, I have at length deserved you should confess it.

Ang. (*Sighs.*) I would I had loved you; for heaven knows, I pity you; and, could I have foreseen the bad effects, I would have striven; but that's too late.

Val. What bad effects? what's too late? My seeming madness has deceived my father, and procured me time to think of means to reconcile me to him, and preserve the right of my inheritance to his estate; which, otherwise, by articles, I must this morning have resigned. And this I had informed you of to-day, but you were gone before I knew you had been here.

Ang. How! I thought your love of me had caused this transport in your soul; which, it seems, you only counterfeited for mercenary ends and sordid interest.

Val. Nay, now you do me wrong; for, if any interest was considered, it was your's; since I thought I wanted more than love to make me worthy of you.

Ang. Then you thought me mercenary; but how am I deluded by this interval of sense, to reason with a madman!

Val. Oh! 'tis barbarous to misunderstand me longer.

Enter JEREMY.

Ang. Oh! here's a reasonable creature; sure he will not have the impudence to persevere! Come, Jeremy, acknowledge your trick, and confess your master's madness counterfeit.

Jer. Counterfeit, madam! I'll maintain him to be as absolutely and substantially mad as any freeholder in Bedlam. Nay, he's as mad as any projector, fanatic, chemist, lover, or poet, in Europe.

Val. Sirrah! you lie; I'm not mad.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha! you see he denies it.

Jer. Oh, lord! madam, did you ever know any madman mad enough to own it?

Val. Sot! can't you apprehend?

Ang. Why, he talked very sensibly just now.

Jer. Yes, madam; he has intervals: but you see he begins to look wild again now.

Val. Why, you thick-skulled rascal, I tell you the farce is done, and I'll be mad no longer. (*Beats him.*)

Ang. Ha, ha, ha! is he mad or no, Jeremy?

Jer. Partly, I think; for he does not know his own mind two hours. I'm sure I left him just now in the humour to be mad; and I think I have not found him very quiet at the present. (*Knocking without.*) Who's there? [*Exit.*]

Val. Go see, you sot! I'm very glad that I can move your mirth, though not your compassion.

Ang. I did not think you had apprehension enough to be exceptions; but madmen shew themselves most by over-pretending to a sound understanding, as drunken men do by over-acting sobriety. I was half inclining to believe you, till I accidentally touched upon your tender part. But now you have restored me to my former opinion and compassion.

Re-enter JEREMY.

Jer. Sir, your father has sent to know if you are any better yet. Will you please to be mad, sir, or how?

Val. Stupidity! you know the penalty of all I'm worth must pay for the confession of my senses. I'm mad, and will be mad, to everybody but this lady.

Jer. So; just the very reverse of truth. But lying is a figure in speech, that interlards the greatest part of my conversation. Madam, your ladyship's woman. [*Exit.*]

Enter JENNY.

Ang. Well, have you been there? Come hither. *Jenny.* Yes, madam; Sir Sampson will wait upon you presently. (*Aside to Angelica.*)

Val. You are not leaving me in this uncertainty?

Ang. Would anything but a madman complain

of uncertainty? Uncertainty and expectation are the joys of life. Security is an insipid thing; and the overtaking and possessing of a wish, discovers the folly of the chase. Never let us know one another better; for the pleasure of a masquerade is done, when we come to shew our faces. But I'll tell you two things before I leave you; I am not the fool you take me for; and you are mad, and don't know it. [*Exeunt Angelica and Jenny.*]

Re-enter JEREMY.

Val. From a riddle you can expect nothing but a riddle. There's my instruction, and the moral of my lesson.

Jer. What, is the lady gone again, sir? I hope you understood one another before she went?

Val. Understood! she is harder to be understood than a piece of Egyptian antiquity, or an Irish manuscript; you may pore till you spoil your eyes, and not improve your knowledge.

Jer. I have heard them say, sir, they read hard Hebrew books backwards. May be, you begin to read at the wrong end.

Val. Yet, while she does not seem to hate me, I will pursue her, and know her, if it be possible, in spite of the opinion of my satirical friend, who says,—

*That women are like tricks by slight of hand;
Which, to admire, we should not understand.*

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Foresight's house.*

Enter ANGELICA and JENNY.

Ang. Where is Sir Sampson? Did you not tell me he would be here before me?

Jenny. He's at the great glass in the dining-room, madam, setting his cravat and wig.

Ang. How! I'm glad on't. If he has a mind I should like him, it's a sign he likes me; and that's more than half my design.

Jenny. I hear him, madam.

Ang. Leave me; and, d'ye hear? if Valentine should come, or send, I am not to be spoken with. [*Exit Jenny.*]

Enter SIR SAMPSON LEGEND.

Sir S. I have not been honoured with the commands of a fair lady a great while. Ods! madam, you have revived me—not since I was five and thirty.

Ang. Why, you have no great reason to complain, Sir Sampson; that's not long ago.

Sir S. Zooks! but it is, madam; a very great while to a man that admires a fine woman as much as I do.

Ang. You're an absolute courtier, Sir Sampson.

Sir S. Not at all, madam. Odsbud! you wrong me: I am not so old neither to be a bare courtier, only a man of words. Come, come; let me tell you, you women think a man old too soon; faith and troth, you do. Come, don't despise fifty; ods! fifty, in a hale constitution, is no such contemptible age!

Ang. Fifty a contemptible age! not at all: a very fashionable age, I think; I assure you, I know very considerable beaux, that set a good face upon fifty. Fifty! I have seen fifty in a side-box, by candle-light, out-blossom five and twenty.

Sir S. Outsides, outsides! a pize take them, mere outsides. Hang your side-box beaux; no, I'm none of those, none of your forced trees, that pretend to blossom in the fall, and bud when they should bring forth fruit. I am of a long-lived race, and inherit vigour. None of my ancestors married till fifty; yet they begot sons and daughters till fourscore. I am of your patriarchs; I, a branch of one of your antediluvian families, fellows that the flood could not wash away. Well, madam,

what are your commands? Has any young rogue affronted you, and shall I cut his throat; or—

Ang. No, Sir Sampson, I have no quarrel upon my hands; I have more occasion for your conduct than your courage at this time. To tell you the truth, I'm weary of living single, and want a husband.

Sir S. Madam, you deserve a good husband; and 'twere pity you should be thrown away upon any of these young idle rogues about the town. Od! there's ne'er a young fellow worth hanging; that is, a very young fellow.

Ang. Therefore, I ask your advice, Sir Sampson. I have fortune enough to make any man easy that I can like; if there were such a thing as a young agreeable man, with a reasonable stock of good nature and sense; for I would neither have an absolute wit, nor a fool.

Sir S. Od! you are hard to please, madam: to find a young fellow that is neither a wit in his own eye, nor a fool in the eye of the world, is a very hard task. But, faith and troth, you speak very discreetly. I hate a wit; I had a son that was spoiled among them; a good hopeful lad, till he learned to be a wit, and might have risen in the state. But, a plague on't! his wit ran him out of his money, and now his poverty has run him out of his wits.

Ang. Sir Sampson, as your friend, I must tell you, you are very much abused in that matter; he's no more mad than you are.

Sir S. How, madam! would I could prove it.

Ang. I can tell you how that may be done; but it is a thing that would make me appear to be too much concerned in your affairs.

Sir S. Odsbud! I believe she likes me. (*Aside.*) If I had Peru in one hand, and Mexico in t'other, and the eastern empire under my feet; it would make me only a more glorious victim to be offered at the shrine of your beauty.

Ang. Bless me, Sir Sampson, what's the matter?

Sir S. Od! madam, I love you; and if you would take my advice in a husband—

Ang. Hold, hold! Sir Sampson, I asked your advice for a husband, and you are giving me your consent. I was, indeed, thinking to propose something like it in jest, to satisfy you about Valentine; for if a match were seemingly carried on between you and me, it would oblige him to throw off his disguise of madness, in apprehension of losing me; for, you know, he has long pretended a passion for me.

Sir S. Gadzooks! a most ingenious contrivance, if we were to go through with it. But why must the match only be seemingly carried on? Od! let it be a real contract.

Ang. Oh, fie! Sir Sampson, what would the world say?

Sir S. Say! They would say you were a wise woman, and I a happy man. Od! madam, I'll love you as long as I live, and leave you a good jointure when I die.

Ang. Ay, but that is not in your power, Sir Sampson; for when Valentine confesses himself in his senses, he must make over his inheritance to his younger brother.

Sir S. Od! you're cunning; a wary baggage. Faith and troth, I like you the better. But, I warrant you, I have a proviso in the obligation in favour of myself. Body o' me! I have a trick to turn the settlement upon the issue male of our two bodies begotten. Odsbud! let us find children, and I'll find an estate.

Ang. Will you! Well, do you find the estate, and let me the other to me.

Sir S. Oh! rogue! but I'll trust you. And will you consent? Is it a match, then?

Ang. Let me consult my lawyer concerning this obligation; and if I find what you propose practicable, I'll give you my answer.

Sir S. With all my heart. Come in with me, and I'll lend you the bond. Odso! here's somebody coming. [Exeunt.]

Enter TATTLE and JEREMY.

Tatt. Is not that she gone out just now?

Jer. Ay, sir, she's just going to the place of appointment.

Tatt. Egad! thou art a pretty fellow. But I hope you are secret in your nature; private, close, eh?

Jer. Oh! sir, for that, sir, 'tis my chief talent; I'm as secret as the head of Nilus.

Tatt. Ay! who's he, though? A privy counsellor?

Jer. Oh! ignorance! (*Aside.*) A cunning Egyptian, sir, that with his arms could overrun the country, yet nobody could ever find out his headquarters.

Tatt. Close dog! a rare fellow amongst the wenches, I warrant him. The time draws nigh, Jeremy; Angelica will be veiled like a nun, and I must be hooded like a friar, eh, Jeremy?

Jer. Ay, sir; hooded like a hawk, to seize at first sight upon the quarry. It is the whim of my master's madness to be so dressed; and she is so in love with him, she'll comply with anything to please him. Poor lady! I'm sure she'll have reason to pray for me, when she finds what a happy change she has made, between a madman and so accomplished a gentleman.

Tatt. Ay, faith, so she will, Jeremy: you're a good friend to her, poor creature! I swear I do it hardly so much in consideration of myself, as compassion to her.

Jer. 'Tis an act of charity, sir, to save a fine woman with sixty thousand pounds, from throwing herself away.

Tatt. So 'tis, faith! I might have saved several others in my time; but, egad! I could never find in my heart to marry anybody before.

Jer. Well, sir, I'll go and tell her my master's coming; and meet you in half a quarter of an hour, with your disguise, at your own lodgings. You must talk a little madly; she won't distinguish the tone of your voice.

Tatt. No, no; let me alone for a counterfeit. I'll be ready for you. [Exit Jer.]

Enter MISS PRUE.

Miss P. Oh! Mr. Tattle, are you here? I am glad I have found you. I have been looking up and down for you like anything, till I am as tired as anything in the world.

Tatt. Oh! plague; how shall I get rid of this foolish girl? (*Aside.*)

Miss P. Oh! I have pure news, I can tell you pure news; I must not marry the seaman now, my father says so. Why won't you be my husband? You say you love me, and you won't be my husband; and I know you may be my husband now, if you please.

Tatt. Oh! fie, miss! Who told you so, child?

Miss P. Why, my father; I told him that you loved me.

Tatt. Oh! fie, miss! Why did you do so? and who told you so, child?

Miss P. Who! why you did, did not you?

Tatt. Oh! plague! that was yesterday, miss; that was a great while ago, child. I have been asleep since; slept a whole night, and did not so much as dream of the matter.

Miss P. Psha! Oh! but I dreamt that it was so, though.

Tatt. Ay, but your father will tell you, that dreams come by contraries, child. Oh, fie! what, we must not love one another now. Psha! that would be a foolish thing, indeed. Fie, fie! you're a woman now, and must think of a new man every morning, and forget him every night. No, no; to marry is to be a child again, and play with the

same rattle always. Oh, fie! marrying is a paw thing.

Miss P. Well, but don't you love me as well as you did last night, then?

Tatt. No, no, child; you would not have me.

Miss P. No? Yes, but I would, though.

Tatt. Psha! but I tell you, you would not. You forget you are a woman, and don't know your own mind.

Miss P. But here's my father, and he knows my mind.

Enter FORESIGHT.

For. Oh! Mr. Tattle, your servant; you are a close man; but, methinks, your love to my daughter was a secret I might have been trusted with; or had you a mind to try if I could discover it by my art? Hum, ha! I think there is something in your physiognomy that has a resemblance of her; and the girl is like me.

Tatt. And so you would infer, that you and I are alike. What does the old prig mean? I'll banter him, and laugh at him, and leave him. (*Aside.*) I fancy you have a wrong notion of faces.

For. How? what? a wrong notion! How so?

Tatt. In the way of art, I have some taking features, not obvious to vulgar eyes, that are indicative of a sudden turn of good fortune in the lottery of wives; and promise a great beauty and great fortune, reserved alone for me, by a private intrigue of destiny, kept secret from the piercing eye of perspicuity, from all astrologers, and the stars themselves.

For. How? I will make it appear that what you say is impossible.

Tatt. Sir, I beg your pardon, I am in haste—

For. For what?

Tatt. To be married, sir—married!

For. Ay, but pray take me along with you, sir.

Tatt. No, sir; it is to be done privately; I never make confidants.

For. Well; but my consent, I mean. You won't marry my daughter without my consent?

Tatt. Who, I, sir? I am an absolute stranger to you and your daughter, sir.

For. Heyday! What time of the moon is this?

Tatt. Very true, sir; and desire to continue so. I have no more love for your daughter, than I have likeness of you: and I have a secret in my heart, which you would be glad to know, and sha'n't know; and yet you shall know it, too, and be sorry for it afterwards. I'd have you know, sir, that I am as knowing as the stars, and as secret as the night. And I'm going to be married just now, yet did not know of it half an hour ago, and the lady stays for me, and does not know of it yet. There's a mystery for you! I know you love to untie difficulties. Or, if you can't solve this, stay here a quarter of an hour, and I'll come and explain it to you. [Exit.]

Miss P. Oh! father, why will you let him go? Won't you make him to be my husband?

For. Mercy on us! what do these lunacies portend? Alas! he's mad, child, stark wild!

Miss P. What, and must not I have e'er a husband, then? What, must I go to bed to nurse again, and be a child as long as she's an old woman? Indeed, but I won't. For, now my mind is set upon a man, I will have a man some way or other.

For. Oh! fearful! I think the girl's influenced, too. Hussy! you shall have a rod.

Miss P. A fiddle of a rod! I'll have a husband; and if you won't get me one, I'll get one for myself. I'll marry our Robin, the butler; he says he loves me: and he's a handsome man, and shall be my husband: I warrant he'll be my husband, and thank me, too; for he told me so.

Enter Nurse.

For. Did he so? I'll despatch him for it presently! Rogue! Oh! Nurse, come hither.

Nurse. What is your worship's pleasure?

For. Here, take your young mistress, and lock her up presently, till farther orders from me. Not a word, hussy; do what I bid you. No reply: away! and bid Robin make ready to give an account of his plate and linen, d'ye hear? Begone, when I bid you. [*Exeunt Nurse and Miss P.*]

Enter MRS. FORESIGHT and SCANDAL.

Mrs. For. What's the matter, husband?

For. 'Tis not convenient to tell you now. Mr. Scandal, heaven keep us all in our senses! I fear there is a contagious frenzy abroad. How does Valentine?

Scand. Oh! I hope he will do well again. I have a message from him to your niece Angelica.

For. I think she has not returned since she went abroad with Sir Sampson.

Enter BEN.

Here's Mr. Benjamin; he can tell us if his father be come home.

Ben. Who? Father? Ay, he's come home with a vengeance!

Mrs. For. Why, what's the matter?

Ben. Matter! Why, he's mad.

For. Mercy on us! I was afraid of this.

Ben. And there's a handsome young woman, she, as they say, brother Val went mad for; she's mad, too, I think.

For. Oh! my poor niece, my poor niece! is she gone, too? Well, I shall run mad next.

Mrs. For. Well, but how mad? how d'ye mean?

Ben. Nay, I'll give you leave to guess; I'll undertake to make a voyage to Antigua. No; I mayn't say so, neither; but I'll sail as far as Leghorn, and back again, before you shall guess at the matter, and do nothing else. Mess! you may take in all the points of the compass, and not hit the right.

Mrs. For. Your experiment will take up a little too much time.

Ben. Why, then, I'll tell you: there's a new wedding upon the stocks, and they two are a-going to be married to rights.

Scand. Who?

Ben. Why, father, and—the young woman—I can't hit her name.

Scand. Angelica?

Ben. Ay, the same.

Mrs. For. Sir Sampson and Angelica? Impossible!

Ben. That may be; but I'm sure it is as I tell you.

Scand. 'Sdeath! it is a jest. I can't believe it.

Ben. Lookye, friend; it is nothing to me, whether you believe it or no. What I say is true, d'ye see; they are married, or just going to be married, I know not which.

For. Well, but they are not mad; that is, not lunatic?

Ben. I don't know what you may call madness, but she's mad for a husband, and he's horn-mad, I think, or they'd never make a match together. Here they come.

Enter SIR SAMPSON LEGEND, ANGELICA, and BUCKRAM.

Sir S. Where's this old soothsayer? this uncle of mine elect.—Aha! old Foresight! uncle Foresight! wish me joy, uncle Foresight, double joy, both as uncle and astrologer: here's a conjunction that was not foretold in your Ephemeris. The brightest star in the blue firmament is shot from above; and I'm lord of the ascendant. Od! you're an old fellow, Foresight, uncle I mean; a very old fellow, uncle Foresight; and yet you shall live to dance at my wedding; faith and troth, you shall. Od! we'll have the music of the spheres for thee, old Lilly, that we will; and thou shalt lead up a dance in *via lactea*.

For. I'm thunderstruck! You are not married to my niece?

Sir S. Not absolutely married, uncle; but very near it; within a kiss of the matter, as you see. [*Kisses Angelica.*]

Ang. 'Tis very true, indeed, uncle; I hope you'll be my father, and give me.

Sir S. That he shall, or I'll burn his globes.

Scand. Death and hell! Where's Valentine?

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. For. This is so surprising—

Sir S. How! What does my aunt say? surprising, aunt? not at all, for a young couple to make a match in winter. Not at all; it's a plot to undermine cold weather, and destroy that usurper of a bed, called a warming-pan.

Mrs. For. I'm glad to hear you have so much fire in you, Sir Sampson.

Ben. Mess! I fear his fire's little better than tinder.

Sir S. Why, you impudent tarpaulin! sirrah, do you bring your fore-castle jests upon your father? But I shall be even with you; I won't give you a groat. Mr. Buckram, is the conveyance so worded, that nothing can possibly descend to this scoundrel? I would not so much as have him have the prospect of an estate, though there were no way to come to it but by the north-east passage.

Buck. Sir, it is drawn according to your directions; there is not the least cranny of the law unstopped.

Ben. Lawyer, I believe there's many a cranny and leak unstopped in your conscience. If so be that one had a pump to your bosom, I believe we should discover a foul hold. They say a witch will sail in a sieve; but I believe the devil would not venture aboard your conscience. And that's for you.

Sir S. Hold your tongue, sirrah. How now! who's here?

Enter MRS. FRAIL and TATTLE.

Mrs. F. Oh! sister, the most unlucky accident.

Mrs. For. What's the matter?

Tatt. Oh! the two most unfortunate poor creatures in the world we are.

For. Bless us! how so?

Mrs. F. Ah! Mr. Tattle and I, poor Mr. Tattle and I are—I can't speak it out.

Tatt. Nor I. But poor Mrs. Frail and I are—

Mrs. F. Married.

For. Married! how?

Tatt. Suddenly; before we knew where we were, that villain Jeremy, by the help of disguises, tricked us into one another.

For. Why, you told me just now, you went hence, in haste, to be married.

Ang. But I believe Mr. Tattle meant the favour for me, I thank him.

Tatt. I did, as I hope to be saved, madam; my intentions were good. But this is the most cruel thing, to marry, one does not know how, nor why, nor wherefore. The devil take me, if ever I was so much concerned at anything in my life!

Ang. 'Tis very unhappy, if you don't care for one another.

Tatt. The least in the world; that is, for my part, I speak for myself. 'Gad! I never had the least thought of serious kindness; I never liked anybody less in my life. Poor woman! 'Gad! I'm sorry for her, too; for I have no reason to hate her, neither; but I believe I shall lead her a d—d sort of a life.

Mrs. For. He's better than no husband at all—though he's a coxcomb. [*To Mrs. F.*]

Mrs. F. (To Mrs. For.) Ay, ay; it's well it's no worse. Nay, for my part, I always despised Mr. Tattle of all things; nothing but his being my husband could have made me like him less.

Tatt. Look you there, I thought as much! Plague on't! I wish we could keep it secret; why,

I don't believe any of this company would speak of it.

Ben. If you suspect me, friend, I'll go out of the room.

Mrs. F. But, my dear, that's impossible; the parson and that rogue Jeremy will publish it.

Tatt. Ay, my dear, so they will, as you say.

Ang. Oh! you'll agree very well in a little time; custom will make it easy for you.

Tatt. Easy! Plague on't! I don't believe I shall sleep to-night.

Sir S. Sleep, quotha! No; why, you would not sleep on your wedding-night? I'm an older fellow than you, and don't mean to sleep.

Ben. Why, there's another match now, as thof a couple of privatere were looking for a prize, and should fall foul of one another. I'm sorry for the young man with all my heart. Look you, friend! if I may advise you, when she's going—for that you must expect; I have experience of her—when she's going, let her go; for no matrimony is tough enough to hold her; and if she can't drag her anchor along with her, she'll break her cable, I can tell you that. Who's here, the madman?

Enter VALENTINE, SCANDAL, and JEREMY.

Val. No; here's the fool; and if occasion be, I'll give it under my hand.

Sir S. How now?

Val. Sir, I am come to acknowledge my errors, and ask your pardon.

Sir S. What, have you found your senses at last, then? In good time, sir.

Val. You were abused, sir; I never was distracted.

For. How? not mad, Mr. Scandal?

Scand. No, really, sir; I am his witness, it was all counterfeit.

Val. I thought I had reasons—but it was a poor contrivance; the effect has shewn it such.

Sir S. Contrivance! what, to cheat me? to cheat your father? Sirrah, could you hope to prosper?

Val. Indeed, I thought, sir, when the father endeavoured to undo the son, it was a reasonable return of nature.

Sir S. Very good, sir. Mr. Buckram, are you ready? Come, sir, will you sign and seal?

Val. If you please, sir; but first, I would ask this lady one question.

Sir S. Sir, you must ask me leave first. That lady! no, sir; you shall ask that lady no questions till you have asked her blessing, sir; that lady is to be my wife.

Val. I have heard as much, sir; but I would have it from her own mouth.

Sir S. That is as much as to say, I lie, sir; and you don't believe what I say.

Val. Pardon me, sir. But I reflect that I, very lately, counterfeited madness: I don't know but the frolic may go round.

Sir S. Come, chuck! satisfy him, answer him. Come, Mr. Buckram, the pen and ink.

Buck. Here it is, sir, with the deed; all is ready. *(Valentine goes to Angelica.)*

Ang. 'Tis true, you have a great while pretended love to me; nay, what if you were sincere? Still you must pardon me, if I think my own inclinations have a better right to dispose of my person than your's.

Sir S. Are you answered now, sir?

Val. Yes, sir.

Sir S. Where's your plot, sir? and your contrivance now, sir? Will you sign, sir? Come, will you sign and seal, sir?

Val. With all my heart, sir.

Scand. 'Sdeath! you are not mad, 'indeed? to ruin yourself?

Val. I have been disappointed of my only hope; and he, that loses hope, may part with anything. I never valued fortune but as it was subservient to my pleasure; and my only pleasure was to please this lady: I have made many vain attempts, and find, at last, that nothing but my ruin can effect it; which, for that reason, I will sign to. Give me the paper.

Ang. Generous Valentine! *(Aside.)*

Buck. Here is the deed, sir.

Val. But where is the bond by which I am obliged to sign this?

Buck. Sir Sampson, you have it.

Ang. No, I have it; and I'll use it as I would everything that is an enemy to Valentine. *(Tears the paper.)*

Sir S. How now?

Val. Ah!

Ang. Had I the world to give you, it could not make me worthy of so generous and faithful a passion. Here's my hand; my heart was always your's, and struggled very hard to make this utmost trial of your virtue. *(To Val.)*

Val. Between pleasure and amazement, I am lost: but on my knees I take the blessing.

Sir S. Oons! what is the meaning of this?

Ben. Mess! here's the wind changed again. Father, you and I may make a voyage together now.

Ang. Well, Sir Sampson, since I have played you a trick, I'll advise you how you may avoid such another. Learn to be a good father, or you'll never get a second wife. I always loved your son, and hated your unforgiving nature; and it is hardly more pleasure to me, that I can make him and myself happy, than that I can punish you.

Sir S. Oons! you're a crocodile!

For. Really, Sir Sampson, this is a sudden eclipse.

Sir S. You're an illiterate old fool; and I'm another. The stars are liars; and if I had breath, I'd curse them and you, myself, and all the world.

Tatt. Sir, sir, if you are in all this disorder for want of a wife, I can spare you mine.

Sir S. Confound you and your wife together!

Tatt. Oh! are you there, sir? I am indebted to you for my happiness. *(To Jeremy.)*

Jer. Sir, I ask you ten thousand pardons: it was an arrant mistake. You see, sir, my master was never mad, nor anything like it. Then how can it be otherwise?

Val. Tattle, I thank you: you would have interposed between me and heaven, but Providence laid purgatory in your way. You have but justice.

Scand. *(To Ang.)* Well, madam, you have done exemplary justice, in punishing an inhuman father, and rewarding a faithful lover: but there is a third good work, which I, in particular, must thank you for: I was an infidel to your sex, and you have converted me; for now I am convinced that all women are not, like fortune, blind in bestowing favours, either on those who do not merit, or who do not want them.

Ang. It is an unreasonable accusation that you lay upon our sex. You tax us with injustice, only to cover your own want of merit. You would all have the reward of love; but few have the constancy to stay till it becomes your due. How few, like Valentine, would persevere even to martyrdom, and sacrifice their interest to their constancy? In admiring me, you misplace the novelty.

The miracle to-day is, that we find

A lover true; not that a woman's kind. *[Exeunt.]*

GUSTAVUS VASA;

OR, THE DELIVERER OF HIS COUNTRY:

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY HENRY BROOKE.



Act IV.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

GUSTAVUS VASA
CHRISTINA
ARVIDA
PETERSON

LAERTES
ANDERSON
SIVARD
ARNOLDUS

MESSENGER
OFFICER
SOLDIERS
PEASANTS

CHRISTINA
AUGUSTA
GUSTAVA
MARIANA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Inside of the Copper Mines in Dalecarlia. GUSTAVUS VASA lying down in the distance.*

Enter ANDERSON and ARNOLDUS.

And. You tell me wonders.

Arn. Soft! behold my lord! (*Points to Gust.*) Behold him stretch'd, where reigns eternal night; The flint his pillow, and cold damp his cov'ring; Yet, bold of spirit, and robust of limb, He throws inclemency aside, nor feels The lot of human frailty.

And. What horrors hang around! the savage race Ne'er hold their den but where some glimm'ring ray May bring the cheer of morn. What, then, is he? His dwelling marks a secret in his soul, And whispers somewhat more than man about him.

Arn. Draw but the veil of his apparent wretchedness,

And you shall find his form is but assum'd, To hoard some wond'rous treasure lodg'd within.

And. Let him bear up to what thy praises speak And I will win him, spite of his reserve, [him, Bind him with sacred friendship to my soul, And make him half myself.

Arn. 'Tis nobly promis'd; For worth is rare, and wants a friend in Sweden; And yet, I tell thee, in her age of heroes, When, nurs'd by freedom, all her sons grew great, And ev'ry peasant was a prince in virtue: I greatly err, or this abandon'd stranger Had stepp'd the first for fame; though now he seeks To veil his name, and cloud his shine of virtues; For there is danger in them.

And. True, Arnoldus.

Were there a prince throughout the scepter'd globe, Who search'd out merit for its due preferment, With half that care our tyrant seeks it out For ruin, happy, happy were that state, Beyond the golden fable of those pure And earliest ages—

When came this stranger hither? [night,

Arn. Six moons have chang'd upon the face of Since here he first arriv'd, in servile weeds, But yet of mien majestic. I observ'd him; And ever as I gaz'd, some nameless charm, A wondrous greatness, not to be conceal'd, [him. Broke through his form, and aw'd my soul before Amid these mines he earns the hireling's portion; His hands out-toil the hind, while on his brow Sits patience, bath'd in the laborious drop Of painful industry. I oft have sought, With friendly tender of some worthier service, To win him from his temper; but he shuns All offers, yet declin'd with graceful act, Engaging beyond ut't'rance; and, at eve, When all retire to some domestic solace, He only stays, and, as you see, the earth Receives him to her dark and cheerless bosom.

And. Has no unwary moment e'er betray'd The labours of his soul, some fav'rite grief, Whereon to raise conjecture?

Arn. I saw, as some bold peasants late deplor'd Their country's bondage, sudden passion seiz'd, And bore him from his seeming ease; straight his Was turn'd to terror; ruin fill'd his eye, [form And his proud step appear'd to awe the world: But sadness soon usurp'd upon his brow, And the big tear roll'd graceful down his visage,

And. Forbear! he rises. Heavens, what majesty!

(*Gustavus comes forward.*)

Your pardon, stranger, if the voice of virtue,
If cordial amity from man to man,
And somewhat that should whisper to the soul
To seek and cheer the sufferer, led me hither,
Impatient to salute thee. Be it thine
Alone to point the path of friendship out;
And my best pow'r shall wait upon thy fortunes.

Gust. There is a wondrous test,
The truest, worthiest, noblest cause of friendship;
Dearer than life, than int'rest, or alliance,
And equal to thy virtues.

And. Say—unfold!

Gust. Art thou a soldier, a chief lord in Sweden,
And yet a stranger to thy country's voice,
That loudly calls the hidden patriot forth?
But what's a soldier? What's a lord in Sweden?
All worth is fled or fall'n; nor has a life
Been spar'd, but for dishonour; spar'd to breed
More slaves for Denmark, to beget a race
Of new-born virgins for the unsated lust
Of our new masters. Sweden! thou'rt no more!
Queen of the north! thy land of liberty,
Thy house of heroes, and thy seat of virtues,
Is now the tomb, where thy brave sons lie speech-
And. Oh! 'tis true. [less!]

But, wherefore? To what purpose?

Gust. Think of Stockholm!

When Christiern seiz'd upon the hour of peace,
And drench'd the hospitable floor with blood,
Then fell the flow'r of Sweden, mighty names!
Her hoary senators, and gasping patriots!
The tyrant spoke, and his licentious band
Of blood-train'd ministry were loos'd to ruin.
Husbands, sons, and sires,
With dying ears, drunk in the loud despair
Of shrieking chastity. Is there a cause for this?
For sin without temptation, calm, cool villainy,
Deliberate mischief, unimpassion'd lust,
And smiling murder? Lie thou there, my soul!
Sleep, sleep upon it; image not the form
Of any dream but this, till time grows pregnant,
And thou canst wake to vengeance.

And. Thou'st greatly mov'd me. Ah! thy tears
start forth! [them:]

Yes, let them flow; our country's fate demands
But wherefore talk of vengeance? 'tis a word
Should be engraven on the new fall'n snow,
Where the first beam may melt it from observance.
Vengeance on Christiern! Norway and the Dane,
The sons of Sweden, all the peopled north
Bend at his nod: my humbler boast of pow'r
Meant not to cope with crowns.

Gust. Then what remains

Is briefly this: your friendship has my thanks,
But must not my acceptance. No!
First sink, thou baleful mansion, to the centre!
And be thy darkness doubled round my head,
Ere I forsake thee for the bliss of paradise,
To be enjoy'd beneath a tyrant's sceptre!

And. Nor I, while I can hold it; but, alas!
That is not in our choice. [are of force]

Gust. Why? where's that pow'r, whose engines
To bend the brave and virtuous man to slav'ry?
He has debauch'd the genius of our country,
And rides triumphant, while her captive sons
Await his nod, the silken slaves of pleasure!
Or fetter'd in their fears.

And. No doubt, a base submission to our wrongs
May well be term'd a voluntary bondage:

But, think, the heavy hand of pow'r is on us;
Of pow'r, from whose imprisonment and chains
Not all our free-born virtue can protect us.

Gust. 'Tis there you err, for I have felt their force;
And had I yielded to enlarge these limbs,
Or share the tyrant's empire, on the terms
Which he propos'd—I were a slave, indeed!
No; in the deep and poisonous damp of dungeons,

The soul can rear her sceptre, smile in anguish,
And triumph o'er oppression.

And. Oh! glorious spirit! think not I am slack
To relish what thy noble scope intends:
But, then, the means, the peril, and the consequence!
Great are the odds, and who shall dare the trial?

Gust. I dare!

Oh! wert thou still that gallant chief,
Whom once I knew, I could unfold a purpose
Would make the greatness of thy heart to swell,
And burst in the conception.

And. Give it utt'rance. You say you know me:
But give a tongue to such a cause as this,
And if you hold me tardy in the call,
You know me not: but thee I've surely known;
For there is somewhat in that voice and form
Which has alarm'd my soul to recollection;
But 'tis as in a dream, and mocks my reach.

Gust. Then name the man whom it is death to
know,

Or, knowing, to conceal—and I am he. [self!]

And. Gustavus! Heav'n's! 'tis he! 'tis he, him—

Enter ARVIDA, speaking to a Servant.

Arv. I thank you, friend, he's here; you may re-
tire. [Exit Servant.]

And. Good morning to my noble guest; you're
early! (*Gustavus walks apart.*)

Arv. I come to take a short and hasty leave:

'Tis said, that from the mountain's neighbor'ing brow
The canvas of a thousand tents appears,
Whitening the vale. Suppose the tyrant there;
You know my safety lies not in the interview—
Ha! What is he, who, in the shreds of slavery,
Supports a step superior to the state
And insolence of ermine?

Gust. Sure, that voice

Was once the voice of friendship and Arvida!

Arv. Ah! yes—'tis he! Ye pow'rs! it is Gustavus!

Gust. Thou brother of adoption! In the bond
Of ev'ry virtue wedded to my soul,
Enter my heart: it is thy property.

Arv. I'm lost in joy and wondrous circumstance!

Gust. Yet, wherefore, my Arvida, wherefore is it,
That in a place, and at a time like this, [cruelty?]
We should thus meet? Can Christiern cease from
Say, whence is this, my brother? How escap'd you?
Did I not leave thee in the Danish dungeon?

Arv. Of that hereafter. Let me view thee first.
How graceful is the garb of wretchedness
When worn by virtue! Fashions turn to folly;
Their colours tarnish, and their pomps grow poor
To her magnificence.

Gust. Yes, my Arvida,

Beyond the sweeping of the proudest train
That shades a monarch's heel, I prize this humble
dress;

For it is sacred to my country's freedom.
A mighty enterprize has been conceiv'd,
And thou art come auspicious to the birth,
As sent to fix the seal of heav'n upon it.

Arv. Point but thy purpose: let it be to bleed—

Gust. Your hands, my friends!

All. Our hearts!

Gust. I know they're brave:

Of such the time has need; of hearts like your's,
Faithful and firm, of hands incur'd and strong;
For we must ride upon the neck of danger,
And plunge into a purpose big with death.

And. Here let us kneel, and bind us to thy side.

Gust. No; hold! if we want oaths to join us,
Swift let us part, from pole to pole asunder.
A cause like ours, is its own sacrament;
Truth, justice, reason, love, and liberty,
Th' eternal links that clasp the world are in it;
And he who breaks their sanction, breaks all law
And infinite connexion.

Arv. True, my lord.

And. And such the force I feel.

Arv. And I.

Arn. And all.

Gust. Know, then, that ere our royal Stenon fell,
While this my valiant cousin and myself,
By chains and treach'ry lay detain'd in Denmark,
Upon a dark and unsuspected hour,
The bloody Christiern sought to take my head.
I escap'd,

Led by a gen'rous arm, and some time lay
Conceal'd in Denmark. For my forfeit head
Became the price of crowns; each port and path
Was shut against my passage, till I heard
That Stenon, valiant Stenon fell in battle,
And freedom was no more. Oh! then, what bounds
Had pow'r to hem the desp'rate? I o'erpass'd them,
Travers'd all Sweden, thro' ten thousand foes,
Impending perils, and surrounding tongues,
That from himself inquir'd Gustavus out.

Witness, my country, how I toil'd to wake
Thy sons to liberty! In vain—for fear,
Cold fear had seiz'd on all. Here last I came,
And shut me from the sun, whose hateful beams
Serv'd but to shew the ruins of my country.
When here, my friends, 'twas here, at length, I found
What I had left to look for, gallant spirits,
In the rough form of untaught peasantry. [*carlians*]

And. Indeed, they once were brave; our Dale-
Have oft been known to curb despotic sway;
And, as their only wealth has been their liberty,
From all th' unmeasur'd graspings of ambition
They've held that gem untouch'd: tho' now, 'tis
fear'd— [*it!*]

Gust. It is not fear'd! I say, they still shall hold
I've search'd these men, and find them like the soil,
Barren without, and to the eye unlovely,
But they've their minds within; and this the day
In which I mean to prove them.

Arn. Oh, Gustavus!
Most aptly hast thou caught the passing hour
Upon whose critical and fated hinge
The state of Sweden turns.

Gust. And to this hour
I've therefore held me in this darksome womb,
That sends me forth as to a second birth
Of freedom, or thro' death to reach eternity.
This day, return'd with ev'ry circling year,
In thousands pours the mountain peasants forth,
Each with his batter'd arms and rusty helm;
In sportive discipline well train'd, and prompt
Against the day of peril. Thus disguis'd,
Already have I stirr'd their latent sparks
Of slumb'ring virtue, apt as I could wish
To warm before the lightest breath of liberty.

Arn. How will they kindle, when, confess'd to
view,

Once more their lov'd Gustavus stands before them!

Arn. It cannot fail.

And. It has a glorious aspect.

Arn. Now, Sweden, rise, and re-assert thy rights,
Or be for ever fall'n!

And. Then be it so.

Arn. Lead on, thou arm of war,
To death or victory. [*a cause,*]

Gust. Why, thus, my friends, thus join'd in such
Are we not equal to a host of slaves!

You say, the foe's at hand; why, let them come;

Steep are our hills, nor easy of access,

And few the hours we ask for their reception:

For I will take these rustic sons of liberty

In the first warmth and hurry of their souls;

And should the tyrant then attempt our heights,

He comes upon his fate. Arise, thou sun!

Haste, haste to rouse thee to the call of liberty,

That shall once more salute thy morning beam,
And hail thee to thy setting.

Arn. Were it not worth the hazard of a life
To know if Christiern leads his pow'rs in person,
And what his scope intends? Be mine that task.
Ev'n to the tyrant's tents I'll win my way,
And mingle with his councils.

Gust. Go, my friend!

Dear as thou art, whene'er our country calls, [*up,*
Friends, sons, and sires, should yield their treasure
Nor own a sense beyond the public safety.
But tell me, my Arvida, ere thou goest,
Tell me what hand has made thy friend its debtor,
And giv'n thee up to freedom and Gustavus?

Arn. Ah! let me think of that; 'tis sure she loves
him. [*Aside.*]

Away, thou skance and jaundic'd eye of jealousy,
That tempts my soul to sicken at perfection!
Away! I will unfold it. To thyself
Arvida owes his freedom.

Gust. How, my friend? [*dungeon,*]

Arn. Some month are pass'd since, in the Danish
With care emaciate, and unwholesome damps,
Sick'ning I lay, chain'd to my flinty bed,
And call'd on death to ease me—straight a light
Shone round, as when the ministry of heav'n
Descends to kneeling saints. But, oh! the form
That pour'd upon my sight. Ye angels, speak!
For ye alone are like her; or present
Such visions pictur'd to the nightly eye
Of fancy tranc'd in bliss. She, then, approach'd,
The softest pattern of embodied meekness;
For pity had divinely touch'd her eye,
And harmoniz'd her motions. "Ah!" she cry'd,
"Unhappy stranger, art not thou the man
Whose virtues have endear'd thee to Gustavus?"

Gust. Gustavus did she say?

Arn. Yes.

Loos'd from my bonds, I rose at her command;
When, scarce recov'ring speech, I would have
kneel'd,

But, "haste thee, haste thee for thy life!" she cry'd;
"And, oh! if e'er thy envied eyes behold
Thy lov'd Gustavus, say, a gentle foe
Has giv'n thee to his friendship." [*secret?*]

Gust. You've much amaz'd me! Is her name a

Arn. To me it is; but you, perhaps, may guess.

Gust. No, on my word.

Arn. You, too, had your deliv'rer. [*friends,*]

Gust. A kind, but not a fair one. Well, my
Our cause is ripe, and calls us forth to action.
Tread ye not lighter? Swells not ev'ry breast
With ampler scope to take your country in,
And breathe the cause of virtue? Rise, ye Swedes!
Rise greatly equal to this hour's importance!
On us the eyes of future ages wait,
And this day's close decides our country's fate.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Camp.

Enter CHRISTIERN, Attendants, &c. PETERSON
meets Christiern.

Christ. What from Dalecarlia?

Peter. Late last night,
I sent a trusty slave,
And hourly wait some tidings.

Christ. Sure,
The wretches will not dare such quick perdition.
I cannot think it. [*them;*]

Peter. I think they will not. Tho' of old I know
All born to broils, the very sons of tumult;
Waste is their wealth, and mutiny their birthright,
And this the yearly fever of their blood,
Their holyday of war; a day apart,
Torn out from peace, and sacred to rebellion.
Oft has their battle hung upon the brow
Of yon wild steep, a living cloud of mischiefs,
Pregnant with plagues, and empty'd on the heads
Of many a monarch.

Enter ARVIDA, guarded, and a Gentleman.

Arn. Now, fate, I'm caught, and what remains is
Gent. A prisoner, good my lord. [*obvious.*]

Christ. When taken?

Gent. Now, ev'n here, before your tent:
I mark'd his careless action, but his eye

Of studied observation; then, his port
And base attire ill suiting—I inquir'd,
But found he was a stranger.

Christ. A sullen scorn
Knits up his brow, and frowns upon our presence.
What—ay, thou wouldst be thought a mystery,
Some greatness in eclipse. Whence art thou, slave?
Silent! Nay, then, bring forth the torture!
A smile! damnation! How the wretch assumes
The wreck of state, the sull'ring soul of majesty!
What, have we no pre-eminence, no claim?
Dost thou not know thy life is in our pow'r?

Arv. 'Tis therefore I despise it.

Christ. Matchless insolence!

What art thou? speak!

Arv. Be sure, no friend to thee;

For I'm a foe to tyrants.

Christ. Fiends and fire!

A whirlwind tear thee, most audacious traitor!

Arv. Do rage and chafe, thy wrath's beneath me,
Christiern.

How poor thy pow'r! how empty is thy happiness!
When such a wretch, as I appear to be,
Can ride thy temper, harrow up thy form,
And stretch thy soul upon the rack of passion!

Christ. I will know thee! Bear him hence!

Why, what are kings, if slaves can brave us thus?
Go, Peterson, hold him to the rack. Tear, search
Sting him deep!

[*him,*
Exit Peterson with Arvida, guarded.

Enter a Messenger.

What wouldst thou, fellow?

Mess. Oh! my sovereign lord,
I come fast and far, from ev'n till morn;
Five times I've cross'd the shade of sleepless night,
Impatient of thy presence.

Christ. Whence?

Mess. From Denmark.

Commended from the consort of thy throne
To speed and privacy.

Christ. Your words would taste of terror—

Mess. A secret malady, my gracious liege;
Some factious vapour, rising from off the skirts
Of southmost Norway, has diffus'd its ban,
And rages now within the heart of Denmark.

Christ. It must not, cannot; 'tis impossible!
What, my own Danes?

*Re-enter PETERSON, who kneels, and gives a letter to
Christiern, who reads it.*

Gustavus!

So near us, and in arms!

What's to be done? Now, Peterson, now's the time;

Waken all the wondrous statesman in thee.

This curs'd Gustavus

Invades my shrinking spirits, awes my heart,

And sits upon my slumbers. All in vain

Has he been daring, and have I been vigilant:

He still evades the hunter;

And if there's pow'r in heav'n or hell, it guards him.

His name's a host, a terror to my legions.

And by my triple crown I swear, Gustavus,

I'd rather meet all Europe for my foe

Than see thy face in arms!

Peter. Be calm, my liege,

And listen to a secret bid with consequence,

That gives thee back the second man on earth,

Whose valour could plant fears around thy throne:

Thy pris'ner—

Christ. What of him?

Peter. The Prince Arvida.

Christ. How!

Peter. The same.

Christ. My royal fugitive?

Peter. Most certain.

Christ. Now, then, 'tis plain who sent him hither.

Peter. Yes.

[*across me—*
Pray, give me leave, my lord—a thought comes
If so, he must be ours.

[*Pauses.*]

Your pardon for a question: has Arvida
E'er seen your beauteous daughter, your Christina?

Christ. Never—yes; possibly he might, that day
When the proud pair, Gustavus and Arvida,
Thro' Copenhagen drew a length of chain,
And grac'd my chariot-wheels. But why the ques-
tion?

[*before us,*
Peter. I'll tell you. While e'en now he stood
I mark'd his high demeanour, and my eye
Claim'd some remembrance of him, tho' in clouds
Doubtful and distant; but a nearer view
Renew'd the characters effac'd by absence.
Yet, lest he might presume upon a friendship
Of ancient league between us, I dissembled,
Nor seem'd to know him. On he proudly strode,
As who should say, "Back, fortune, know thy dis-
tance!"

Thus steadily he pass'd, and mock'd his fate.
When, lo! the princess, to her morning walk,
Came forth attended. Quick amazement seiz'd
Arvida at the sight; his steps took root;
A tremor shook him; and his alter'd cheek,
Now sudden flush'd, then fled its wonted colour;
While with an eager and intemperate look,
He bent his form, and hung upon her beauties.

Christ. Ah! did our daughter note him?

[*him,*
Peter. No, my lord;
She pass'd regardless. Straight his pride fell from
And at her name he started;
Then heav'd a sigh, and cast a look to heav'n,
Of such a mute, yet eloquent emotion,
As seem'd to say, "Now, fate, thou hast prevail'd,
And found one way to triumph o'er Arvida!"

Christ. But whither would this lead?

Peter. To this, my lord:
While thus his soul's unseated, shook by passion,
Could we engage him to betray Gustavus—

Christ. Oh! empty hope! impossible!
Do I not know him and the curs'd Gustavus?
Both fix'd in resolution deep as hell.

Peter. Ah! my liege,
No mortal footing treads so firm in virtue,
As always to abide the slipp'ry path,
Nor deviate with the bias. Some have few,
But each man has his failing, some defect,
Wherein to slide temptation. Leave him to me.

Christ. If thou canst bend this proud one to our
purpose,
And make the lion crouch, 'tis well; if not,
Away at once, and sweep him from remembrance.

Peter. Then I must promise deep.

Christ. Ay, anything; outbid ambition.

Peter. Love? [bribe him:]

Christ. Ah! Yes; our daughter, too, if she can
But then, to win him to betray his friend!

Peter. Oh! doubt it not, my lord: for if he loves,
As sure he greatly does, I have a stratagem
That holds the certainty of fate within it.
Love is a passion whose effects are various;
It ever brings some change upon the soul,
Some virtue, or some vice, till then unknown,
Degrades the hero, and makes cowards valiant.

Christ. True; when it pours upon a youthful tem-
per, Open and apt to take the torrent in, [per,
It owns no limits, no restraint it knows,
But sweeps all down, tho' heav'n and hell oppose.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Prison.

ARVIDA discovered in chains; Guards preparing
instruments of death and torture.

Arv. Off, off, vain cumbrance, ye conflicting
thoughts!

Leave me to heav'n. Oh, peace! It will not be—
Just when I rose above mortality,
To pour her wondrous weight of charms upon me!
At such a time, it was—it was too much!
For ev'ry pang these tortur'd limbs shall feel,
Descend in tenfold blessings on Gustavus! [joy,
Yes, bless him, bless him! Crown his hours with

His head with glory, and his arms with conquest;
Set his firm foot upon the neck of tyrants,
And be his name the balm of every lip,
That breathes thro' Sweden! Worthiest to be styl'd
Their friend, their chief, their father, and their king!

Enter PETERSON.

Peter. Unbind your prisoner.

Arv. How!

Peter. You have your liberty,
And may depart unquestion'd.

Arv. Do not mock me.

It is not to be thought, while power remains,
That Christiern wants a reason to be cruel.
But let him know, I would not be oblig'd.
He, who accepts the favours of a tyrant,
Shares in his guilt; they leave a stain behind them.

Peter. You wrong the native temper of his soul;
Cruel of force, but never of election:
Prudence compell'd him to a shew of tyranny;
Howe'er, those politics are now no more,
And mercy in her turn shall shine on Sweden.

Arv. Indeed! it were a strange, a bless'd reverse,
Devoutly to be wish'd; but, then, the cause,
The cause, my lord, must surely be uncommon.
May I presume—
Perhaps a secret?

Peter. No; or, if it were,
The boldness of thy spirit claims respect,
And should be answer'd. Know, the only man
In whom our monarch ever knew repulse,
Is now our friend; that terror of the field,
Th' invincible Gustavus.

Arv. Ah! friend to Christiern? Guard thyself,
my heart! *(Aside.)*

Nor seem to take alarm. Why, good my lord,
What terror is there in a wretch proscrib'd,
Naked of means, and distant as Gustavus?

Peter. There you mistake; nor knew we till this
hour,

The danger was so near. From yonder hill,
He sends proposals, back'd with all the pow'rs
Of Dalecarlia, those licentious resolute;
Who, having nought to hazard in the wreck,
Are ever foremost to foment a storm.

Arv. I were too bold to question on the terms.

Peter. No; trust me, valiant man, whose'er thou
I would do much to win a worth like thine, *[art,*
By any act of service or of confidence.
The terms Gustavus claims, indeed, are haughty:
The freedom of his mother and his sister;
His forfeit province, Gothland, and the isles
Submitted to his sceptre. But the league,
The bond of amity, and lasting friendship,
Is, that he claims Christina for his bride.
You start, and seem surpris'd.

Arv. A sudden pain
Just struck athwart my breast. But, say, my lord,
I thought you nam'd Christina.

Peter. Yes.

Arv. Oh, torture! *(Aside.)*
What of her, my good lord?

Peter. I said, Gustavus claim'd her for his bride.

Arv. His bride! his wife!
You did not mean his wife? Do fiends feel this?

(Aside.)
Down, heart, nor tell thy anguish! Pray, excuse
Did you not say, the princess was his wife? *[me,*
Whose wife, my lord?

Peter. I did not say what was, but what must be.

Arv. Touching Gustavus, was it not?

Peter. The same.

Arv. His bride?

Peter. I say his bride, his wife; his lov'd Chris-
Christina, fancied in the very prime
And youthful smile of nature; form'd for joys
Unknown to mortals. You seem indispos'd.

Arv. The crime of constitution—Oh! Gustavus,
(Aside.)
This is too much! And think you, then, my lord—

What, will the royal Christiern e'er consent
To match his daughter with his deadliest foe?

Peter. What should he do? War, else, must be
eternal.

Besides, some rumours from his Danish realms
Make peace essential here.

Arv. Yes, peace has sweets,
That Hybla never knew; it sleeps on down,
Cull'd gently from beneath the cherub's wings;
No bed for mortals. Man is warfare; all
A hurricane within; yet friendship stoops,
And gilds the gloom with falsehood. Undone, un-
done, Arvida! *[vida!]*

Peter. Is't possible, my lord! The Prince Ar-
My friend! *(Embraces him.)*

Arv. Confusion to the name! *(Aside.)*

Peter. Why this, good heav'n? And wherefore
thus disguis'd? *[tavis]*

Arv. Yes; that accomplish'd traitor, that Gus-
While he sat planning private scenes of happiness,
Oh! well dissembled! he, sent me hither;
My friendly, unsuspecting heart a sacrifice,
To make death sure, and rid him of a rival.

Peter. A rival! Do you, then, love Christiern's
daughter? *[be mine:]*

Arv. Name her not, Peterson, since she can't
Gustavus! how, ah! how hast thou deceiv'd me.
Who could have look'd for falsehood from thy
brow,

Whose heav'nly arch was as the throne of virtue?
Thy eye appear'd a sun to cheer the world,
Thy bosom truth's fair palace, and thy arms,
Benevolent, the harbour for mankind. *[Prince,*

Peter. What's to be done? Believe me, valiant
I know not which most sways me to thy int'rests,
My love to thee, or hatred to Gustavus.

Arv. Would you, then, save me? Think, con-
trive it quickly! *[geance,*

Lend me your troops—by all the pow'rs of ven-
Myself will face this terror of the north,
This son of fame, this—Oh! Gustavus—What?
Where had I wander'd? Stab my bleeding coun-
Save, shield me from that thought. *[try!]*

Peter. Retire, my lord;

For, see, the Princess comes.

Arv. Where, where?

Ha! Yes, she comes, indeed! her beauties drive
Time, place, and truth, and circumstance, before
them.

Perdition pleases there—pull—tear me from her!
Yet must I gaze—but one—but one look more,
And I were lost for ever. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in Christiern's Palace.*

Enter CHRISTINA and MARIANA.

Christina. Forbid it, shame! Forbid it virgin
modesty!

No, no, my friend; Gustavus ne'er shall know it.
Oh! I am overpaid with conscious pleasure;
The sense but to have sav'd that wondrous man,
Is still a smiling cherub in my breast,
And whispers peace within. *[consequence,*

Mar. 'Tis strange, a man, of his high note and
Should so evade the busy search of thousands;
That six long months have shut him from inquiry,
And not an eye can trace him to his covert.

Christina. Once 'twas not so; each infant lisp'd,
Gustavus!

It was the fav'rite name of ev'ry language;
His slightest motions fill'd the world with tidings;
Wak'd he, or slept, fame watch'd th' important
And nations told it round. *[hour,*

Mar. Madam, I've heard, that when
Gustavus lay detain'd in Denmark,
Your royal father sought the hero's friendship,
And offer'd ample terms of peace and amity.

Christina. He did; he offer'd that, my Mariana,
For which contending monarchs su'd in vain;
He offer'd me, his darling, his Christina;

But I was slighted, slighted by a captive,
Tho' kingdoms swell'd my dower.

Mar. Amazement fix me!

Rejected by Gustavus!

Christina. Yes, Mariana; but rejected nobly.
Not worlds could win him to betray his country!
Had he consented, I had then despis'd him.
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
What, but the glaring meteor of ambition,
That leads a wretch benighted in his errors,
Points to the gulf, and shines upon destruction.

Mar. You wrong your charms, whose pow'r
might reconcile

Things opposite in nature. Had he seen you?

Christina. I'll tell thee: yet while inexpert of
years,

I heard of bloody spoils, the waste of war,
And dire conflicting man; Gustavus' name
Superior rose, still dreadful in the tale:
Then first he seiz'd my infancy of soul,
As somewhat fabled of gigantic fierceness,
Too huge for any form; he scar'd my sleep,
And fill'd my young idea. Not the boast
Of all his virtues (graces only known
To him, and heav'nly natures!) could erase
The strong impression, till that wondrous day
In which he met my eyes.

What, then, was my amazement? he was chain'd,
Was chain'd! Like the robes
Of coronation, worn by youthful kings,
He drew his shackles. 'The Herculean nerve
Brac'd his young arm; and soften'd in his cheek
Liv'd more than woman's sweetness! Then his eye!
His mien! his native dignity! He look'd,
As tho' he led captivity in chains,
And we were slaves around.

Mar. Did he observe you? [and sigh'd,

Christina. He did; for, as I trembled, look'd,
His eyes met mine; he fix'd their glories on me.
Confusion thrill'd me, then; and secret joy,
Fast throbbing, stole its treasures from my heart,
And, mantling upward, turn'd my face to crimson.
I wish'd—but did not dare to look—he gaz'd;
When sudden, as by force, he turn'd away,
And would no more behold me.

Enter LAERTES.

Laer. Ah! bright, imperial maid, my royal mis-
tress!

Christina. What wouldst thou say? Thy looks
speak terror to me.

Laer. Oh! you are ruin'd, sacrific'd, undone!
I heard it all; your cruel, cruel father,
Has sold you, giv'n you up a spoil to treason,
The purchase of the noblest blood on earth—
Gustavus! [he?

Christina. Ah! What of him? Where, where is

Laer. In Dalecarlia, on some great design,
Doom'd in an hour to fall by faithless hands:
His friend, the brave, the false, deceiv'd Arvida,
Ev'n now prepares to lead a band of ruffians,
Beneath the winding covert of the hill,
And seize Gustavus, obvious to the snares
Of friendship's fair dissimulation. And your father
Has vow'd your beauties to Arvida's arms,
The purchase of his falsehood.

Christina. Shield me, heav'n!

Is there no left, no means of quick prevention?

Laer. Behold my life, still chain'd to thy direc-
tion!

My will shall have a wing for ev'ry word,
That breathes thy mandate.

Christina. Will you, good Laertes?
Alas! I fear to overtask thy friendship.
Say, will you save me, then. Oh! go, haste, fly!
Acquaint Gustavus. If, if he must fall,
Let hosts that hem this single lion in,
Let nations hunt him down; let him fall nobly.

Laer. I go, and heav'n direct me to him! [Exit.

Christina. Ye pow'rs! if deaf to all the vows I
make,

Yet shield Gustavus, for Gustavus' sake;
Protect his virtues from a faithless foe,
And save your only image left below. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Mountains of Dalecarlia.

*Enter GUSTAVUS as a peasant; SIVARD and Dale-
carlians following.*

Gust. Ye men of Sweden, wherefore are ye come?
See ye not, yonder, how the locusts swarm
To drink the fountains of your honour up,
And leave your hills a desert. Wretched men!
Why came ye forth? Is this a time for sport?
Or are ye met with song and jovial feast, [ants?
To welcome your new guests, your Danish visit-
To stretch your supple necks beneath their feet,
And, fawning, lick the dust? Go, go, my coun-
trymen,
Each to your several mansions; trim them out,
Cull all the tedious earnings of your toil,
To purchase bondage; bid your blooming daugh-
ters, [softness;
And your chaste wives, to spread their beds with
Then go ye forth, and, with your proper hands,
Conduct your masters in; conduct the sons
Of lust and violation. Oh! Swedes! Swedes!
Heav'ns! are ye men, and will ye suffer this?
There was a time, my friends, a glorious time,
When, had a single man of your forefathers
Upon the frontier met a host in arms,
His courage scarce had turn'd; himself had stood,
Alone, had stood the bulwark of his country.
Come, come ye on, then: Here I take my stand!
Here on the brink, the very verge of liberty;
Although contention rise upon the clouds,
Mix heav'n with earth, and roll the ruin onward;
Here will I fix, and breast me to the shock,
Till I, or Denmark fall.

Siv. And who art thou,
That thus wouldst swallow all the glory up,
That should redeem the times? Behold this breast,
The sword has till'd it; and the stripes of slaves
Shall ne'er trace honour here; shall never blot
The fair inscription! Never shall the cords
Of Danish insolence bind down these arms,
That bore my royal master from the field.

Gust. Ha! Say you, brother? Were you there—
Oh, grief!—

Where liberty and Stenon fell together?

Siv. Yes, I was there. A bloody field it was,
Where conquest gasp'd, and wanted breath to tell
Its o'er-toil'd triumph. There our bleeding king,
There Stenon on this bosom made his bed;
And rolling back his dying eyes upon me,
"Soldier, (he cry'd,) if e'er it be thy lot
To see my valiant cousin, great Gustavus,
Tell him—for once, that I have fought like him,
And would, like him, have—
Conquer'd."

Gust. Oh! Danes, Danes! [brother?
You shall weep blood for this. Shall they not,
Yes, we will deal our might with thrifty vengeance,
A life for ev'ry blow; and, when we fall,
There shall be weight in't; like the tott'ring tow'rs,
That draw contiguous ruin.

Siv. Brave, brave man!
My soul admires thee. By my father's spirit,
I would not barter such a death as this
For immortality! Nor we alone—
Here be the trusty gleanings of that field,
Where last we fought for freedom; here's rich
poverty,

Tho' wrapp'd in rags, my fifty brave companions;
Who, thro' the force of fifteen thousand foes,
Bore off their king, and sav'd his great remains.

Gust. Why, captain,
We could but die alone; with these we'll conquer.

My fellow lab'rs, too—What say ye, friends?
Shall we not strike for't?

Siv. Death! Victory or death!

All. No bonds, no bonds!

Gust. Spoke like yourselves. Ye men of Dale-
Brave men and bold! whom ev'ry future age
Shall mark for wondrous deeds, achievements won
From honour's dangerous summit, warriors all!
Say, might ye choose a chief,
Speak, name the man,
Who then should meet your wish?

Siv. Forbear the theme.

Why wouldst thou seek to sink us with the weight
Of grievous recollection? Oh! Gustavus,
Could the dead wake, thou wert the man!

Gust. Didst thou know Gustavus?

Siv. Know him! Oh, heav'n! what else, who
else was worth

The knowledge of a soldier? That great day,
When Christiern, in his third attempt on Sweden,
Had summ'd his pow'rs, and weigh'd the scale of
fight:

On the bold brink, the very push of conquest,
Gustavus rush'd, and bore the battle down;
In his full sway of prowess, (like Leviathan
That scoops his foaming progress on the main,
And drives the shoals along,) forward I sprung,
All emulous, and lab'ring to attend him;
Fear fled before, behind him rout grew loud,
And distant wonder gaz'd. At length he turn'd,
And having ey'd me with a wondrous look
Of sweetness mix'd with glory—grace inestimable!
He pluck'd this bracelet from his conqu'ring arm,
And bound it here. My wrist seem'd trebly nerv'd;
My heart spoke to him, and I did such deeds
As best might thank him. But from that bless'd
I never saw him more; yet still to this, [day,
I bow, as to the relics of my saint:

Each morn I drop a tear on ev'ry bead,
Count all the glories of Gustavus o'er,
And think I still behold him,

Gust. Rightly thought;

For so thou dost, my soldier.

Behold your general,
Gustavus! come once more to lead you on
To laurell'd victory, to fame, to freedom!

Siv. Strike me, ye pow'rs! It is illusion all!
It cannot—it is, it is!

(Falls and embraces his knees.)

Gust. Oh! speechless eloquence!

Rise to my arms, my friend.

Siv. Friend! said you friend?

Oh! my heart's lord! my conqueror! my—

Gust. Approach, my fellow soldiers; your Gus-
Claims no precedence here. [tavus
Haste, brave men!

Collect your friends to join us on the instant;
Summon our brethren to their share of conquest,
And let loud echo, from her circling hills,
Sound freedom, till the undulation shake
The bounds of utmost Sweden,

[*Exeunt Dalecarlians, shouting.*

Enter LAERTES.

Laer. Thy presence nobly speaks the man I wish,
Gustavus.

Gust. Thou hast a hostile garb:

Ha! say—art thou Laertes? If I err not,
There is a friendly semblance in that face,
Which answers to a fond impression here,
And tells me I'm thy debtor. [vice;

Laer. No, valiant prince; you over-rate my ser-
There is a worthier object of your gratitude,
Whom yet you know not. Oh! I have to tell—
But then, to gain your credit, must unfold
What haply should be secret. Be it so;
You are all honour.

Gust. Let me to thy mind,

For thou hast wak'd my soul into a thought
That holds me all attention.

Laer. Mightiest man!

To me alone you held yourself oblig'd
For life and liberty. Had it been so,
I were most bless'd with retribution just
To pay thee for my own; for on the day
When, by your arm, the mighty Thraces fell,
Fate threw me to your sword. You spar'd my youth;
And, in the very whirl and rage of fight,
Your eye was taught compassion. From that hour,
I vow'd my life the slave of your remembrance;
And often, as Christina, heav'nly maid!
The mistress of my service, question'd me
Of wars and vent'rous deeds, my tidings came
Still freighted with thy name, until the day
In which yourself appear'd, to make praise speech-
Christina saw you then, and on your fate [less.
Dropp'd a kind tear; and when your noble scorn
Of proffer'd terms provok'd her father's rage
To take the deadly forfeit—she, she only,
Whose virtues watch'd the precious hour of mercy,
All trembling, sent my secret hand to save you;
Where, through a pass unknown to all your keepers,
I led you forth, and gave you to your liberty.

Gust. Oh! I am sunk, o'erwhelm'd with won-
drous goodness;

But were I rich and free as open mines,
That teem their golden wealth upon the world,
Still I were poor, unequal to her bounty.

Nor can I longer doubt whose gen'rous arm,
In my Arvida, in my friend's deliverance,
Gave double life, and freedom to Gustavus.

Laer. A fatal present! Ah! you know him not;
Arvida is misled, undone by passion;
False to your friendship, to your trust unfaithful.

Gust. Ha! hold!

Laer. I must unfold it.

Gust. Yet forbear:

This way—I hear some footing—pray you, soft!
If thou hast aught to urge against Arvida,
The man of virtue, tell it not the wind;
Lest slander catch the sound, and guilt should
triumph. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Mountains of Dalecarlia.

Enter ARVIDA, speaking to a Messenger.

Arv. He's here! bear back my orders to your
That not a man, on peril of his life, [fellows,
Advance in sight till call'd.

Mess. My lord, I will. [*Exit.*

Arv. Have I not vow'd it, faithless as he is,
Have I not vow'd his fall? Yet, good heav'n!
Why start these sudden tears? On, on I must,
For I am half way down the dizzy steep,
Where my brain turns. A draught of Lethe now—
Oh! that the world would sleep—to wake no more!
Or that the name of friendship bore no charm
To make my nerve unsteady, and this steel
Fly backward from its task! It shall be done.
Empire! Christina! tho' th' affrighted sun
Start back with horror of the direful stroke,
It shall be done. Ha! he comes!
How steadily he looks, as heav'n's own book,
The leaf of truth, were open'd on his aspect!
Up, up, dark minister! his fate calls out

(Puts up the dagger.)

To nobler execution; for he comes
In opposition, singly, man to man,
As tho' he brav'd my wish.

Enter GUSTAVUS.—(They look for some time on each
other; Arvida lays his hand on his sword, and
withdraws it by turns; then advances irresolutely.)

Gust. Is it then so?

Arv. Defend thyself!

Gust. No; strike!

I would unfold my bosom to thy sword,
But that I know, the wound you give this breast
Would doubly pierce thy own.

Arv. I know thee not:

It is the time's eclipse, and what should be
In nature, now is nameless.

Gust. Ah! my brother.

Arv. What wouldst thou?

Gust. Is it thus we two should meet?

Arv. Art thou not false? Deep else, oh! deep,
Were my damnation. [indeed,

Gust. Dear, unhappy man!

My heart bleeds for thee. False I'd surely been,
Had I like thee been tempted.

Arv. Ha! Speak, speak!

Didst thou not send to treat with Christiern?

Gust. Never.

I know thy error, but I know the arts,
The frauds, the wiles, that practis'd on thy virtue;
Firm how you stood, and tow'r'd above mortality;
Till in the fond, unguarded hour of love,
The wily undermining tempter came,
And won thee from thyself—a moment won thee;
For still thou art Arvida, still the man
On whom thy country calls for her deliverance.
Already are her bravest sons in arms; (*Shout.*)
Mark how they shout, impatient of our presence,
To lead them on to a new life of liberty,
To name, to conquest. Ha! heav'n guard my brother.

Thy cheek turns pale, thy eye looks wild upon me:
Wilt thou not answer me?

Arv. Gustavus!

Gust. Speak.

Arv. Have I not dream'd?

Gust. No other I esteem it.

Where lives the man, whose reason slumbers not?
Still pure, still blameless, if, at wonted dawn,
Again he wakes to virtue.

Arv. Oh! my dawn

Must soon be dark. Confusion dissipates

To leave me worse confounded.

Gust. Think no more on't.

Come to my arms, thou dearest of mankind.

Arv. Stand off! Pollution dwells within my touch,

And horror hangs around me. Cruel man!

Oh! thou hast doubly damn'd me with this good-
For resolution held the deed as done, [ness;

That now must sink me. Hark! I'm summon'd
My audit opens! Poise me! for I stand [hence,

Upon a spire, against whose sightless base
Hell breaks his wave beneath. Down, down I dare not,

And up I cannot look, for justice fronts me.

Thou shalt have vengeance, tho' my purpling blood
Were nectar for heav'n's bowl, as warm and rich,
As now 'tis base, it thus should pour for pardon.

(*Gustavus catches his arm, and in the struggle, the dagger falls.*)

Gust. Ha! hold, Arvida! No, I will not lose thee.

Forbid it, heav'n! thou shalt not rob me so;

No, I will struggle with thee to the last,

And save thee from thyself. Oh! answer me:

Wilt thou forsake me? Answer me, my brother.

Arv. Expose me, cage me, brand me for the tool

Of crafty villains, for the veriest slave,

On whom the bend of each contemptuous brow

Shall look with loathing! Ah! my turpitude

Shall be the vile comparative of knaves

To boast and whiten by.

Gust. Not so, not so!

He, who knows no fault, knows no perfection.

The rectitude, that heav'n appoints to man,

Leads on through error; and the kindly sense

Of having stray'd, endears the road to bliss;

It makes heav'n's way more pleasing. Oh! my

'Tis hence a thousand cordial charities [brother,

Derive their growth, their vigour, and their sweet-

This short lapse [ness.

Shall to thy future foot give cautious treading,

Erect and firm in virtue.

Arv. Give me leave.

(*Offers to pass.*)

Gust. You shall not pass.

Arv. I must.

Gust. Whither?

Arv. I know not. Oh! Gustavus!

Gust. Speak.

Arv. You can't forgive me.

Gust. Not forgive thee!

Arv. No.

Look there. (*Points to the dagger.*)

And yet, when I resolv'd to kill thee,
I could have died, indeed I could, for thee!

I could have died, Gustavus!

Gust. Oh! I know it.

A generous mind, though sway'd awhile by passion,

Is like the steely vigour of the bow,

Still holds its native rectitude, and bends

But to recoil more forceful. Come, forget it.

Enter SIVARD.

Siv. My lord, as now I pass'd the mountain's brow,

I spy'd some men, whose arms and strange attire,
Gave cause for circumspection.

Gust. Danes, perhaps;

Haste, intercept their passage to the camp.

[*Exit Sivard.*

Arv. Those are the Danes, that witness to my shame.

Gust. Perish th' opprobrious term! Not so, Ar-
Myself will be the guardian of thy fame;

Trust me, I will. But, see, our friends approach.

Oh! clear,

While I attend them, clear that cloud, my brother,
That sits upon the morning of thy youth.

Enter ANDERSON, ARNOLDUS, SIVARD, Officers, &c.

And. Let us all see him! [hearts,

Gust. Amazement, I perceive, hath fill'd your

And joy for that your lost Gustavus, 'scap'd

Through wounds, imprisonments, and chains, and

deaths,

Thus sudden, thus unlook'd for, stands before ye.

As one escap'd from cruel hands I come,

From hearts that ne'er knew pity,

And know no music but the groans of Sweden.

Yet, not for that my sister's early innocence,

And mother's age now grind beneath captivity;

Nor that one bloody, one remorseless hour

Swept my great sire, and kindred from my side;

For them Gustavus weeps not;

But, oh! great parent, when I think on thee!

Thy numberless, thy nameless, shameful infamies,

My widow'd country! Sweden! when I think

Upon thy desolation, spite of rage— [flow

And vengeance that would choke them—tears will

And. Oh! they are villains, ev'ry Dane of them,

Practis'd to stab and smile; to stab the babe

That smiles upon them.

Arv. What accursed hours

Roll o'er those wretches, who, to fiends like these,

In their dear liberty have barter'd more

Than worlds will rate for?

Gust. Oh! liberty, heav'n's choice prerogative!

True bond of law, thou social soul of property,

Thou breath of reason, life of life itself!

For thee the valiant bleed. Oh! sacred liberty!

Wing'd from the summer's snare, from flatter'ing

ruin,

Like the bold stork, you seek the wintry shore,

Leave courts, and pomps, and palaces, to slaves,

Cleave to the cold, and rest upon the storm.

Upporn by thee, my soul disdains the terms

Of empire. Are ye not at the hands of tyrants?

Are ye not mark'd, ye men of Dalecarlia?

Are ye not mark'd by all the circling world

As the last stake? What but liberty,

Through the fam'd course of thirteen hundred years,

Alloof hath held invasion from your hills,

And sanctify'd their shade? And will ye, will ye

Shrink from the hopes of the expecting world;
 Bid your high honours stoop to foreign insult,
 And in one hour give up to infamy
 The harvest of a thousand years of glory?

And. Die all first!

Gust. Yes, die by piecemeal!

Leave not a limb o'er which a Dane may triumph!
 Now from my soul I joy, I joy, my friends,
 To see ye fear'd; to see, that ev'n your foes
 Do justice to your valours! There they be,
 The pow'rs of kingdoms, summ'd in yonder host,
 Yet kept aloof, yet trembling to assail ye.
 And, oh! when I look round and see you here,
 Of numbers short, but prevalent in virtue,
 My heart swells high, and burns for the encounter.
 True courage but from opposition grows;
 And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves,
 Match'd to the sinew of a single arm
 That strikes for liberty? that strikes to save
 His fields from fire, his infants from the sword,
 His couch from lust, his daughters from pollution,
 And his large honours from eternal infamy?
 What doubt we, then? Shall we, shall we stand
 Let us on! [here?]
 Oh! yes, I read your lovely fierce impatience!
 You shall not be withheld; we will rush on them.
 This is, indeed, to triumph.

*And. On, lead us on, Gustavus; one word more
 Is but delay of conquest.*

Gust. Take your wish.

He, who wants arms, may grapple with the foe,
 And so be furnish'd. You, most noble Anderson!
 Divide our pow'rs, and with the sam'd Olaus
 Take the left route. You, Eric, great in arms!
 With the renown'd Nederbi, hold the right,
 And skirt the forest down; then wheel at once,
 Confess'd to view, and close upon the vale:
 Myself, and my most valiant cousin here
 Th' invincible Arvida, gallant Sivard,
 Arnoldus, and these hundred hardy vet'rans,
 Will pour directly on, and lead the onset.
 Bold are our hearts, and nervous are our hands!
 With us, truth, justice, fame and freedom close,
 Each, singly, equal to an host of foes.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Palace.

*Enter CHRISTIERN, CHRISTINA, MARIANA, and
 PETERSON.*

*Christina. I heard it was your royal pleasure,
 I should attend your highness.* [sir,

*Christ. Yes, Christina;
 But business interferes. [Exeunt Christina and Mar.*

Enter an Officer.

Offi. My sovereign liege!

Wide o'er the western shelving of yon hill,
 We think, though indistinctly, we can spy,
 Like men in motion must'ring on the heath;
 And there is one, who saith he can discern
 A few of martial gesture, and bright arms,
 Who this way bend their action.

Christ. Friends, perhaps;

For foes it were too daring. Haste thee, Peterson,
 Detach a thousand of our Danish horse
 To rule their motions; we will out ourself,
 And hold our pow'rs in readiness. Lead on. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another Apartment in the palace.

Enter CHRISTINA and MARIANA.

*Mar. Ha! did you mark, my princess, did you
 mark?*

Should some reverse, some wondrous whirl of fate
 Once more return Gustavus to the battle, [quest;
 New nerve his arm, and wreath his brow with con-
 Say, would you not repent that e'er you sav'd
 This dreadful man, the foe of your great race;
 Who pours impetuous in his country's cause
 To spoil you of a kingdom?

*Christina. No, my friend;
 Had I to death, or bondage, sold my sire,*

Or had Gustavus on our native realms
 Made hostile inroad; then, my Mariana,
 Had I then sav'd him from the stroke of justice,
 I should not cease my suit to heav'n for pardon.
 But if, though in a foe, to reverence virtue,
 Withstand oppression, rescue injur'd innocence,
 Step boldly in betwixt my sire and guilt,
 And save my king, my father, from dishonour;
 If this be sin, I have shook hands with penitence.
 First perish crowns, dominion, all the shine
 And transience of this world, ere guilt shall serve
 To buy the vain incumbrance!
 Blasted be that royalty, [rious!
 Which murder must make sure, and crimes inglo-
 The bulk of kingdoms, nay, the world is light,
 When guilt weighs opposite. Oh! would to heav'n
 The loss of empire would restore his innocence,
 Restore the fortunes, and the precious lives
 Of thousands fall'n the victims of ambition!

Enter LAERTES.

Does he live?

Laer. He does;

But death, ere night, must fill a long account;
 The camp, the country's in confusion: war,
 And changes ride upon the hour that hastes
 To intercept my tongue, I else could tell
 Of virtues hitherto beyond my ken;
 Courage to which the lion stoops his crest,
 Yet grafted upon qualities as soft

As a rock'd infant's meekness; such as tempts
 Against my faith, my country, and allegiance,
 To wish these speed, Gustavus!

Christina. Then you found him? [death

*Laer. I did: and warn'd him, but in vain; for
 To him appear'd more grateful than to find
 His friend's dishonour.* [Laertes!

Christina. Give me the manner! quick! Soft, good

Enter CHRISTIERN, PETERSON, Danes, &c.

*Christ. Damn'd! double traitor! Oh! curs'd, false
 Guard well the Swedish pris'ners, [Arvida!
 Stand to your arms! Bring forth the captives there!*

Enter AUGUSTA and GUSTAVA, guarded.

Pet. My liege—

Christ. Away!

Fortune! we will not trust the changeling more;
 But wear her girt upon our armed loins,
 Or pointed in our grasp.

Enter an Officer.

Offi. The foe's at hand!

With gallant shew your thousand Danes rode forth,
 But shall return no more! I mark'd the action,
 A band of desp'rate resolute rush'd on them,
 Scarce numbring to a tenth, and, in midway,
 They clos'd; the shock was dreadful, nor your Danes
 Could bear the madding charge: awhile they stood;
 Then shrunk, and broke, and turn'd. When, lo!
 behind,

Fast wheeling from the right and left, there pour'd,
 Who intercepted their return, and caught
 Within the toil they perish'd.

Christ. 'Tis Gustavus!

No mortal else, not Ammon's boasted son,
 Nor Cæsar would have dar'd it. Tell me, say
 What numbers in the whole they may amount to.

Offi. About five thousand.

Christ. And no more?

*Offi. No more,
 That yet appear.*

Christ. We count six times their sum.

Haste, soldier! take a trumpet, tell Gustavus
 We have of terms to offer, and would treat
 Touching his mother's ransom; say, her death,
 Suspended by our grace, but waits his answer.

[Exit Officer.

Madam, it should well suit with your authority
 (To Augusta.)

To check this frenzy in your son. Look to it,
 Or, by the saints, this hour's your last of life!

Aug. Come, my Gustava, come, my little captive,
We shall be free;

And I will give thee to thy father's fondness,
And to the arms of all thy royal race
In heav'n; who sit on thrones, with loves and joys.

Christ. Is this my answer?
Come forth, ye ministers of death, come forth!

Enter Ruffians, who seize Augusta and Gustava.
Pluck them asunder! We shall prove you, lady!

Christina. Ah! I can hold no longer. Royal sir,
Thus on my knees, and lower, lower still—

Christ. My child! what mean you?
Christina. Oh! my gracious father!
Kill, kill me rather; let me perish first;
But do not stain the sanctity of kings
With the sweet blood of helpless innocence.

Aug. Ha! who art thou,
That look'st so like the 'habitants of heav'n,
Like mercy sent upon the morning's blush,
To glad the heart, and cheer a gloomy world
With light till now unknown?

Christ. Away! they come.
I'll hear no more of your ill-tim'd petitions.

Christina. Oh! yet for pity!
Christ. I will none on't: leave me.
Pity! it is the infant fool of nature:
Tear off' her hold, and bear her to her tent.
[*Exeunt Christina, Mariana, Laertes, and Attend.*

Enter an Officer.

Off. My liege, Gustavus, though with much reluctance,

Consents to one hour's truce. His soldiers rest
Upon their arms; and, follow'd by a few,
He comes to know your terms.

Christ. I see.
Be ready, slaves; and, on the word,
Plunge deep your daggers in their bosoms.
(*Points to Augusta.*)

*Enter GUSTAVUS, ARVIDA, ANDERSON, ARNOLDUS,
SIVARD, &c.*

Hold!

Gust. Ha! 'tis, it is my mother!
Christ. Tell me, Gustavus, tell me why is this,
That, as a stream diverted from the banks
Of smooth obedience, thou hast drawn those men
Upon a dry unchannell'd enterprize,
To turn their inundation? Are the lives
Of my misguided people held so light,
That thus thou'dst push them on the keen rebuke
Of guarded majesty?
Look round, unruly boy, thy battle comes
Like raw, disjointed must'ring; feeble wrath!
A war of waters borne against the rock
Of our firm continent, to fume, and chafe,
And shiver in the toil.

Gust. Mistaken man!
I come empower'd, and strengthen'd in thy weakness;
For tho' the structure of a tyrant's throne
Rise on the necks of half the suff'ring world,
Fear trembles in the cement! [grace,

Christ. Gustavus, wouldst thou yet return to
And hold thy motions in the sphere of duty,
Acceptance might be found.

Gust. Imperial spoiler!
Give me my father, give me back my kindred,
Give me the fathers of ten thousand orphans,
Give me the sons, in whom thy ruthless sword
Has left our widows childless: mine they were,
Both mine, and ev'ry Swede's, whose patriot breast
Bleeds in his country's woundings! Oh! thou can-
Give me, then, [not!

My all that's left, my gentle mother there,
And spare yon little trembler!

Christ. Yes, on terms
Of compact and submission.

Gust. Ha! with thee?
Compact with thee! and mean'st thou for my country?
For Sweden? No; so hold my heart but firm,

Altho' it wring for't; tho' blood drop for tears,
And at the sight my straining eyes start forth,
They both shall perish first.

Christ. Slaves, do your office.

Gust. Hold yet! Thou canst not be so damn'd!
My mother!

I dare not ask thy blessing. Where's Arvida?
Where art thou? Come, my friend, thou'st known
temptation;

And, therefore, best canst pity, or support me.
Arv. Alas! I shall but serve to weigh thee down-
ward,

To pull thee from the dazzling, sightless height,
At which thy virtue soars. For, oh! Gustavus,
My soul is dark, disconsolate and dark,
Sick to the world, and hateful to myself:
I have no country now; I've nought but thee,
And should yield up the int'rest of mankind
Where thine's in question.

Aug. See, my son relents;
Behold, oh, king! yet spare us but a moment,
His little sister shall embrace his knees,
And these fond arms, around his duteous neck,
Shall join to bend him to us.

Christ. Could I trust ye?

Arv. I'll be your hostage!

Christ. Granted.

Gust. Hold! my friend.

(*Here Arvida breaks from Gustavus, and passes to
Christiern's party, while Augusta and Gustava go
over to Gustavus.*)

Aug. Is it then giv'n, yet giv'n me, ere I die,
To see thy face, Gustavus! thus to gaze,
To touch, to fold thee thus? My son, my son!
And have I liv'd to this? It is enough.
All arm'd, and, in my country's precious cause,
Terribly beauteous, to behold thee thus!
Why, 'twas my only, hourly, suit to heav'n,
And now 'tis granted. Oh! my glorious child,
Bless'd were the throes I felt for thee, Gustavus!
For from the breast, from out your swathing bands
You stepp'd the child of honour.

Gust. Oh, my mother! [eye?

Aug. Why stands that water trembling in thy
Why heaves thy bosom? Turn not thus away;
'Tis the last time that we must meet, my child,
And I will have thee whole. Why, why, Gustavus,
Why is this form of heaviness? For me
I trust it is not meant; you cannot think
So poorly of me: I grow old, my son,
And to the utmost period of mortality
I ne'er should find a death's hour like to this
Whereby to do thee honour.

Gust. Roman patriots!
Ye Decii, self-devoted to your country!
You gave no mothers up! Will annals yield
No precedent for this, no elder boast
Whereby to match my trial?

Aug. No, Gustavus;
For heav'n still squares our trial to our strength,
And thine is of the foremost. Noble youth!
Ev'n I, thy parent, with a conscious pride,
Have often bow'd to thy superior virtues.
Oh! there is but one bitterness in death,
One only sting—

Gust. Speak, speak!

Aug. 'Tis felt for thee.
Too well I know thy gentleness of soul,
Melting as babes; ev'n now the pressure's on thee,
And bends thy loveliness to earth. Oh, child!
The dear but sad foretaste of thy affliction
Already kills thy mother. But behold,
Behold thy valiant followers, who to thee,
And to the faith of thy protecting arm
Have giv'n ten thousand mothers, daughters too;
Who in thy virtue yet may learn to bear
Millions of freeborn sons to bless thy name,
And pray for their deliverer! Oh, farewell!
This, and but this, the very last adieu!

Heav'n sit victorious on thy arm, my son!

And give thee to thy merits!

Christ. Ah! thou trait'ress!

Aug. See, Gustavus,

My little captive waits for one embrace.

Gust. Come, to my arms, thou lamb-like sacrifice;

Oh! that they were of force to fold thee ever,

To let thee to my heart! there lock thee close,

But 'twill not be!

Arv. Hear me, thou most dear Gustavus!

Thus low I bend my pray'r, reject me not:

If once, if ever thou didst love Arvida,

Oh! leave me here to answer to the wrath

Of this fell tyrant. Save thy honour'd mother,

And that sweet lamb from slaughter!

Gust. Cruel friendship!

Christ. And, by my life, I'd take thee at thy word,
But that I know 'twould please thee. [be

Aug. No, gen'rous prince, thy blood shall never
The price of our dishonour. Come, my child;
Weep not, sweet babe, there shall no harm come
nigh thee. [I see.

Christ. 'Tis well, proud dame; you are return'd,
Each to his charge. Here break we off, Gustavus;
For to the very teeth of thy rebellion
We dash defiance back.

Gust. Alas, my mother!

Grief chokes up utterance, else I have to say

What never tongue unfolded. Yet return,

Come back, and I will give up all to save thee;

Thou fountain of my life!

Dearer than mercy is to kneeling penitence,

My early blessing, first and latest joy;

Return, return, and save thy lost Gustavus!

Christ. No more, thou trifler!

Aug. Oh! farewell for ever!

[*Exeunt Christ. and his party. Gust. and
his party remain.*]

Gust. Then she's gone: Arvida! Anderson!

For ever gone! Arnoldus, friends, where are ye?

Help here! heave, heave this mountain from me!

Oh!

Heav'n keep my senses! So! We will to battle;

But let no banners wave. Be still, thou trump!

And ev'ry martial sound, that gives the war

To pomp or levity; for vengeance now

Is clad with heavy arms, sedately stern,

Resolv'd, but silent as the slaughter'd heaps

O'er which my soul is brooding.

Arn. Oh, Gustavus!

Is there a Swede of us whose sword and soul

Grapples not to thee, as to all they hold

Of earthly estimation? Said I more,

It were but half my thought.

And. On thee we gaze,

As one unknown till this important hour,

Pre-eminent of men!

Siv. Accurs'd be he,

Who, in thy leading, will not fight, and strive,

And bleed, and gasp with pleasure!

And. We are thine.

Arn. Tho', to yield us up,

Had scarce been less than virtue.

Gust. Oh, my friends!

I see, 'tis not for man to boast his strength

Before the trial comes. This very hour,

Had I a thousand parents, all seem'd light,

When weigh'd against my country; and but now,

One mother seem'd of weight to poise the world;

Tho' conscious truth and reason were against her.

For, oh! howe'er the partial passions sway,

High heav'n assigns but one unbiass'd way;

Direct thro' every opposition leads,

Where shelves decline, and many a steep impedes.

Here hold we on! tho' thwarting fiends alarm,

Here hold we on! tho' devious syrens charm;

In heav'n's disposing pow'r events unite,

Nor aught can happen wrong to him who acts aright.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Royal Tent, near the field of battle.*

Enter CHRISTINA and MARIANA.

Christina. Hark! Mariana, list! No; all is silent!
It was not fancy, sure; didst thou not hear?

Mar. Too plain, the voice of terror seiz'd my ear,
And my heart sinks within me.

Christina. Oh! I fear

The war is now at work. As winds, methought,
Long bornethro' hollow vaults, the sound approach'd;
One sound, yet laden with a thousand notes
Of fearful variation; then it swell'd
To distant shouts, now coming on the gale;
Again borne backward with a parting groan,
All sunk to horrid stillness.

Enter LAERTES.

Laer. Christina, fly! thou royal virgin,
This morn beheld thee mistress of the north,
Bright heir of Scandinavia; and this hour
Has left thee not, throughout thy wide dominions,
Whereon to rest thy foot.

Christina. Now, praise to heav'n!
Say but my father lives!

Laer. At your command

I went; and, from a neighb'ring summit, view'd
Where either host stood adverse, sternly wedg'd;
Reflecting on each other's gloomy front,
Fell hate and fix'd defiance: when, at once,
The foe mov'd on, attendant to the steps
Of their Gustavus. He, with mournful pace,
Came slow and silent; till two hapless Danes
Prick'd forth, and on his helm discharg'd their fury:
Then rous'd the lion! To my wond'ring sight
His stature grew twofold; before his eye
All force seem'd wither'd, and his horrid plume
Shook wild dismay around! as heav'n's dread bolt
He shot, he pierc'd our legions; in his strength
His shouting squadrons gloried, rushing on
Where'er he led their battle. Full five times,
Hemin'd by our mightier host, the foe seem'd lost,
And swallow'd from my sight; five times again,
Like flame they issued to the light; and thrice
These eyes beheld him, they beheld Gustavus
Unhors'd, and by a host grid singly in;
And thrice he broke thro' all!

Christina. My blood runs chill. [sict,

Laer. With such a strenuous, such a labour'd con-
sure never field was fought! until Gustavus
Aloud cry'd Victory! and on his spear
High rear'd th' imperial diadem of Denmark;
Then slack'd the battle; then recoil'd our host;
His echo'd Victory! And now would know
No bounds: rout follow'd, and the face of flight—
She heeds me not.

Christina. Oh! ill-starr'd royalty!

My father! cruel, dear, unhappy father!

Summon'd so sudden! fearful, fearful thought!

*Enter CHRISTIERN, flying without his helmet, in
disorder, his sword broken, and his garments bloody;
he throws away his sword.*

Christ. Give us new arms of proof! fresh horses!
quick!

A watch without there! Set a standard up
To guide our scatter'd powers! Haste, my friends,
haste!

We must begone! Oh! for some cooling stream
To slake a monarch's thirst!

Laer. A post, my liege,

A second post from Denmark, says—

Christ. All's lost.

Is it not so? Begone,

Give me a moment's solitude. Thought, thought,
Where wouldst thou lead?

Christina. He sees me not. Alas, alas, my father!
Oh! what a war there lives within his eye!

Where greatness struggles to survive itself.

I tremble to approach him; yet I fain

Would bring peace to him. Don't you know me, sir?

Christ. My child!

Christina. I am. [and earth,

Christ. Curse me, then! curse me! join with heav'n
And hell to curse!

Christina. Patience and peace
Possess thy mind! Not all thy pride of empire
E'er gave such bless'd sensation as one hour
Of penitence, tho' painful. Let us hence—
Far from the blood and bustle of ambition.
Be it my task to watch thy rising wish,
To smooth thy brow, find comfort for thy cares,
And for thy will, obedience; still to cheer
The day with smiles, and lay the night down
Beneath thy slumbers.

Christ. Oh! thou all that's left me!
Ev'n in the riot, in the rage of fight,
Thy guardian virtues watch'd around my head,
When else no arm could aid; for thro' my ranks,
My circling troops, the fell Gustavus rush'd;
Vengeance! he cry'd, and with one eager hand
Grip'd fast my diadem; his other arm,
High rear'd the deathful steel; suspended yet;
For in his eye, and thro' his varying face,
Conflicting passions fought—he look'd—he stood,
In wrath reluctant; then, with gentler voice,
Christina, thou hast conquer'd! Go, he cry'd,
I yield thee to her virtues. [Exeunt.

*Enter GUSTAVUS, ANDERSON, ARNOLDUS, SIVARD,
&c. in triumph.*

Gust. That we have conquer'd, first we bend to
And. And next to thee! [heav'n!

All. To thee, to thee, Gustavus!

Gust. No, matchless men! my brothers of the
Be it my greatest glory to have mix'd [war!
My arms with your's, and to have fought for once
Like to a Dalecarlian; like to you,
The sires of honour, of a new-horn fame,
To be transmitted, from your great memorial,
To climes unknown, to age succeeding age,
Till time shall verge upon eternity,
And patriots be no more.

And. Behold, my lord!

The Danish pris'ners, and the traitor, Peterson,
Attend their fate.

Gust. Send home the Danes with honour,
And let them better learn, from our example,
To treat whom next they conquer with humanity.

And. But, then, for Peterson?

Gust. His crimes are great;
A single death were a reward for treason;
Let him still languish. Let him be exil'd,
No more to see the land of liberty,
The hills of Sweden, nor the native fields
Of known, endear'd Idea.

And. Royal sir,

This is to pardon, to encourage villains;
And hourly to expose that sacred life,
Where all our safety centres.

Gust. Fear them not.

The fence of virtue is a chief's best caution;
And the firm surety of my people's hearts
Is all the guard, that e'er shall wait Gustavus.
I am a soldier from my youth;
Trust me, my friend,
Except in such a cause as this day's quarrel,
I would not shed a single wretch's blood,
For the world's empire!

Arn. Oh! exalted Sweden!

Bless'd people! Heaven! wherein have we deserv'd
A man like this to rule us?

*Enter ARVIDA, leading in CHRISTINA; he runs to
Gustavus.*

Gust. My Arvida!

Arv. My king! Oh, hail! Thus let me pay my
homage. [Kneels.]

Christina. Renown'd Gustavus! Mightiest among
If such a wretch, the captive of thy arms, [men!

Trembling and aw'd in thy superior presence,
May find the grace that ev'ry other finds,
(For thou art said to be of wondrous goodness!)
Then hear, and oh! excuse a foe's presumption.
While low, thus low, you see a suppliant child
Now pleading for a father; for a dear,
Much lov'd, if cruel, yet unhappy father.
If he with circling nations could not stand
Against thee singly; singly, what can he
When thou art fenc'd with nations!

Gust. Ha! that posture!
Oh! rise—surpris'd, my eye perceiv'd it not.
I've much to say, but that my tongue, my thoughts
Are troubled; warr'd on by unusual passions.
'Twas hence thou hadst it in thy power to ask
Ere I could offer. Come, my friend, assist,
Instruct me to be grateful. Oh, Christina!
I fought for freedom, not for crowns, thou fair one;
They shall sit brighter on that beauteous head,
Whose eye might awe the monarchs of the earth,
And light the world to virtue. My Arvida!

Arv. I read thy soul, I see the gen'rous conflict,
And come to fix, not trouble, thy repose.
Could you but know with what an eager haste
I sprung to execute thy late commands;
To shield this lovely object of thy cares,
And give her thus, all beauteous to thy eyes!
For I've no bliss but thine, have lost the form
Of ev'ry wish that's foreign to thy happiness.

Gust. Alas! your cheek is pale; you bleed, my
Arv. I do indeed—to death [brother!

Gust. You have undone me:
Rash, headstrong man! Oh! was this well, Arvida?
(Turns from him.)

Arv. Pardon, Gustavus! mine's the common lot,
The fate of thousands fall'n this day in battle.
I had resolv'd on life, to see you bless'd;
To see my king and his Christina happy.
Turn, thou belov'd, thou honour'd next to heav'n,
And to thy arms receive a penitent,
Who never more shall wrong thee.

Gust. Oh, Arvida!
Friend! Friend! (Embraces him.)

Arv. Thy heart beats comfort to me! in this breast
Let thy Arvida, let thy friend, survive.
Oh! strip his once lov'd image of its frailties,
And strip it too of ev'ry fonder thought,
That may give thee affliction. Do, Gustavus;
It is my last request; for heav'n and thou
Art all the care, and business—of Arvida. (Dies.)

Gust. Wouldst thou too leave me?
Not if the heart, the arms of thy Gustavus,
Have force to hold thee.

Christina. Oh, delightful notes!

That I do love thee, yes, 'tis true, my lord.
The bond of virtue, friendship's sacred tie,
The lover's pains, and all the sister's fondness!
But I have a father,
If cruel, yet a father:

Abandon'd now by ev'ry supple wretch,
That fed his ears with flattery. I am all
That's left to calm, to sooth his troubled soul
To penitence, to virtue. [Exit.

(Gustavus looks after Christina, then turns
and looks on Arvida.)

Gust. Come, come, my brothers all! Yes, I will
To be the sum of every tide to ye, [strive
And you shall be my sire, my friend reviv'd,
My sister, mother, all that's kind and dear;
For so Gustavus holds ye. Oh! I will
Of private passions all my soul divest,
And take my dearer country to my breast.
To public good transfer each fond desire,
And clasp my Sweden, with a lover's fire.
Well pleas'd, the weight of all her burdens bear;
Dispense all pleasure, but engross all care.
Still quick to find, to feel, my people's woes,
And wake, that millions may enjoy repose.

[Exeunt.]

THE DEAF LOVER;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY FREDERICK PILON.



Act I.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

OLD WRONGWARD
YOUNG WRONGWARD
MEADOWS
CANTEEN

STERNHOLD
GENTLEMEN
GROOM
WILLIAM

SOPHIA
BETSY BLOSSOM
LADIES
SERVANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room at an inn.

MEADOWS discovered in a riding-dress, with CANTEEN.

Mead. Was there no possibility of bribing one of the servants?

Cant. None in the world, sir; which, indeed, surprised me; for though I must confess they have all good places, I have known folks with better, and in a greater man's service, who would not let a bribe slip through their fingers for want of the trouble of clenching the fist upon it.

Mead. What shall I do, Canteen? you are an old campaigner, and should be ripe with stratagem in desperate cases.

Cant. I have got a scheme to serve you, if you'll undertake it.

Mead. Can you doubt me?

Cant. Then be attentive: Old Wrongward's house, on the approaching wedding, is as thronged as a fair with company; dress yourself in the style of an elderly gentleman travelling the country; pretend to misapprehend everybody; in short, assume the character of a deaf man; and, thus disguised, put up at his house, as if you took it for an inn. [gistrate.

Mead. Pho, pho! I shall be taken before a ma-

Cant. Not you, indeed, sir: at all these public weddings there are a great number of strangers invited by the chief guests; you'll pass as a friend to some of the company; but grant you are taken for the character you assume, an old, deaf, blundering blockhead, your mistakes will create so much entertainment, that nobody will think of turning you out of doors, till you have full opportunity of discovering yourself to your mistress.

Mead. And do you think she'll listen to me?

Cant. I'm sure of it, sir; I'd stake my life to a cartouch-box, that your letters from camp have been intercepted, and some d-d story trumped up by that old villain, her guardian, to make her marry his own son.

Mead. It must be so, my Sophia otherwise could never have forgotten me.

Cant. It must be so! lord, sir, if you were not so much in love, it would appear to you as plain as a pikestaff; but when once love gets into a man's head, poor reason is brought before a court-martial of the passions, and cashiered without a hearing.

Mead. But it will be necessary to apprise Sophia of this, if I can by any means convey a letter to her.

Cant. A light breaks in upon me; I met a little flower girl standing at the inn-door, as fresh and as blooming as the sweetest rose in her basket. Don't you imagine a letter may be conveyed by her into the garrison?

Mead. Can we trust her?

Cant. She's as sure as a rifle barrel, sir: you know what a smooth tongue and a smart figure will do with a girl in the country; I have persuaded her that I am over head and ears in love with her; and have sworn, by the god of love, and the god of battles, that I'll make her Mrs. Canteen, if she pleases, before to-morrow morning.

Mead. Where is she?

Cant. Selling nosegays to passengers, as they go in and out of their carriages; but I'll bring her to you, sir, in the drawing of a trigger; in the meantime, write your letter. There's pen, ink, and paper, on the table. [Exit.

Mead. (Writing.) My all depends on her receiving this letter; otherwise, the surprise of so un-

expectedly meeting me, might occasion a discovery.—(*Seeing Canteen and Betsy Blossom.*) Oh! here come Mars and Venus already.

Enter CANTEEN and BETSY BLOSSOM.

Betsy B. Nosegays, your honour?

Mead. Come hither, my pretty dear, and let me see them. (*Looks in the basket.*)

Betsy B. Oh! sir, don't tumble over my basket. I can't let you pick and choose at a common price.

Cant. (*Aside to Betsy B.*) Let him take which he pleases, he's as generous as a prince, hussy!

Betsy B. Is he, by gosh! then he shall have the myrtle and the jessamine, and the two moss roses I was taking up to the 'squire's', where the great wedding is to be.

Mead. What's that you say? Are you going to the house where the great wedding is to be?

Betsy B. Yes; and I shall sell all my nosegays there, and am promised a ribbon for a bride-favour, by John, the butler.

Cant. Oh, ho! John the butler! I find I'm not sole proprietor of my little nosegay merchant. (*Aside.*)

Mead. (*Taking her by the hand.*) Now, my sweet dear, blooming little Flora, if you will grant me one favour, I will give you a guinea.

Betsy B. Who, I, sir? I'd have you to know, sir, that I scorn your guineas; I am no such parson: though I'm poor, I'm honest, that let me tell you; and I'd rather sell nosegays with my virtue, than ride in a coach and six without it.

Cant. Zounds! what an explosion was there, from a carbine like a pocket-pistol; why, who's going to meddle with your virtue? I tell you, you may keep the guinea and your virtue together.

Betsy B. May I?

Cant. Yes; but I find, Betsy, I'm greatly deceived in your temper. I thought you were as meek as a violet, but I find you are as sharp as a sweet-briar.

Mead. I only want you, my dear, to take this letter for me, and deliver it into the young lady's hand who is to be married to-morrow; and to take care that nobody sees you.

Betsy B. As sure as a gun, I know who you are.

Mead. Ay, prythee, who am I?

Betsy B. You are her old sweetheart, and she has turned false-hearted.

Cant. Oons! what a witch it is! I'll go and prepare your dress, sir. [*Exit.*]

Betsy B. It's the talk of the whole village, how Miss Sophia had forsaken a malicious officer that was in love with her.

Mead. Will you take this letter for me?

Betsy B. That I will, with all my heart; and, between ourselves, though I am a poor girl, give her her own into the bargain.

Mead. My dear, you must not say a word to her; only deliver the letter.

Betsy B. What, then you would not have me scold her?

Mead. By no means; that would ruin me for ever in her esteem: but what is your name, my love?

Betsy B. Betsy Blossom, an't please you. (*Curt-sying.*)

Mead. Well, my dear Betsy, go off immediately; and remember that the whole happiness of my life depends on your care and secrecy.

SONG.—BETSY.

Believe me, sir, you'll find me true,

As any girl you ever knew;

I know no art,

To hide my heart;

And since with flow'rs first I stood,

To young or old

I never sold

Two faces under a hood.

*'Tis true I dress in simple gown,
And never saw the flaunting town,
Where ladies shine
In silks so fine;
Still I think myself as good
As toasted belle,
Whilst I ne'er sell
Two faces under a hood.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

OLD WRONGWARD and STERNHOLD discovered.

Sternhold reading the papers to him; *Old Wrongward* in his gouty chair, wrapped up in flannel.

Old W. You are a terrible reader, Sternhold; can't you speak your words shorter? you sound every syllable as if you had a speaking-trumpet at your mouth:

Stern. I can't help it, your honour; it is a way I have got.

Old W. It's like the grind of an ill-toned barrelled organ in my ears; but go on, for you were born a parish-clerk, and will chant everything in psalm tune to the end of the chapter.

Stern. (*Reading.*) "Rome, April 1st.—Yesterday morning, between twelve and one, his holiness the Pope was safely delivered of twins; the mother and children are well, and likely to live."

Old W. Why, is the fellow mad? The Pope delivered of twins! Zounds! you may as well tell me of St. Paul's dancing the hayes, or the Monument turning prize-fighter.

Stern. Shall I go on?

Old W. Read over that last article again, for I'm sure you have made a blunder.

Stern. (*Reading.*) "Rome, April 1st.—Yesterday morning, between twelve and one, his holiness the Pope was safely delivered of twins; the mother and children are well, and likely to live."

Old W. Truly, this is a most extraordinary event, if it be a fact, and must cause strange confusion among the cardinals; but, upon second thoughts, it's not altogether past belief, for there's a well-known story of a female Pope, who was discovered by her pregnancy, Pope Joan I think she was called; but give me the paper, for d—n me if I can believe it yet. (*Takes the paper and reads.*) "Mr. Printer, if you think the following cross-readings"—cross-readings! ha, ha, ha! confound those cross-readings; as if things were not cross enough of themselves.

Enter SOPHIA and BETSY BLOSSOM.

Sophia. (*Aside to Betsy B.*) And he seemed deeply concerned?

Betsy B. Oh! deeply concerned; and his eyes, poor soul! as red as blood with crying.

Old W. Is not that Sophy I see? eh! how's this? where's my son George? has the rascal the impudence to stir an inch from your apron-string?

Sophia. Sir, he cannot, with propriety, leave the company; more especially, as infirmities prevent your entertaining them.

Old W. Infirmities! why what infirmities have I got, except a little touch of the gout, now and then? If I could walk, and had the use of my right hand, and could see without spectacles, I'd be as hale a man as any in the county. (*Seeing Betsy B.*) But who is that blooming rogue with you?

Sophia. A flower-girl, sir; she has brought me some jessamine and moss-roses.

Old W. Ay; tell her to come this way, and let me look at her moss-roses.

Sophia. (*Aside to Betsy B.*) Go, shew him your nosegays, Betsy; and keep him in chat, whilst I run and write an answer.

Betsy B. But lord, ma'am, he bears such a terrible character, I'm afraid to go nigh him.

Sophia. Pho, pho! never fear him; he has not been out of that chair, except at bed-times, these

three months, but is rolled up and down the house like a great baby; go to him, I say, and I'll return immediately. [Exit.]

Old W. You may go about your business, Sternhold; I'm tired of your d—d drone; it's worse to than an old clothes'-man in London.

Stern. (*Aside.*) Lord, lord! What will this world come to? [Exit.]

Betsy B. (*Aside.*) By goss! as he can't budge, I'll have a little fun with him.

Old W. Come hither, my pretty maid, and let me look at your moss-roses.

Betsy B. (*Runs up to him.*) Ay, to be sure, sir, there are not so fine ones in all the country.

Old W. (*Taking up the flowers.*) Upon my word, they are fine ones—but is Sophy gone? Is there nobody sees us?

Betsy B. Not a soul; we are both together, all alone by ourselves.

Old W. But are you sure that there's nobody listening?

Betsy B. Oh! very sartin, sir.

Old W. Then give me a kiss, you little smiling rogue.

Betsy B. Oh! dear sir, wouldn't you be ashamed to kiss such a poor girl as I?

Old W. Ashamed! not I, by the lord Harry; come hither, I say.

Betsy B. (*Aside.*) Now to plague him. Why, you must know, sir, that I'm afraid some of the family will see us; but if you'll fetch a walk with me anywhere—

Old W. Fetch a walk with her! I could as soon fetch the Tower upon my back.

Betsy B. But now I look at your legs, I suppose you can't walk. Oh, lud! they're like mill-posts.

Old W. No, no; not quite so bad, they're a little swelled, to be sure, but there's a great deal of flannel about them.

Betsy B. Shall I help you, sir? (*Takes him by the hand, and pulls him.*)

Old W. (*Cries out.*) Zounds! you've broke my arm, you jade!

Sophia. (*Behind.*) Betsy!

Betsy B. I'm coming, ma'am. (*Going.*)

Old W. Then you won't come and kiss me, hussey?

Betsy B. I think it is you that won't kiss me, sir. Lord, sir! if you want a kiss, why don't you come and take it?

Old W. Oh! you wicked baggage, you know that I can't stir; I'd give half my estate for a pair of legs to be revenged of you.

Betsy B. Then you won't fetch a walk, sir, nor give me a kiss; very well! I'll not be denied the next man I ask. Good b'ye, sir, I must go. Ha, ha, ha!

SONG.—BETSY BLOSSOM.

What! refuse me a kiss?

I shall die, sure with grief,

To be robb'd of such bliss,

What can bring me relief?

One, one kiss, cruel man,

What! deny me again?

Then I'll go where the willow so green grows,

And trembling droops over the brook,

There, to each gentle zephyr that by blows,

My sighs shall tell I am forsook.

But why should I, if man disdain

To heal this hapless bosom's pain,

Complete the tyrant's triumph quite,

And, foolish maiden, die for spite?

No, no,

I'll go,

And since a false one you do prove,

I'll die for anything but love.

[Exit.]

Enter YOUNG WRONGWARD.

Young W. What, sir, is not Sophia here?

Old W. She was here this moment.

Young W. What's the matter with you, sir? I hope you're not ill?

Old W. No; but I was bargaining for some moss-roses, and they have pricked my fingers so considerably—

Young W. I have very bad news to tell you, sir; Meadows has been seen about the house.

Old W. The devil he has! Then, boy, we are undone! If she sees him, our intercepting his letters, and the story of his marriage with another, will all be discovered.

Young W. She has seen no stranger to-day?

Old W. Not a soul to my knowledge, except a poor little innocent flower-girl.

Young W. It's no matter; that woman, I'm persuaded, has brought her a letter.

Old W. Ecod! like enough.

Young W. Then, sir, if you will sit with the company, I'll go in pursuit of her; and if in the power of gold, I'll get everything out of her. [Exit.]

Old W. Ay, with all my heart. Here, William!

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Did you call, sir?

Old W. Roll me in to the company. (*William goes behind the chair, and rolls it.*) Softly, you rascal! if legs could be purchased, what wouldn't I give for a new pair?

[Exit William, rolling off Old Wrongward.]

SCENE III.—The Outside of Old Wrongward's house.

Enter JOHN.

John. What a couple of d—d rogues my master and I are, to stop all these here letters! it would go greatly against my conscience, only for what I get by it. Well, my master cheats his ward, and I cheat my master, for he has never seen this picture (*pulls out a miniature*) nor the letter that came with it yet: if these ar'n't mock diamonds round it, it will bring a pretty penny: let me see now.

Enter BETSY BLOSSOM.

Betsy B. Good day, Mr. John.

John. Ah! my pretty Betsy; come hither, my little dear.

Betsy B. What's that you are looking at so close, Mr. John?

John. Only a picture, my love; are you a good judge of painting, Betsy?

Betsy B. Painting! lord, sir, you must ask some fine London lady that question; we poor folks in the country know nothing of the matter.

John. How do you like that, Betsy? (*Shows her the miniature.*)

Betsy B. It has a vast fine frame round it.

John. Yes, yes; you are a great judge of painting, I see clearly.

Betsy B. And looks as natural as you that are speaking to me.

John. Eh! why, zounds! she takes it for my picture. (*Aside.*)

Betsy B. What fine eyes!

John. Fine eyes! oh! yes, she takes it for me.

Betsy B. And two cheeks like cherries; then such pretty hair; so curled, so frized, and so flowered, it looks like a white-thorn in full blossom.

John. You must know, my dear, I wore my hair so when that was drawn for me.

Betsy B. Is this your picture, Mr. John?

John. I thought you knew that already.

Betsy B. I vow, I took it for a gentleman's.

John. What, then, you don't think it like me?

Betsy B. Like you! no more like you than a carnation is like a butcher's-broom.

John. Butcher's broom! what a Fleet-market comparison! You think, then, I'm alter'd since it was drawn for me?

Betsy B. Oh! quite changed! you are as brown as a chesnut to what you were; and your eyes,

that were once so blue, are now as grey as the very willows.

John. I am sitting for a likeness, I find. (*Aside.*)

Betsy B. Then your forehead's grown square; your chin sharp; your nose flat; your teeth—no, they're not grown at all, for I can't see above one or two left in your head.

John. Zounds! have done, you unmerciful baggage! give me my picture. I may be altered a little, but it is impossible I can be so d—y metamorphosed as you describe.

Betsy B. What, after making a bargain?

Enter YOUNG WRONGWARD.

Young W. So, so! Mr. John, what bargain is this you have been striking?

John. Bargain! sir, I was only agreeing about some tulips.

Betsy B. That was all, your honour; John only wanted some tulips of me.

John. (*Aside to Betsy B.*) Not a word of the picture.

Young W. But, sir, can't the gardener supply you?

John. Sir, he says, I want too many; and that he won't spoil his beds to please me or any man in England.

Betsy B. Now, sir, I can give him plenty, and never mind spoiling a bed when it is made worth my while.

Young W. I believe you, young damsel. Harkye! John, (*aside to John*) I suppose this girl has been employed by Meadows to convey a letter to Sophia. Get you gone, and I'll sound her.

John. You had better leave her to me, sir.

Young W. No, no; she's too artful for you.

John. (*Aside.*) Ay, and for you, too, I'll be sworn. I don't like to leave her alone with him.

Young W. I don't gone yet, sir?

John. Oh! yes, I'm gone. (*Aside.*) Very far gone, I find, in love; for now am I as jealous as the devil of him. Oh! my poor picture, I shall never see its face again. [*Exit John.*]

Young W. Can you keep a secret, my dear?

Betsy B. I don't know, sir; I never was tried.

Young W. Come, come, I know you have; and if you'll divulge it to me, I'll give you more than you got from Captain Meadows.

Betsy B. Captain Meadows! who is he, sir? I don't know him. (*Aside.*) He's only pumping me now, but he shall get nothing by it.

Young W. What, then, you have neither brought nor received a letter here to-day?

Betsy B. Lord! sir, who'd trust the likes of me with a letter?

Young W. Let me see now, in which pocket have you got it. (*Attempts to search her.*)

Betsy B. Keep your hands to yourself, I have nothing smuggled about me; you sha'n't rummage me like a custom-house officer.

Young W. (*Pulls out a purse.*) Look at this, hussy; I have both power and inclination to reward you.

Betsy B. I'm sure, sir, there's nothing I wouldn't do to serve you.

Young W. Then you'll give me the letter?

Betsy B. Letter! Lord, sir, what letter?

Young W. Come, I insist upon your taking this (*gives her money.*) And now—

Betsy B. And now, your honour, I'll go home to my father's, and bring you the letter immediately.

Young W. Your father's! how came it there?

Betsy B. It came by the post, yesterday, from Devonshire.

Young W. Devonshire! what the devil is Devonshire to me?

Betsy B. I thought you wanted to know something about my brother, the gardener, who wrote us a main long letter yesterday; and what surprised us all, he's going to be married.

Young W. A most interesting piece of information, I must confess! She's a downright idiot. How ridiculous do my suspicions make me!

[*Exit Young W.*]

Betsy B. By goss! I have tricked him nicely. So, now to my dear Mr. Canteen.

Enter CANTEEN.

Cant. Ah! Betsy, I've been watching you, and I fear'd you'd have turn'd traitor, and betray'd us.

Betsy B. No, Mr. Canteen, I never would do that; I would not betray you, no, not for five pound!

Cant. What, not for five pounds? Oh! matchless fidelity! But, come, have you got an answer?

Betsy B. Yes, I have that and John's picture both together.

Cant. John's picture? well, this is the first time I ever knew a man vain of his ugliness! If I had such an old lion's head rivetted upon my shoulders, I'd quarrel with a basin of spring-water, for reflecting my own countenance on me.

Betsy B. Ay! but his picture is very handsome; it's no more like him than box is like southernwood.

Cant. No! then he has set for his picture by proxy, or perhaps, like many other coxcombs, purchased it, as we sometimes do shoes, ready made. But come, let us look at it.

Betsy B. Here it is. (*Shows the miniature.*)

Cant. Zounds! this is my master's picture.

Betsy B. What! Captain Meadows?

Cant. His own likeness; and the very miniature I saw him enclose about six weeks ago to Miss Sophia.

Betsy B. As sure as can be, he stole it.

Cant. I don't know how he came by it: but you're certain he gave it you?

Betsy B. Quite sartin.

Cant. Then come along, my Betsy; if you behave well now, I'll make great advantages of this discovery: you shall introduce me to John as your brother, and I'll terrify him with a confession before I have done with him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A View before the stables.*

Enter MEADOWS, disguised as an old Gentleman, with the Groom.

Mead. I hope your hay is good, friend?

Groom. It's no matter how my hay is. I tell you, you are mistaken in the house; this is no inn.

Mead. Why, if you think so, give him a feed of oats; but take care to rub him down well.

Groom. Rub down the devil! I tell you my master keeps no inn.

Mead. Throw a few beans among the oats, if you have any.

Groom. Throw a few beans among the oats! Zounds! who promised to give you any oats?

Mead. That's a good lad, I know you'll take care of him.

Groom. He's as deaf as a door nail; he doesn't understand a word I say.

Mead. Did you speak to me, young man?

Groom. I have been bawling to you this hour, to tell you this is no inn: yonder is the George, or the Swan, or the King's Arms, where you'll get your horse and yourself taken care of. (*Bawling in his ear.*)

Mead. Well, well, I'll take your word for the goodness of your corn; you had no occasion to be so loud in praise of it.

Groom. What the devil shall I do with him? He drove his horse into the stable, before I knew where I was; and if I turn him adrift, I shall be prosecuted by act of parliament.

Mead. My good lad, do you hear me?

Groom. I wish I could make you hear me as plain.

Mead. I like your countenance.

Groom. That's more than I do your's.

Mead. There's something in it tells me, you will do the beast justice; therefore, here's a shilling for you; and if I find I have not been mistaken in the opinion I have formed of you, I shall remember you when I go away also.

Groom. This is the first word of sense I have got out of him. Well, as his horse is in the stable, let him stay there; my master, I'm sure, will never miss his one night's keep; but, then, the best joke will be when he gets into the house, ha, ha, ha! I shall kill myself with laughing at the thoughts of it.

Mead. Ha, ha, ha! Very good, very good, indeed.

Groom. What the devil does he laugh at?

Mead. I find you are a fellow of a good deal of humour.

Groom. Humour! what does he mean?

Mead. You tell a devilish good story, but I can't stay to hear the end of it, for I'm greatly fatigued and very weary; now remember you rub him down well, and don't forget the beans amongst the oats.

[*Exit.*]

Groom. I tell a devilish good story, and have a great deal of humour! If 'tis so, you are the first that ever discovered my talents. Well, I have got a shilling from you, so mum's the word! you're deaf—I am dumb, old gentleman.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in Wrongward's house; several Servants running across the stage with supper.*

1 *Serv.* He's swearing like a dragon about the iced cream.

2 *Serv.* I wish he was to feed upon nothing else till his temper became as cool as his stomach.

Enter Cook.

Cook. A man had better stand cook in Belzebub's kitchen. Here have I been broiling myself, like a beef-steak, for these two hours, and am thanked in a volley of oaths for it afterwards.

Enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* There's not a drop of Madeira in the room; and the butler is to be turned off to-morrow.

Enter MEADOWS, who draws a chair, and sits.

Mead. Ay, I like this. It's an old saying, Good business makes a good house.

1 *Serv.* This is some gentleman invited to supper; we had better tell him its on the table.

2 *Serv.* Certainly! (*Going up to Mead.*) It's on the table, sir. [bed.]

Mead. No, I'll not pull off my boots till I go to

2 *Serv.* Pull off his boots! who said anything about his boots? Though, now I look at them, d—me! if ever I saw a dirtier pair in the course of my life!

Mead. What have you got for supper?

Will. Everything the season can afford is on the table, sir.

Mead. Why, you blockhead, woodcocks are not in season.

Will. I said nothing about woodcocks: but, sir, there's a delightful carp stewed in claret; a fine jack roasted with a pudding in his belly; some choice pheasants; and such cherry-tarts, apple-pies, jellies, iced-creams, and sweetmeats, that my teeth water at the bare thoughts of them.

Mead. Very well, that will do, my friend; but take care you get me some good mushroom-sauce to it.

2 *Serv.* Mushroom-sauce! to what, sir?

Mead. A broiled fowl will do well enough.

Will. A broiled fowl! I didn't mention a word of broiled fowl, did I, Bob?

2 *Serv.* Not a syllable.

Will. Zounds! he's deaf!

2 *Serv.* Or mad. Speak louder to him; try if you can make him hear you.

Will. (*Bawling in his ear.*) Supper is on table, sir; and if you are invited to the house by my master, it will be as much as our places are worth, if we do not bring you up to him immediately.

Mead. Well, do the best you can for me.

Will. Ah! it's all in vain to talk to him; let us see if we can make him understand by signs. (*Makes signs they will shew him the way.*)

Mead. Bless you! my lad, I am not particular.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An elegant Apartment.*

OLD WRONGWARD, YOUNG WRONGWARD, and a large party at supper, discovered.

Old W. Fill me a bumper of Madeira; though the enemy has got possession of the greater part of my outworks, I'll take care to keep him from the citadel, whilst there's a flask in my cellar to support me. (*Drinks.*)

Enter MEADOWS and JOHN.

Will. This way, sir.

Mead. Ay, I see all your rooms are full; but it's no matter, I am fond of company.

Old W. (*Aside to Young W.*) Here's a stranger; do you know him, George?

Young W. I suppose he's a friend to some of the company.

Old W. Certainly! go to him, boy, and ask him if he has supped.

Young W. (*Comes to Mead.*) Sir, I esteem myself particularly honoured in the favour of this visit: here, William, lay a side-table for this gentleman. As we have just done supper, I beg, sir, you'll not consider yourself a stranger. (*Retires to his seat.*)

Mead. Very dear, indeed, sir; good Virginia is hard to be come at, but I always carry a box of Oroonoko in my pocket. (*Pulls out a box. A table is laid for Meadows; he sits.*)

Old W. (*To Mead.*) Warm travelling, sir.

Mead. There was none stirring, when I was in town, sir.

Old W. Stirring! no, nor moving for it, sir, in this part of the world: though the gout confines me to this chair, I feel myself as hot as if I were roasting on the coast of Guinea.

Enter SOPHIA.

Sophia. (*Aside.*) Yonder he sits; if he should be discovered, all my hopes of happiness are gone for ever.

Mead. (*Aside.*) I feel myself in such agitation at the sight of my Sophia, that I fear it will mar my counterfeiting.

Old W. Come, old gentleman, I'll give you a toast that, I'm sure, you'll have no objection to: here's to the young couple. (*All the company drink.*)

Mead. With all my heart; I'm sure he has not a better subject in his dominions.

Old W. Ay, and what's better, he's going the right road to raise more good subjects.

Mead. The king! (*Drinks.*)

Old W. The king! Why, I drunk my son and daughter that is to be's good health.

Mead. Ah! sir, there's no answering for what people will say.

Old W. No answering for what people will say! D—me! if ever I knew anything so impudent in the whole course of my life before.

Young W. Pray, does any of the company know him?

1 *Lady.* I don't, for my part.

1 *Gent.* Nor I.

2 *Lady.* Nor I.

2 *Gent.* Nor I, nor any of us.

All. No, not one of us.

Sophia. (*Aside.*) How I tremble for him now!

Old W. Here, William, who shewed this old fellow here? [*company.*]

Will. I did, sir; I took him to be one of the

Old W. Why, nobody here knows him.

Mead. Sir, I have the pleasure of drinking your health.

Old W. (To Young W.) Did you ever know anything like this, George?

Mead. (To Will.) Do you hear, my lad? send up the boot-catcher to me.

Old W. Send up the boot-catcher to him! We'll send up the thief-catcher to him. This fellow is come to rob the house.

Mead. This wine is devilish good! but I have a poor head, and am very sleepy. *Bon repos*, good folks; I must leave you. *(Gets up.)*

Old W. Stop him, George! *(The company stop him.)*

Mead. Why, gentlemen, all this pressing? it is to no purpose; I am determined to go to bed; and as a proof of it, there's half-a-crown for my share of the bill, as I can't stay till it's called. Will nobody give me a light?

Old W. (To Will.) Why, you rascal! can you give no rational account of this man?

Will. All I can tell you is, he has set the whole family in an uproar: the groom says he's deaf; the butler says he's mad; but all agree in pronouncing him the most impudent, troublesome, dirty, old fellow that ever came into a house: do but look at his boots, sir.

Sophia. (Aside.) Love has inspired me with a thought for his deliverance. *(Comes forward.)* Bless me! I know this gentleman's face perfectly well: it is the celebrated Doctor Humdrum; I saw him several times at Bath, though I never spoke to him; he's the first physician in England; but has been troubled with a most obstinate deafness for several years: and, what is most extraordinary, does everything in his power to conceal it.

Young W. Deaf! Why does he come here to plague us with his deafness?

Sophia. I thought, sir, you had more humanity than not to feel for such a misfortune.

Old W. But are you sure he's deaf?

Sophia. Does not hear a word you say to him.

Mead. You'll let me go to bed, then? Upon my soul! it gives me pain to part from such good company; but I'm quite weary.

Old W. Ay, poor gentleman! I pity him; he shall have a bed: he has taken the house for an inn, I suppose: a very good joke, faith! ha, ha, ha!

Mead. Ha, ha, ha! a devilish good song, a devilish good song, indeed! but I can't stay to *encore* it. *Bon repos, bon repos!* *[Exit.]*

Old W. George, do you go and see the gentleman is taken great care of. *[Exit Young W. Music behind.]* Ah! here come the fiddles! Come, girls, foot it away; I'll sit up with you an hour extraordinary; and if this confounded gout would give my joints a holiday, I'd have a reel with the youngest of you. *[A dance. Exeunt, rolling off Old W.]*

SCENE III.

Enter SOPHIA, CANTEEN, and BETSY BLOSSOM.

Sophia. So, Captain Meadows' servant is your brother, Betsy.

Betsy B. Oh! that was only—he, he! *(With affected confusion.)*

Cant. Yes, madam, as Betsy would say, that was only to deceive John, your guardian's privy-counsellor.

Sophia. I understand you, you are her sweetheart.

Betsy B. Oh, dear! your ladyship, you do so shame one!

Sophia. But how have you proceeded since this discovery?

Betsy B. Vastly clever, I warrant him! he has frightened the butler out of his wits.

Cant. I threatened him with a prosecution for stopping the picture, unless he turned king's evi-

dence, and informed against his master: my menace had the desired effect, and he is devoted to our service.

Sophia. Very well, don't be out of the way for a moment; I don't know how soon we may want you and your evidence: but, as a reward for your and Betsy's services, whenever you have her consent, I will give her a portion. *[Exit.]*

Betsy B. I thank your ladyship, I'm sure I do.

Cant. Now is my freedom gone!

Betsy B. What, you won't marry me?

Cant. Else how should I lose my freedom?

Betsy B. I don't know what you mean, Mr. Canteen, by losing your freedom; but, if I thought you lost anything when you married me, I wouldn't have you, for all my love to you.

Cant. Pho, pho! you little fool! by giving up my freedom, I mean I give up my heart into your possession for life.

Betsy B. Do you? Then, by gosh! you shall have my heart for life instead of it. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—A Bedchamber.

Enter MEADOWS, followed by a Chambermaid with lights.

Maid. This is my young lady's apartment; and you must not stay here.

Mead. My good girl, you needn't give yourself the trouble, I never have my bed warmed.

Maid. I didn't come to warm your bed; I want you to get out of the room.

Mead. No, no, it's a bad custom. Good night to you.

Maid. Ods my life! but he'd provoke a saint. *(Very loud.)* I tell you, again and again, that this is my young lady's room, and you must quit it.

Mead. A sack-posset! I'll not taste it. Come, let me lock my door, for I must be stirring early. *(She gets between him and the door.)*

Maid. The devil a door do you lock here to-night!

Mead. Ah! you wanton young baggage! I understand you; but all those days are over with me.

Maid. Oh, lord! what has the old nasty fellow got into his head now?

Mead. But, come, we'll have one smack, and then, *bon soir.*

Maid. Help, help, murder! *(Offers to kiss her.)*

Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* What's the matter, Sally?

Maid. This old villain was going to rinate me.

2 *Serv.* I wish he was out of the house; I wonder my master gave him a bed.

Mead. You'll take care to call me early.

2 *Serv.* D—me! if I call you.

3 *Serv.* It's a shame for a man at your years to behave so.

Maid. Ay, an old man like you, with one foot in the grave.

Mead. You are mistaken, my dear; I can get up as well as any young fellow in England. I am a mighty good riser; I must mount early, therefore, call me by five.

2 *Serv.* We may as well talk to a stone wall.

Maid. I shall lose my place for this.

Mead. You needn't wait for the light. *(Sits down as if to undress.)*

2 *Serv.* Wait for the light! D—me! if I had my will, but I'd darken your lights for you, and leave you to grope your way out of the house.

Mead. Why, I believe, that's the safest way, so bring me an extinguisher; you're a good-natured lad, and I'll remember you for this.

Will. If I could write, I'd make him understand me at once. Can you write, Joe?

2 *Serv.* I can chalk main well, but nobody can understand it except myself.

Will. Why, you, Bob, went to school, I know.

3 *Serv.* Ay, but it's so long ago, I forgot all my larning: I'll make my mark, if you please.

Maid. And it's my misfortune to neither read nor write.

Will. 'Sdeath and fire! he's undressing: we must do something immediately. (*Meadows lays down a case of large pistols.*)

2 Serv. What swinging pistols he has!

Mead. Lay you there, my good friends! I hope I sha'n't have the same need of you here, as at the last inn where I lay.

2 Serv. Do you hear that?

Mead. I am sorry I shot the ostler and kitchen-maid, I own; but what am I to think of people who come into my room after I am in bed?

All. Oh! the bloody-minded old rogue!

Mead. I know the advantages which may be taken of my deafness, and am determined to secure myself.

Will. I am determined to do the same, and so, good night. [*Runs off.*]

2 Serv. I'll stay no longer. [*Exit.*]

3 Serv. Oh! if I am hindmost, may I be shot like the poor ostler and kitchen-maid. [*Exit.*]

Maid. And may I be burnt if I stay to be shot! [*Exit.*]

Mead. Oh! fortune, auspicious to my warmest hopes! Now could I but see, and converse one moment with my Sophia! Ah! yonder comes a light—'tis she, 'tis she herself, my adorable Sophia!

Enter SOPHIA.

Sophia. I am come to tell you to lock yourself in immediately; to-morrow I'll speak to you: it is dangerous for us to continue a moment together.

Mead. But isn't to-morrow to be your wedding-day? am I not to lose you for ever to-morrow?

Sophia. No, Meadows; I am now satisfied of your honour and my guardian's villany; a plot has been just discovered to me, will astonish you. To-morrow I will quit this house, and put myself under your protection.

Mead. My love, my life! you transport me. (*Falls upon his knees, and kisses her hand.*)

Enter YOUNG WRONGWARD.

Young W. He shall leave the house to-night! Ah! what do I see?

Sophia. (*Aside.*) It's all over, and I may as well throw off the mask now as to-morrow.

OLD WRONGWARD rolled in.

Old W. He deserves a horse-pond instead of a good bed.

Mead. I should prefer a good bed, notwithstanding, Mr. Wrongward.

Old W. Why, he has got his hearing!

Mead. Yes, sir, and my feeling, too, of resentment for the base advantage you took of me and this young lady.

Old W. Advantage! who the devil are you?

Mead. Can't you discover Meadows under this disguise? that man whom you have so much injured?

Old W. Meadows! this is cursed unlucky! but, George, we must get him out of the house as fast as possible.

Cant. (*Without.*) If you don't come by fair

means, I'll lay you by the heels, and force you into court.

Enter CANTEEN, JOHN, and BETSY BLOSSOM.

Young W. All, I fear, is discovered!

Old W. Eh! who is that fellow got hold of John?

Cant. Let his worship know, John; or I shall be committed for an assault in the very act of thieftaking.

John. Why, sir, if I must speak, it is you and my young master have brought me to this disgrace.

Old W. Who, I and my son? why, the fellow has lost his wits, or else he is drunk; take him to bed, I hate a drunkard.

John. Lies won't do now; I must speak truth, or suffer for it. Captain Meadows, I humbly ask your forgiveness; but every letter you sent to Miss Sophia, I stopped, by the positive orders of both my masters.

Cant. It's all very true, sir; and, among the rest, he stopped the miniature you sent Miss Sophia; by which he was discovered, for the ugly dog had the impudence to attempt to pass it upon my Betsy, here, for his own proper likeness.

Young W. Out of my sight, rascal! Come, Sophia, I am sorry you have been disturbed. Captain, you may have a bed, if you please.

Mead. No, sir; I shall quit your house, and take my Sophia with me. (*Takes her by the hand.*)

Old W. What, would you steal a ward from her guardian?

Young W. Nay, if you proceed to force—make a prisoner of her—take the consequence. (*Draws.*)

Mead. She has been long a prisoner, sir, in a place she dislikes; but here is my *habeas* for her removal. (*Pulls out a pistol.*) So, as you respect the law, gentlemen, stand by.

Old W. Roll me out of the way; I shall be shot or run through between them.

Young W. What, have I no assistance? Where are all my servants?

Old W. George! a word with you, George: this is a very ugly story, and we had better make the best of it.

Young W. What, sir, will you acquiesce in your dishonour.

Mead. Good night; you shall hear from me. (*Going.*)

Old W. Stay, Captain; I have something to propose to you.

Young W. I perceive what you intend; but I will not stay to be a witness of your weakness, and my own shame. I shall take other steps to right myself. [*Exit.*]

Old W. You see what an obstinate boy he is: but I won't cross your inclinations, Sophia; you have my consent. This is always my way—when I can't help it. (*Aside.*)

Mead. I take you at your word, sir; but, to-morrow, will put your ward under the protection of the law; for I will never take advantage of her partiality in my favour, until she is at full liberty to choose for herself.

True love a jealous delicacy knows,

And slights all dower, but what the heart bestows.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE IRISH WIDOW;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY DAVID GARRICK.



Act II.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

SIR PAT. O'NEALE
WHITTLE
BATES

KECKSEY
NEPHEW
THOMAS

FOOTMAN
WIDOW BRADY
SERVANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Whittle's House.

Enter BATES and a Servant.

Bates. Is he gone out? his card tells me to come directly; I did but lock up some papers, take my hat and cane, and away I hurried.

Serv. My master desires you will sit down; he will return immediately; he had some business with his lawyer, and went out in great haste, leaving the message I have delivered. Here is my young master. [*Exit.*

Enter the Nephew.

Bates. What, lively Billy! Hold, I beg your pardon—melancholy William, I think. Here's a fine revolution; I hear your uncle, who was last month all gravity, and you all mirth, have changed characters; he is now all spirit, and you are in the dumps, young man.

Nep. And for the same reason—this journey to Scarborough will unfold the riddle.

Bates. Come, come, in plain English, and before your uncle comes, explain the matter.

Nep. In the first place, I am undone.

Bates. In love, I know: I hope your uncle is not undone, too; that would be the devil!

Nep. He has taken possession of him in every sense. In short, he came to Scarborough to see the lady I had fallen in love with—

Bates. And fell in love himself?

Nep. Yes, and with the same lady.

Bates. That is the devil, indeed.

Nep. Oh! Mr. Bates, when I thought my happiness complete, and wanted only my uncle's consent to give me the independence he so often has promised me, he came to Scarborough for that purpose, and wished me joy of my choice; but, in less than a week, his approbation turned into a passion for her; he now hates the sight of me, and is re-

solved, with the consent of the father, to make her his wife directly.

Bates. So, he keeps you out of her fortune, won't give his consent, (which his brother's foolish will requires,) and he would marry, himself, the same woman, because right, title, conscience, nature, justice, and every law, divine and human, are against it.

Nep. Thus he tricks me, at once, both of wife and fortune, without the least want of either.

Bates. Well said, friend Whittle! but it can't be, it sha'n't be, and it must not be; this is murder and robbery in the strongest sense, and he sha'n't be hanged in chains to be laughed at by the whole town, if I can help it.

Nep. I am distracted, the widow is distressed, and we both shall run mad. [and five!]

Bates. A widow, too! 'gad a mercy! threescore

Nep. But such a widow! She is now in town with her father, who wants to get her off his hands; 'tis equal to him who has her, so she is provided for—I hear somebody coming; I must away to her lodgings, where she waits for me to execute a scheme directly for our delivery.

Bates. What is her name, Billy?

Nep. Brady. [Patrick O'Neale?]

Bates. Brady! Is not she the daughter of Sir

Nep. The same. She was sacrificed to the most senseless, drunken profligate in the whole country. He lived to run out his fortune; and the only advantage she got from the union was, he broke that and his neck before he had broke her heart.

Bates. The affair of marriage is, in this country, put upon the easiest footing: there is neither love nor hate in the matter; necessity brings them together; they are united at first for their mutual convenience, and separated ever after for their particular pleasures. Oh, rare matrimony! Where does she lodge?

Nep. In Pall-Mall, near the hotel.

Bates. I'll call in my way, and assist at the consultation; I am for a bold stroke, if gentle methods should fail.

Nep. We have a plan, and a spirited one, if my sweet widow is able to go through it: pray let us have your friendly assistance; ours is the cause of love and reason.

Bates. Get you gone with your love and reason! they seldom pull together now-a-days. I'll give your uncle a dose first, and then I'll meet you at the widow's. What says your uncle's privy-counsellor, Mr. Thomas, to this?

Nep. He is greatly our friend, and will enter sincerely into our service; he is honest, sensible, ignorant, and particular; a kind of half coxcomb, with a thorough good heart—But he's here.

Bates. Do you go about your business, and leave the rest to me. *[Exit Nephew.]*

Enter THOMAS, with a pamphlet.

Mr. Thomas, I am glad to see you; upon my word, you look charmingly; you wear well, Mr. Thomas.

Tho. Which is a wonder, considering how times go, Mr. Bates; they'll wear and tear me, too, if I don't take care of myself; my old master has taken the nearest way to wear himself out, and all that belong to him.

Bates. Why, surely, this strange story about town is not true, that the old gentleman is fallen in

Tho. Ten times worse than that. *[love?]*

Bates. The devil!

Tho. And his horns—going to be married!

Bates. Not if I can help it.

Tho. You never saw such an altered man in your born days! he's grown young again; he frisks, and prances, and runs about, as if he had a new pair of legs; he has left off his brown camel sur-tout, which he wore all the summer, and now, with his hat under his arm, he goes open-breasted, and he dresses, and powders, and smirks, so that you would take him for the mad Frenchman in Bedlam: something wrong in his upper story. Would you think it? he wants me to wear a pig-tail. *[tail.]*

Bates. Then he is far gone, indeed! *[tail.]*
Tho. As sure as you are there, Mr. Bates, a pig-tail! we have had sad work about it; I made a compromise with him to wear these ruffled shirts which he gave me; but they stand in my way. I am not so listless with them; though I have tied up my hands for him, I won't tie up my head, that I am resolute.

Bates. This it is to be in love, Thomas.

Tho. He may make free with himself, he sha'n't make a fool of me; he has got his head into a bag, but I won't have a pig-tail tacked to mine; and so I told him—

Bates. What did you tell him?

Tho. That as I and my father, and his father before me, had worn their own hair, as heaven had sent it, I thought myself rather too old to set up for a monkey, at my time of life, and wear a pig-tail. He, he, he!—he took it.

Bates. With a wry face, for it was wormwood.

Tho. Yes, he was frumped, and called me old blockhead, and would not speak to me the rest of the day; but the next day he was at it again; he then put me into a passion, and I could not help telling him, that I was an Englishman born, and had my prerogative as well as he; and that as long as I had breath in my body, I was for liberty, and a straight head of hair. *[that.]*

Bates. Well said, Thomas; he could not answer

Tho. The poorest man in England is a match for the greatest, if he will but stick to the laws of the land, and the statute-books, as they are delivered down to us from our forefathers.

Bates. You are right; we must lay our wits together, and drive the widow out of your old master's

head, and put her into your young master's hands.

Tho. With all my heart; nothing can be more meritorious—marry at his years! what a terrible account would he make of it, Mr. Bates! Let me see, on the debtor side, sixty-five; and per contra creditor, a buxom widow of twenty-three. He'll be a bankrupt in a fortnight. He, he, he!

Bates. And so he would, Mr. Thomas. What have you got in your hand?

Tho. A pamphlet my old gentleman takes in; he has left off buying histories and religious pieces by numbers, as he used to do; and since he has got this widow in his head, he reads nothing but the *Amorous Repository*, *Cupid's Revels*, *Call to Marriage*, *Hymen's Delights*, *Love lies a Bleeding*, *Love in the Suda*, and such like tender compositions. *[him.]*

Bates. Here he comes, with all his folly about

Tho. Yes, and the first fool from *Vanity-fair*. Heaven help us! love turns man and woman topsy-turvy. *[Exit.]*

Whit. (Without.) Where is he? where is my good friend?

Enter WHITTLE.

Ha! here he is; give me your hand.

Bates. I am glad to see you in such spirits, my old gentleman.

Whit. Not so old, neither; no man ought to be called old, friend Bates, if he is in health, spirits, and—

Bates. In his senses; which I should rather doubt, as I never saw you half so frolicsome in my life.

Whit. Never too old to learn, friend; and if I don't make use of my own philosophy now, I may wear it out in twenty years: I have been always bantered as of too grave a cast; you know, when I studied at Lincoln's Inn, they used to call me *Young Wisdom*.

Bates. And if they should call you *Old Folly*, it will be a much worse name.

Whit. No young jackanapes dares to call me so, while I have this friend at my side. *(Touches his sword.)*

Bates. A hero, too! What, in the name of common sense, is come to you, my friend? High spirits, quick honour, a long sword, and a bag! you want nothing but to be terribly in love, and then you may sally forth Knight of the *Woeful Countenance*. Ha, ha, ha!

Whit. Mr. Bates, the ladies, who are the best judges of countenances, are not of your opinion; and unless you'll be a little serious, I must beg pardon for giving you this trouble, and I'll open my mind to some more attentive friend.

Bates. Well, come, unlock then, you wild, handsome, vigorous, young dog, you; I will please you if I can.

Whit. I believe you never saw me look better, Frank, did you?

Bates. Oh! yes, rather better forty years ago.

Whit. What, when I was at Merchant-Tailors'?

Bates. At Lincoln's Inn, Tom. *[School?]*

Whit. It can't be; I never disguise my age, and next February I shall be fifty-four.

Bates. Fifty-four! why I am sixty, and you always licked me at school; though I believe I could do as much for you now, and, ecod! I believe you deserve it, too.

Whit. I tell you I am in my fifty-fifth year.

Bates. Oh! you are; let me see: we were together at Cambridge, Anno Domini, twenty-five, which is near fifty years ago. You came to the college, indeed, surprisingly young; and, what is more surprising, by this calculation, you went to school before you was born: you was always a forward child.

Whit. I see there is no talking or consulting with you in this humour; and so, Mr. Bates, when you

are in temper to shew less of your wit, and more of your friendship, I shall consult with you.

Bates. Fare you well, my old boy—young fellow, I mean; when you have done sowing your wild oats, and have been blistered into your right senses; when you have half killed yourself with being a beau, and return to your woollen caps, flannel waistcoats, worsted stockings, cork soles, and galoches, I am at your service again. So, *bon jour* to you, Monsieur Fifty-four. Ha, ha! [*Exit.*]

Whit. He has certainly heard of my affair; but he is old and peevish; he wants spirits and strength of constitution to conceive my happiness. I am in love with the widow, and must have her: every man knows his own wants; let the world laugh, and my friends stare! let them call me imprudent, and mad, if they please, I live in good times, and among people of fashion: so none of my neighbours, thank heaven! can have the assurance to laugh at me.

Enter KECKSEY.

Keck. What, my friend Whittle! joy, joy! to you, old boy; you are going, a-going, a-going! a fine widow has bid for you, and will have you—eh, friend? all for the best—there is nothing like it—hugh, hugh, hugh! a good wife is a good thing, and a young one is a better—ha—who's afraid? If I had not lately married one, I should have been at death's door by this time—hugh, hugh, hugh!

Whit. Thank, thank you, friend; I was coming to advise with you; I am got into the pond again; in love up to the ears; a fine woman, faith; and there's no love lost between us. Am I right, friend?

Keck. Right! ay, right as my leg, Tom! Life's nothing without love—hugh, hugh! I am happy as the day's long! my wife loves gadding, and I can't stay at home; so we are both of a mind—she's every night at one or other of the gay places; but, among friends, I am a little afraid of the damp—hugh, hugh! she has got an Irish gentleman, a kind of cousin of her's, to take care of her; a fine fellow, and so good-natured. It is a vast comfort to have such a friend in a family! Hugh, hugh!

Whit. You are a bold man, cousin Kecksey.

Keck. Bold! ay, to be sure; none but the brave deserves the fair—Hugh, hugh! who's afraid?

Whit. Why your wife is five feet ten.

Keck. Without her shoes. I hate your little shrimps; none of your lean, meagre, figures for me; I was always fond of the majestic: give me a slice of a good English sirloin; cut and come again—hugh, hugh! that's my taste.

Whit. I'm glad you have so good a stomach. And so you would advise me to marry the widow directly?

Keck. To be sure; you have not a moment to lose; I always mind what the poet says:

*"'Tis folly to lose time,
When a man is in his prime."*

Hugh, hugh, hugh!

Whit. You have an ugly cough, cousin.

Keck. Marriage is the best lozenge for it.

Whit. You have raised me from the dead; I am glad you came; Frank Bates had almost killed me with his jokes; but you have comforted me, and we will walk through the park; and I will carry you to the widow in Pall Mall.

Keck. With all my heart; I'll raise her spirits, and your's too. Courage, Tom—come along—who's afraid? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Widow Brady's Lodgings.

Enter WIDOW BRADY, the Nephew, and BATES.

Bates. Indeed, madam, there is no other way, but to cast off your real character and assume a feigned one; it is an extraordinary occasion, and requires extraordinary measures; pluck up a spirit, and do it for the honour of your sex.

Nep. Only consider, my sweet widow, that our all is at stake.

Wid. Could I bring my heart to act contrary to its feelings, would not you hate me for being a hypocrite, though it is done for your sake?

Nep. Could I think myself capable of such ingratitude—

Wid. Could we live upon affection, I would give your fortune to your uncle, and thank him for taking it; and then—

Nep. What, then, my sweet widow?

Wid. I would desire you to run away with me as fast as you can. What a pity it is that this money, which my heart despises, should hinder its happiness; or that, for the want of a few dirty acres, a poor woman must be made miserable, and sacrificed twice to those who have them.

Nep. Heaven forbid! these exquisite sentiments endear you more to me, and distract me with the dread of losing you.

Bates. Young folks, let an old man, who is not quite in love, and yet will admire a fine woman to the day of his death, throw in a little advice among your flames and darts.

Wid. Though a woman, a widow, and in love, too, I can hear reason, Mr. Bates.

Bates. And that's a wonder; you have no time to lose; for want of a jointure you are still your father's slave; he is obstinate, and has promised you to the old man; now, madam, if you will not rise superior to your sex's weakness, to secure a young fellow instead of an old one, your eyes are a couple of hypocrites.

Wid. They are a couple of traitors, I'm sure, and have led their mistress into a toil, from which all her wit cannot release her.

Nep. But it can, if you will but exert it; my uncle adored and fell in love with you for your beauty, softness, and almost speechless reserve. Now, if amidst all his rapturous ideas of your delicacy, you would bounce upon him a wild, ranting, buxom widow, he will grow sick of his bargain, and give me a fortune to take you off his hands.

Wid. I shall make a very bad actress.

Nep. You are an excellent mimic; assume but the character of your Irish female neighbour in the country, with which you astonished us so agreeably at Scarborough, you will frighten my uncle into terms, and do that for us which neither my love nor your virtue can accomplish without it.

Wid. Now for a trial. (*Mimicking a strong brogue.*) Fait and trot, if you will be after bringing me before the old jontleman, if he loves music, I will trate his ears with a little of the brogue, and some dancing, too, into the bargain, if he loves capering. Oh! bless me, my heart fails me, and I am frightened out of my wits; I can never go through it. (*Nep. and Bates both laugh.*)

Nep. (*Kneeling and kissing her hand.*) Oh! 'tis admirable! Love himself inspires you, and we shall conquer; what say you, Mr. Bates?

Bates. I'll insure you success; I can scarce believe my own ears; such a tongue and a brogue would make Hercules tremble at five-and-twenty. But, away, away, and give him a broadside in the Park; there you'll find him hobbling with that old cuckold, Kecksey. [*Play?*]

Wid. But will my dress suit the character I

Nep. The very thing; is your retinue ready, and your part got by heart?

Wid. All is ready: 'tis an act of despair to punish folly, and reward merit: 'tis the last effort of pure, honourable, love; and if every woman would exert the same spirit for the same out-of-fashion rarity, there would be less business for Doctors'-commons. Now let the critics laugh at me if they dare. [*Exit.*]

Nep. Bravo! bravissima! sweet widow! [*Exit.*]

Bates. Huzza! huzza! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Park.**Enter WHITTLE and KECKSEY.*

Whit. Yes, yes, she is Irish; but so modest, so mild, and so tender, and just enough of the accent to give a peculiar sweetness to her words, which drop from her in monosyllables, with such a delicate reserve, that I shall have all the comfort, without the impertinence of a wife.

Keck. There our taste differs, friend; I am for a lively smart girl in my house—hugh, hugh! to keep up my spirits, and make me merry: I don't admire dumb-waiters, not I, no still life for me; I love the prittle prattle; it sets me to sleep, and I can take a sound nap, while my Sally and her cousin are running and playing about the house like young cats.

Whit. I am for no cats in my house; I cannot sleep with a noise; the widow was made on purpose for me; she is so bashful, has no acquaintance, and she never would stir out of doors, if her friends were not afraid of a consumption, and so force her into the air. Such a delicate creature! you shall see her! you shall see her! you were always for a tall, chattering, frisky, wench; now, for my part, I am with the old saying:

Wife a mouse,—Quiet house;

Wife a cat,—Dreadful that.

Keck. I don't care for your sayings—who's afraid?

Whit. There goes Bates, let us avoid him, he will only be joking with us; when I have taken a serious thing into my head, I can't bear to have it laughed out again. This way, friend Kecksey.—What have we got here?

Keck. (*Looking out.*) Some fine prancing wench, with her lovers and footmen about her; she's a gay one by her motions.

Whit. Were she not so flaunting, I should take it for—No, it is impossible; and yet is not that my nephew with her? I forbad him speaking to her; it can't be the widow; I hope it is not.

Enter WIDOW BRADY, followed by the Nephew, three Footmen, and a black Boy.

Wid. Don't bother me, young man, with your darts, your Cupids, and your pangs; if you had half of 'em about you that you swear you have, they would have cured you, by killing you long ago. Would you have me faithless to your uncle, eh! young man? Was not I faithful to you, till I was ordered to be faithful to him? But I must know more of your English ways, and live more among the English ladies, to learn how to be faithful to two at a time; and so there's my answer for you.

Nep. Then I know my relief, for I cannot live without you. [*Exit.*]

Wid. Take what relief you please, young gentleman; what have I to do with dat? He is certainly mad, or out of his senses, for he swears he can't live without me, and yet he talks of killing himself! How does he make out dat? If a countryman of mine had made such a blunder, they would have put it into all the newspapers, and Faulkner's Journal beside; but an Englishman may look over the hedge, while an Irishman must not stale a horse.

Keck. Is this the widow, friend Whittle?

Whit. I don't know—(*sighing*) it is,—and it is not.

Wid. Your servant, Mr. Whittol; I wish you would spake to your nephew not to be whining and dangle after me all day in his green coat. It is not for my reputation that he should follow me about like a beggar-man, and ask me for what I had given him along ago, but have since bestowed upon you, Mr. Whittol.

Whit. He is an impudent beggar, and shall be really so, for his disobedience.

Wid. As he can't live without me, you know, it will be charity to starve him: I wish the poor

young man dead with all my heart, as he thinks it will do him a great dale of good.

Keck. (*To Whittle.*) She is tender, indeed! and I think she has the brogue a little—hugh, hugh!

Whit. 'Tis stronger to-day than ever I heard it. (*To Keck.*)

Wid. And are you now talking of my brogue? It is always the most fullest when the wind is easterly; it has the same effect upon me, as upon stammering people—they can't spake for their impediment, and my tongue is fixed so loose in my mouth I can't stop it for the life of me.

Whit. What a terrible misfortune, friend Kecksey! [*Says I.*]

Keck. Not at all; the more tongue the better,

Wid. When the wind changes I have no brogue at all, at all. But come, Mr. Whittol, don't let us be vulgar and talk of our poor relations. It is impossible to be in this metropolis of London, and have any thought but of operas, plays, masquerades, and pantaons, to keep up one's spirits in the winter; and Vauxhall fire-works to cool and refresh one in the summer. La, la, la! (*Sings.*)

Whit. I protest she puts me into a sweat; we shall have a mob about us.

Keck. The more the merrier, I say; who's afraid?

Wid. How the people stare! as if they never saw a woman's voice before; but my vivacity has got the better of my good manners. This, I suppose, this strange gentleman is a near friend and relation, and, as such, notwithstanding his appearance, I shall always trate him, though I might dislike him upon a nearer acquaintance.

Keck. Madam, you do me honour; I like your frankness, and I like your person, and I envy my friend Whittle; and if you were not engaged, and I were not married, I would endeavour to make myself agreeable to you, that I would; hugh, hugh!

Wid. And, indeed, sir, it would be very agreeable to me; for if I did hate you as much as I did my first dare husband, I should always have the comfort, that, in all human probability, my torments would not last long.

Keck. She utters something more than monosyllables, friend; this is better than bargain: she has a fine bold way of talking.

Whit. More bold than welcome! I am struck all of a heap.

Wid. What, are you low-spirited, my dare Mr. Whittol? When you were at Scarborough, and winning my affections, you were all mirth and gaiety; and now you have won me, you are as thoughtful about it as if we had been married some time.

Whit. Indeed, madam, I can't but say I am a little thoughtful; we take it by turns; you were very sorrowful a month ago for the loss of your husband; and that you could dry up your tears so soon, naturally makes me a little thoughtful.

Wid. Indeed I could dry up my tears for a dozen husbands, when I was sure of having a thirteenth like Mr. Whittol; that's very natural, sure, both in England and Dublin, too.

Keck. She won't die of a consumption; she has a fine full-toned voice, and you'll be very happy, Tom. Hugh, hugh!

Whit. Oh! yes, very happy.

Wid. But, come, don't let us be melancholy before the time; I am sure I have been moped up for a year and a half: I was obliged to mourn for my first husband, that I might be sure of a second; and my father kept my spirits in subjection, as the best recipe (he said) for changing a widow into a wife; but now I have my arms and legs at liberty, I must and will have my swing: now I am out of my cage, I could dance two nights together, and a day, too, like any singing-bird; and I'm in such spirits that I have got rid of my father, I could fly over the moon without wings, and back again, before dinner. Bless my eyes, and don't I see there

Miss Nancy O'Flarty, and her brother, Captain O'Flarty? He was one of my dying Strephons at Scarborough; I have a very grate regard for him, and must make him a little miserable with my happiness. (*Courtesies.*) Come along, skips, (*to the Servants*) don't you be gostring there; shew your liveries, and bow to your master that is to be, and to his friend; and hold up your heads, and trip after me as lightly as if you had no legs to your feet. I shall be with you again, gentlemen, in the crack of a fan. Oh! I'll have a husband, ay, marry.

[*Exit singing, followed by Footmen.*]

Keck. A fine buxom widow, faith! no acquaintance; delicate reserve; mopes at home; forced into the air; inclined to a consumption. What a description you gave of your wife! Why she beats my Sally, Tom.

Whit. Yes, and she'll beat me, if I don't take care! What a change is here! I must turn about, or this will turn my head. Dance for two nights together, and leap over the moon! you shall dance and leap by yourself, that I am resolved.

Keck. Here she comes again; it does my heart good to see her: you are in luck, Tom.

Whit. I'd give a finger to be out of such luck.

Re-enter WIDOW BRADY, &c.

Wid. Ha, ha, ha! the poor Captain is marched off in a fury. He can't bear to hear that the town has capitulated to you, Mr. Whittol. I have promised to introduce him to you. He will make one of my dangles to take a little exercise with me, when you take your nap in the afternoon.

Whit. You sha'n't catch me napping, I assure you. What a discovery and escape I have made! I tremble with the thought of my danger! (*Aside.*)

Keck. I protest, cousin, there goes my wife, and her friend, Mr. Mac Brawn. What a fine stately couple they are! I must after 'em, and have a laugh with them; now they giggle and walk quick, that I mayn't overtake 'em. Madam, your servant. You're a happy man, Tom. Keep up your spirits, old boy. Hugh, hugh! Who's afraid? [*Exit.*]

Wid. I know Mr. Mac Brawn extremely well; he was very intimate at our house, in my first husband's time; a great comfort he was to me to be sure! He would very often leave his claret and companions for a little conversation with me. He was bred at the Dublin university, and being a very deep scholar, has fine talents for a tate-a-tate.

Whit. She knows him, too! I shall have my house overrun with the Mac Brawns, O'Shoulders, and the blood of the Backwells. Lord have mercy upon me! (*Aside.*)

Wid. Pray, Mr. Whittol, is that poor spindle-legged crater of a cousin of your's lately married? Ha, ha, ha! I don't pity the poor crater his wife, for that agreeable cough of his will soon reward her for all her sufferings.

Whit. What a delivery! a reprieve before the knot was tied. (*Aside.*)

Wid. Are you unwell, Mr. Whittol? I should be sorry you would fall sick before the happy day. Your being in danger afterwards would be a great consolation to me, because I should have the pleasure of nursing you myself. [*dam.*]

Whit. I hope never to give you that trouble, ma-

Wid. No trouble at all, at all; I assure you, sir, from my soul, that I shall take great delight in the occasion.

Whit. Indeed, madam, I believe it.

Wid. I don't care how soon, the sooner the better; and the more danger the more honour; I spake from my heart.

Whit. And so do I from mine, madam. (*Sighs.*)

Wid. But don't let us think of future pleasure, and neglect the present satisfaction. My mantua-maker is waiting for me to choose my clothes, in which I shall forget the sorrows of Mrs. Brady, in the joys of Mrs. Whittol. Though I have no for-

tune myself, I shall bring a tolerable one to you, in debts, Mr. Whittol, and which I will pay you tin-fold in tenderness; your deep purse, and my open heart, will make us the envy of the little grate ones, and the grate little ones: the people of quality with no souls, and grate souls with no cash at all. I hope you'll meet me at the Pantaon this evening. Lady Rantiton and her daughter, Miss Nettledown, and Nancy Tittup, with a half a dozen maccaronies, and two savoury vivers, are to take me there; and we promise a grate deal of chat and merriment, and dancing all night, and all other kind of recreations. I am quite another kind of a crater, now I am a bird in the fields; I can junket about a week together; I have a fine constitution, and am never molested with your nasty vapours: are you ever troubled with vapours, Mr. Whittol?

Whit. A little, now and then, madam.

Wid. I'll rattle 'em away like smoke! there are no vapours where I come; I hate your dumps, and your nerves, and your megrims; and I had much rather break your rest with a little racketting, than let anything get into your head that should not be there. Mr. Whittol.

Whit. I will take care that nothing shall be in my head, but what ought to be there. What a deliverance! (*Aside.*)

Wid. (*Looking at her watch.*) Bless me! how the hours of the clock creep away, when we are pleased with our company: but I must lave you, for there are half a hundred people waiting for me to pick your pocket, Mr. Whittol; and there is my own brother, Lieutenant O'Neale, is to arrive this morning, and he is so like me, you would not know us asunder, when we are together. You will be very fond of him, poor lad! he lives by his wits, as you do by your fortune, and so you may assist one another. Mr. Whittol, your obedient, till we meet at the Pantaon. Follow me, Pompey; and, skips, do you follow him.

Pomp. The Baccararo whiteman not let blacky boy go first after you, missis; they pull and pinch me.

Foot. It is a shame, your ladyship, that a black negro should take place of English Christians; we can't follow him, indeed.

Wid. Then you may follow one another out of my service; if you follow me, you shall follow him, for he shall go before me; therefore, resign as fast as you please; you sha'n't oppose government and keep your places too, that is not good politics in England or Ireland either; so come along, Pompey, be after going before me. Mr. Whittol, most tenderly your's. [*Exeunt Widow and Attendants.*]

Whit. Most tenderly your's! (*mimics her*) Ecod, I believe you are, and anybody's else. Oh! what an escape have I had! But how shall I clear myself of this business? I'll serve her as I would had money, put her off into other hands: my nephew is fool enough to be in love with her, and if I give him a fortune, he'll take the good and the bad together; he shall do so or starve. I'll send for Bates directly, confess my folly, ask his pardon, send him to my nephew, write and declare off with the widow, and so get rid of the tinderness as fast as I can. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in Whittle's house.

Enter BATES and WHITTLE.

Whit. Well, Mr. Bates, have you talked with my nephew; is not he overjoyed at the proposal?

Bates. The demon of discord has been among you, and has untuned the whole family: you have screwed him too high; the young man is out of his senses, I think; he stares, mopes about, and sighs; looks at me, indeed, but gives very absurd answers: I don't like him.

Whit. What is the matter, think you?

Bates. What I have always expected; there is

a crack in your family, and you take it by turns; you have had it, and now transfer it to your nephew; which, to your shame be it spoken, is the only transfer you have ever made him.

Whit. But, am I not going to do him more than justice?

Bates. As you have done him much less than justice hitherto, you can't begin too soon.

Whit. Am not I going to give him the lady he likes, and which I was going to marry myself?

Bates Yes; that is, you are taking a perpetual blister off your own back, to clap it upon his. What a tender uncle you are!

Whit. But you don't consider the estate which I shall give him.

Bates. Restore to him, you mean; 'tis his own, and you should have given it up long ago; you must do more, or old Nick will have you: your nephew won't take the widow off your hands without a fortune: throw him ten thousand into the bargain.

Whit. Indeed but I sha'n't; he shall run mad, and I'll marry her myself rather than do that. Mr. Bates, be a true friend, and sooth my nephew to consent to my proposal.

Bates. You have raised the fiend, and ought to lay him; however, I'll do my best for you: when the head is turned, nothing can bring it right again so soon as ten thousand pounds; shall I promise for you?

Whit. I'll sooner go to Bedlam myself. [*Exit Bates.*] Why, I'm in a worse condition than I was before. If this widow's father will not let me off without providing for his daughter, I may lose a great sum of money, and none of us be the better for it: my nephew half mad; myself half married; and no remedy for either of us.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir Patrick O'Neale is come to wait upon you; would you please to see him?

Whit. By all means, the very person I wanted; don't let him wait. [*Exit Servant.*] I wonder if he has seen my letter to the widow; I will sound him by degrees, that I may be sure of the mark before I strike the blow.

Enter SIR PATRICK O'NEALE.

Sir P. Mr. Whizzle, your humble servant; it gives me great pleasure, that an old jontleman of your property, will have the honour of being united with the family of the O'Neales: we have been too much jontlemen not to spend our estate, as you have made yourself a kind of jontleman by getting one; one runs out one way, and t'other runs in another, which makes them both meet at last, and keeps up the balance of Europe.

Whit. I am much obliged to you, Sir Patrick; I am an old gentleman, you say true; and I was thinking—

Sir P. And I was thinking if you were ever so old, my daughter can't make you young again; she has as fine, rich, tick blood in her veins, as any in all Ireland. I wish you had a swate crater of a daughter like mine, that we might make a double cross of it.

Whit. That would be a double cross, indeed! [*Aside.*]

Sir P. Though I was miserable enough with my first wife, who had the devil of a spirit, and the very model of her daughter, yet a brave man never shrinks from danger, and I may have better luck another time.

Whit. Yes, but I am no brave man, Sir Patrick, and I begin to shrink already.

Sir P. I have bred her up in great subjection; she is as tame as a young colt, and as tinder as a sucking chicken; you will find her a true jontlewoman, and so knowing, that you can teach her nothing; she brings everythin but money, and

you have enough of that, if you have nothing else, and that is what I call the balance of things.

Whit. But I have been considering your daughter's great deserts, and my great age—

Sir P. She is a charming crater; I would venture to say that, if I was not her father.

Whit. I say, sir, as I have been considering your daughter's great deserts, and as I own I have great demerits—

Sir P. To be sure you have, but you can't help that; and if my daughter was to mention anything of a fltering at your age, or your stinginess, by the balance of power, but I would make her repate it a hundred times to your face, to make her ashamed of it. But mum, old gentleman! the devil a word of your infirmities will she touch upon; I have brought her up to softness and to gentleness, as a kitten to new milk; she will spake nothing but no and yes, as if she were dumb; and no tame rabbit or pigeon will keep house, or be more injanious with her needle and tambourine.

Whit. She is vastly altered, then, since I saw her last, or I have lost my senses; and in either case, we had much better, since I must speak plain, not come together—

Sir P. Till you are married, you mean; with all my heart, it is the more gentale for that, and like our family: I never saw Lady O'Neale, your mother-in-law, (who, poor crater, is dead, and can never be a mother-in-law again,) till the week before I married her; and I did not care if I had never seen her then, which is a comfort too in case of death, or accidents in life.

Whit. But you don't understand me, Sir Patrick; I say—

Sir P. I say, how can that be, when we both spake English? [*Whit.* But you mistake my meaning, and don't comprehend me.

Sir P. Then you don't comprehend yourself, Mr. Whizzle, and I have not the gift of prophecy to find out, after you have spoken, what never was in you.

Whit. Let me entreat you to attend to me a little.

Sir P. I do attend, man; I don't interrupt you; out with it.

Whit. Your daughter—

Sir P. Your wife that is to be. Go on.

Whit. My wife that is not to be. Zounds! will you hear me?

Sir P. To be, or not to be, is that the question? I can swear, too, if it wants a little of that.

Whit. Dear Sir Patrick, hear me. I confess myself unworthy of her; I have the greatest regard for you, Sir Patrick; I should think myself honoured by being in your family, but there are many reasons—

Sir P. To be sure there are many reasons why an old man should not marry a young woman; but that was your business, and not mine.

Whit. I have wrote a letter to your daughter, which I was in hopes you had seen, and brought me an answer to it.

Sir P. What the devil, Mr. Whizzle, do you make a letter-porter of me? Do you imagine, you dirty fellow, with your cash, that Sir Patrick O'Neale would carry your letters? I would have you know that I despise letters, and all that belong to 'em; nor would I carry a letter to the king, heaven bless him! unless it came from myself.

Whit. But, dear Sir Patrick, don't be in a passion for nothing.

Sir P. What, is it nothing to make a penny-post-man of me? But I'll go to my daughter directly, for I have not seen her to-day; and if I find that you have written anything that I won't understand, I shall take it as an affront to my family; and you shall either let out the noble blood of the O'Neales, or I will spill the last drop of the red puddle of the Whizzles. [*Going, returns.*] Harkye! you Mr. Whizzle, Wheezle, Whistle, what's your name?

you must not stir till I come back; if you offer to ate, drink, or sleep, till my honour is satisfied, 'twill be the worst male you ever took in your life; you had better fast a year, and die at the end of six months, than dare to lave your house. So now, Mr. Weezel, you are to do as you please. [Exit.]

Whit. Now the devil is at work, indeed! If some miracle don't save me, I shall run mad like my nephew, and have a long Irish sword through me into the bargain.

Enter THOMAS.

Sad work, Thomas!

Tho. Sad work, indeed! why would you think of marrying? I knew what it would come to.

Whit. Why, what is it come to?

Tho. It is in all the papers. [lieve it.]

Whit. So much the better; then nobody will be *Tho.* But they come to me to inquire.

Whit. And you contradict it?

Tho. What signifies that? I was telling Lady Gable's footman, at the door just now, that it was all a lie, and your nephew looks out of the two-pair-of-stairs window, with eyes all on fire, and tells the whole story; upon that, there gathered such a mob!

Whit. I shall be murdered, and have my house pulled down into the bargain!

Tho. It is all quiet again. I told them the young man was out of his senses, and that you were out of town; so they went away quietly, and said they would come and mob you another time.

Whit. Thomas, what shall I do?

Tho. Nothing you have done, if you will have matters amend.

Whit. I am out of my depth, and you won't lend me your hand to draw me out.

Tho. You were out of your depth to fall in love; swim away as fast as you can, you'll be drowned if you marry.

Whit. I'm frightened out of my wits; yes, yes, 'tis all over with me; I must not stir out of my house; but am ordered to stay to be murdered in it, for aught I know. What are you muttering, Thomas? Pr'ythee, speak out, and comfort me.

Tho. It's all a judgment upon you: because your brother's foolish will says the young man must have your consent, you won't let him have her, but will marry the widow yourself; that's the dog in the manger; you can't eat the oats, and won't let those who can.

Whit. But I consent that he shall have both the widow and the fortune, if we can get him into his right senses.

Tho. For fear I should lose mine, I'll get out of Bedlam as soon as possible; you must provide yourself with another servant.

Whit. The whole earth conspires against me! you shall stay with me till I die, and then you shall have a good legacy, and I won't live long, I promise you. *(Knocking at the door.)*

Tho. Here are the undertakers already. [Exit.]

Whit. What shall I do? my head can't bear it; I will hang myself for fear of being run through the body.

Re-enter THOMAS, with bills.

Tho. Half-a-score people I never saw before, with these bills and drafts upon you for payment, signed Martha Brady.

Whit. I wish Martha Brady was at the bottom of the Thames! What an impudent, extravagant baggage, to begin her tricks already! Send them to the devil, and say I won't pay a farthing.

Tho. You'll have another mob about the door. *(Going.)*

Whit. Stay, stay, Thomas; tell them I am very busy, and they must come to-morrow morning;—stay, stay, that is promising payment: no, no, no; tell them they must stay till I am married, and so they will be satisfied, and tricked into the bargain.

Tho. When you are tricked we shall all be satisfied. [Aside, and exit.]

Whit. That of all dreadful things I should think of a woman, and that woman should be a widow, and that widow should be an Irish one! Who have we here? Another of the family, I suppose. *(Retires.)*

Enter WIDOW BRADY as Lieutenant O'Neale, seemingly fluttered, and putting up her sword. THOMAS following.

Tho. I hope you are not hurt, Captain.

Wid. Oh! not at all, at all! 'tis well they run away, or I should have made them run faster; I shall teach them how to snigger and look through glasses at their betters; these are your maccaroons, as they call themselves; by my soul, I would have taught them better manners, if they would have stood still till I had overtaken them; these whippersnappers look so much more like girls in breeches, than those I see in petticoats, that, fait and trot! it is a pity to hurt them: but to business; friend, where is your master?

Tho. There, Captain; I hope he has not offended

Wid. If you are impertinent, sir, you will offend me; lave the room.

Tho. I value my life too much not to do that. What a raw-boned Tartar! I wish he had not been caught, and sent here. [Aside to Whittle, and exit.]

Whit. Her brother, by all that's terrible! and as like her as two tigers! I sweat at the sight of him. I'm sorry Thomas is gone; he has been quarrelling already. *(Aside.)*

Wid. Is your name Whittol?

Whit. My name is Whittle, not Whittol?

Wid. We sha'n't stand for trilles. And you were born and christened by the name of Thomas?

Whit. So they told me, sir.

Wid. Then they told no lies, fait! so far, so good. *(Takes out a letter.)* Do you know that hand-writing?

Whit. As well as I know this good friend of mine, who helps me upon such occasions. *(Shewing his right hand, and smiling.)*

Wid. You had better not shew your teeth, sir, till we come to the jokes; the hand-writing is your's.

Whit. Yes, sir, it is mine. *(Sighs.)*

Wid. Death and powder! what do you sigh for? Are you ashamed, or sorry for your handy-works?

Whit. Partly one, partly t'other.

Wid. Will you be pleased, sir, to rade it aloud, that you may know it again when you hare it!

Whit. *(Takes the letter and reads.)* "Madam"—

Wid. Would you be pleased to let us know what madam you mean? for, woman of quality, and woman of no quality, and woman of all qualities, are so mixed together, that you don't know one from t'other, and are all called madams; you should always read the subscription before you open the letter.

Whit. I beg your pardon, sir. I don't like this ceremony. *(Aside.—Reads.)* "To Mrs. Brady, in Pall-mall."

[would—]

Wid. Now prosade. Fire and powder! but I

Whit. Sir, what's the matter?

Wid. Nothing at all, sir; pray, go on.

Whit. *(Reads.)* "Madam,—As I prefer your happiness to the indulgence of my own passions"—

Wid. I will not prefer your happiness to the indulgence of my passions—Mr. Whittol, rade on.

Whit. *(Reads.)* "I must confess that I am unworthy of your charms and virtues"—

Wid. Very unworthy, indeed! rade on, sir.

Whit. *(Reads.)* "I have, for some days, had a severe struggle between my justice and my passion"—

Wid. I have had no struggle at all; my justice and passion are agreed.

Whit. *(Reads.)* "The former has prevailed, and I beg leave to resign you, with all your accomplish-

ments, to some more deserving, though not more admiring servant, than your miserable and devoted,

THOMAS WHITTLE."

Wid. And miserable and devoted you shall be! To the postscript; read on.

Whit. (Reads.) "Postscript:—let me have your pity, but not your anger."

Wid. In answer to this love epistle, (snatches the letter) you pitiful fellow! my sister presents you with her tenderest wishes, and assures you that you have, as you desire, her pity, and she generously throws her contempt, too, into the bargain. (Tears the letter, and throws it at him.)

Whit. I am infinitely obliged to her.

Wid. I must beg leave, in the name of all our family, to present the same to you.

Whit. I am ditto to all the family.

Wid. But as a brache of promise to any of our family was never suffered without a brache into somebody's body, I have fixed upon myself to be your operator; and I believe that you'll find that I have as fine a hand at this work, and will give you as little pain, as any in the three kingdoms. (Sits down and loosens her knee-bands.) [about?]

Whit. For heaven's sake! Captain, what are you

Wid. I always loosen my garters for the advantage of lunging; it is for your sake as well as my own; for I will be twice through your body, before you shall feel me once.

Whit. What a terrible fellow it is! I wish Thomas would come in. (Aside.)

Wid. Come, sir, prepare yourself; you are not the first, by half-a-score, that I have run through and through the heart, before they knew what was the matter with them. [sister?]

Whit. But, Captain, suppose I will marry you

Wid. I have not the last objection, if you recover of your wounds. Callaghan O'Connor lives very happy with my great aunt, Mrs. Deborah O'Neale, in the county of Galway; except a small asthma he got by my running him through the lungs, at the Carrurgh: he would have forsaken her, if I had not stopped his perfidy by a famous family stypitic I have here. Oh! my little boy! but you shall get it. (Draws.)

Whit. (Aside.) What shall I do? Well, sir, if I must, I must; I'll meet you to-morrow morning in Hyde-park, let the consequence be what it will.

Wid. For fear you might forget that favour, I must beg to be indulged with a little pushing now; I have set my heart upon it; and two birds in hand is worth one in the bushes, Mr. Whittol: come, sir.

Whit. But I have not settled my matters.

Wid. Oh! we'll settle them in a trice, I warrant you! (Puts herself in a position.)

Whit. But I don't understand the sword; I had rather fight with pistols.

Wid. I am very happy it is in my power to oblige you; there, sir, take your choice; I will please you, if I can. (Offers pistols.)

Whit. Out of the pan into the fire! there's no putting him off; if I had chosen poison, I dare swear he had arsenic in his pocket. (Aside.) Lookye! young gentleman, I am an old man, and you'll get no credit by killing me; but I have a nephew as young as yourself, and you'll get more honour in facing him.

Wid. Ay, and more pleasure, too. I expect ample satisfaction from him, after I have done your business: prepare, sir.

Whit. What the devil! won't one serve your turn? I can't fight, and I won't fight; I'll do anything rather than fight; I'll marry your sister; my nephew shall marry her; I'll give him all my fortune: what would the fellow have? Here, nephew, Thomas! murder, murder! (He flies, and she pursues.)

Enter BATES and Nephew.

Nep. What's the matter, uncle?

Whit. Murder! that's all: that ruffian there would kill me, and eat me afterwards.

Nep. I'll find a way to cool him. Come out, sir, I am as mad as yourself; I'll match you, I warrant you. (Going out.)

Wid. I'll follow you all the world over. (Going after him.)

Whit. Stay, stay, nephew, you sha'n't fight; we shall be exposed all over the town, and you may lose your life, and I shall be cursed from morning to night: do, nephew, make yourself and me happy; be the olive-branch, and bring peace into my family; return to the widow; I will give you my consent, and your fortune, and a fortune for the widow, five thousand pounds! Do persuade him, Mr. Bates.

Bates. Do, sir; this is a very critical point of your life; I know you love her; 'tis the only method to restore us all to our senses. (To Nephew.)

Nep. I must talk in private first with this hot young gentleman.

Wid. As private as you please, sir.

Whit. Take their weapons away, Mr. Bates; and do you follow me to my study, to witness my proposal; it is all ready, and only wants signing: come along, come along! [Exit.]

Bates. Victoria, victoria! give me your swords and pistols; and, now, do your worst, you spirited, loving, young couple; I could leap out of my skin! [Exit.]

Nep. Oh! my charming widow! what a day have we gone through!

Wid. I would go through ten times as much to deceive an old amorous spark, like your uncle, to purchase a young one, like his nephew.

Nep. I listened at the door all this last scene; my heart was agitated with ten thousand fears. Suppose my uncle had been stout, and drawn his sword.

Wid. I should have run away as he did: when two cowards meet, the struggle is who shall run first; and, sure, I can beat an old man at anything.

Nep. Permit me thus to seal my happiness. (Kneels, and kisses her hand.)

Enter WHITTLE and BATES.

Bates. Confusion! (Aside.)

Whit. (To Bates.) Heyday! I am afraid his head is not right, yet: he was kneeling and kissing the Captain's hand. [come about.]

Bates. (To Whittle.) Take no notice, all will

Wid. I find, Mr. Whittol, your family loves kissing better than fighting; he swears, I am as like my sister as two pigeons.

Enter SIR PATRICK O'NEALE.

Sir P. I hope, Mr. Whizzle, you'll excuse my coming back to give you an answer, without having any to give; I hear a grate dale of news about myself, and came to know if it be true; they say my son is in London, when he tells me himself, by letter here, that he's at Limerick; and I have been with my daughter to tell her the news, but she would not stay at home to receive it, so I am come—Oh, gra-ma-chree! my little din ousil craw! what have we got here? a piece of mummery! here is my son and daughter, too, fait! What, are you waring the breeches, Pat, to see how they become you when you are Mrs. Weezel?

Wid. I beg your pardon for that, sir! I wear them before marriage, because I think they become a woman better than after.

Whit. What, is not this your son? (Astonished.)

Sir P. No, but it is my daughter, and that is the same thing.

Wid. (To Whit.) And your niece, sir, which is better than either.

Whit. Mighty well! and, I suppose, you have not lost your wits, young man?

Nep. I sympathize with you, sir; we lost them together, and found them at the same time.

Whit. Here's villany! Mr. Bates, give me the paper; not a farthing shall they have till the law gives it them.

Bates. We'll cheat the law, and give it them now. (*Gives Nephew the paper.*)

Whit. He may take his own, but he sha'n't have a sixpence of the five thousand pounds I promised him. [mise.]

Bates. Witness, good folks, he owns to the pro-
Sir P. Fait! I'll witness dat, or anything else in a good cause.

Whit. What, am I choused again?

Bates. Why should not my friend be choused out of a little justice for the first time? Your hard usage has sharpened your nephew's wits; therefore, beware, don't play with edge-tools; you'll only cut your fingers.

Sir P. And your trote, too, which is all one; therefore, to make all asy, marry my daughter first, and then quarrel with her afterwards; that will be in the natural course of things.

Whit. Here, Thomas! where are you?

Enter THOMAS.

Here are fine doings! I am deceived, tricked, and cheated!

Tho. I wish you joy, sir! the best thing that could have happened to you; and, as a faithful servant, I have done my best to check you.

Whit. To check me!

Tho. You were galloping full speed, and down hill, too; and if we had not laid hold of the bridle, being a bad jockey, you would have hung by your horns in the stirrup, to the great joy of the whole town.

Whit. What, have you helped to trick me?

Tho. Into happiness. You have been foolish a long while, turn about and be wise; he has got the woman and his estate, give them your blessing, which is not worth much, and live like a Christian for the future.

Whit. I will, if I can; but I can't look at them; I can't bear the sound of my voice, nor the sight of my own face: lookye! I am distressed and distracted! and can't come to yet; I will be reconciled, if possible; but don't let me see or hear from you, if you would have me forget and forgive you. I shall never lift up my head again!

Wid. I hope, Sir Patrick, that my preferring the nephew to the uncle will meet with your approbation?

Sir P. You are out of my hands, Pat; so if you won't trouble me with your afflictions, I shall sincerely rejoice at your felicity.

Nep. It would be a great abatement of my present joy, could I believe that this lady should be

assisted in her happiness, or be supported in her afflictions, by any one but her lover and husband.

Sir P. Fine notions are fine tings! but a fine estate gives everything but ideas, and them, too, if you'll appale to those who help you to spend it. What say you, widow?

Wid. By your and their persuasion I will tell my mind to this good company; and for fear my words should want ideas, too, I will add an Irish tune, that may carry off a bad voice and bad matter.

SONG.—WIDOW BRADY.

A widow bewitch'd with her passion,

Though Irish, is now quite asham'd,

To think that she's so out of fashion,

To marry and then to be tam'd.

'Tis love, the dear joy!

That old-fashion'd boy!

Has got into my breast with his quiver;

The blind urchin, he

Struck the cush-la-ma-chree,

And a husband secures me for ever!

Ye fair ones, I hope, will excuse me,

Though vulgar, pray do not abuse me;

I cannot become a fine lady,

Oh! love has bewitch'd Widow Brady.

Ye critics, to murder so willing,

Pray, see all our errors with blindness,

For once change your method of killing,

And kill a fond widow with kindness;

If you look so severe,

In a fit of despair,

Again will I draw forth my steel, sirs;

You know I've the art,

To be twice through your heart,

Before I can once make you feel, sirs.

Brother-soldiers, I hope you'll protect me,

Nor let cruel critics dissect me;

To favour my cause be but ready,

And grateful you'll find Widow Brady.

To all that I see here before me,

The bottom, the top, and the middle,

For music we now must implore you;

No wedding without pipe and fiddle:

If all are in tune,

Pray, let it be soon,

My heart in my bosom is prancing!

If your hands should unite

To give us delight,

Oh! that's the best piping and dancing.

Your plaudits to me are a treasure,

Your smiles are a dow'r for a lady;

Oh! joy to you all in full measure,

So wishes and prays Widow Brady.

[*Exeunt.*]

A BOLD STROKE FOR A HUSBAND;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY MRS. COWLEY.



Act III.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

DON CÆSAR	DON VINCENTIO	GASPER	DONNA VICTORIA	MARCELLA
DON JULIO	DON GARCIA	PEDRO	DONNA LAURA	SANCHA
DON CARLOS	DON VASQUEZ	DONNA OLIVIA	MINETTE	INIS

ACT I.—SCENE I.—A Street in Madrid.

Enter SANCHA from a house.

San. Hist! Pedro, Pedro! [*Enter PEDRO.*] There he is: dost see him? just turning by St. Anthony, in the corner. Now, do you tell him that your mistress is not at home; and if his jealous donship should insist on searching the house, as he did yesterday, say that somebody is ill—the black has got a fever, or that—

Ped. Pho, pho! get you in. Don't I know that the duty of a lacquey in Madrid, is to lie with a good grace? I have been studying it now for a whole week, and I'll defy don or devil to surprise me into a truth. Here he comes. [*Exit Sancha.*] [*Enter DON CARLOS.*] Donna Laura is not at home, sir.

Car. Not at home! Come, sir, what have you reported. Lie—lie, signior!

Car. It must be a lie, by your promptness in delivering it. What a fool does your mistress trust! A clever rascal would have waited my approach, and, delivering the message with easy coolness, deceived me: thou hast been on the watch, and runnest towards me with a face of stupid importance, bawling, (that she may hear through the lattice how well thou obeyest her,) “Donna Laura is not at home, sir!”

Ped. Hear through the lattice! Ah! by'r lady! she must have long ears, to reach from the grotto in the garden to the street.

Car. Ah! (*Seizing him.*) Now, sir, your ears shall be longer, if you do not tell me who is with her in the grotto.

Ped. In the grotto, sir! Did I say anything about the grotto? I—I only meant that—

Car. Fool! Dost thou trifle with me? Who is with her? (*Pinching his ear.*)

Ped. Oh! Why, nobody, sir; only the pretty young gentleman's valet, waiting for an answer to a letter he brought. There! I have saved my ears at the expense of my place. I have worn this fine coat but a week, and I shall be sent back to Segovia for not being able to lie, though I have been learning the art six days and nights.

via for not being able to lie, though I have been learning the art six days and nights.

Car. Well; come this way; if thou wilt promise to be faithful to me, I will not betray thee, nor, at present, enter the house.

Ped. Oh! sir, blessings on you! [*visit her?*]

Car. How often does the pretty young gentleman

Ped. Every day, sir. If he misses, madam's stark

Car. Where does he live? [*wild.*]

Ped. Truly, I know not, sir.

Car. How! (*Menacing.*)

Ped. By the honesty of my mother, I cannot tell, sir. She calls him Florio; that's his christian name—his heathen name I never heard.

Car. You must acquaint me when they are next together.

Ped. Lord! sir, if there should be any blood

Car. Promise! or I'll lead thee by the ears to

Ped. I promise, I promise! [*the grotto.*]

Car. There, take that; (*gives money*) and if thou art faithful, I'll treble it. Now go in, and be a good lad; and, d'y'e hear? you may tell lies to everybody else, but you must always speak truth to me.

Ped. I will, sir, I will! [*Exit.*]

Car. 'Tis well my passion is extinguished, for I can now act with coolness; I'll wait patiently for the hour of their security, and take them in the softest moments of their love. But if ever I trust to woman more, may ever—

Enter two Women, followed by DON JULIO.

Julio. Fie! ladies, keep your curtains drawn so late! The sun is up; 'tis time to look abroad. (*Tries to remove the veils.*) Nay, if you are determined on night and silence, I take my leave. A woman without prattle, is like Burgundy without spirit. Bright eyes, to touch me, must belong to sweet tongues. (*Going.*)

Car. Sure, 'tis Julio. Eh!

Julio. (*Returning.*) Don Carlos? Yes, by all the sober gods of matrimony! Why, what business, Goodman gravity! canst thou have in Madrid? I understand you are married; quietly settled in your

own pastures; father of a family, and the intrusive companion of country vine-dressers. Ha, ha!

Car. 'Tis false, by heaven! I have forsworn the country; left my family, and run away from my wife.

Julio. Really! then matrimony has not totally destroyed thy free-will.

Car. 'Tis with difficulty I have preserved it, though; for, women, thou knowest, are most unreasonable beings! As soon as I had exhausted my stock of love-foes, which, with management, lasted beyond the honeymoon, madam grew sullen; I found home dull, and amused myself with the pretty peasants of the neighbourhood—worse and worse! we had nothing now but faintings, tears, and hysterics for twenty-four honeymoons more. So, one morning, I gave her, in her sleep, a farewell kiss, to comfort her when she should awake, and posted to Madrid; where, if it was not for the remembrance of the clog at my heel, I should bound o'er the regions of pleasure with more spirit than a young Arabian on his mountains. [fairs of gallantry.]

Julio. Do you find this clog no hindrance in af-

Car. Not much. In that house there—but, d—n her! she's perfidious!—in that house is a woman of beauty, with pretensions to character and fortune, who devoted herself to my passion.

Julio. If she's perfidious, give her to the winds.

Car. Ah! but there is a rub, Julio; I have been a fool—a woman's fool! In a state of intoxication, she wheedled me, or, rather, cheated me, out of a

Julio. Pho! is that— [settlement.]

Car. Oh! but you know not its nature. A settlement of lands, that both honour and gratitude ought to have preserved sacred from such base alienation. In short, if I cannot recover them, I am a ruined man.

Julio. Nay, this seems a worse clog than t'other. Poor Carlos! so bewiled and be—

Car. Pr'ythee, have compassion. [Enter a Servant with a letter to Julio; and exit.] An appointment, I'll be sworn, by that air of mystery and satisfaction: come, be friendly, and communicate.

Julio. [Putting up the letter.] You are married, Carlos; that's all I have to say: you are married.

Car. Pho! that's past long ago, and ought to be forgotten; but if a man does a foolish thing once, he'll hear of it all his life.

Julio. Ay, the time has been when thou mightest have been entrusted with such a dear secret; when I might have opened the billet, and feasted thee with the sweet meandering strokes at the bottom, which form her name; when—

Car. What, 'tis from a woman, then?

Julio. It is.

Car. Handsomé?

Julio. Hum! not absolutely handsome; but she'll pass, with one who has not had his taste spoiled by matrimony.

Car. Malicious dog! Is she young?

Julio. Under twenty: fair complexion, azure eyes, red lips, teeth of pearl, polished neck, finetured shape, graceful—

Car. Hold! Julio, if thou lovest me! Is it possible she can be so bewitching a creature?

Julio. 'Tis possible; though, to deal plainly, I never saw her; but I love my own pleasure so well, that I could fancy all that, and ten times more.

Car. What star does she inhabit?

Julio. Faith! I know not; my orders are to be in waiting, at seven, at the Prado.

Car. Prado, eh! Gad! can't you take me with you? for, though I have forsworn the sex myself, and have done with them for ever, yet I may be of use to you, you know.

Julio. Faith! I can't see that; however, as you are a poor, woe-begone, married mortal, I'll have compassion, and suffer thee to come.

Car. Then I am a man again! Wife, avant! mistress, farewell! At seven, you say?

Julio. Exactly.

Car. I'll meet thee at Philippi!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Garden belonging to Don Caesar.

Enter MINETTE and INIS.

Min. There, will that do? My lady sent me to make her up a nosegay; these orange-flowers are delicious! and this rose, how sweet!

Inis. Pho! what signifies wearing sweets in her bosom, unless they would sweeten her manners? 'Tis amazing you can be so much at your ease; one might think your lady's tongue were a lute, and her morning scolds an agreeable serenade.

Min. So they are. Custom, you know. I have been used to her music, now, these two years, and I don't believe I could relish my breakfast without it.

Inis. I would rather never break my fast, than do it on such terms. What a difference between your mistress and mine! Donna Victoria is as much too gentle, as her cousin is too harsh.

Min. Ay, and you see what she gets by it: had she been more spirited, perhaps her husband would not have forsaken her; men enlisted under the matrimonial banner, like those under the king's, would be often tempted to run away from their colours, if fear did not keep them in dread of desertion.

Inis. If making a husband afraid is the way to keep him faithful, I believe your lady will be the happiest wife in Spain.

Min. Ha, ha, ha! how people may be deceived! nay, how people are deceived! But time will discover all things.

Inis. What! what, is there a secret in the business, Minette? If there is, hang time! let's have it directly. [could surprise ye! (Going.)]

Min. Now, if I dared but tell ye—lud, lud! how I

Inis. (Stopping her.) Don't go.

Min. I must go; I am on the very brink of betraying my mistress. I must leave you. Mercy upon me! it rises like new bread. [know all.]

Inis. I hope it will choke ye, if ye stir till I

Min. Will you never breathe a syllable?

Inis. Never.

Min. Will you strive to forget it the moment you have heard it? [forget it.]

Inis. I'll swear to myself forty times a-day to *Min.* You are sure you will not let me stir from this spot till you know the whole?

Inis. Not as far as a thrush hops.

Min. So! now, then, in one word, here it goes. Though everybody supposes my lady an arrant scold, she's no more a— [Looking out.]

Don Caesar. (Without.) Out upon't! eh!

Min. Oh! St. Jerome! here is her father and his privy-counsellor, Gasper. I can never communicate a secret in quiet. Well! come to my chamber; for, now my hand's in, you shall have the whole. I would not keep it another day, to be confidante to an infant. [Exeunt.]

Enter DON CAESAR and GASPER.

Gasp. Take comfort, sir; take comfort.

Caesar. Take it! why, where the devil shall I find it? You may say, "Take physic, sir," or "Take poison, sir;" they are to be had; but what signifies bidding me take comfort, when I can neither buy it, beg it, nor steal it?

Gasp. But patience will bring it, sir.

Caesar. 'Tis false, sirrah! Patience is a cheat, and the man that ranked her with the cardinal virtues was a fool. I have had patience at bed and board these three long years, but the comfort she promised has never called in with a civil "How d'ye?"

Gasp. Ay, sir, but you know the poets say that the twin-sister and companion of comfort is good-humour. Now, if you would but drop that agreeable acidity which is so conspicuous—

Caesar. Then let my daughter drop her perverse humour; 'tis a more certain bar to marriage than ugliness or folly; and will send me to my grave, at last, without male heirs. (Crying.) How many have laid siege to her! But that humour of hers, like the works of Gibraltar, no Spaniard can find pregnable.

Gasp. Ay, well! Troy held out but ten years. Let her once tell over her beads, unmarried, at

five-and-twenty, and, my life upon it, she ends the rosary with a hearty prayer for a good husband.

Cæsar. What, d'ye expect me to wait till the horrors of old maidenism fright her into civility? No, no; I'll shut her up in a convent, marry myself, and have heirs in spite of her. There's my neighbour Don Vasquez's daughter, she is but nineteen—

Gasp. The very step I was going to recommend, sir. You are but a young gentleman of sixty-three, I take it; and a husband of sixty-three, who marries a wife of nineteen, will never want heirs, take my word for it.

Cæsar. What! do you joke, sirrah?

Gasp. Oh! no, sir; not if you are serious. I think it would be one of the pleasantest things in the world! Madam would throw a new life into the family; and when you are above stairs, in the gout, sir, the music of her concerts, and the spirit of her conversations, would reach your sick-bed, and be a thousand times more comforting than flannels and panada.

Cæsar. Come, come, I understand ye. But this daughter of mine—I shall give her but two chances more. Don Garcia and Don Vincentio will both be here to-day; and if she plays over the old game, I'll marry to-morrow morning, if I hang myself the next.

Gasp. You decide right, signior; at sixty-three, the marriage-noon and the hempen-noon should always go together.

Cæsar. Why, you dog you! do you suppose—There's Don Garcia—there he is coming through the portico. Run to my daughter, and bid her remember what I have said to her. [*Exit Gasp.*] She has had her lesson; but another memento mayn't be amiss—a young slut! pretty, and witty, and rich! a match for a prince, and yet—but, hist! Not a word to my young man; if I can but keep him in ignorance till he is married, he must make the best of his bargain afterwards, as other honest men have done before him. [*Enter DON GARCIA.*] Welcome, Don Garcia! why, you are rather before your time.

Gar. Gallantry forbid that I should not, when a fair lady is concerned! Should Donna Olivia welcome me as frankly as you do, I shall think I have been tardy.

Cæsar. When you made your overtures, signior, I understood it was from inclination to be allied to my family, not from a particular passion to my daughter. Have you ever seen her?

Gar. But once: that transiently; yet sufficient to convince me that she is charming.

Cæsar. Why, yes, though I say it, there are few prettier women in Madrid; and she has got enemies amongst her own sex accordingly. They pretend to say that—I say, sir, they have reported that she is not blessed with that kind of docility and gentleness that a—now, though she may not be so very placid and insipid, as some young women, yet, upon the whole—

Gar. Oh, fie! sir; not a word! A beauty cannot be ill-tempered; gratified vanity keeps her in good humour with herself, and everybody about her.

Cæsar. Yes, as you say, vanity is a prodigious sweetener; and Olivia, considering how much she has been humoured, is as gentle and pliant as—

Enter MINETTE.

Min. Oh! sir, shield me from my mistress. She is in one of her old tempers: the whole house is in an uproar. I cannot support it.

Cæsar. Hush!

Min. No, sir, I can't hush. A saint could not bear it. I am tired of her tyranny, and must quit her service.

Cæsar. Then quit it in a moment; go to my steward, and receive your wages; go, begone! 'Tis a cousin of my daughter's she is speaking of.

Min. A cousin, sir! No, 'tis Donna Olivia, your daughter, my mistress. Oh! sir, you seem to be a sweet, tender-hearted, young gentleman—'twould move you to pity, if—(*To Garcia.*)

Cæsar. I'll move you, hussy! to some purpose, if you don't move off.

Gar. I am really confounded. Can the charming *Cæsar.* Spite, sir; mere malice! My daughter has refused her some cast gown, or some—

Olivia. (*Without.*) Where is she? Where is Minette!

Cæsar. Oh! 'tis all over! the tempest is coming!

Enter DONNA OLIVIA.

Oliv. Oh! you vile creature! to speak to me! to answer me! Am I made to be answered?

Cæsar. Daughter, daughter!

Oliv. Because I threw my work-bag at her, she had the insolence to complain; and on my repeating it, said she would not bear it. Servants choose what they shall bear!

Min. When you are married, madam, I hope your husband will bear your humour less patiently than I have done.

Oliv. My husband! Dost think my husband shall contradict my will? Oh! I long to set a pattern to those milky wives, whose mean compliances degrade

Gar. Opportunity! (*Aside.*) [*the sex.*]

Oliv. The only husband on record who knew how to treat a wife was Socrates; and, though his lady was a Grecian, I have some reason to believe her descendants matched into our family; and never shall my tame submission disgrace my ancestry.

Gar. Heavens! Why have you never curbed this intemperate spirit, Don Cæsar?

Oliv. (*Starting.*) Curbed, sir! talk thus to your grooms. Curbs and bridles for a woman's tongue!

Gar. Not for your's, lady, truly! 'tis too late. But had the torrent, now so overbearing, been taken at its spring, it might have been stemmed, and turned in gentle streamlets, at the master's pleasure.

Oliv. A mistake, friend! my spirit, at its spring, was too powerful for any master.

Gar. Indeed! perhaps you may meet a Petruccio, gentle Catherine, yet.

Oliv. But no gentle Catherine will he find me, believe it. Catherine! why, she had not the spirit of a roasted chesnut! a few big words, an empty oath, and a scanty dinner, made her as submissive as a spaniel. My fire will not be so soon extinguished; it shall resist big words, oaths, and starving.

Min. I believe so, indeed; help the poor gentleman, I say, to whose fate you fall!

Gar. Don Cæsar, adieu! My commiseration for your fate subdues the resentment I should otherwise feel at your endeavouring to deceive me into such a marriage.

Oliv. Marriage! Oh, mercy! Is this Don Garcia? (*Apart to Cæsar.*)

Cæsar. Yes, termagant!

Oliv. Oh! what a misfortune! Why did you not tell me it was the gentleman you designed to marry me to? Oh! sir, all that is past was in sport; a contrivance between my maid and me: I have no spirit at all; I am as patient as poverty.

Gar. This mask fits too ill on your features, fair lady! I have seen you without disguise, and rejoice in your ignorance of my name; since, but for that, my peaceful home might have become the seat of perpetual discord. [*a quiet hour—*]

Min. Ay, sir, you would never have known what *Oliv.* (*Strikes her.*) Impertinence! Indeed, sir, I can be as gentle and forbearing as a pet lamb.

Gar. I cannot doubt it, madam; the proofs of your placidity are very striking. But, adieu! though I shall pray for your conversion, rather than have the honour of it, I'd turn Dominican, and condemn myself to perpetual celibacy. [*Exit.*]

Cæsar. Now, hussy! what do you expect?

Oliv. Dear me! how can you be so unreasonable! did ever daughter do more to oblige a father? I absolutely begged the man to have me.

Cæsar. Yes, vixen! after you had made him detest ye. What, I suppose, he had not hit your fancy, madam; though there is not, in all Spain, a man of prettier conversation.

Oliv. Yes, he has a very pretty kind of conversation; 'tis like a parenthesis.

Cæsar. Like a parenthesis!

Oliv. Yes, it might be all left out and never missed. However, I thought him a modest kind of a well-meaning young man, and that he would make a pretty sort of a husband; for, notwithstanding his blustering, had I been his wife, in three months, he should have been as humble and complaisant as—

Cæsar. Ay, there it is; there it is! that spirit of your's, hussy! you can neither conquer nor conceal: but I'll find a way to tame it, I'll warrant me!

[Exit.]

Min. Well, madam, I give you joy! had other ladies as much success in getting lovers, as you have in getting rid of your's, what contented faces we should see!

Oliv. But to what purpose do I get rid of them, whilst they rise in succession like monthly pinks? Was there ever anything so provoking? After some quiet, and believing the men had ceased to trouble themselves about me, no less than two proposals have been made to my inexorable father this very day. What will become of me?

Min. What should become of you? You'll choose one from the pair, I hope. Believe me, madam, the only way to get rid of the impertinence of lovers, is to take one, and make him a scarecrow to the rest. [this one day!]

Oliv. Oh! but I cannot. Invention assist me

Min. Upon my word, madam, invention owes you nothing; and I am afraid you can draw on that bank no longer. You must trust to your established character of vixen.

Oliv. But that won't frighten them all, you know, though it did its business with sober Don Garcia. The brave General Antonio would have made a property of me, in spite of everything, had I not, luckily, discovered his antipathy to cats, and so scared the hero, by pretending an immoderate passion for young kittens.

Min. Yes, but you was still harder pushed by the Castilian count, and his engraved genealogy from Noah.

Oliv. Oh! he would have kept his post as immovably as the griffins at his gate, had I not very seriously imparted to him, that my mother's great-uncle sold oranges in Arragon.

Min. And pray, madam, if I may be so bold, who is the next gentleman?

Oliv. Oh! Don Vincentio, who distracts everybody with his skill in music. He ought to be married to a viol de gamba. I bless my stars I have never yet had a miser in my list; on such a character all art would be lost, and nothing but an earthquake, to swallow up my estate, could save me.

Min. Well, if some one did but know, how happy would some one be, that for his sake—

Oliv. Now, don't be impertinent, Minette. You have several times attempted to slide yourself into a secret, which I am resolved to keep to myself. Continue faithful, and suppress your curiosity. [Exit.]

Min. Suppress my curiosity, madam! Why, I am a chambermaid, and a sorry one, too, it should seem, to have been in your confidence two years, and never have got the master-secret yet. I never was six weeks in a family before but I knew every secret they had in it for three generations; ay, and I'll know this, too, or I'll blow up all her plans, declare to the world that she is no more a vixen than other fine ladies: they have most of them a touch on't. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An Apartment at Donna Laura's.

Enter DONNA LAURA, followed by DON CARLOS.

Car. Nay, madam, you may as well stop here; for I'll follow you through every apartment, but I will be heard. (Seizing her hand.)

Laura. This insolence is not to be endured; within my own walls, to be thus—

Car. The time has been, when, within your walls, I might be master.

Laura. Yes, you were, then, master of my heart; that gave you a right which—

Car. You have now transferred to another.

Laura. Well, sir! [False, fickle woman!]

Car. "Well, sir!" Unblushing acknowledgment!

Laura. Because I have luckily got the start of you. In a few weeks, I should have been the accuser, and you the false and fickle.

Car. And, to secure yourself from that disgrace, you prudently looked out in time for another lover.

Laura. I can pardon your sneer, because you are *Car.* Mortified!

[mortified.]

Laura. Yes; mortified to the soul, Carlos!

Car. (Stamping.) Madam, madam!

Laura. This rage would have been all cool insolence, had I waited for your change. Scarcely would you have deigned to form a phrase of pity for me; perhaps, have bid me forget a man no longer worthy my attachment, and recommended me to hartshorn and my woman.

Car. Has any hour, since I have first known you, given you cause for such unjust—

Laura. Yes, every hour! Now, Carlos, I bring thee to the test! You saw, you liked, you loved me; was there no fond, trusting woman whom you deserted to indulge the transient passion? Yes; one blessed with beauty, gentleness, and youth; one, who more than her own being loved thee, who made thee rich, and whom thou madest thy wife.

Car. My wife! Here's a turn! So, to revenge the quarrels of my wife—

Laura. No, do not mistake me: what I have done was merely to indulge myself, without more regard to your feelings, than you had to hers.

Car. And you dare avow to my face, that you have a passion for another?

Laura. I do; and, for I am above disguise, I confess, so tender is my love for Florio, it has scarcely left a trace of that I once avowed for Carlos.

Car. Well, madam, if I hear this without some sudden vengeance on the tongue which speaks it, thank the annihilation of that passion, whose remembrance is as dead in my bosom as in your's. Let us, however, part friends, and with a mutual acquittal of every obligation; so, give up the settlement of that estate, which left me almost a beggar.

Laura. Give it up! ha, ha! No, Carlos; you consigned me that estate as a proof of love; do not imagine, then, I'll give up the only part of our connexion of which I am not ashamed.

Car. Base woman! you know 'twas not a voluntary gift: after having in vain practised on my fondness, whilst in a state of intoxication, you prevailed on me to sign the deed, which you had artfully prepared for the purpose: therefore, you must restore

Laura. Never, never! [it.]

Car. Ruin is in the word! Call it back, madam, or I'll be revenged on thee in thy heart's dearest object—thy minion, Florio! he shall not riot on my fortune.

Laura. Ha, ha, ha! Florio is safe; your lands are sold; and, in another country, we shall enjoy the blessing of thy fond passion, whilst that passion is indulging itself in hatred and execrations. [Exit.]

Car. My vengeance shall first fall on her. (Following.) No; he shall be the first victim, or 'twill be incomplete. Reduced to poverty, I cannot live. Oh, folly! where are now all the gilded prospects of my youth? Had I—but 'tis too late to look back; remorse attends the past, and ruin—ruin waits me in the future!

SCENE II.—Don Cæsar's House.

Enter DONNA VICTORIA, perusing a letter, meeting DONNA OLIVIA.

Oliv. (Speaks as entering.) If my father should inquire for me, tell him I am in Donna Victoria's apartment. Smiling, I protest! my dear, gloomy cousin, where have you purchased that sun-shiny look?

Vict. It is but April sun-shine, I fear; but who

could resist such a temptation to smile? a letter from Donna Laura, my husband's mistress, styling me her dearest Florio! her life! her soul! and complaining of a twelve hours' absence, as the bitterest misfortune.

Oliv. Ha, ha, ha! most doughty don! pray, let us see you in your feather and doublet; as a cavaliero, it seems, you are formidable. So suddenly to rob your husband of his charmer's heart! you must have used some witchery.

Vict. Yes, powerful witchery—the knowledge of my sex. Oh! did the men but know us as well as we do ourselves—but, thank fate! they do not: 'twould be dangerous.

Oliv. What, I suppose, you praised her understanding, was captivated by her wit, and absolutely struck dumb by the amazing beauties of her mind!

Vict. Oh! no; that's the mode prescribed by the essayists on the female heart. Ha, ha, ha! not a woman breathing, from fifteen to fifty, but would rather have a compliment to the tip of her ear, or the turn of her ankle, than a volume in praise of her intellects.

Oliv. So, flattery, then, is your boasted gift?

Vict. No, that's only the occasional gilding; but 'tis in vain to attempt a description of what changed its nature with every moment. I was now attentive, now gay; then tender, then careless. I strove rather to convince her that I was charming, than that I myself was charmed; and, when I saw love's arrow quivering in her heart, instead of falling at her feet, sung a triumphant air, and remembered a sudden engagement.

Oliv. (*Archly.*) Would you have done so, had you been a man? [*woman.*]

Vict. Assuredly! knowing what I now do as a

Oliv. But can all this be worth while, merely to rival a fickle husband with one woman, whilst he is setting his feather, perhaps, at half-a-score others?

Vict. To rival him was not my first motive. The Portuguese robbed me of his heart; I concluded she had fascinations which nature had denied to me; it was impossible to visit her as a woman; I, therefore, assumed the cavalier to study her, that I might, if possible, be to my Carlos, all he found

Oliv. Pretty, humble creature! [*in her.*]

Vict. In this adventure, I learnt more than I expected; my—(oh, cruel!)—my husband has given this woman an estate, almost all that his dissipation had left us.

Oliv. Indeed! [*pations had left us.*]

Vict. To make him more culpable, it was my estate; it was that fortune which my lavish love had made his, without securing it to my children.

Oliv. How could you be so improvident?

Vict. Alas! I trusted him with my heart, with my happiness, without restriction. Should I have shewn a greater solicitude for anything than for these?

Oliv. The event proves that you should; but how can you be thus passive in your sorrow? since I had assumed the man, I'd make him feel a man's resentment for such injuries.

Vict. Oh! Olivia, what resentment can I shew to him I have vowed to honour, and whom both my duty and my heart compel me yet to love?

Oliv. Why, really, now, I think—positively, there's no thinking about it; 'tis among the arcana of the married life, I suppose.

Vict. You, who know me, can judge how I suffered in prosecuting my plan. I have thrown off the delicacy of my sex; I have worn the mask of love to the destroyer of my peace—but the object is too great to be abandoned—nothing less than to save my husband from ruin, and to restore him, again a lover, to my faithful bosom.

Oliv. Well, I confess, Victoria, I hardly know whether most to blame or praise you; but, with the rest of the world, I suppose, your success will determine me. [*Enter GASPER.*]

Gasp. Pray, madam, are your wedding-shoes ready? (*To Olivia.*)

Oliv. Insolence! I can scarcely ever keep up the vixen to this fellow. (*Apart to Victoria.*)

Gasp. You'll want them, madam, to-morrow morning, that's all; so I came to prepare ye.

Oliv. I want wedding-shoes to-morrow! If you are kept on water-gruel till I marry, that plump face of your's will be chap-fallen, I believe.

Gasp. Yes, truly, I believe so, too. Lack-a-day! did you suppose I came to bring you news of your own wedding? no such glad tidings for you, lady, believe me. You married! I am sure the man who ties himself to you, ought to be half a salamander, and able to live on fire. [*Honour to inform me of?*]

Oliv. What marriage, then, is it you do me the

Gasp. Why, your father's marriage. You'll have a mother-in-law to-morrow; and having, like a dutiful daughter, danced at the wedding, be immured in a convent for life.

Oliv. Immured in a convent! then I'll raise sedition in the sisterhood, depose the abbess, and turn the confessor's chair to a go-cart.

Gasp. So, the threat of the mother-in-law, which I thought would be worse than that of the abbess, does not frighten ye?

Oliv. No, because my father dares not give me one. Marry without my consent! no, no; he'll never think of it, depend on't! however, lest the fit should grow strong upon him, I'll go and administer my volatiles to keep it under. [*Exit.*]

Gasp. Administer them cautiously, then; too strong a dose of your volatiles would make the fit stubborn. Who'd think that pretty arch look belonged to a termagant? what a pity! 'twould be worth a thousand ducats to cure her.

Vict. Has Inis told you I wanted to converse with you in private, Gasper?

Gasp. Oh! yes, madam; and I took particular notice that it was to be in private. "Sure," says I, "Mrs. Inis, Madame Victoria has not taken a fancy to me, and is going to break her mind." [*per?*]

Vict. Whimsical! ha, ha! Suppose I should, Gas-

Gasp. Why, then, madam, I should say, fortune had used you devilish scurvily, to give you a grey-beard in a livery. I know well enough, that some young ladies have given themselves to grey-beards in a gilded coach, and others have run away with a handsome youth in worsted lace; they each had their apology; but if you run away with me—pardon me, madam, I could not stand the ridicule.

Vict. Oh! very well; but if you refuse to run away with me, will you do me another favour?

Gasp. Anything you'll order, madam, except dancing a fandango. [*country?*]

Vict. You have seen my rich old uncle in the

Gasp. What, Don Sancho, who, with two-thirds of a century in his face, affects the misdemeanors of youth; hides his baldness with amber locks, and complains of the tooth-ache, to make you believe that the two rows of ivory he carries in his head grew there.

Vict. Oh! you know him, I find: could you assume his character for an hour, and make love for him? you know, it must be in the style of King Roderigo the First.

Gasp. Hang it! I am rather too near his own age; to appear an old man with effect, one should not be above twenty; 'tis always so on the stage.

Vict. Pho! you might pass for Juan's grandson.

Gasp. Nay, if your ladyship condescends to flatter me, you have me.

Vict. Then follow me; for Don Cæsar, I hear, is approaching: in the garden I'll make you acquainted with my plan, and impress on your mind every trait of my uncle's character. If you can hit him off, the arts of Laura shall be foiled, and Carlos be again Victoria's. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter DON CESAR, followed by DONNA OLIVIA.

Cæsar. No, no; 'tis too late; no coaxings; I am resolved, I say.

Oliv. But it is not too late, and you sha'n't be resolved, I say. Indeed, now, I'll be upon my guard with the next Don—what's his name? not a trace of the Xantippe left; I'll study to be charming.

Cæsar. Nay, you need not study it, you are always charming enough, if you would but hold your tongue.

Oliv. Do you think so? then, to the next lover I won't open my lips; I'll answer everything he says with a smile, and if he asks me to have him, drop a courtesy of thankfulness.

Cæsar. Psha! that's too much t'other way; you are always either above the mark or below it; you must talk, but talk with good-humour. Can't you look gently and prettily, now, as I do? and say, "yes, sir," and "no, sir;" and, "'tis very fine weather, sir;" and, "pray, sir, were you at the ball last night?" and, "I caught a sad cold the other evening;" and, "bless me! I hear Lucinda has run away with her footman, and Don Philip has married his housemaid." That's the way agreeable ladies talk, you never hear anything else.

Oliv. Very true! and you shall see me as agreeable as the best of them, if you won't give me a mother-in-law to snub me, and set me tasks, and to take up all the fine apartments, and send up poor little Livy to lodge next the stars.

Cæsar. Ah! if thou wert but always thus soft and good-humoured, no mother-in-law in Spain, though she brought the Castiles for her portion, should have power to snub thee. But, Livy, the trial's at hand; for, at this moment do I expect Don Vincentio to visit you. He is but just returned from England, and probably, has yet heard only of your beauty and fortune; I hope it is not from you he will learn the other part of your character.

Oliv. This moment expect him! two new lovers in a day!

Cæsar. Beginning already, as I hope to live! ay, I see 'tis in vain; I'll send him an excuse, and marry Marcella before night.

Oliv. Oh! no: upon my obedience, I promise to be just the soft, civil creature, you have described.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Don Vincentio is below, sir. *[Exit.]*

Cæsar. I'll wait upon him. Well, go and collect all your smiles and your simpers, and remember all I have said to you; be gentle, and talk pretty little small talk, d'ye hear? and, if you please him, you shall have the portion of a Dutch burgomaster's daughter, and the pin-money of a princess, you jade you! I think, at last, I have done it; the fear of this mother-in-law will keep down the fiend in her, if anything can. *[Aside, and exit.]*

Oliv. Ah! my poor father! your anxieties will never end till you bring Don Julio. But what shall I do with this Vincentio? I fear he is so perfectly harmonized, that to put him in an ill temper will be impracticable. I must try, however; if 'tis possible to find a discord in him, I'll touch the string. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment.*

Enter DON VINCENTIO and DON CÆSAR.

Vin. Presto, presto! signor, where is the Olivia? Not a moment to spare. I left off in all the fury of composition; minims and crotchets have been battling it through my head the whole day; and trying a semibreve in G sharp, has made me as flat as double F.

Cæsar. Sharp and flat! trying a semibreve! Oh! 'gad, sir, I had like not to have understood you; but a semibreve is something of a demi-culverin, I take it; and you have been practising the art military. *[Quainted with music?]*

Vin. Art military! What, sir, are you unaccustomed to music? *[Exit.]*

Vin. Fond of it! devoted to it. I composed a thing to-day, in all the gusto of Sacchini, and the sweetness of Gluck. But this recreant finger fails me in composing a passage in E octave: if it does not gain more elastic vigour in a week, I shall be tempted to have it amputated, and supply the shake with a spring. *[shake!]*

Cæsar. Mercy! amputate a finger to supply a

Vin. Oh! that's a trifle in the road to reputation; to be talked of is the *summum bonum* of this life. A young man of rank should not glide through the world, without a distinguished rage; or, as they call it in England, a hobby-horse.

Cæsar. A hobby-horse!

Vin. Yes; that is, every man of figure determines on setting out in life, in that land of liberty, in what line to ruin himself; and that choice is called his hobby-horse. One makes the turf his scene of action; another drives about tall phætons, to peep into their neighbours' garret windows; and a third rides his hobby-horse in parliament, where it jerks him sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other; sometimes in, and sometimes out; till at length, he is jerked out of his honesty, and his constituents out of their freedom.

Cæsar. Ay! Well, 'tis a wonder, that with such sort of hobby-horses as these, they should still outride all the world to the goal of glory.

Vin. This is all cantabile; nothing to do with the subject of the piece, which is Donna Olivia; pray give me the key-note to her heart.

Cæsar. Upon my word, signor, to speak in your own phrase, I believe that note has never yet been sounded. Ah! here she comes; look at her. Isn't she a fine girl?

Vin. Touching! Musical I'll be sworn! her very air is harmonious. *[tongue so.]*

Cæsar. *(Aside.)* I wish thou may'st find her

Enter DONNA OLIVIA.

Daughter, receive Don Vincentio; his rank, fortune, and merit, entitle him to the heiress of a grandee; but he is contented to become my son-in-law, if you can please him. *(Olivia curtsies.)*

Vin. Please me! she entrances me! Her presence thrills me like a cadenza of Pachierotti's, and every nerve vibrates to the music of her looks.

Her step andante gently moves,

Pianos glance from either eye;

Oh! how larghetto is the heart

That churns so forte can defy!

Donna Olivia, will you be contented to receive me

Oliv. Yes, sir—No, sir. *[as a lover?]*

Vin. Yes, sir! no, sir! bewitching timidity!

Cæsar. Yes, sir, she's remarkably timid. She's in the right cue, I see. *(Aside.)*

Vin. 'Tis clear you have never travelled; I shall be delighted to shew you England. You will there see how entirely timidity is banished the sex. You must affect a marked character, and maintain it at

Oliv. 'Tis a very fine day, sir. *[all hazards.]*

Vin. Madam!

Oliv. I caught a sad cold the other evening. Pray, was you at the ball last night?

Vin. What ball, fair lady?

Oliv. Bless me! they say Lucinda has run away with her footman, and Don Philip has married his housemaid. Now am I not very agreeable? *(Apart to Don Cæsar.)*

Cæsar. Oh! such perverse obedience.

Vin. Really, madam, I have not the honour to know Don Philip and Lucinda, nor am I happy enough entirely to comprehend you.

Oliv. No! I only meant to be agreeable; but, perhaps, you have no taste for pretty, little small

Vin. Pretty, little small talk! *[talk?]*

Oliv. A marked character you admire; so do I—I dote on it. I would not resemble the rest of the world, in anything.

Vin. My taste to the fiftieth part of a crochet! We shall agree admirably when we are married.

Oliv. And that will be unlike the rest of the world, and therefore, charming!

Cæsar. *(Aside.)* It will do! I have hit her humour at last. Why didn't this young dog offer himself before?

Oliv. I believe, I have the honour to carry my taste that way farther than you, Don Vincentio. Pray, now, what is your usual style in living?

Vin. My winters I spend in Madrid, as other

people do. My summers I drawl through at my castle—

Oliv. As other people do! and yet you pretend to taste and singularity. Ha, ha, ha! Good Don Vincentio, never talk of a marked character again. Go into the country in July, to smell roses and woodbines, when everybody regales on their fragrance! Now, I would rusticate only in winter, and my bleak castle should be decorated with verdure and flowers, amidst the soft zephyrs of December.

Cæsar. (Aside.) Oh! she'll go too far. [ber.

Oliv. On the leafless trees I would hang green branches—the labour of silk-worms, and, therefore, natural; whilst my rose-shrubs and myrtles should be scented by the first perfumers in Italy. Unnatural, indeed; but, therefore, singular and striking.

Vin. Oh! charming; you beat me, where I thought myself the strongest. Would they but establish newspapers here, to paragraph our singularities, we should be the most envied couple in Spain. [as she is.

Cæsar. (Aside.) By St. Anthony, he is as mad

Vin. What say you, Don Cæsar? Olivia and her winter garden, and I and my music.

Oliv. Music, did you say? Music! I am passionately fond of that.

Cæsar. She has saved my life; I thought she was going to knock down his hobby-horse. *(Aside.)*

Vin. You enchant me! I have the finest band in Madrid: my first violin draws a longer bow than Giardini; my clarionets, my viol de gamba—Oh! you shall have such concerts!

Oliv. Concerts! pardon me there; my passion is a single instrument.

Vin. That's carrying singularity very far, indeed! I love a crash; so does everybody of taste.

Oliv. But my taste isn't like everybody's; my nerves are so particularly fine, that more than one instrument overpower them.

Vin. Pray tell me the name of that one: I am sure it must be the most elegant and captivating in the world. I am impatient to know it. We'll have no other instrument in Spain; and I will study to become its master, that I may woo you with its music. *Olivia!* tell me, is it a harpsichord? a piano-forte? a pentachord? a harp?

Oliv. You have it, you have it! a harp—yes, a Jew's-harp is to me the only instrument. Are you not charmed with the delightful h—u—m of its base, running on the ear like the distant rumble of a state coach? It presents the idea of vastness and importance to the mind. The moment you are its master, I'll give you my hand.

Vin. Da capo, madam, da capo! a Jew's-harp!

Oliv. Bless me, sir, don't I tell you so? Violins chill me; clarionets, by sympathy, hurt my lungs; and, instead of maintaining a band under my roof, I would not keep a servant who knew a bassoon from the flute, or could tell whether he heard a jig, or a canzonetta.

Cæsar. Oh! thou perverse one! you know you love concerts; you know you do. *(In great agitation.)*

Oliv. I detest them! It's vulgar custom that attaches people to the sound of fifty different instruments at once; 'twould be as well to talk on the same subject in fifty different tongues. A band! 'tis a mere olio of sound; I'd rather listen to a three-stringed guitar, serenading a sempstress in some neighbouring garret.

Cæsar. Oh! you—Don Vincentio, this is nothing but perverseness, wicked perverseness. Hussy! didn't you shake when you mentioned a garret? didn't bread and water and a step-mother come into your head at the same time?

Vin. Piano, piano, good sir; spare yourself all farther trouble. Should the Princess of Guzarat, and all her diamond mines, offer themselves, I would not accept them in lieu of my band—a band that has half ruined me to collect. I would have allowed Donna Olivia a blooming garden in winter;

I would even have procured barrenness and snow for her in the dog-days; but to have my band insulted! to have my knowledge in music slighted! to be roused from all the energies of composition, by the drone of a Jew's-harp! I cannot breathe under the idea.

Cæsar. Then, then you refuse her, sir?

Vin. I cannot use so harsh a word: I take my leave of the lady. Adieu, madam; I leave you to enjoy your solos, whilst I fly to the raptures of a crash. *[Exit with Don Cæsar.]*

Oliv. Mercy! that silent anger is terrifying; I read a young mother-in-law, and an old lady abhess, in every line of his face. *[Enter DONNA VICTORIA.]* Well, you heard the whole, I suppose! heard poor unhappy me scorned and rejected.

Vict. I heard you in imminent danger; and expected Signor da Capo would have snapped you up, in spite of caprice and extravagance.

Oliv. Oh! they charmed, instead of scaring him. I soon found that my only chance was to fall across his caprice. Where is the philosopher who could withstand that? *[tend to?]*

Vict. But what, my good cousin, does all this

Oliv. I dare say you can guess. Penelope had never cheated her lovers with a never-ending web, had she not had an Ulysses.

Vict. An Ulysses! what, are you then married?

Oliv. Oh! no, not yet; but, believe me, my design is to lead apes; nor is my heart an icicle. If you choose to know more, put on your veil, and slip with me through the garden to the Prado.

Vict. I can't, indeed. I am this moment going to dress *en homme*, to visit the impatient Portuguese.

Oliv. Send an excuse; for, positively, you go with me. Heaven and earth! I am going to meet a man whom I have been fool enough to dream and think of these two years, and I don't know that ever he thought of me in his life.

Vict. Two years discovering that?

Oliv. He has been abroad. The only time I ever saw him was at the Duchess of Medina's; there were a thousand people; and he was so elegant, so careless, so handsome!—In a word, though he set off for France the next morning, by some witchcraft or other, he has been before my eyes ever since.

Vict. Was the impression mutual?

Oliv. He hardly noticed me. I was then a bashful thing, just out of a convent, and shrunk from observation. *[him?]*

Vict. Why, I thought you were going to meet

Oliv. To be sure; I sent him a command this morning, to be at the Prado. I am determined to find out if his heart is engaged, and if it is—

Vict. You'll cross your arms, and crown your brow with willows?

Oliv. No, positively; not whilst we have myrtles. I would prefer Julio, 'tis true, to all his sex; but if he is stupid enough to be insensible to me, I sha'n't, for that reason, pine like a girl, on chalk and oatmeal. No, no; in that case I shall form a new plan, and treat my future lovers with more civility. *[heard talk reasonably.]*

Vict. You are the only woman in love, I ever

Oliv. Well, prepare for the Prado, and I'll give you a lesson against your days of widowhood. Don't you wish this the moment, Victoria? A pretty widow at four-and-twenty has more subjects, and a wider empire, than the first monarch upon earth. I long to see you in your weeds.

Vict. Never may you see them. Oh! Olivia, my happiness, my life, depend upon my husband. The fond hope of still being united to him, gives me spirits in my affliction, and enables me to support even the period of his neglect with patience. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.—SCENE I.—A long Street.

JULIO enters from a garden-gate, with precipitation; a Servant within fastens the gate.

Julio. Yes, yes; bar the gate fast, Cerberus, lest some other curious traveller should stumble on your confines. If ever I am so caught again—

Enter DON GARCIA. (Julio seizes him.)

Don Garcia, never make love to a woman in a veil.

Gar. Why so, pr'ythee? Veils and secrecy are the chief ingredients in a Spanish amour; but in two years, Julio, thou art grown absolutely French.

Julio. That may be; but if ever I trust to a veil again, may no lovely, blooming beauty ever trust me. Why, dost know, I have been an hour at the feet of a creature, whose first birth-day must have been kept the latter end of the last century, and whose trembling weak voice I mistook for the timid cadence of bashful fifteen.

Gar. Ha, ha, ha! What a happiness to have seen thee in thy raptures, petitioning for a half glance only, of the charms the envious veil concealed!

Julio. Yes; and when she unveiled her gothic countenance, to render the thing completely ridiculous, she began moralizing; and positively would not let me out of the snare, till I had persuaded her she had worked a conversion, and that I'd never make love, but in an honest way again.

Gar. Oh! that honest way of love-making is delightful to be sure! I had a dose of it this morning; but, happily, the ladies have not yet learned to veil their tempers, though they veil their faces.

Enter DON VINCENTIO.

Vin. Julio! Garcia! congratulate me! Such an

Julio. What have you escaped? [escape!]

Vin. Matrimony.

Gar. Nay, then our congratulations may be mutual. I have had a matrimonial escape, too, this very day. I was almost on the brink of the ceremony with the veriest Xantippe!

Vin. Oh! that was not my case; mine was a sweet creature, all elegance, all life.

Julio. Then where's the cause of congratulation?

Vin. Cause! why she's ignorant of music! prefers a jig to a canzonetta, and a Jew's-harp to a pentachord.

Gar. Had my nymph no other fault, I would pardon that, for she was lovely and rich.

Vin. Mine, too, was lovely and rich; and, I'll be sworn, as ignorant of scolding, as of the gamut! But not to know music! [only of music!]

Julio. Gentle, lovely, and rich! and ignorant

Gar. A venial crime, indeed; if the sweet creature will marry me, she shall carry a Jew's-harp always in her train, as a Scotch laird does his bagpipes. I wish you'd give me your interest.

Vin. Oh! most willingly, if thou hast so gross an inclination; I'll name thee as a dull-souled largo fellow, to her father, Don Cæsar.

Gar. Cæsar! what Don Cæsar?

Vin. De Zuniga.

Gar. Impossible!

Vin. Oh! I'll answer for her mother. So much is Don Zuniga her father, that he does not know a semibreve from a culverin.

Gar. The name of the lady?

Vin. Olivia.

Gar. Why, you must be mad; that's my term!

Vin. Termagant! ha, ha, ha! Thou hast certainly some vixen of a mistress, who infects thy ears towards the whole sex. Olivia is timid and elegant.

Gar. By Juno, there never existed such a scold!

Vin. By Orpheus, there never was a gayer tempered creature! Spirit enough to be charming, that's all. If she loved harmony, I'd marry her to-morrow.

Julio. Ha, ha! what a ridiculous jangle! 'tis evident you speak of two different women.

Gar. I speak of Donna Olivia, heiress to Don Cæsar de Zuniga.

Vin. I speak of the heiress of Don Cæsar de Zuniga, who is called Donna Olivia.

Gar. I perceive you mean to insult me.

Vin. Your perceptions are very rapid, sir, but if you choose to think so, I'll settle that point with you immediately: but, for fear of consequences, I'll fly home, and add the last bar to my concerto, and then meet you where you please.

Julio. Pho! this is evidently misapprehension.

To clear the matter up, I'll visit the lady, if you'll introduce me, Vincentio; but you shall both promise to be governed in this dispute by my decision.

Vin. I'll introduce you with joy, if you'll try to persuade her of the necessity of music, and the charms of harmony. [jar and discord.]

Gar. Yes, she needs that—you'll find her all

Julio. Come, no more, Garcia; thou art but a sort of male vixen thyself. Melodious Vincentio, when shall I expect you?

Vin. This evening.

Julio. Not this evening; I have engaged to meet a goldfinch in a grove—then I shall have music.

Vin. It won't, being at night. [you rogue!]

Julio. Then I'll talk to it till the morning, and hear it pour out its matins to the rising sun. Call on me to-morrow; I'll then attend you to Donna Olivia, and declare faithfully the impression her character makes on me. Come, Garcia, I must not leave you together, lest his crotchets and your minims should fall into a crash of discords. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The Prado.*—*Enter DON CARLOS.*

Car. All hail to the powers of Burgundy! Three flasks to my own share! What sorrows can stand against three flasks of Burgundy? I was a d—d melancholy fellow this morning, going to shoot myself to get rid of my troubles. Where are my troubles now? Gone to the moon, to look for my wits; and there, I hope, they'll remain together, if one cannot come back without t'other. But where is this indolent dog, Julio? He fit to receive appointments from ladies! Sure, I have not missed the hour. No! but seven yet. [Looks at his watch.] Seven's the hour, by all the joys of Burgundy! The rogue must be here; let's reconnoitre.

Enter DONNA VICTORIA and DONNA OLIVIA, veiled.

Oliv. Positively, mine's a pretty spark, to let me be first at the place of appointment. I have half resolved to go home again, to punish him.

Vict. I'll answer for its being but half a resolution; to make it entire, would be to punish yourself. There's a solitary man, is not that he?

Oliv. I think not. If he'd please to turn his face this way—

Vict. That's impossible, while the loadstone is the other way. He is looking at the woman in the next walk: can't you disturb him?

Oliv. Oh! a frightful frog. [Carlos turns.]

Vict. Heavens! 'tis my husband.

Oliv. Your husband! Is that Don Carlos?

Vict. It is indeed.

Oliv. Why, really, now I see the man, I don't wonder that you are in no hurry for your weeds. He is moving towards us. [to meet him.]

Vict. I cannot speak to him, and yet my soul flies

Car. Pray, lady, what occasioned that pretty scream? I shrewdly suspect it was a trap.

Oliv. A trap! Ha, ha, ha! a trap for you?

Car. Why not, madam? Zounds! a man six feet high, and three flasks of Burgundy in his head, is worth laying a trap for.

Oliv. Yes; unless he happens to be trapped before. 'Tis about two years since you was caught, I take it. Do keep farther off! Odious! a married man!

Car. The devil! Is it posted under every saint in the street, that I am a married man?

Oliv. No, you carry the marks about you; that rueful phiz could never belong to a bachelor. Besides, there's an odd appearance on your temples. Does your hat sit easily?

Car. By all the thorns of matrimony, if—

Oliv. Poor man! how natural to swear by what one feels; but why were you in such haste to gather the thorns of matrimony? Bless us! had you but looked about you a little, what a market might have been made of that fine, proper, promising person of your's!

Car. Confound thee, confound thee! If thou art a wife, may thy husband plague thee with jealousies, and thou never able to give him cause for them; and if thou art a maid, may'st thou be an

old one! (*Going, meets DON JULIO.*) Oh! Julio, look not that way; there's a tongue will stun thee.

Julio. Heaven be praised! I love female prattle. A woman's tongue can never scare me. Which of these two goldfinches makes the music?

Car. Oh! this is as silent as a turtle; (*taking Victoria's hand*) only coos now and then. Perhaps you don't hate a married man, sweet one?

Vict. You guess right; I love a married man.

Car. Ha! say'st thou so? wilt thou love me?

Vict. Will you let me?

Car. Let thee, my charmer! how I'll cherish thee for't. What would I not give for thy heart!

Vict. I demand a price, that perhaps you cannot give: I ask unbounded love; but you have a wife.

Car. And, therefore, the readier to love every other woman; 'tis in your favour, child.

Vict. Will you love me ever?

Car. Ever! yes, ever; till we find each other dull company, and yawn, and talk of our neighbours for amusement.

Vict. Farewell; I suspected you to be a bad chapman, and that you would not reach my terms.

Car. Nay, I'll come to your terms, if I can; but move this way; I am fearful of that wood-pecker at your elbow; should she begin again, her noise will scare all the pretty loves that are playing about my heart. Don't turn your head towards them; if you like to listen to love tales, you'll meet fond pairs enough in this walk. [*Forces her gently off.*]

Julio. I really believe, though you deny it, that you are my destiny; that is, you fated me hither. See, is not this your mandate? (*Shewing a letter.*)

Oliv. Oh! delightful; the scrawl of some chambermaid; or, perhaps, of your valet, to give you an air. What is it signed? Marriatornes? Tomasa? Sancha?

Julio. Nay, now I am convinced the letter is your's, since you abuse it: so you may as well confess? [*do not deceive you*]

Oliv. Suppose I should, you can't be sure that I

Julio. True; but there is one point in which I have made a vow not to be deceived; therefore, the preliminary is, that you throw off your veil.

Oliv. My veil! [*negociation ends.*]

Julio. Positively, if you reject this article, our

Oliv. You have no right to offer articles, unless you own yourself conquered.

Julio. I own myself willing to be conquered, and have, therefore, a right to make the best terms I can. Do you accede to the demand?

Oliv. Certainly not.

Julio. You had better.

Oliv. I protest I will not.

Julio. (*Aside.*) My life upon't, I make you. Why, madam, how absurd this is; yet, 'tis of no consequence, for I know your features, as well as

Oliv. How can that be? [*though I saw them.*]

Julio. I judge of what you hide, by what I see—I could draw your picture.

Oliv. Charming! pray begin the portrait.

Julio. *Imprimis*, a broad high forehead, rounded at the top, like an old-fashioned gateway.

Oliv. Oh! horrid. [*colour of rusty prunello.*]

Julio. Little grey eyes, a sharp nose, and hair the

Oliv. Odious!

Julio. Pale cheeks, thin lips, and—

Oliv. Hold! thou villifier! (*Throws off her veil.*) There! yes, kneel in contrition for your malicious libel. [*ing creature!* (*Aside.*)]

Julio. Say rather, in adoration. What a charm-

Oliv. So, now for what lies on the other side.

Julio. A forehead formed by the graces; hair, which Cupid would steal for his bow-strings, were he not engaged in shooting through those sparkling hazel circlets, which nature has given you for eyes; lips, that 'twere a sin to call so; they are fresh-gathered rose-leaves, with the fragrant morning-dew still hanging on their rounded surface.

Oliv. Is that extemporaneous, or ready cut for every woman who takes off her veil to you?

Julio. I believe 'tis not extemporaneous; for nature, when she finished you, formed the sentiment in my heart, and there it has been hid, till you, for whom it was formed, called it into words.

Oliv. Suppose I should understand, from all this, that you have a mind to be in love with me, would you not be finely caught?

Julio. Charmingly caught! if you'll let me understand, at the same time, that you have a mind to be in love with me.

Oliv. In love with a man! Heavens! I never loved anything but a squirrel!

Julio. Make me your squirrel; I'll put on your chain, and gambol and play for ever at your side.

Oliv. But suppose you should have a mind to break the chain?

Julio. Then loosen it; for, if once that humour seizes me, restraint won't cure it. Let me spring and bound at liberty; and when I return to my lovely mistress, tired of all but her, fasten me again to your girdle, and kiss me while you chide.

Oliv. Your servant—to encourage you to leave me again?

Julio. No; to make returning to you the strongest attachment of my life. Why are you silent?

Oliv. I am debating, whether to be pleased or displeased at what you have said.

Julio. Well?

Oliv. You shall know when I have determined. My friend and your's are approaching this way, and they must not be interrupted.

Julio. 'Twould be barbarous; we'll retire as far off as you please.

Oliv. But we retire separately, sir; that lady is a woman of honour, and this moment of the greatest importance to her. You may, however, conduct me to the gate, on condition that you leave me instantly.

Julio. Leave her instantly.—Oh! then I know my cue. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter CARLOS, followed by VICTORIA, unveiled.

Car. (*Looking back on her.*) My wife!

Vict. Oh! heavens, I will veil myself again. I will hide my face for ever from you, if you will still feast my ears with those soft vows, which, a moment since, you poured forth so eagerly.

Car. My wife! making love to my own wife!

Vict. Why should one of the dearest moments of my life be to you so displeasing?

Car. So, I am caught in this snare, by way of agreeable surprise, I suppose.

Vict. Would you could think it so!

Car. No, madam! by heaven, 'tis a surprise fatal to every hope with which you may have flattered yourself. What! am I to be followed, haunted, watched?

Vict. Not to upbraid you. I followed you because my castle, without you, seemed a dreary desert. Indeed, I will never upbraid you.

Car. Generous assurance! never upbraid me.—No, by heavens! I'll take care you never shall. She has touched my soul, but I dare not yield to the impression. Her softness is worse than death to me! (*Aside.*)

Vict. Would I could find words to please you.

Car. You cannot; therefore leave me, or suffer me to go, without attempting to follow me.

Vict. Is it possible you can be so barbarous?

Car. Do not expostulate; your first vowed duty is obedience—that word so grating to your sex.

Vict. To me it was never grating; to obey you has been my joy; even now I will not dispute your will, though I feel, for the first time, obedience hateful. (*Going, returns.*) Oh! Carlos, my dear Carlos! I go, but my soul remains with you. [*Exit.*]

Car. Oh! horrible. Had I not taken this harsh measure, I must have killed myself; for how could I tell her that I have made her a beggar? Better she should hate, detest me, than that my tenderness should give her a prospect of felicity, which now she can never taste. Oh! wine-created

spirit, wher art thou now? Madness, return to me again; for reason presents me nothing but despair.

Re-enter JULIO.

Julio. Carlos, who the devil can they be? my charming little witch was inflexible; I hope your's has been more communicative.

Car. Folly! Nonsense!

Julio. Folly! Nonsense! What, a pretty woman's smile! but you married fellows have neither taste nor joy.

Car. Psha! that's a husband. *[Exit.]*

Julio. Psha! that's a husband. Humph! suppose my fair one should want to debase me into such an animal; she can't have so much villany in her disposition: and yet, if she should? pho! it won't bear thinking about. If I do so mad a thing, it must be as cowards fight, without daring to reflect on the danger.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*Don Vasquez's Apartment.*

Enter DON CESAR and DON VASQUEZ.

Cesar. Well, Don Vasquez, and a—you—then I say, you have a mind that I should marry your daughter?

Vasq. It is sufficient, signor, that you have signified to us your intention; my daughter shall prove her gratitude, in her attention to your felicity.

Cesar. Egad! now it comes to the push. *(Aside.)* Hem, hem! but just nineteen, you say?

Vasq. Exactly, the eleventh of last month.

Cesar. Pity it was not twenty.

Vasq. Why, a year can make no difference, I should think.

[are so skittish at nineteen.]

Cesar. Oh! yes it does; a year's a great deal, they

Vasq. Those who are skittish at nineteen, I fear, you won't find much mended at twenty. Marcella is very grave, and a pretty, little, plump, fair—

[olive; I like your olives.]

Cesar. Ay, fair again! pity she isn't brown or

Vasq. Brown and olive! you are very whimsical, my old friend!

Cesar. Why, these fair girls are so stared at by the men; and the young fellows, now-a-days, have a d—d impudent stare with them; 'tis very abashing to a woman; 'tis very distressing!

Vasq. Yes, so it is; but happily their distress is of that nature, that it generally goes off in a simper. But, come, I'll send Marcella to you, and she will—

Cesar. No, no; stay, my good friend. *(Gasp- ing.)* You are in a violent hurry!

Vasq. Why, truly, signor, at our time of life, when we determine to marry, we have no time to lose.

Cesar. Why, that's very true, and so—Oh! St. Anthony, now it comes to the point! But there can be no harm in looking at her; a look won't bind us for better for worse. *(Aside.)* Well, then, if you have a mind, I say, you may let me see her.

[Exit Vasquez. Cesar puts on his spectacles.] Ay, here she comes; I hear her—trip, trip, trip! I don't like that step. A woman should always tread steadily, with dignity; it awes the men.

Re-enter DON VASQUEZ, leading MARCELLA.

Vasq. There, Marcella, behold your future husband; and, remember, that your kindness to him will be the standard of your duty to me. *[Exit.]*

Mar. Oh! heavens. *(Aside.)*

Cesar. Somehow, I am afraid to look round. *(Aside.)*

Mar. Surely he does not know that I am here. *(Aside, and coughs gently.)*

Cesar. So, she knows how to give an item, I find. *(Aside.)*

Mar. Pray, signor, have you any commands for *Cesar.* Hum! not nonplussed at all! *(Looks round.)* Oh! that eye; I don't like that eye.

Mar. My father commanded me—

Cesar. Yes, I know, I know. Why, now I look again, there is a sort of a modest—Oh! that smile; that smile will never do. *(Aside.)*

Mar. I understand, signor, that you have demanded my hand in marriage?

Cesar. Upon my word, plump to the point!

(Aside.) Yes, I did a sort of—I can't say but that I did—

Mar. I am not insensible of the honour you do me, sir; but—but— *[Of the match?]*

Cesar. But! What, don't you like the thoughts *Mar.* Oh! yes, sir, yes—exceedingly. I dare not say no. *(Aside.)*

Cesar. Oh! you do—exceedingly! What, I suppose, child, your head is full of jewels, and finery, *Mar.* No, indeed, sir. *[and equipage?]*

Cesar. No; what then? what sort of a life do you expect to lead, when you are my wife? what pleasures do ye look forward to?

Mar. None.

Cesar. Eh!

Mar. I shall obey my father, sir; I shall marry you; but I shall be most wretched. *(Weeps.)*

Cesar. Indeed! *[pardon me.]*

Mar. There is not a fate I would not prefer; but

Cesar. Go on, go on! I never was better pleased.

Mar. Pleased at my reluctance!

Cesar. Never, never better pleased in my life! So you had really, now, you young baggage! rather have me for a grandfather than a husband?

Mar. Forgive my frankness, sir—a thousand times.

Cesar. My dear girl, let me kiss your hand. Egad! you've let me off charmingly. I was frightened out of my wits, lest you should have taken as violent an inclination to the match as your father has.

Mar. Dear sir, you charm me.

Cesar. But, harkye! you'll certainly incur your father's anger, if I don't take the refusal entirely on myself, which I will do, if you'll only assist me in a little business I have in hand.

Mar. Anything to shew my gratitude.

Cesar. You must know I can't get my daughter to marry; there's nothing on earth will drive her to it, but the dread of a mother-in-law. Now if you will let it appear to her, that you and I are driving to the goal of matrimony, I believe it will do; what say you? shall we be lovers in play?

Mar. If you are sure it will be only in play.

Cesar. Oh! my life upon't; but we must be very fond, you know.

Mar. To be sure; exceedingly tender. Ha, ha, ha!

Cesar. You must smile upon me, now and then, roguishly; and slide your hand into mine, when you are sure she sees you, and let me pat your cheek, and—

[sufficient.]

Mar. Oh! no farther, pray; that will be quite

Cesar. Gad! I begin to take a fancy to your rogue's face, now I'm in no danger; mayn't we, mayn't we salute sometimes? it will seem infinitely more natural. *[fly off at once.]*

Mar. Never! such an attempt would make me

Cesar. Well, you must be lady governess in this business. I'll go home now, and fret, madam, about her young mother-in-law. B'ye, sweeting!

Mar. B'ye, charmer!

Cesar. Oh! bless its pretty eyes. *[Exit.]*

Mar. Bless its pretty spectacles. Ha, ha, ha! enter into a league with a cross old father against a daughter! why, how could he suspect me capable of so much treachery; I could not answer it to my conscience. No, no; I'll acquaint Donna Olivia with the plot; and, as in duty bound, we'll turn our arms against Don Cesar. *[Exit.]*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—*Donna Laura's.*

Enter DONNA LAURA and PEDRO.

Laura. Well, Pedro, hast thou seen Don Florio?

Ped. Yes, Donna. *[ter?]*

Laura. How did he look when he read my letter? *Ped.* Mortal well; I never see'd him look better; he'd got on a new cloak, and a—

Laura. Pho! blockhead; did he look pleased? did he kiss my name? did he press the billet to his bosom with all the warmth of love?

Ped. No, he didn't warm it that way; but he did another, for he put it into the fire.

Laura. How!

Ped. Yes, and when I spoke, he started; for, I think, he had forgot that I was by: So, says he, go home, and tell Donna Laura I fly to her presence. (*She waves her hand for him to go.*)

Laura. Is it possible? so contemptuously to destroy the letter, in which my whole heart overflowed with tenderness. Oh! how idly I talk, he is here; his very voice pierces my heart! I dare not meet his eye thus discomposed! [*Exit.*]

Enter VICTORIA, in maid's clothes, preceded by SANCHA.

San. I will inform my mistress that you are here, Don Florio; I thought she had been in this apartment. [*Exit.*]

Vict. Now must I, with a mind torn by anxieties, once more assume the lover of my husband's mistress—of the woman who has robbed me of his heart, and his children of their fortune. Sure, my task is hard. Oh, love! Oh! married love, assist me. If I can, by any art, obtain from her that fatal deed, I shall save my little ones from ruin, and then—But I hear her step. (*Agitated.*) There! I have hid my griefs within my heart; and, now for all the impudence of an accomplished cavalier. (*Sings and dances.—Re-enter LAURA.*) My lovely Laura! [*as lovely.*]

Laura. That look speaks Laura loved, as well

Vict. To be sure! Petrarch immortalized his Laura by his verses, and mine shall be immortal in my passion.

Laura. Oh! Florio, how deceitful. I know not what enchantment binds me to thee.

Vict. Me! my dear! is all this to me?

Laura. Yes, ingrate, thee!

Vict. Positively, Laura, you have these extravagancies so often, I wonder my passion can stand them. To be plain, those violence in your temper may make a pretty relief in the flat of matrimony, child, but they do not suit that state of freedom which is necessary to my happiness. It was by such destructive arts as these you cured Don Carlos of his love. [*thou but as he is?*]

Laura. Cured Don Carlos! Oh! Florio, wert

Vict. Why, you don't pretend he loves you still?

Laura. Yes, most ardently and truly.

Vict. Ha!

Laura. If thou wouldst persuade me that thy passion is real, borrow his words, his looks, be a hypocrite one dear moment, and speak to me in all the phrensy of that love which warms the heart of

Vict. The heart of Carlos! [*Carlos.*]

Laura. Ha! that seemed a jealous pang; it gives my hopes new life. (*Aside.*) Yes, Florio; he, indeed, knows what it is to love. For me he forsook a beautiful wife; nay, and with me would forsake

Vict. Villain, villain! [*his country.*]

Laura. Nay, let not the thought distress you thus; Carlos I despise; he is the weakest of mankind.

Vict. 'Tis false, madam; you cannot despise him. Carlos the weakest of mankind! Heavens! what woman could resist him. Persuasion sits on his tongue, and love, almighty love, triumphant in his eyes!

Laura. This is strange; you speak of your rival with the admiration of a mistress.

Vict. Laura! it is the fate of jealousy, as well as love, to see the charms of its object increased and heightened. I am jealous, jealous to distraction of Don Carlos; and cannot taste peace, unless you'll swear never to see him more.

Laura. I swear, joyfully swear, never to behold or speak to him again. When, dear youth, shall we retire to Portugal? We are not safe here.

Vict. You know I am not rich. You must first sell the lands my rival gave you.

Laura. 'Tis done; I have found a purchaser, and to-morrow the transfer will be finished.

Vict. (*Aside.*) Ah! I have now, then, nothing to trust to but the ingenuity of Gaspar. There is reason to fear Don Carlos had no right in that estate with which you suppose yourself endowed.

Laura. No right! what can have given you those suspicions?

Vict. A conversation with Juan, his steward, who assures me, that his master never had an estate in Leon.

Laura. Never! what, not by marriage?

Vict. Juan says so.

Laura. My blood runs cold; can I have taken pains to deceive myself? Could I think so, I should be mad!

Vict. Those doubts may soon be annihilated, or confirmed to certainty. I have seen Don Sancho, the uncle of Victoria; he is now in Madrid. You have told me that he once professed a passion for you. [*another object.*]

Laura. Oh! to excess; but, at that time, I had

Vict. Have you conversed with him much?

Laura. I never saw him nearer than from my balcony, where he used to ogle me through a glass, suspended by a riband, like an order of knighthood; he is weak enough to fancy it gives him an air of distinction. Ha, ha! But where can I find him? I must see him. [*lodgings.*]

Vict. Write him a billet, and I will send it to his Laura. Instantly. Dear Florio, a new prospect opens to me; Don Sancho is rich and generous; and, by playing on his passions, his fortune may be a constant fund to us. I'll dip my pen in flattery. [*Exit.*]

Vict. Base woman! how can I pity thee, or regret the steps which my duty obliges me to take? For myself, I would not swerve from the nicest line of rectitude, nor wear the shadow of deceit. But, for my children!—Is there a parental heart that will not pardon me? [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Don Caesar's.*

Enter DONNA OLIVIA and MINETTE.

Oliv. Well, here we are in private: what is this charming intelligence of which thou art so full this morning?

Min. Why, ma'am, as I was in the balcony that overlooks Don Vasquez's garden, Donna Marcella told me, that Don Caesar had last night been to pay her a visit previous to their marriage, and—

Oliv. Their marriage! How can you give me the intelligence with such a look of joy? Their marriage! what will become of me?

Min. Dear ma'am! if you'll but have patience: she says, that Don Caesar and she are perfectly agreed— [*patience.*]

Oliv. Still with that smirking face? I can't have

Min. Then, madam, if you won't let me tell the story, please to read it. Here's a letter from Donna Marcella.

Oliv. Why did you not give it me at first? (*Reads.*)

Min. Because I didn't like to be cut out of my story. If orators were obliged to come to the point at once, mercy on us! what tropes and figures we should lose!

Oliv. Oh, Minette! I give you leave to smirk again. Listen! (*Reads.*) "*I am more terrified at the idea of becoming your father's wife, than you are in the expectation of a stepmother; and Don Caesar would be as loth as either of us. He only means to frighten you into matrimony, and I have, on certain conditions, agreed to assist him; but, whatever you may hear, or see, be assured that nothing is so impossible, as that he should become the husband of DONNA MARCELLA.*" Oh! delightful girl! how I love her for this!

Min. Yes, ma'am; and if you'd had patience, I should have told you that she's now here with Don Caesar, in grave debate, how to begin the attack, which must force you to take shelter in the arms of a husband.

Oliv. Ah! no matter how they begin it! Let them amuse themselves in raising batteries; my reserved fire shall tumble them about their ears, in the moment my poor father is singing his Io's for victory. But here come the lovers. Well, I protest now, sixteen and sixty is a very comely sight. 'Tis con-

trast gives effect to every thing. Lud! how my father ogles! I had no idea he was such a sort of man. I am really afraid he isn't quite so good as he should be!

Enter DON CÆSAR, leading MARCELLA.

Cæsar. Hem! Madam looks very placid; we shall discompose her, or I am mistaken. (*Apart.*) So, Olivia, here's Donna Marcella come to visit you, though as matters are, that respect is due from you.

Oliv. I am sensible of the condescension. My dear ma'am, how very good this is! (*Taking her hand.*)

Cæsar. Yes, you'll think yourself wonderfully obliged, when you know all. (*Aside.*) Pray, Donna Marcella, what do you think of these apartments? The furniture and decorations are my daughter's taste; would you wish them to remain, or will you give orders to have them changed?

Mar. Changed! undoubtedly; I can have nobody's taste govern my apartments but my own.

Cæsar. Ah, that touches! See how she looks! (*Apart.*) They shall receive your orders. You understand, I suppose, from this, that every thing is fixed on between Donna Marcella and me?

Oliv. Yes, sir, I understand it perfectly; and it gives me infinite pleasure.

Cæsar. Eh! pleasure?

Oliv. Entirely, sir.

Cæsar. Tol de rol! Ah! that won't do, that won't do! You can't hide it. You are frightened out of your wits at the thoughts of a mother-in-law; especially a young, gay, handsome one.

Oliv. Pardon me, sir; the thought of a mother-in-law was, indeed, disagreeable; but her being young and gay qualifies it. I hope, ma'am, you'll give us balls, and the most spirited parties. You can't think how stupid we have been. My dear father hates those things; but I hope now—

Cæsar. Eh, eh, eh! what's the meaning of all this? Why, hussy, don't you know you'll have no apartment but the garret?

Oliv. That will benefit my complexion, sir, by mending my health. 'Tis charming to sleep in an elevated situation.

Cæsar. Here! here's an obstinate, perverse slut!

Oliv. Bless me, sir, are you angry that I look forward to your marriage without murmuring?

Cæsar. Yes, I am! yes, I am! you ought to murmur; and you ought to—to—to—

Oliv. Dear me! I find love, taken up late in life, has a bad effect on the temper. I wish, my dear papa, you had felt the influence of Donna Marcella's charms somewhat sooner.

Cæsar. You do! you do! why this must be all put on. This can't be real.

Oliv. Indeed, indeed it is; and I protest, your engagement with this lady has given me more pleasure than I have tasted ever since you began to tease me about a husband. You seem determined to have a marriage in the family; and I hope, now, I shall live in quiet with my dear, sweet, young mother-in-law.

Cæsar. Oh, oh! (*Walking about.*) Was there ever—She doesn't care for a mother-in-law! Can't frighten her!

Oliv. Sure my fate is very peculiar; that being pleased with your choice, and submitting, with humble duty, to your will, should be the cause of offence.

Cæsar. Hussy! I don't want you to be pleased with my choice; I don't want you to submit with humble duty to my will. Where I do want you to submit, you rebel: you are a—you are—But I'll mortify that wayward spirit yet.

[*Exeunt Don Cæsar and Marcella.*]

Min. Well, really, my master is in a piteous passion; he seems more angry at your liking his marriage, than at your refusing to be married yourself. Wouldn't it have been better, madam, to have affected discontent?

Oliv. To what purpose, but to lay myself open to fresh solicitations, in order to get rid of the evil I pretended to dread? Bless us! nothing can be

more easy than for my father to be gratified, if he were but lucky in the choice of a lover.

Min. As much as to say, madam, that there is—

Oliv. Why, yes, as much as to say—I see you are resolved to have my secret, Minette; and so—

Enter a Servant.

Serv. There is a gentleman at the door, madam, called Don Julio de Melessina. He waits on you from Don Vincentio.

Oliv. Who? Don Julio? it cannot be. Art thou sure of his name?

Serv. The servant repeated it twice. He is in a fine carriage, and seems to be a nobleman.

Oliv. Conduct him hither. [*Exit Servant.*] I am astonished! I cannot see him! I would not have him know the incognita to be Olivia for worlds! There is but one way. (*Aside.*) Minette, ask no questions; but do as I order you. Receive Don Julio in my name; call yourself the heiress of Don Cæsar; and, on no account, suffer him to believe that you are anything else. [*Exit.*]

Min. So, then, this is some new lover she is determined to disgust; and fancies that making me pass for her, will complete it. Perhaps her ladyship may be mistaken, though. (*Looking through the wing.*) Upon my word, a sweet man! Oh, lud! my heart beats with the very idea of his making love to me, even though he takes me for another! Stay! I think he sha'n't find me here. Standing in the middle of a room gives one's appearance no effect. I'll enter upon him with an easy swim, or an engaging trip, or a—something that shall strike: the first glance is everything. [*Exit.*]

Enter DON JULIO, with a Servant, who retires.

Julio. Not here! The ridiculous dispute between Garcia and Vincentio gives me irresistible curiosity; though, if she is the character Garcia describes, I expect to be cuffed for my impertinence. Here she comes! A pretty, little, smiling girl, 'faith! for a vixen!

Enter MINETTE, very affectedly.

Min. Sir, your most obedient humble servant. You are Don Julio de Melessina? I am extremely glad to see you, sir.

Julio. (*Aside.*) A very courteous reception: you honour me infinitely, madam. I must apologize for waiting on you without a better introduction. Don Vincentio promised to attend me; but a concert called him to another part of the town, at the moment I prepared to come hither. [*music.*]

Min. A concert! Yes, sir, he is very fond of *Julio.* He is, madam: you, I suppose, have a passion for that charming science?

Min. Oh! yes, I love it mightily.

Julio. (*Aside.*) This is lucky! I think I have heard, Donna Olivia, that your taste that way is peculiar; you are fond of a—'faith! I can hardly speak it, (*aside*)—of a—Jew's-harp.

Min. A Jew's-harp! Mercy! What, do you think a person of my birth and figure can have such fancies as that? No, sir; I love fiddles, French-horns, tabors, and all the cheerful, noisy instruments in the world.

Julio. (*Aside.*) Vincentio must have been mad; and I as mad as him to mention it. Then you are fond of concerts, madam?

Min. Dote on them! I wish he'd offer me a ticket. (*Aside.*)

Julio. (*Aside.*) Vincentio is clearly wrong. Now, to prove how far the other was right in supposing her a vixen.

Min. There is a grand public concert, sir, to be to-morrow. Pray, do you go? [*dam.*]

Julio. I believe I shall have that pleasure, ma-

Min. My father, Don Cæsar, won't let me purchase a ticket: I think it's very hard.

Julio. Pardon me; I think it's perfectly right.

Min. Right! what, to refuse me a trifling expense, that would procure me a great pleasure?

Julio. Yes, doubtless; the ladies are too fond of pleasure—I think Don Cæsar is exemplary.

Min. Lord, sir! you'd think it very hard, if you were me, to be locked up all your life, and know nothing of the world but what you could catch through the bars of your balcony.

Julio. Perhaps I might; but, as a man, I am convinced 'tis right. Daughters and wives should be equally excluded those destructive haunts of dissipation. Let them keep to their embroidery, nor ever presume to shew their faces but at their own firesides. This will bring out the Xantippe, surely! (*Aside.*)

Min. Well, sir, I don't know; to be sure, home, as you say, is the fittest place for women. For my part, I could live for ever at home. I am determined he shall have his way; who knows what may happen? (*Aside.*)

Julio. (*Aside.*) By all the powers of caprice, Garcia is as wrong as the other!

Min. I delight in nothing so much as in sitting by my father, and hearing his tales of old times; and I fancy, when I have a husband, I shall be more happy to sit and listen to his stories of present times.

Julio. Perhaps, your husband, fair lady, might not be inclined so to amuse you. Men have a thousand delights that call them abroad; and, probably, your chief amusements would be counting the hours of his absence, and giving a tear to each as it passed.

Min. Well, he should never see them, however. I would always smile when he entered; and if he found my eyes red, I'd say, I had been weeping over the history of the unfortunate damsel, whose true love hung himself at sea, and appeared to her afterwards in a wet jacket. Sure, this will do! (*Aside.*)

Julio. (*Aside.*) I am every moment more astonished! Pray, madam, permit me a question. Are you, really—yet I cannot doubt it—are you, really, Donna Olivia, the daughter of Don Caesar, to whom Don Garcia and Don Vincentio had lately the honour of paying their addresses?

Min. Am I Donna Olivia! ha, ha, ha! what a question! Pray, sir, is this my father's house? Are you Don Julio?

Julio. I beg your pardon; but, to confess, I had heard you described as a lady who had not quite so much sweetness, and—

Min. Oh! what, you had heard that I was a termagant, I suppose. 'Tis all slander, sir: there is not in Madrid, though I say it, a sweeter temper than my own; and though I have refused a good many lovers, yet, if one were to offer himself that I could like— [passion?]

Julio. You would take pity, and reward him *Min.* I would.

Julio. Lovely Donna Olivia, how charming is this frankness! 'Tis a little odd, though! (*Aside.*)

Min. Why, I believe I should take pity; for it always seemed to me to be very hard-hearted, to be cruel to a lover that one likes; because, in that case, one should—a—you know, sir, the sooner the affair is over, the better for both parties.

Julio. What the deuce does she mean? Is this Garcia's sour fruit? (*Aside.*)

Cesar. (*Without.*) Olivia, Olivia!

Min. Bless me, I hear my father! Now, sir, I have a particular fancy that you should not tell him, in this first visit, your design.

Julio. Madam! my design!

Min. Yes, that you will not speak out, till we have had a little further conversation, which I'll take care to give you an opportunity for very soon. He'll be here in a moment: now, pray, Don Julio, go. If he should meet you, and ask who you are, you can say, that you are—you may say, that you came on a visit to my maid, you know. [Exit.]

Julio. I thank you, madam, (*aloud*) for my dismissal. (*Aside.*) I never was in such a peril in my life. I believe she has a license in her pocket, a priest in her closet, and the ceremony by heart. [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Don Carlos'.

DON CARLOS discovered writing.

Car. (*Tearing paper, and rising.*) It is in vain! Language cannot furnish me with terms to soften to Victoria the horrid transaction. Could she see the compunctions of my soul, her gentle heart would pity me. But what then? She's ruined! my children are undone! Oh! the artifices of one base woman, and my villany to another most amiable one, has made me unfit to live. I am a wretch, who ought to be blotted from society.

Enter PEDRO, hastily.

Ped. Sir—sir!

Car. Well!

Ped. Sir, I have just met Don Florio; he asked if my mistress was at home; so I guesses he is going to our house, and so I run to let you know; for I loves to keep my promises, though I am deadly afraid of some mischief.

Car. You have done well. Go home, and wait for me at the door, and admit me without noise. [Exit Pedro.] At least, then, I shall have the pleasure of revenge; I'll punish that harlot, by sacrificing her paramour in her arms; and, then—Oh!

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—Donna Laura's.

Enter DONNA LAURA, followed by VICTORIA.

Laura. 'Tis his carriage! How successful was my letter! This, my Florio, is a most important moment.

Vict. It is, indeed! and I will leave you to make every advantage of it. If I am present, I must witness condescensions from you that I shall not be able to bear, though I know them to be but affected. Now, Gasper, (*aside*) play thy part well, and save Victoria! [Exit.]

Enter GASPER, dressed as an old Beau; two Servants follow him, and take off a rich cloak.

Gasp. Take my cloak; and, d'ye hear? Ricardo, go home and bring the eider-down cushions for the coach, and tell the fellow not to hurry me post through the streets of Madrid. [Exeunt Servants.] I have been jolted from side to side, like a pippin in a mill-stream. Drive a man of my rank, as he would be a city vintner and his fat wife, going to a bull-fight! Ha, there she is! (*Looking through a glass suspended by a red riband.*) there she is! Charming Donna Laura! let me thus at the shrine of your beauty. (*Makes an effort to kneel, and falls on his face; Laura assists him to rise.*) Fie, fie! those new shoes! they have made me skate all day, like a Dutchman on a canal; and now—Well, you see how profound my adoration is, madam. Common lovers kneel; I was prostrate.

Laura. You do me infinite honour. Disgustful wretch! (*Aside.*) You are thinner than you were, Don Sancho: I protest, now I observe you, you are much altered!

Gasp. Ay, madam—fretting. Your absence threw me into a fever, and that destroyed my bloom: you see, I look almost a middle-aged man, now.

Laura. No, really; far from it, I assure you. The fop is as wrinkled as a baboon! (*Aside.*)

Gasp. Then jealousy; that gave me a jaundice. My niece's husband, I hear, Don Carlos, has been my happy rival. Oh! my blade will hardly keep in its scabbard, when I think of him.

Laura. Think no more of him; he has been long banished my thoughts, be assured. I wonder you gave your niece to him with such a fortune.

Gasp. Gave! she gave herself; and, as to fortune, she had not a pistole from me.

Laura. 'Twas, indeed, unnecessary, with so fine an estate as she had in Leon.

Gasp. My niece an estate in Leon! Not enough to give shelter to a field-mouse; and if he has told you so, he is a braggart.

Laura. Told me so! I have the writings: he has made over the lands to me.

Gasp. Made over the lands to you! Oh! a de-

ceiver! I begin to suspect a plot. Pray let me see this extraordinary deed. (*She runs to a cabinet.*) A plot, I'll be sworn!

Laura. Here is the deed which made that estate mine for ever. No, sir; I will intrust it in no hand but my own. Yet look over me, and read the description of the lands.

Gasp. (*Reading through his glass.*) H—m—m: "In the vicinage of Rosalvo, bounded on the west by the river—h—m—m, on the east by the forest." Oh! an artful dog! I need read no further; I see how the thing is.

Laura. How, sir! but hold! Stay a moment! I am breathless with fear.

Gasp. Nay, madam, don't be afraid! 'Tis my estate—that's all; the very castle where I was born; and which I never did, nor ever will, bestow on any Don in the two Castiles. Dissembling rogue! Bribe you with a fictitious title to my estate. Ha, ha, ha!

Laura. (*Aside.*) Curses follow him! The villain I employed must have been his creature; his reluctance all art; and whilst I believed myself undoing him, was duped myself!

Gasp. Could you suppose I'd give Carlos such an estate for running away with my niece? No, no! the vineyards, and the corn-fields, and the woods of Rosalva, are not for him. I've somebody else in my eye—in my eye, observe me—to give those to: can't you guess who it is?

Laura. No, indeed! He gives me a glimmering that saves me from despair! (*Aside.*)

Gasp. I won't tell you, unless you'll bribe me; I won't, indeed. (*Kisses her cheek.*) There, now I'll tell you: they are all for you. Yes, this estate, to which you have taken such a fancy, shall be your's. I'll give you the deeds, if you'll promise to love me, you little cruel thing!

Laura. Can you be serious?

Gasp. I'll sign and seal to-morrow.

Laura. Noble Don Sancho! Thus then I annihilate the proof of his perfidy and my weakness. Thus, I tear to atoms his detested name; and as I tread on these, so would I on his heart.

Enter VICTORIA.

Vict. My children, then, are saved! (*In transport.*)

Laura. (*Apart.*) Oh, Florio! 'tis as thou saidst; Carlos was a villain, and deceived me. Why this strange air! Ah! I see the cause; you think me ruined, and will abandon me. Yes, I see it in thy averted face; thou darest not meet my eyes. If I misjudge thee, speak!

Vict. Laura, I cannot speak. You little guess the emotions of my heart. Heaven knows I pity you!

Laura. Pity! Oh, villain! and has thy love already snatched the form of pity? Base, deceitful—

Car. (*Without.*) Stand off! loose your weak hold! I'm come for vengeance!

Enter DON CARLOS.

Where is this youth? Where is the blooming rival for whom I have been betrayed? Hold me not, base woman! In vain the stripling flies me; for hy heaven, my sword shall in his bosom write its master's wrongs!

Vict. Strike, strike it here! Plunge it deep into that bosom, already wounded by a thousand stabs, keener and more painful than your sword can give! Here lives all the gnawing anguish of love betrayed; here live the pangs of disappointed hopes—hopes sanctified by holiest vows, which have been written in the book of heaven. Ha! he sinks. (*She flies to him.*) Oh! my Carlos! my beloved! my husband! forgive my too severe reproaches; thou art dear, yet dear as ever, to Victoria's heart.

Car. (*Recovering.*) Oh! you know not what you do; you know not what you are. Oh! Victoria, thou art a beggar!

Vict. No, we are rich, we are happy! See there, the fragments of that fatal deed, which, had I not recovered, we had been indeed undone; yet still not wretched, could my Carlos think so!

Car. The fragments of the deed! the deed which that base woman—

Vict. Speak not so harshly. To you, madam, I fear, I seem reprehensible; yet, when you consider my duties as a wife and mother, you will forgive me. Be not afraid of poverty; a woman has deceived, but she will not desert you!

Laura. Is this real? Can I be awake?

Vict. Oh! mayest thou indeed awake to virtue! You have talents that might grace the highest of our sex; be no longer unjust to such precious gifts, by burying them in dishonour. Virtue is our first, most awful duty; bow, Laura! bow before her throne, and mourn in ceaseless tears, that ever you forgot her heavenly precepts!

Laura. So, by a smooth speech about virtue, you think to cover the injuries I sustain. Vile, insinuating monster! but thou knowest me not. Revenge is sweeter to my heart, than love; and if there is a law in Spain to gratify that passion, your virtue shall have another field for exercise. [*Exit.*]

Car. (*Turning towards Victoria.*) My hated rival and my charming wife! How many sweet mysteries have you to unfold? Oh, Victoria! my soul thanks thee; but I dare not yet say I love thee, till ten thousand acts of watchful tenderness have proved how deep the sentiment's engraved.

Vict. Can it be true that I have been unhappy? But the mysteries, my Carlos, are already explained to you: Gaspar's resemblance to my uncle—

Gasp. Yes, sir; I was always apt at resemblances. In our plays at home, I am always Queen Cleopatra; you know she was but a gipsy queen, and I hits her off to a nicety.

Car. Come, my Victoria. Oh! there is a painful pleasure in my bosom. To gaze on thee, to listen to, and to love thee, seems like the bliss of angels' cheering whispers to repentant sinners.

[*Exeunt Carlos and Victoria.*]

Gasp. Lord help 'em! how easily the women are taken in! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Prado.*

Enter MINETTE.

Min. Ah! here comes the man at last, after I have been sauntering in sight of his lodgings these two hours. Now, if my scheme takes, what a happy person shall I be! and sure, as I was Donna Olivia to-day, to please my lady, I may be Donna Olivia to-night, to please myself. I'll address him as the maid of a lady who has taken a fancy to him, then convey him to our house; then retire, and then come in again; and, with a vast deal of confusion, confess I sent my maid for him. If he should dislike my forwardness, the censure will fall on my lady; if he should be pleased with my person, the advantage will be mine. But, perhaps, he's come here on some wicked frolic or other. I'll watch him at a distance before I speak. [*Exit.*]

Enter DON JULIO.

Julio. Not here, 'faith! though she gave me last night but a faint refusal, and I had a right, by all the rules of gallantry, to construe that into an assent. Then she's a jilt; hang her! I feel I am uneasy; the first woman that ever gave me pain. I am ashamed to perceive that this spot has attractions for me, only because it was here I conversed with her. 'Twas here the little syren, conscious of her charms, unveiled her fascinating face. 'Twas here—Ha!

Enter DON GARCIA and DON VICENTIO.

Gar. Ha! Don Julio!

Julio. Psha! gentlemen, pray be quick.

Gar. 'Twas here that Julio, leaving champagne untasted, and songs of gallantry unsung, came to talk to the whistling branches.

Vin. 'Twas here that Julio, flying from the young and gay, was found in doleful meditation—(*altering his tone*) on a wench, for a hundred ducats!

Gar. Who is she?

[*Olivia!*]

Julio. Not Donna Olivia, gentlemen; not Donna

Gar. We have been seeking you, to ask the event of your visit to her.

Julio. The event has proved that you have been most grossly duped.

Vin. I knew that. Ha, ha, ha!

Julio. And you likewise, I know that. Ha, ha, ha! The fair lady, so far from being a vixen, is the very essence of gentleness. To me, so much sweetness in a wife would be downright maukish.

Vin. Well, but she's fond of a Jew's-harp.

Julio. Detests it; she would be as fond of a Jew.

Gar. Pho, pho! this is a game at cross purposes; let us all go to Don Cæsar's together, and compare opinions on the spot.

Julio. I'll go most willingly; but it will be only to cover you both with confusion, for being the two men in Spain most easily imposed on. (*All going.*)

Enter MINETTE.

Min. Gentlemen, my lady has sent me for one of you, pray which of you is it?

Julio. (*Returning.*) Me, without doubt, child.

Vin. I don't know that. [*the man?*]

Gar. Look at me, my dear; don't you think I am

Min. Let me see; a good air, and well made; you are the man for a dancer. (*To Garcia.*) Well dressed, and nicely put out of hands; you are the man for a bandbox. (*To Vincentio.*) Handsome and bold; you are the man for my lady. (*To Julio.*)

Julio. My dear little Iris, here's all the gold in my pocket. Gentlemen, I wish you a good night; I am your very obedient, humble—(*Stalking by them, with his arm round Minette.*)

Gar. Pho! pr'ythee, don't be a fool. Are we not going to Donna Olivia?

Julio. Donna Olivia must wait, my dear boy; we can decide about her to-morrow. Come along, my little dove of Venus! [*Exit.*]

Gar. What a rash fellow it is! ten to one but this is some common business, and he'll be robbed and murdered; they take him for a stranger.

Vin. Let's follow, and see where she leads him.

Gar. That's hardly fair; however, as I think there's danger, we will follow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Don Cæsar's.*

Enter MINETTE and DON JULIO.

Min. There, sir, please to sit down till my lady is ready to wait on you; she won't be long; I'm sure she's out, and I may do great things before she returns. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Julio. Through fifty back lanes, a long garden, and a narrow staircase, into a superb apartment; all that's in the regular way; as the Spanish women manage it, one intrigue is too much like another. If it was not now and then for the little lively fillip of a jealous husband or brother, which obliges one to leap from a window, or crawl, like a cat, along the gutters, there would be no bearing the ennui. Ah, ah! but this promises novelty; (*looking through the wing*) a young girl and an old man; wife or daughter? They are coming this way. My lovely incognita, by all that's propitious! Why did not some kind spirit whisper to me my happiness? but, hold! she can't mean to treat the old gentleman with a sight of me. (*Goes behind the sofa.*)

Enter DON CÆSAR and DONNA OLIVIA.

Cæsar. No, no, madam; no going out. There, madam, this is your apartment, your house, your garden, your assembly, till you go to your convent. Why, how impudent you are, to look thus unconcerned! Can hardly forbear laughing in my face! Very well, very well! [*Exit, double locking the door.*]

Oliv. Ha, ha, ha! I'll be even with you, my dear father, if you treble lock it. I'll stay here two days, without once asking for my liberty, and you'll come the third, with tears in your eyes, to take me out. He has forgot the door leading to the garden; but I vow I'll stay. (*Sitting down.*) I can make the time pass pleasantly enough.

Julio. I hope so. (*Looking over the back of the sofa.*)

Oliv. Heaven and earth!

Julio. My dear creature, why are you so alarmed? am I here before you expected me? (*Coming round.*)

Oliv. Expected you!

Julio. Oh! this pretty surprise! Come, let us sit down; I think your father was very obliging to lock us in together.

Oliv. Sir, sir! my father! (*Calling at the door.*)

Cæsar. (*Without.*) Ay, 'tis all in vain. I won't come near you. There you are, and there you may stay. I sha'n't return, make as much noise as you will.

Julio. Why, are you not ashamed that your father has so much more consideration for your guest than you have?

Oliv. My guest! how is it possible he can have discovered me? (*Aside.*)

Julio. Pho! this is carrying the thing further than you need; if there were a third person here, it might be prudent.

Oliv. Why, this assurance, Don Julio, is really—

Julio. The thing in the world you are most ready to pardon. [*you.*]

Oliv. Upon my word, I don't know how to treat

Julio. Consult your heart!

Oliv. I shall consult my honour.

Julio. Hopour is a pretty thing to play with, but when spoken with that very grave face, after having sent your maid to bring me here, is really more than I expected. I shall be in an ill-humour presently; I won't stay if you treat me thus.

Oliv. Well, this is superior to every thing! I have heard that men will slander women privately to each other; 'tis their common amusement; but to do it to one's face! And you really pretend that I sent for you?

Julio. Ha, ha, ha! Well, if it obliges you, I will pretend that you did not send for me; that your maid did not conduct me hither; nay, that I have not now the supreme happiness—(*Catching her in his arms.*)

Enter MINETTE; she screams, and runs back.

Donna Olivia de Zuniga! how the devil came she here!

Oliv. (*Aside.*) That's lucky! Olivia, my dear friend, why do you run away? Keep the character, I charge you. (*Apart to Minette.*) Be still, Olivia.

Min. Oh! dear madam! I was—I was so frightened when I saw that gentleman.

Oliv. Oh! my dear, it's the merriest pretty kind of gentleman in the world; he pretends that I sent my maid for him into the streets. Ha, ha!

Julio. That's right; always tell a thing yourself, which you would not have believed.

Min. It is the readiest excuse for being found in a lady's apartment, however. Now will I swear I know nothing of the matter. (*Aside.*)

Oliv. Now, I think it a horrid poor excuse; he has certainly not had occasion to invent reasons for such impertinencies often. Tell me that he has made love to you to-day. (*Apart.*)

Min. I fancy that he has had occasion to excuse impertinencies often; his impertinence to me to-day—

Julio. To you, madam?

Min. Making love to me, my dear, all the morning; could hardly get him away, he was so desirous to speak to my father. Nay, sir, I don't care for your impatience.

Julio. (*Aside.*) Now would I give a thousand pistoles if she were a man!

Oliv. Nay, then, this accidental meeting is fortunate; pray, Don Julio, don't let my presence prevent your saying what you think proper to my friend; shall I leave you together?

Julio. (*Apart.*) To contradict a lady on such an assertion would be too gross; but, upon my honour, Donna Olivia is the last woman upon earth who could inspire me with a tender idea. Find an excuse to send her away, my angel, I entreat you. I have a thousand things to say, and the moments are too precious to be given to her.

Oliv. I think so, too; but one can't be rude, you know. Come, my dear, sit down, (*seating herself*,) have you brought your work?

Julio. The devil! what can she mean? (*Pushing himself between Minette and the sofa.*) Donna Olivia, I am sorry to inform you that my physician has just been sent for to your father, Don Cæsar. The poor gentleman was seized with a vertigo.

Oliv. Vertigoes! Oh! he has them frequently, you know. (*To Minette.*) [sigh.]

Min. Yes, and they always keep me from his *Julio.* Did ever one woman prevent another from leaving her at such a moment before? I really, madam, cannot comprehend—

Cæsar. (*Without.*) It is impossible! impossible, gentlemen! Don Julio cannot be here.

Julio. Ah! who's that?

Enter DON CÆSAR, DON GARCIA, and DON VINCENTIO.

Gar. There! did we not tell you so? we saw him enter the garden.

Cæsar. What can be the meaning of all this? A man in my daughter's apartment! (*Attempting to draw.*)

Gar. Hold, sir! Don Julio is of the first rank in Spain; and will, unquestionably, be able to satisfy your honour, without troubling your sword. We have done mischief, Vincentio! (*Apart.*)

Julio. (*To Olivia.*) They have been cursedly impertinent! but I'll bring you off, never fear, by pretending a passion for your busy friend, there.

Cæsar. Satisfy me, then, in a moment; speak, one of you.

Julio. I came here, sir, by the merest accident. The garden-door was open, curiosity led me to this apartment. You came in a moment after, and very civilly locked me in with your daughter.

Cæsar. Locked you in! why, then, did you not, like a man of honour, cry out?

Julio. The lady cried out, sir, and you told her you would not return; but when Donna Olivia de Zuniga entered, for whom I have conceived a most violent passion—

Cæsar. A passion for her! Oh! let me hear no more on't. A passion for her! You may as well entertain a passion for the untameable hyena.

Gar. There, Vincentio, what think you now? Xantippe or not?

Vin. I am afraid I must give up that—but, pray, support me as to this point, Don Cæsar; is not the lady fond of a Jew's-harp!

Cæsar. Fond! she's fond of nothing, but playing the vixen; there is not such a fury upon earth!

Julio. These are odd liberties, with a person who does not belong to him.

Cæsar. I'll play the hypocrite for her no more; the world shall know her true character, they shall know—but ask her maid there.

Julio. Her maid!

Min. Why, yes, sir; to say the truth, I am but Donna Olivia's maid after all. [am now ruined.]

Oliv. (*Apart.*) Dear Minette! speak for me, or I

Min. I will, madam. I must confess, sir, (*going up to Julio*) there never was so bitter a tempered creature, as my lady is. I have borne her humours for two years; I have seen her by night and by day. (*Olivia pulls her sleeve, impatiently.*) I will, I will! (*To Olivia.*) And this I am sure, that if you marry her, you'll rue the day every hour the first month, and hang yourself the next. There, madam, I have done it roundly now. [snare!] (*Aside.*)

Oliv. I am undone! I am caught in my own *Cæsar.* After this true character of my daughter, I suppose, signor, we shall hear no more of your passion; so, let us go down, and leave madam to begin her penance.

Julio. My ideas are totally confused! You Donna Olivia de Zuniga, and the person I thought you, her maid! something too flattering darts across my mind.

Cæsar. If you have taken a fancy to her maid, I

have nothing farther to say; but as to that violent creature—

Julio. Oh! do not profane her. Where is that spirit which you tell me of? Is it that which speaks in modest, conscious blushes on her cheeks? Is it that which bends her lovely eyes to earth?

Cæsar. Ay, she's only bending them to earth, considering how to afflict me with some new obstinacy; she'll break out like a tigress in a moment.

Julio. It cannot be! are you, charming woman! such a creature? [one.]

Oliv. (*Looking down.*) Yes, to all mankind—but

Julio. But one! Oh! might that excepted one be me!

Oliv. Would you not fear to trust your fate with her you have cause to think so hateful?

Julio. No; I'd bless the hour that bound my fate to her's: permit me, sir, to pay my vows to this fair vixen.

Cæsar. What, are you such a bold man as that? Pho! but if you are, 'twill only be lost time; she'll contrive, some way or other, to return your vows upon your hands. [turn them only with my own.]

Oliv. If they have your authority, sir, I will re-

Cæsar. What's that? what did she say? my head is giddy with surprise.

Julio. And mine with rapture. (*Catching her hand.*) [marry him?]

Cæsar. Don't make a fool of me, Olivia. Wilt

Oliv. When you command me, sir.

Cæsar. My dear Don Julio, thou art my guardian angel! shall I have a son-in-law at last? Garcia, Vincentio, could you have thought it?

Gar. No, sir; if we had, we should have saved that lady much trouble; 'tis pretty clear, now, why she was a vixen.

Vin. Yes, yes, 'tis clear enough; and I beg your pardon, madam, for the share of trouble I gave you; but, pray, have the goodness to tell me, sincerely, what do you think of a crash?

Oliv. I love music, Don Vincentio, I admire your skill; and, whenever you'll give me a concert, I shall be obliged. [you had married me.]

Vin. You could not have pleased me so well, if

Enter DON CARLOS and DONNA VICTORIA.

Oliv. Ah! here comes Victoria and her Carlos! My friend, you are happy; 'tis in your eyes; I need not ask the event.

Cæsar. What! is this Don Carlos, whom Victoria gave us for a cousin? Sir, you come in a happy

Car. I do, indeed, for I am most happy. [hour!]

Julio. My dear Carlos, what has new made thee thus, this morning?

Car. A wife! Marry, Julio, marry!

Julio. What! this advice from you?

Car. Yes; and when you have married an angel, when that angel has done for you such things as makes your gratitude almost equal to your love, you may then guess something of what I feel, in calling this angel mine.

Oliv. Now, I trust, Don Julio, after all this, that if I should do you the honour of my hand, you'll treat me cruelly, be a very bad man, that I, like my exemplary cousin—

Vict. Hold, Olivia! it is not necessary that a husband should be faulty to make a wife's character exemplary. Should he be tenderly watchful of your happiness, your gratitude will give a thousand graces to your conduct; whilst the purity of your manners, and nice honour of your life, will gain you the approbation of those whose praise is fame.

Oliv. Pretty and matronly! thank you, my dear! We have each struck a bold stroke to-day; your's has been to reclaim a husband, mine to get one; but the most important is yet to be obtained—the approbation of our judges.

*That need withheld, our labours have been vain,
Pointless my jests, and doubly keen your pain;
Might we their plaudits, and their praise provoke,
Our bold should then be term'd a happy stroke.*

[Exeunt.]

THE CONFEDERACY;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.



Act V.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

MONEYTRAP
GRIPE
DICK
BRASS

JESSAMINE
CLIP
CLARISSA
ARAMINTA

CORINNA
FLIPPANTA
MRS. AMLET
MRS. CLOGGIT

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Covent Garden.

Enter MRS. AMLET and MRS. CLOGGIT.

Mrs. A. Good morrow, neighbour! good morrow, neighbour Cloggitt! How does all at your house this morning?

Mrs. C. Thank you kindly, Mrs. Amlet; thank you kindly; how do you do, I pray?

Mrs. A. At the old rate, neighbour, poor and honest; these are hard times, good lack!

Mrs. C. If they are hard with you, what are they with us? You have a good trade going; all the great folks in town help you off with your merchandise.

Mrs. A. Yes, they do help us off with them, indeed! they buy all.

Mrs. C. And pay—

Mrs. A. For some.

Mrs. C. Well, 'tis a thousand pities, Mrs. Amlet, they are not as ready at one as they are at t'other; for, not to wrong them, they give very good rates.

Mrs. A. Oh! for that, let's do them justice, neighbour; they never make two words upon the price, all they haggle about is the day of payment.

Mrs. C. There's all the dispute, as you say.

Mrs. A. But that's a wicked one: for my part, neighbour, I'm just tired off my legs with trotting after them; besides it eats out all our profit. Would you believe it, Mrs. Cloggitt, I have worn out four pair of pattens, with following my old Lady Youthful, for one set of false teeth, and but three pots of paint!

Mrs. C. Look you there, now!

Mrs. A. If they would but once let me get enough by them to keep a coach to carry me a dunning after them, there would be some consciences in it.

Mrs. C. Ay, that were something. But now you talk of conscience, Mrs. Amlet, how do you speed amongst your city customers?

Mrs. A. City customers! Now, by my truth, neighbour, between the city and the court, with reverence be it spoken, there's not a pin to choose. My ladies in the city, in times past, were as full of gold as they were of religion, and as punctual in their payments as they were in their prayers; but since they have set their minds upon quality, adieu one, adieu t'other! their money and their consciences are gone, heaven knows where!

Mrs. C. But what the murrain have they to do with quality? Why don't their husbands make them mind their shops?

Mrs. A. Their husbands! their husbands, say'st thou, woman? Alack, alack! they mind their husbands, neighbour, no more than they do a sermon.

Mrs. C. Good lack-a-day! that women born of sober parents, should be prone to follow ill examples! But now we talk of equity, when did you hear of your son Richard, Mrs. Amlet? My daughter Flipp says she met him t'other day, in an officer's dress, with three fine ladies, his footman at his heels, and as gay as a bridegroom.

Mrs. A. Is it possible? Ah! the rogue! Well, neighbour, all's well that's end well! But Dick will be hanged.

Mrs. C. That were pity.

Mrs. A. Pity, indeed! for he's a hopeful young

man to look on; but he leads a life—Well; where he has it, heaven knows! but they say, he pays his club with the best of them. I have seen him but once these three months, neighbour, and then the varlet wanted money; but I bid him march, and march he did to some purpose; for, in less than an hour, back comes my gentleman into the house, walks to and fro in the room, with his hat on one side, whistling a minuet, and tossing a purse of gold from one hand to t'other, with no more respect, heaven bless us! than if it had been an orange. "Sirrah," says I, "where have you got that?" He answers me never a word, but sets his arms a-kimbo, cocks his saucy hat in my face, turns about his ungracious heel, and I've never set eyes on him since.

Mrs. C. Look you there, now! to see what the youth of this age are come to!

Mrs. A. See what they will come to, neighbour! Heaven shield, I say! but Dick's upon the gallop. Well, I must bid you good-morrow: I'm going where I doubt I shall meet but a sorry welcome.

Mrs. C. To get in some old debt, I warrant you?

Mrs. A. Neither better nor worse.

Mrs. C. From a lady of quality?

Mrs. A. No, she's but a scrivener's wife; but she lives as well, and pays as ill, as the stateliest countess of them all. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The Street, with Moneytrap's house.*

Enter BRASS.

Brass. Well, surely, through the world's wide extent, there never appeared so impudent a fellow as my school-fellow Dick! to pass himself upon the town for a gentleman, drop into all the best company with an easy air, as if his natural element were in the sphere of quality; when the rogue had a kettle-drum to his father, who was hanged for robbing a church, and has a pedler to his mother, who carries her shop under her arm. But here he comes.

Enter DICK.

Dick. Well, Brass, what news? Hast thou given my letter to Flippanta?

Brass. I am but just come; I haven't knocked at the door yet. But I have a pretty piece of news for you.

Dick. As how?

Brass. We must quit this country.

Dick. We'll be hanged first!

Brass. So you will, if you stay.

Dick. Why, what's the matter?

Brass. There's a storm coming.

Dick. From whence?

Brass. From the worst point in the compass, the law.

Dick. The law! Why, what have I to do with the law?

Brass. Nothing; and, therefore, it has something to do with you.

Dick. Explain.

Brass. You know you cheated a young fellow at piquet, t'other day, of the money he had to raise his company.

Dick. Well, what then?

Brass. Why, he's sorry he lost it.

Dick. Who doubts that?

Brass. Ay, but that is not all, he's such a fool to think of complaining on't.

Dick. Then I must be wise to stop his mouth.

Brass. How?

Dick. Give him a little back: if that won't do, strangle him.

Brass. You are very quick in your methods.

Dick. Men must be so, that will despatch business.

Brass. Hark you! Colonel, your father died in his bed? [fool.]

Dick. He might have done if he had not been a

Brass. Why, he robbed a church.

Dick. Ay, but he forgot to make sure of the sexton.

Brass. Are not you a great rogue?

Dick. Or I should wear worse clothes.

Brass. Hark you! I would advise you to change your life.

Dick. And turn ballad-singer?

Brass. Not so, neither.

Dick. What, then?

Brass. Why, if you can get this young wench, reform, and live honest.

Dick. That's the way to be starved.

Brass. No; she has money enough to buy you a good place, and pay me into the bargain for helping her to so good a match. You have but this throw left to save you; for you are not ignorant, youngster, that your morals begin to be pretty well known about town: have a care your noble birth and your honourable relations are not discovered, too; there needs but that, to have you tossed in a blanket for the entertainment of the first company of ladies you intrude into; and then, like a dutiful son, you may dangle about with your mother, and sell paint; she's old and weak, and wants somebody to carry her goods after her. How like a dog will you look, your hair cropped up to your ears, and a band-box under your arm!

Dick. Why, faith! Brass! I think thou art in the right on't; I must fix my affairs quickly, or Madam Fortune will be playing some of her tricks with me; therefore, I'll tell thee what we'll do: we'll pursue this old rogue's daughter heartily; we'll cheat his family to some purpose, and they shall atone for the rest of mankind.

Brass. Have at her, then; I'll about your business presently.

Dick. Success attend thee! Adieu, my dear Brass! [Exit.]

Brass. Adieu, my dear—d—d rogue! Well, I say nothing. But when I have got matters into a good posture, he shall sign and seal, or I'll have him tumbled out of the house like a cheese. Now for Flippanta. (Knocks.)

Enter FLIPPANTA.

Flip. Who's that? Brass?

Brass. Flippanta!

Flip. What want you, rogue's face?

Brass. Is your mistress dressed?

Flip. What, already? Is the fellow drunk?

Brass. Why, with respect to her looking-glass, it is almost two.

Flip. What then, fool?

Brass. Why, then, it is time for the mistress of the house to come down, and look after her family.

Flip. Pr'ythee, don't be an owl. Those that go to bed at night may rise in the morning; we that go to bed in the morning, may rise in the afternoon.

Brass. When does she make her visits, then?

Flip. By candle-light; we women hate inquisitive sun-shine: but, do you know that my lady is going to turn good housewife?

Brass. What, is she going to die?

Flip. Die!

Brass. Why, that's the only way to save money for her family.

Flip. No; but she has thought of a project to save chair-hire.

Brass. As how?

Flip. Why, all the company she used to keep abroad, she now intends shall meet at her own house. Your master has advised her to set up a faro bank.

Brass. Nay, if he advised her to it, it's right; but has she acquainted her husband with it yet?

Flip. What to do? When the company meet, he'll see them.

Brass. Nay, that's true, as you say, he'll know it soon enough.

Flip. Well, I must begone; have you any business with my lady?

Brass. Yes, as ambassador from Araminta, I have a letter for her.

Flip. Give it me.

Brass. Hold! and, as first minister-of-state to the Colonel, I have an affair to communicate to thee.

Flip. What is it? quick!

Brass. Why, he's in love.

Flip. With what?

Brass. A woman—and her money together.

Flip. Who is she?

Brass. Corinna. He has ordered me to demand her of thee in marriage.

Flip. Of me?

Brass. Why, when a man of quality has a mind to a city fortune, wouldst have him apply to her father and mother?

Flip. No.

Brass. No, so I think: men of our end of the town are better bred than to use ceremony. Will you slip this letter into her prayer-book, my little queen? It's a very passionate one; it's sealed with a heart and a dagger; you may see by that what he intends to do with himself.

Flip. Are there any verses in it? If not, I won't touch it.

Brass. Not one word in prose; it's dated in rhyme.

Flip. *(Takes the letter.)* Well, but, have you brought nothing else?

Brass. Gad forgive me! I'm the forgetfullest dog—I have a letter for you, too; here 'tis, in a purse, but it's in prose; you won't touch it.

Flip. Yes, hang it! it is not good to be too dainty.

Brass. How useful a virtue is humility! Well, child, we shall have an answer to-morrow, shan't we?

Flip. I can't promise you that; for our young gentlewoman is not so often in my way as she should be. Her father, who is a citizen from the foot to the forehead of him, seldom lets her converse with her mother-in-law and me, for fear she should learn the airs of a woman of quality. But I'll take the first occasion: hark! there's my lady, go in and deliver your letter to her.

[Exeunt, with much ceremony.]

SCENE III.—A Parlour.

CLARISSA discovered reclining on a sofa. Enter FLIPPANTA and BRASS.

Clar. No messages this morning, from anybody, Flippanta? Lard! how dull that is! Oh! there's Brass! I did not see thee, Brass. What news dost thou bring?

Brass. Only a letter from Araminta, madam.

Clar. Give it to me: open it for me, Flippanta, I am so lazy to-day.

Brass. *(To Flip.)* Be sure you, now, deliver my master's as carefully as I do this.

Flip. Don't trouble thyself, I'm no novice.

Clar. *(To Brass.)* 'Tis well; there needs no answer, since she'll be here so soon.

Brass. Your ladyship has no farther commands, then?

Clar. Not at this time, honest Brass! Flippanta! *[Exit Brass.]*

Flip. Madam!

Clar. My husband's in love.

Flip. In love?

Clar. With Araminta.

Flip. Impossible!

Clar. This letter from her is to give me an account of it.

Flip. Methinks, you are not very much alarmed.

Clar. No; thou know'st I am not much tortured with jealousy.

Flip. Nay, you are much in the right on't, madam; for jealousy's a city passion; 'tis a thing unknown amongst people of quality.

Clar. Fie! a woman must, indeed, be of a mechanic mould, who is either troubled or pleased with anything her husband can do to her. Pr'ythee, mention him no more: 'tis the dullest theme—

Flip. 'Tis splenetic, indeed. But when once you open your fero bank, I hope that will put him out of your head.

Clar. Alas! Flippanta, I begin to grow weary even of the thoughts of that, too.

Flip. How so?

Clar. Why, I have thought on't a day and a night already; and four-and-twenty hours, thou knowest, is enough to make one weary of anything.

Flip. Now, by my conscience! you have more woman in you than all your sex together: you never know what you would have.

Clar. Thou mistake the thing quite. I always know what I want, but I am never pleased with what I have. The want of a thing is perplexing enough, but the possession of it is intolerable.

Flip. Well, I don't know what you are made of, but other women would think themselves blest in your case: handsome, witty, loved by everybody, and of so happy a composure to care a fig for nobody. You have no one passion, but that of your pleasures; and you have, in me, a servant devoted to all your desires, let them be as extravagant as they will: yet, all this is nothing; you can still be out of humour.

Clar. Alas! I have too much cause.

Flip. Why, what have you to complain of?

Clar. Alas! I have more subjects for spleen than one: is it not a most horrible thing that I should be but a scrivener's wife? Come, don't flatter me; don't you think nature designed me for something *plus-élevé*?

Flip. Nay, that's certain; but, on t'other side, methinks, you ought to be, in some measure, content, since you live like a woman of quality, though you are none.

Clar. Oh, fie! the very quintessence of it is

Flip. What's that? *[wanting.]*

Clar. Why, I dare abuse nobody: I'm afraid to affront people, though I don't like their faces; or to ruin their reputations, though they pique me to it, by taking ever so much pains to preserve them: I dare not raise a lie of a man, though he neglects to make love to me; nor report a woman to be a fool, though she's handsomer than I am. In short, I dare not so much as bid my footman kick the people out of doors, though they come to ask me for what I owe them.

Flip. All this is very hard, indeed.

Clar. Ah! Flippanta, the perquisites of quality are of an unspeakable value.

Flip. They are of some use, I must confess; but we must not expect to have everything. You have wit and beauty, and a fool to your husband: come, come, madam, that's a good portion for one.

Clar. Alas! what signifies beauty and wit, when one dares neither jilt the men, nor abuse the women? I have been sometimes almost choked with scandal, and durst not cough it up for want of being a countess.

Flip. Poor lady!

Clar. Oh! liberty is a fine thing, Flippanta; it's a great help in conversation to have leave to say what one will. I have seen a woman of quality, who has not had one grain of wit, entertain a whole company the most agreeably in the world, only with her malice. But 'tis in vain to repine, I can't mend my condition till my husband dies; so I'll say no more on't, but think of making the most of the state I am in.

Flip. That's your best way, madam; and, in order to do it, pray, consider how you'll get some ready money to set your faro bank a-going: for that's necessary.

Clar. Thou say'st true: but what trick I shall play my husband to get some, I don't know; for my pretence of losing my diamond necklace has put the man into such a passion, I am afraid he won't hear reason.

Flip. No matter; he begins to think 'tis lost in earnest; so, I fancy, you may venture to sell it, and raise money that way.

Clar. That can't be, for he has left odious notes with all the goldsmiths in town.

Flip. Well, we must pawn it, then.

Clar. I am quite tired of dealing with those pawnbrokers.

Flip. I'm afraid you'll continue the trade a great while, for all that. (*Aside.*)

Enter JESSAMINE.

Jess. Madam, there's the woman below that sells paint and patches, false teeth, and all sorts of things for the ladies; I can't think of her name. [*Exit.*]

Flip. 'Tis Mrs. Amlet; she wants money.

Clar. Well, I ha'n't enough for myself; it is an unreasonable thing she should think I have any for her.

Flip. She's a troublesome jade!

Clar. So are all people who come a dunning.

Flip. What will you do with her?

Clar. I have just now thought on't. She is very rich, that woman is, Flippanta; I'll borrow some money of her.

Flip. Borrow! sure, you jest, madam.

Clar. No, I am in earnest; I give these commissions to do it for me.

Flip. Me!

Clar. Why dost thou stare, and look so un- gainly? Don't I speak to be understood?

Flip. Yes, I understand you well enough; but Mrs. Amlet—

Clar. But Mrs. Amlet must lend me some mo- ney; where shall I have any to pay her else?

Flip. That's true; I never thought of that, truly! But here she is.

Enter MRS. AMLET.

Clar. (*Retires to the sofa.*) How do you do? How do you do, Mrs. Amlet? I haven't seen you these thousand years; and yet, I believe, I am down in your books.

Mrs. A. Oh! madam, I don't come for that, alack!

Flip. Good-morrow, Mrs. Amlet!

Mrs. A. Good-morrow, Mrs. Flippanta!

Clar. How much am I indebted to you, Mrs. Amlet?

Mrs. A. Nay, if your ladyship desires to see your bill, I believe I may have it about me. There, madam, if it ben't too much fatigue to you to look it over.

Clar. Let me see it, for I hate to be in debt— where I am obliged to pay. (*Aside. Reads.*) "*Im- primis. For bolstering out the Countess of Crump's left hip*"—Oh, fie! this does not belong to me.

Mrs. A. I beg your ladyship's pardon. I mis- took, indeed: 'tis a countess's bill I have writ out to little purpose. I furnished her, two years ago, with three pair of hips, and am not paid for them yet: but some are better customers than some. There's your ladyship's bill. (*Giving the bill.*)

Clar. (*Reads.*) "*For the idea of a new invented corset*"—Ay, this may be mine, but 'tis of a pre- posterous length. (*Unrolling the bill.*) Do you think I can waste time to read every article, Mrs. Amlet? 'das lief read a sermon.

Mrs. A. Alack-a-day! there's no need of fa-

tiguing yourself at that rate; cast an eye only, if your honour pleases, upon the sum total.

Clar. Total, fifty-six pounds and odd things.

Flip. But six-and-fifty pounds!

Mrs. A. Nay, another body would have made it twice as much, but there's a blessing goes along with a moderate profit.

Clar. Flippanta, go to my cashier, let him give you six-and-fifty pounds. (*Adjusting her dress.*) Make haste: don't you hear me? six-and-fifty pounds. Is it so difficult to be comprehended?

Flip. No, madam, I—I comprehend; six-and-fifty pounds. But—

Clar. But go and fetch it, then.

Flip. What she means, I don't know; but I shall, I suppose, before I bring her the money.

[*Aside and exit.*]

Clar. (*Setting her hair in a pocket-glass.*) The trade you follow gives a great deal of trouble, Mrs. Amlet!

Mrs. A. Alack-a-day! a world of pain, madam; and yet there's small profit, as your honour sees by your bill.

Clar. Poor woman! Sometimes you have great losses, Mrs. Amlet?

Mrs. A. I have two thousand pounds owing me, of which I shall never get ten shillings.

Clar. Poor woman! you have a great charge of children, Mrs. Amlet?

Mrs. A. Only one wicked rogue, madam, who, I think, will break my heart.

Clar. Poor woman!

Mrs. A. He'll be hanged, madam; that will be the end of him. Where he gets it, heaven knows! but he's always shaking his heels with the ladies, and his elbows with the lords. He's as fine as a prince, and as trim as the best of them; but the ungracious rogue tells all he comes near that his mother is dead, and I am but his nurse.

Clar. Poor woman!

Mrs. A. Alas! madam, he's like the rest of the world! everybody's for appearing to be more than they are, and that ruins all.

Clar. Well, Mrs. Amlet, you'll excuse me, I have a little business; Flippanta will bring you your money presently. Adieu, Mrs. Amlet! [*Exit.*]

Mrs. A. And I return your honour many thanks. Ah! there's my good lady, not so much as read her bill; if the rest were like her I should soon have money enough to go as fine as Dick himself.

Enter DICK.

Dick. Sure, Flippanta must have given my letter by this time; I long to know how it has been re- ceived.

Mrs. A. Misericorde! what do I see?

Dick. Fiends and hags! the witch my mother! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. A. Nay, 'tis he. Ah! my poor Dick! what art thou doing here?

Dick. What a misfortune! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. A. Good lard! now thou art bravely decked! But it's all one: I am thy mother still! and, though thou art a wicked child, nature will speak. I love thee, Dick, still. Ah, Dick! my poor Dick! (*She attempts to kiss him, he passes under her arm.*)

Dick. Blood and thunder! will you ruin me?

Mrs. A. Ah! the blasphemous rogue! how he swears!

Dick. You destroy all my hopes.

Mrs. A. Will your mother's kiss destroy you, varlet? Thou art an ungracious bird! kneel down and ask my blessing, sirrah.

Dick. Death and furies!

Mrs. A. Ah! he's a proper young man; see what a shape he has! Ah! poor child! (*Running to embrace him, he escapes from her.*)

Dick. Oons! keep off! the woman's mad! If any- body comes, my fortune's lost.

Mrs. A. What fortune, eh? speak, graceless! Ah! Dick, thou'lt be hanged, Dick.

Dick. Good, dear mother, now, don't call me Dick here.

Mrs. A. Not call thee Dick! Is it not thy name? What shall I call thee, Mr. Amlet, eh? Art not thou a presumptuous rascal? Hark you! sirrah, I hear of your tricks; you disown me for your mother, and say I am but your nurse. Is not this true?

Dick. No; I love you; I respect you; (*taking her hand*) I am all duty. But if you discover me here, you ruin the fairest prospect that man ever had.

Mrs. A. What prospect, eh? Come, this is a lie now.

Dick. No, my honoured parent, what I say is true. I am about a great fortune. I'll bring you home a daughter-in-law, in a coach and six horses, if you'll be quiet: I can't tell you more now.

Mrs. A. Is it possible?

Dick. 'Tis true, by Jupiter!

Mrs. A. My dear lad—

Dick. For heaven's sake—

Mrs. A. But, tell me, Dick—

Dick. I'll follow you home in a moment, and tell you all.

Mrs. A. What a shape is there!

Dick. Pray, mother, go.

Mrs. A. I must receive some money here first, which shall go for thy wedding dinner.

Dick. Here's somebody coming! Sdeath! she'll betray me.

Enter FLIPPANTA.

Dick. (*Makes signs to his mother.*) Good-morrow, dear Flippanta; how do all the ladies within?

Flip. At your service, Colonel; as far, at least, as my interest goes.

Mrs. A. Colonel! La you now! how Dick's respected! (*Aside.*)

Dick. Waiting for thee, Flippanta, I was making acquaintance with this old gentlewoman here.

Mrs. A. The pretty lad! he's as impudent as a lord. (*Aside.*)

Dick. Who is this good woman, Flippanta?

Flip. A gin of all trades; an old daggling cheat, that hobbles about from house to house to bubble the ladies of their money. I have a small business of your's in my pocket, Colonel. (*Aside to Dick.*)

Dick. An answer to my letter?

Flip. So quick, indeed? No, it's your letter itself.

Dick. Hast thou not given it, then, yet?

Flip. I haven't had an opportunity: but 'twon't be long first. Won't you go in and see my lady?

Dick. Yes, I'll go make her a short visit. But dear Flippanta; don't forget; my life and fortune are in your hands.

Flip. Never fear, I'll take care of them.

Mrs. A. How he traps them! let Dick alone. (*Aside.*)

Dick. (*To his mother.*) Your servant, good madam. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. A. Your honour's most devoted. A pretty, civil, well-bred gentleman this, Mrs. Flippanta. Pray, whom may he be?

Flip. A man of great note; Colonel Shapely.

Mrs. A. Is it possible! I have heard much of him, indeed, but never saw him before: one may see quality in every limb of him; he's a fine man, truly!

Flip. I think you are in love with him, Mrs. Amlet.

Mrs. A. Alas! those days are done with me; but if I were as fair as I was once, and as much money as some folks, Colonel Shapely should not catch cold for want of a bed-fellow. I love your men of rank, they have something in their air does so distinguish them from the rascality.

Flip. People of quality are fine things, indeed, Mrs. Amlet, if they had but a little more money; but for want of that, they are forced to do things their great souls are ashamed of. For example: here's my lady, she owes you but six-and-fifty pounds—

Mrs. A. Well!

Flip. Well, and she has it not by her to pay you.

Mrs. A. How can that be?

Flip. I don't know: her cash-keeper's out of humour; he says he has no money.

Mrs. A. What a presumptuous piece of vermin is a cash-keeper! Tell his lady he has no money! Now, Mrs. Flippanta, you may see his bags are full, by his being so saucy.

Flip. If they are, there's no help for it; he'll do what he pleases, till he comes to make up his yearly accounts.

Mrs. A. But madam plays sometimes; so when she has good fortune, she can pay me out of her winnings.

Flip. Oh! never think of that, Mrs. Amlet; if she had won a thousand pounds, she'd rather die in a gaol than pay off a farthing with it.

Mrs. A. Why, what shall we do, then: for I haven't one penny to buy bread.

Flip. I'll tell you—it just now comes into my head: I know my lady has a little occasion for money at this time; so, if you lend her a hundred pounds, do you see! then she may pay you your six-and-fifty out of it.

Mrs. A. Sure, Mrs. Flippanta, you think to make a fool of me?

Flip. No, the deuce fetch me if I do! You shall have a diamond necklace in pawn.

Mrs. A. Oh, ho! a pawn! That's another case. And when must she have the money?

Flip. In a quarter of an hour.

Mrs. A. Say no more. Bring the necklace to my house; it shall be ready for you.

Flip. I'll be with you in a moment.

Mrs. A. Adieu, Mrs. Flippanta!

Flip. Adieu, Mrs. Amlet! [*Exit Mrs. A.*] So! this ready money will make us all happy. This spring will set our faro table going, and that's a wheel will turn twenty others. My lady's young and handsome: she'll have a dozen intrigues upon her hands, before she has been twice at her prayers. So much the better; the more the grist, the richer the miller. Sure, never wench got into so hopeful a place! here's a fortune to be sold, and a master to be ruined. If I don't feather my nest, and get a good husband, I deserve to die both a maid and a beggar. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Gripe's House.*

CLARISSA and DICK discovered, seated on a sofa.

Clar. What, in the name of dulness, is the matter with you, Colonel? You are as studious as a cracked chymist.

Dick. My head, madam, is full of your husband.

Clar. The worst furniture for a head in the universe.

Dick. I am thinking of his passion for your friend Araminta.

Clar. Passion! Dear Colonel, give it a less violent name.

Enter BRASS.

Dick. Well, sir, what want you?

Brass. The affair I told you of goes ill. There's an action out. (*Aside to Dick.*)

Dick. The devil there is!

Clar. What news brings Brass?

Dick. Before gad! I can't tell, madam; the dog will never speak out. My Lord What-d'ye-call-him waits for me at my lodgings: is not that it?

Brass. Yes, sir.

Dick. Madam, I ask your pardon.

Clar. Your servant, sir. [*Exit Dick with Brass.*]
Jessamine!

Enter JESSAMINE.

Jess. Madam!

Clar. Where's Corinna? Call her to me, if her father hasn't locked her up; I want her company.

Jess. Madam, her guitar-master is with her.

[*Exit.*]

Clar. Psha! she's always taken up with her impertinent guitar-man. Flippanta stays an age with that old fool, Mrs. Amlet; and Araminta, before she can come abroad, is so long placing her coquet-patch, that I must be a year without company. How insupportable is a moment's uneasiness to a woman of spirit and pleasure.

Enter FLIPPANTA.

Oh! art thou come at last? Pr'ythee, Flippanta, learn to move a little quicker, thou know'st how impatient I am.

Flip. Yes, when you expect money.

Clar. Well, hast thou brought me any after all?

Flip. Yes, I have brought some. There! [*giving her a purse*] the old hag has struck off her bill, the rest is in that purse.

Clar. 'Tis well; but take care, Flippanta, my husband don't suspect anything of this; 'twould vex him, and I don't love to make him uneasy; so I would spare him these little sort of troubles, by keeping them from his knowledge.

Flip. See the tenderness she has for him, and yet he's always complaining of you.

Clar. 'Tis the nature of them, Flippanta; a husband is a growling animal.

Flip. How exactly you define them!

Clar. Oh! I know them, Flippanta: though I confess my poor wretch diverts me sometimes with his ill-humours. I wish he would quarrel with me to-day a little, to pass away the time, for I find myself in a violent spleen. My cloak and gloves, and the coach to the door!

Flip. Why, whither are you going?

Clar. I can't tell yet; but I would go spend some money, since I have it.

Flip. Why, you want nothing that I know of.

Clar. How awkward an objection now is that, as if a woman of education bought things because she wanted them.

Enter ARAMINTA.

Lard! what a tedious while you have let me expect you! I was afraid you were not well; how do you do to-day?

Aram. As well as a woman can do, that has not slept all night.

Flip. Methinks, madam, you are pretty well awake, however.

Aram. Oh! 'tis not a little thing will make a woman of my spirit look drowsy.

Clar. But, pr'ythee, what was't disturbed you?

Aram. Not your husband, don't trouble yourself; at least, I am not in love with him yet.

Clar. Well remembered, I had quite forgot that matter. I wish you much joy; you have made a noble conquest, indeed.

Aram. Do you know 'tis in my power to ruin this poor thing of your's? his whole estate is at my service.

Flip. Strike him, madam, and let my lady go your halves. There's no sin in plundering a husband, so his wife has share of the booty.

Aram. Whenever she gives me her orders, I shall be very ready to obey them.

Clar. Why, as odd a thing as such a project may seem, Araminta, I believe I shall have a little serious discourse with you about it. But, pr'ythee, tell me how you have passed the night? For I am sure your mind has been roving upon some pretty thing or other.

Aram. Why, I have been studying all the ways my brain could produce to plague my husband.

Clar. No wonder, indeed, you look so fresh this morning, after the satisfaction of such pleasing ideas all night.

Aram. Why, can a woman do less than study mischief, when she has tumbled and tossed herself into a burning fever, for want of sleep. But we'll discourse more of these matters as we go, for I must make a tour among the shops.

Clar. My coach waits at the door, we'll talk of them as we rattle along. [*Exit with Araminta.*]

Flip. What a pretty little pair of amiable persons are there gone to hold a council of war together! Poor birds! what would they do with their time, if the plaguing their husbands did not help them to employment? Well, if idleness be the root of all evil, then matrimony's good for something, for it sets many a poor woman to work. But here comes miss. I hope I shall help her into the holy state, too, ere long; and when she's once there, if she don't play her part as well as the best of them, I'm mistaken. Haven't I lost the letter I am to give her? No, here 'tis; so, now we shall see how pure nature will work with her, for art she knows none yet.

Enter CORINNA.

Cor. What does my mother-in-law want with me, Flippanta? they tell me she was asking for me.

Flip. She's just gone out; so, I suppose, 'twas no great business.

Cor. Then I'll go into my chamber again.

Flip. Nay, hold a little, if you please. I have some business with you myself, of more concern than what she had to say to you.

Cor. Make haste, then, for you know my father won't let me keep you company; he says you'll spoil me.

Flip. I spoil you! he's an unworthy man to give you such ill impressions of a woman of my honour.

Cor. Nay, never take it to heart, Flippanta, for I don't believe a word he says. But he does so plague me with his continual scolding, I am almost weary of my life.

Flip. Why, what is it he finds fault with?

Cor. Nay, I don't know, for I never mind him; when he has babbled for two hours together, methinks I have heard a mill going, that's all. It does not at all change my opinion, Flippanta, it only makes my head ache.

Flip. Nay, if you can bear it so, you are not to be pitied so much as I thought.

Cor. Not pitied! Why, is it not a miserable thing, such a young creature as I am should be kept in perpetual solitude, with no other company but a parcel of old frightful masters, to teach me geography, arithmetic, philosophy, and a thousand useless things? fine entertainment, indeed, for a young girl at sixteen! methinks, one's time might be better employed.

Flip. Those things will improve your wit.

Cor. Fiddle faddle! haven't I wit enough already? My mother-in-law has learned none of this trumpery, and is not she as happy as the day is long?

Flip. Then you envy her, I find.

Cor. And well I may. Does she not do what she has a mind to, in spite of her husband's teeth?

Flip. Look you there now! If she has not already conceived that to be the supreme blessing of life! [*Aside.*]

Cor. I'll tell you what, Flippanta, if my mother-in-law would but stand by me a little, and encourage me, and let me keep her company, I'd rebel against my father to-morrow, and throw all my books in the fire. Why, he can't touch a groat of my portion; do you know that, Flippanta?

Flip. So, I shall spoil her! Pray heaven the girl don't spoil me. [*Aside.*]

Cor. Look you! in short, he may think what he pleases; he may think himself wise; but thoughts are free, and I may think in my turn. I am but a girl, 'tis true, and a fool, too, if you believe him; but let him know, a foolish girl may make a wise man's heart ache; so he had as good be quiet. Now it's out! (*Skips about.*)

Flip. Very well: I love to see a young woman have spirit; it's a sign she'll come to something.

Cor. Ah! Flippanta, if you would but encourage me, you'd find me quite another thing. I am a devilish girl in the bottom; I wish you'd but let me make one amongst you.

Flip. That never can be, till you are married. Come, examine your strength a little. Do you think you durst venture upon a husband?

Cor. A husband! why, a—if you would but encourage me. Come, Flippanta, be a true friend, now. I'll give you advice when I have got a little more experience. Do you in your very conscience and soul think I am old enough to be married?

Flip. Old enough! Why, you are sixteen, are you not?

Cor. Sixteen! I am sixteen, two months, and odd days, woman! I keep an exact account.

Flip. The deuce you are!

Cor. Why, do you, then, truly and sincerely think I am old enough?

Flip. I do upon my faith, child!

Cor. Why, then, to deal as fairly with you, Flippanta, as you do with me, I have thought so any time these three years.

Flip. Now I find you have more wit than ever I thought you had; and to shew you what an opinion I have of your discretion, I'll shew you a thing I thought to have thrown in the fire.

Cor. What is it, for Jupiter's sake?

Flip. Something will make your heart chuck within you.

Cor. My dear Flippanta!

Flip. What do you think it is?

Cor. I don't know nor I don't care, but I'm mad to have it. (*Flippanta shews the letter.*) Oh, lard! a letter! Is there aught a token in it?

Flip. Yes, and a precious one, too. There's a handsome young gentleman's heart.

Cor. A handsome young gentleman's heart! Nay, then, it's time to look grave. (*Aside.*)

Flip. There! (*Presenting the letter.*)

Cor. I sha'n't touch it.

Flip. What's the matter now?

Cor. I sha'n't receive it.

Flip. Sure, you jest.

Cor. You'll find I don't. I understand myself better than to take letters, when I don't know who they are from.

Flip. I am afraid I commended your wit too soon.

Cor. 'Tis all one; I sha'n't touch it, unless I know who it comes from.

Flip. Heyday! open it, and you'll see.

Cor. Indeed I shall not.

Flip. Well, then, I must return it where I had it.

Cor. That won't serve your turn, madam; my father must have an account of this.

Flip. Sure, you are not in earnest?

Cor. You'll find I am.

Flip. So, here's fine work! This 'tis to deal with girls.

Cor. Confess who you had it from, and, perhaps, for this once, I mayn't tell my father.

Flip. Why, then, since it must out, 'twas the Colonel: but why are you so scrupulous, madam? *Cor.* Because if it had come from anybody else, I would not have given a farthing for it. (*Twitching it eagerly out of her hand.*)

Flip. Ah! my dear little rogue! (*embracing her*) you frightened me out of my wits.

Cor. Let me read it, let me read it, let me read

it, let me read it, I say! Um—*Cupid's*—um—*darts*—um—*beauty*—um—*charms*—um—*angel*—um—*goddess*—(*kissing the letter*)—um—*truest lover*—um—*eternal constancy*—um—*cruel*—um—*racks*—um—*tortures*—um—*fifty daggers*—um—*bleeding heart*—um—*dead man*. Very well, a mighty civil letter, I promise you; not one naughty word in it; I'll go lock it up in my work-box.

Flip. Well, but what does he say to you?

Cor. Not a word of news, Flippanta, 'tis all about business.

Flip. Does he not tell you he is in love with you?

Cor. Ay, but he told me that before.

Flip. How so? he never spoke to you.

Cor. He sent me word by his eyes.

Flip. Did he so? Mighty well! I thought you had been to learn that language.

Cor. Oh! but you thought wrong, Flippanta. What, because I don't go a visiting, and see the world, you think I know nothing. But you should consider, Flippanta, that the more one's alone, the more one thinks; and 'tis thinking that improves a girl. Well, Flippanta, if you'll encourage me—

Flip. Oh! by all means, an answer.

Cor. Well, since you say it, then, I'll e'en in and do it; though I protest to you, lest you should think me too forward, now, he is the only man that wears a beard I'd ink my fingers for. May be, if I marry him, in a year or two's time, I mayn't be so nice. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Flip. Now heaven give him joy! he is like to have a rare wife of thee. But where there's money, a man has a plaster to his sore. They have a blessed time on't, who marry for love! See, here comes an example—Araminta's dread lord.

Enter MONEYTRAP.

Mon. Ah! Flippanta, how do you do, good Flippanta? how do you do?

Flip. Thank you, sir, well, at your service.

Mon. And how does the good family, your master and your fair mistress? are they at home?

Flip. Neither of them; my master has been gone out these two hours, and my lady is just gone with your wife.

Mon. Well, I won't say I have lost my labour, however, as long as I have met with you, Flippanta; for I have wished a great while for an opportunity to talk with you a little. You won't take it amiss if I should ask you a few questions?

Flip. Provided you leave me to my liberty in my answers. What's this cot-quean going to pry into now? (*Aside.*)

Mon. Prythee, good Flippanta, how do your master and mistress live together?

Flip. Live! like man and wife; generally out of humour, complain of one another, and, perhaps, have both reason. In short, 'tis much as 'tis at your house.

Mon. Good lack! but whose side are you generally of?

Flip. Of the right side always—my lady's. And, if you'll have me give you my opinion of these matters, sir, I do not think a husband can ever be in the right.

Mon. Ah!

Flip. Little, peeping, creeping, sneaking, stingy, covetous, cowardly, dirty, cuckoldy things.

Mon. Ah!

Flip. Hark you, sir! shall I deal plainly with you? had I got a husband I would put him in mind that he was married as well as I. (*Sings.*)

“For were I the thing call'd a wife,
And my fool grew too fond of his power,
He should look like an ass all his life,
For a prank that I'd play him in an hour.
Tol lol la ra tol lol,” &c.

Do you observe that, sir?

Mon. I do; and think you would be in the right

on't. But, pr'ythee, why dost not give this advice to thy mistress?

Flip. For fear it should go round to your wife, sir; for you know they are play-fellows.

Mon. Oh! there's no danger of my wife; she knows I'm none of those husbands.

Flip. Are you sure she knows that, sir?

Mon. I am sure she ought to know it, Flippanta; for, really, I have but four faults in the world.

Flip. And, pray, what may they be?

Mon. Why, I am a little slovenly.

Flip. Fie!

Mon. I am sometimes out of humour.

Flip. Provoking!

Mon. I don't give her so much money as she'd have.

Flip. Insolent!

Mon. And a—perhaps, I mayn't be quite so young as I was.

Flip. The devil!

Mon. Oh! but then, consider how 'tis on her side, Flippanta. She ruins me with dressing, is always out of humour, ever wanting money, and will never be older.

Flip. That last article, I must confess, is a little hard upon you.

Mon. Ah! Flippanta, didst thou but know the daily provocations I have, thou wouldst be the first to excuse my faults. But now I think on't, thou art none of my friend, thou dost not love me at all; no, not at all.

Flip. And whither is this little reproach going to lead us, now?

Mon. You have power over your fair mistress, Flippanta.

Flip. Sir!

Mon. But what then? you hate me.

Flip. I understand you not.

Mon. There's not a moment's trouble her naughty husband gives her, but I feel it, too.

Flip. I don't know what you mean.

Mon. If she did but know what part I take in her sufferings—

Flip. Mighty obscure!

Mon. Well, I'll say no more; but—

Flip. All Hebrew!

Mon. If thou wouldst but tell her on't—

Flip. Still darker and darker!

Mon. I should not be ungrateful.

Flip. Ah! now I begin to understand you.

Mon. Flippanta, there's my purse. (*Gives her his purse.*)

Flip. Say no more; now you explain, indeed: you are in love?

Mon. Bitterly! and I do swear by all the gods—

Flip. Hold! spare them for another time, you stand in no need of them now. An usurer that parts with his purse gives sufficient proof of his sincerity.

Mon. I hate my wife, Flippanta.

Flip. That we'll take upon your bare word.

Mon. She's the devil, Flippanta!

Flip. You like your neighbour's better.

Mon. Oh! an angel!

Flip. What a pity it is the law don't allow changing!

Mon. If it did, Flippanta!

Flip. But since it don't, sir—keep the reins upon your passion; don't let your flame rage too high, lest my lady should be cruel, and it should dry you up to a mummy.

Mon. 'Tis impossible she can be so barbarous, to let me die. Alas! Flippanta, a very small matter would save my life.

Flip. Then you're dead; for we women never grant anything to a man who will be satisfied with a little.

Mon. Dear Flippanta, that was only my modesty; but, since you'll have it out, I am a very

dragon; and so your lady will find. Now, I hope, you'll stand my friend.

Flip. Well, sir, as far as my credit goes, it shall be employed in your service.

Mon. My best Flippanta! tell her I am all her's; tell her my body's her's; tell her my soul's her's; and tell her my estate's her's. Lord have mercy upon me! how I am in love!

Flip. Poor man! but, hark! I hear my master; for heaven's sake, compose yourself a little.

Mon. Ah, dear! I am in such an emotion, I dare not be seen. [*Exit.*]

Flip. A rare adventurer by my troth! This will be curious news to the wives. Fortune has now put their husbands into their hands, and I think they are too sharp to neglect its favours.

Enter GRIPE.

Gripe. Oh! here's the right hand; the rest of the body can't be far off. Where's my wife, husband?

Flip. An admirable question! Why, she's gone abroad, sir.

Gripe. Abroad, abroad! abroad already? Why, she used to be in her bed three hours after this time, as late as it is. What makes her gadding so soon?

Flip. Business, I suppose.

Gripe. Business! she has a pretty head for business, truly! Oh, ho! let her change her way of living, or I'll make her change a light heart for a heavy one.

Flip. And why would you have her change her way of living. She never looked better in her life.

Gripe. Don't tell me of her looks, I have done with her looks long since. But I'll make her change her life, or—

Flip. Indeed, sir, you won't.

Gripe. Why, what shall hinder me, insolence?

Flip. That which hinders most husbands—contradiction.

Gripe. Suppose I resolve I won't be contradicted?

Flip. Suppose she resolves you shall?

Gripe. A wife's resolution is not good by law.

Flip. Nor a husband's by custom.

Gripe. I tell thee, I will not bear it.

Flip. I tell you, sir, you will bear it.

Gripe. Oons! I have borne it three years already.

Flip. By that you see 'tis but giving your mind to it.

Gripe. My mind to it! Death and the devil! My mind to it! She is, then, in thy opinion, a reasonable woman?

Flip. By my faith, I think so.

Gripe. I shall run mad! Name me an extravagance in the world she is not guilty of.

Flip. Name me an extravagance in the world she is guilty of.

Gripe. Come, then: does she not put the house in disorder?

Flip. Not that I know of, for she never comes into it but to sleep.

Gripe. Does she employ any one moment of her life in the government of her family?

Flip. She is so submissive a wife, she leaves it entirely to you.

Gripe. Admirable! Does she not spend more money in coach-hire and chair-hire, than would maintain six children?

Flip. She's too nice of your credit to be seen daggling in the streets.

Gripe. Good! Do I set eye on her sometimes in a week together?

Flip. That, sir, is because you are never stirring at the same time; you keep odd hours; you are always going to bed when she's rising, and rising just when she's coming to bed.

Gripe. Yes, truly! night into day, and day into

night, that's her trade: but these are trifles; has she not lost her diamond necklace? answer me to that, trapes!

Flip. Yes; and has sent as many tears after it as if it had been her husband.

Gripe. Ah! the devil take her!—but, enough: 'tis resolved, and I will put a stop to her course of life, and so she shall know, the first time I meet with her—which, though we are man and wife, and lie under one roof, 'tis very possible may not be this fortnight. *[Aside, and exit.*

Flip. Nay, thou hast a blessed time on't, that must be confessed. What a miserable devil is a husband! insupportable to himself, and a plague to everything about him. But he'd as good be still, for he'll miss of his aim. If I know her, which I think I do, she'll set his blood in such a ferment, it shall bubble out at every pore of him; whilst her's is so quiet in her veins, her pulse shall go like a pendulum. *[Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Mrs. Amlet's House.*

Enter DICK.

Dick. Where's this old woman? Eh! what the devil, nobody at home! Ah! her strong box! and the key in it! 'tis so. Now, fortune, be my friend! What the deuce, not a penny of money in cash! nor a check, or note! nor a bank-bill! *(searches the box)* nor a crooked stick! nor a—mum!—here's something: a diamond necklace, by all the gods! Oons! the old woman! Zest! *(Puts the necklace in his pocket.)*

Enter MRS. AMLET.

Pray, mother, pray to—*(Runs to her and asks her blessing.)*

Mrs. A. Is it possible! Dick upon his humble knee! Ah! my dear child! may heaven be good unto thee!

Dick. I am come, my dear mother, to pay my duty to you, and to ask your consent to—

Mrs. A. What a shape is there!

Dick. To ask your consent, I say, to marry a great fortune; for what are riches in this world without a blessing? and how can there be a blessing without respect and duty to parents?

Mrs. A. What a nose he has!

Dick. And, therefore, it being the duty of every good child not to dispose of himself in marriage without the—

Mrs. A. Now the Lord love thee, *(kissing him)* for thou art a goodly young man! Well, Dick, and how goes it with the lady? are her eyes open to thy charms? does she see what is for her own good? Is she sensible of the blessings thou hast in store for her? Eh! is all sure? Hast thou broken a piece of money with her? Speak, bird! do: don't be modest, and hide thy love from thy mother, for I am an indulgent parent.

Dick. Nothing under heaven can prevent my good fortune, but its being discovered I am your son.

Mrs. A. Then thou art still ashamed of thy natural mother, graceless! Why, I'm no harlot, sirrah!

Dick. I know you are not. Who the devil would make you one? *(Aside.)*

Mrs. A. No: my reputation is as good as the best of them; and, though I'm old, I'm chaste, you rascal, you!

Dick. Lord! that is not the thing we talk of, mother; but—

Mrs. A. I think, as the world goes, they may be proud of marrying their daughter into a virtuous family.

Dick. Oons! virtue is not the case.

Mrs. A. Where she may have a good example before her eyes.

Dick. Oh, lord! oh, lord! oh, lord!

Mrs. A. I am a woman that don't so much as encourage an incontinent look towards me.

Dick. I tell you—'Sdeath!—I tell you—

Mrs. A. If a man should make an uncivil motion to me, I'd spit in his face; and all this you may tell them, sirrah!

Dick. Death and furies! the woman's out of her—

Mrs. A. Don't you swear, you rascal, you! don't you swear.

Dick. Why, then, in cold blood, hear me speak to you: I tell you it's a city fortune I am about; she cares not a fig for your virtue, she'll hear of nothing but quality; she has quarrelled with one of her friends for having a better complexion, and is resolved she'll marry to take place of her.

Mrs. A. What a cherry lip is there!

Dick. Therefore, good, dear mother, now have a care, and don't discover me; for if you do, all's lost.

Mrs. A. Dear, dear! how thy fair bride will be delighted! go, get thee gone, go: go, fetch her home; go, fetch her home. I'll give her a sack-posset, and a pillow of down she shall lay her head upon. Go, fetch her home, I say.

Dick. Take care, then, of the main chance, my dear mother; remember, if you discover me—

Mrs. A. Go, fetch her home, I say.

Dick. You promise me, then—

Mrs. A. March!

Dick. But swear to me!

Mrs. A. Begone, sirrah!

Dick. Well, I'll rely upon you; but one kiss before I go. *[Kisses her heartily, and runs off.]*

Mrs. A. Now the Lord love thee! for thou art a comfortable young man! *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*Gripe's House.*

Enter FLIPPANTA and CORINNA.

Cor. But, hark you! Flippanta, if you don't think he loves me dearly, don't give him my letter, after all.

Flip. Let me alone.

Cor. When he has read it, let him give it you again.

Flip. Don't trouble yourself.

Cor. But, remember, 'tis you who make me do all this now; so, if any mischief comes on't, 'tis you must answer for't.

Flip. I'll be your security.

Cor. I am young, and know nothing of the matter; but you have experience, so it is your business to conduct me safe.

Flip. Poor innocence!

Cor. But tell me, in serious sadness, Flippanta, does he love me with the very soul of him?

Flip. I have told you so a hundred times, and yet you are not satisfied.

Cor. But, methinks, I'd fain have him tell me so himself.

Flip. Have patience, and it shall be done.

Cor. Why, patience is a virtue; that we must all confess; but, I fancy, the sooner it's done the better, Flippanta.

Enter JESSAMINE.

Jess. Madam, yonder is your geography-master waiting for you. *[Exit.]*

Cor. Ah! how I am tired with these old fumbling fellows, Flippanta.

Flip. Well, don't let them break your heart; you shall be rid of them all ere long.

Cor. Nay, 'tis not the study I am so weary of, Flippanta, 'tis the odious thing that teaches me. Were the Colonel my master, I fancy I could take pleasure in learning everything he could shew me.

Flip. And he can shew you a great deal, I can tell you that. But, get you gone; here's somebody coming; we must not be seen together.

Cor. I will, I will, I will! Oh! the dear Colonel! [Runs off.]

Enter MRS. AMLET.

Flip. Oh, ho! Mrs. Amlet. What brings you so soon to us again, Mrs. Amlet?

Mrs. A. Ah! my dear Mrs. Flippanta, I'm in a furious fright.

Flip. Why, what's come to you?

Mrs. A. Ah! mercy on us all! madam's diamond necklace—

Flip. What of that?

Mrs. A. Are you sure you left it at my house?

Flip. Sure I left it! a very pretty question, truly!

Mrs. A. Nay, don't be angry; say nothing to madam of it, I beseech you: it will be found again, if it be heaven's good will. At least, 'tis I must bear the loss of it. 'Tis my rogue of a son has laid his bird-lime fingers on it.

Flip. Your son, Mrs. Amlet! Do you breed your children up to such tricks as these, then?

Mrs. A. What shall I say to you, Mrs. Flippanta? Can I help it? He has been a rogue from his cradle, Dick has. But he has his deserts, too. And now it comes into my head, mayhap, he may have no ill design in this neither.

Flip. No ill design, woman! He's a pretty fellow if he can steal a diamond necklace with a good one.

Mrs. A. You don't know him, Mrs. Flippanta, so well as I that bore him. Dick's a rogue, 'tis true; but—mum!

Flip. What does the woman mean?

Mrs. A. Hark you! Mrs. Flippanta, is not here a young gentlewoman in your house that wants a husband?

Flip. Why do you ask?

Mrs. A. By way of conversation only; it does not concern me; but when she marries I may chance to dance at the wedding. Remember, I tell you so, I who am but Mrs. Amlet.

Flip. You dance at her wedding! You!

Mrs. A. Yes, I, I! but don't trouble madam about her necklace; perhaps it mayn't go out of the family. Adieu, Mrs. Flippanta. [Exit.]

Flip. What—what—what does the woman mean? The necklace lost—and her son Dick—and a fortune to marry—and she shall dance at the wedding—and—she does not intend, I hope, to propose a match between her son Dick and Corinna. By my conscience, I believe she does. An old beldam!

Enter BRASS.

Brass. Well, hussy! how stand our affairs? Has miss writ us an answer yet? My master's very impatient yonder.

Flip. And why the deuce does not he come himself? What does he send such idle fellows as thee of his errands? Here I had her alone just now: he won't have such an opportunity again this month, I can tell him that.

Brass. So much the worse for him; 'tis his business. But now, my dear, let thee and I talk a little of our own: I grow most devilishly in love with thee, dost hear that?

Flip. Pho! thou art always timing things wrong; my head is full, at present, of more important things than love.

Brass. Then it's full of important things, indeed; dost want a privy-counsellor?

Flip. I want an assistant.

Brass. To do what?

Flip. Mischief.

Brass. I am thy man—touch!

Flip. But before I venture to let thee into my project, pr'ythee, tell me, whether thou findest a natural disposition to ruin a husband to oblige his wife?

Brass. Is she handsome?

Flip. Yes.

Brass. Why, then, my disposition is at her service.

Flip. She's beholden to thee.

Brass. Not she alone, neither; therefore, don't let her grow vain upon it; for I've three or four affairs of that kind going at this time.

Flip. Well, go carry this epistle from miss to my master; and when thou comest back, I'll tell thee thy business.

Brass. I'll know it before I go, if you please.

Flip. Thy master waits for an answer.

Brass. I'd rather he should wait than I.

Flip. Why, then, in short, Araminta's husband is in love with my lady.

Brass. Very well, child, we have a Rowland for her Oliver; thy lady's husband is in love with Araminta.

Flip. Who told you that, sirrah?

Brass. 'Tis a negociation I'm charged with, pert! Did not I tell thee I did business for half the town? I have managed master Gripe's little affairs for him these ten years, you slut, you!

Flip. Hark thee! Brass, the game's in our hands, if we can but play the cards.

Brass. Pique and repique, you jade you! if the wives will fall into a good intelligence.

Flip. Let them alone; I'll answer for them they don't slip the occasion. See, here they come. They little think what a piece of good news we have for them.

Enter CLARISSA, ARAMINTA, and JESSAMINE.

Clar. Jessamine! here, boy, carry up these things into my dressing-room, and break as many of them by the way as you can, be sure.

Jess. Yes, madam.

[As he is going off, he lets the china fall.]

Clar. Oh! art thou there, Brass? What news?

Brass. Madam, I only called in as I was going by. But some little propositions Mrs. Flippanta has been starting, have kept me here to offer your ladyship my humble service.

Clar. What propositions?

Brass. She'll acquaint you, madam.

Aram. Is there anything new, Flippanta?

Flip. Yes, and pretty, too.

Clar. That follows, of course; but let's have it, quick.

Flip. Why, madam, you have made a conquest.

Clar. Hussy—but of who? quick.

Flip. Of Mr. Moneytrap, that's all.

Aram. My husband!

Flip. Yes, your husband, madam: you thought fit to corrupt ours, so now we are even with you.

Aram. Sure thou art in jest, Flippanta.

Flip. Serious as my devotions.

Brass. And the cross intrigue, ladies, is what our brains have been at work about.

Aram. My dear! (To Clarissa.)

Clar. My life!

Aram. My angel! } (Hugging each other.)

Clar. My soul!

Aram. The stars have done this.

Clar. The pretty little twinklers.

Flip. And what will you do for them, now?

Clar. What grateful creatures ought; shew them we don't despise their favours.

Aram. But is not this a wager between these two blockheads?

Clar. I would not give a shilling to go the winner's halves.

Aram. Then 'tis the most fortunate thing that ever could have happened.

Clar. All your last night's ideas, Araminta, were trifles to it.

Aram, Brass, my dear, will be useful to us.

Brass. At your service, madam.

Clar. Flippanta will be necessary, my life!

Flip. She waits your commands, madam.

Aram. For my part, then, I recommend my husband to thee, Flippanta, and make it my earnest request thou won't leave him one half crown.

Flip. I'll do all I can to obey you, madam.

Brass. (To *Clarissa*.) If your ladyship would give me the same kind orders for your's.

Clar. Oh! if thou sparest him, Brass, I'm thy enemy till I die.

Brass. 'Tis enough, madam; I'll be sure to give you a reasonable account of him. But 'how do you intend we shall proceed, ladies? Must we storm the purse at once, or break ground in form, and carry it by little and little?

Clar. Storm, dear Brass, storm! ever whilst you live, storm.

Aram. Oh! by all means; must it not be so, Flippanta?

Flip. In four-and-twenty hours, two hundred pounds a-piece, that's my sentence.

Brass. Very well. But, ladies, you'll give me leave to put you in mind of some little expense in favours, 'twill be necessary you are at, to these honest gentlemen.

Aram. Favours, Brass!

Brass. Um—a—some small matters, madam, I doubt must be.

Clar. Now, that's a vile article, Araminta; for that thing your husband is so like mine—

Flip. Pooh! there's a scruple, indeed. Why, what in the name of Lucifer is it you have to do, that's so terrible?

Brass. A civil look only.

Aram. There's no great harm in that.

Flip. An obliging word.

Clar. That one may afford 'em.

Brass. A little smile, à-propos.

Aram. That's but giving one's self an air.

Flip. Receive a little letter, perhaps.

Clar. Women of quality do that from fifty odious fellows.

Brass. Suffer, may be, a squeeze by the hand.

Aram. One's so used to that, one does not feel it.

Flip. Or if a kiss would do't.

Clar. I'd die first.

Brass. Indeed, ladies, I doubt 'twill be necessary to—

Clar. Get their wretched money without paying so dear for it.

Flip. Well, just as you please for that, my ladies: but I suppose you'll play upon the square with your favour, and not pique yourselves upon being one more grateful than another.

Brass. And state a fair account of receipts and disbursements.

Aram. That I think should be, indeed.

Clar. With all my heart, and Brass shall be our book-keeper. So, get thee to work, man, as fast as thou canst; but not a word of this to thy master.

Brass. I'll observe my order, madam. [Exit.]

Clar. I'll have the pleasure of telling him myself, he'll be violently delighted with it: 'tis the best man in the world, Araminta; he'll bring us rare company to-morrow, all sorts of gamesters; and thou shalt see my husband will be such a brute to be out of humour at it.

Aram. The monster! But hush, here's my dear approaching: pr'ythee, let's leave him to Flippanta.

Flip. Ay, pray do; I'll bring you a good account of him, I'll warrant you.

Clar. Despatch, then, for the faro-table's in haste.

[Exit *Clar.* and *Aram.*]

Flip. So, now have at him; here he comes: we'll try if we can pillage the usurer, as he does other folks.

Enter MONEYTRAP.

Mon. Well, my pretty Flippanta, is thy mistress come home?

Flip. Yes, sir.

Mon. And where is she, pr'ythee?

Flip. Gone abroad, sir.

Mon. How dost mean?

Flip. I mean right, sir; my lady will come home and go abroad ten times in an hour, when she is either in very good humour, or very bad.

Mon. Good luck! But I'll warrant, in general, 'tis her naughty husband that makes her house uneasy to her. But hast thou said a little something to her, chicken, for an expiring lover, eh?

Flip. Said—yes, I have said, much good may it do me.

Mon. Well! and how?

Flip. And how! And how do you think you would have me do it? and you have such a way with you one can refuse you nothing. But I have brought myself into a fine business by it.

Mon. Good luck! But I hope, Flippanta—

Flip. Yes, your hopes will do much, when I am turned out of doors.

Mon. Was she, then, terribly angry?

Flip. Oh! had you seen how she flew, when she saw where I was pointing; for you must know I went round the bush, and round the bush, before I came to the matter.

Mon. Nay, 'tis a ticklish point, that must be owned.

Flip. On my word is it: I mean where a lady's truly virtuous; for that's our case, you must know.

Mon. A very dangerous case, indeed.

Flip. But I can tell you one thing; she has an inclination to you.

Mon. Is it possible!

Flip. Yes, and I told her so at last.

Mon. Well, and what did she answer thee?

Flip. Slap—(Smacks his face.)—and bid me bring it to you for a token.

Mon. And you have lost none on't by the way, with a plague t'ye. (Aside.)

Flip. Now this, I think, looks the best in the world.

Mon. Yea, but really it feels a little oddly.

Flip. Why, you must know ladies have different ways of expressing their kindness, according to the humour they are in: if she had been in a good one, it had been a kiss; but as long as she sent you something, your affairs go well.

Mon. Why, truly, I am a little ignorant in the mysterious paths of love; so I must be guided by thee. But, pr'ythee, take her in a good humour next token she sends me.

Flip. Ah! good humour!

Mon. What's the matter?

Flip. Poor lady! If I durst tell you all—

Mon. What then?

Flip. You would not expect to see her in one a good while.

Mon. Why, I pray?

Flip. I must own I did take an unseasonable time to talk of love-matters to her.

Mon. Why, what's the matter?

Flip. Nothing.

Mon. Nay, pr'ythee, tell me?

Flip. I dare not.

Mon. You must, indeed.

Flip. Why, when women are in difficulties, how can they think of pleasure?

Mon. Why, what difficulties can she be in?

Flip. Nay, I do but guess, after all; for she has that grandeur of soul, she'd die before she'd tell.

Mon. But what dost thou suspect?

Flip. Why, what should one suspect, where a husband loves nothing but getting of money, and a wife nothing but spending on't?

Mon. So she wants that same then?

Flip. I say no such thing, I know nothing of the matter; pray make no wrong interpretation of what I say; my lady wants nothing that I know of. 'Tis true, she has had ill luck at cards of late; I believe she has not won once this month: but what of that?

Mon. Ha!

Flip. 'Tis true, I know her spirit, that she'd see her husband hanged before she'd ask him for a farthing.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. And then I know him again, he'd see her drowned before he'd give her a farthing; but that's a help to your affair, you know.

Mon. 'Tis so, indeed.

Flip. Ah! well, I'll say nothing; but if she had none of these things to fret her—

Mon. Why really, Flippanta—

Flip. I know what you are going to say now; you are going to offer your service, but 'twont do; you have a mind to play the gallant now, but it must not be; you want to be shewing your liberality, but 'twon't be allowed; you'll be pressing me to offer it, and she'll be in a rage. We shall have the devil to do.

Mon. You mistake me, Flippanta; I was only going to say—*(She puts her hand before his mouth.)*

Flip. Ay, I know what you were going to say, well enough; but I tell you it will never do so. If one could find out some way now—ay, let me see—

Mon. Indeed, I hope—

Flip. Pray be quiet—no—but I'm thinking—hum—she'll smoke that though—let us consider: if one could find a way to—'Tis the nicest point in the world to bring about, she'll never touch it if she knows from whence it comes.

Mon. Ay.

Flip. You shall make her—a restitution—of two hundred pounds.

Mon. Ha! a restitution!

Flip. Yes, yes; 'tis the luckiest thought in the world: madam often plays, you know, and folks who do, meet, now and then, with sharpers. Now you shall be a sharper.

Mon. A sharper!

Flip. Ay, ay, a sharper; and having cheated her of two hundred pounds, shall be troubled in mind, and send it her back again. You comprehend me?

Mon. Yes, I—I comprehend, but a—won't she suspect if it be so much?

Flip. No, no; the more the better.

Mon. Two hundred pounds!

Flip. Yes, two hundred pounds; or, let me see—so even a sum may look a little suspicious—ay, let it be two hundred and thirty; that odd thirty will make it look so natural, the devil won't find it out.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. Pounds, too, look I don't know how; guineas, I fancy, were better; ay, guineas, it shall be guineas. You are of that mind, are you not?

Mon. Um! a guinea, you know, Flippanta, is—

Flip. A thousand times genteeler; you are certainly in the right on't; it shall be as you say, two hundred and thirty guineas.

Mon. Oh! well, if it must be guineas—let's see, two hundred guineas!

Flip. And thirty; two hundred and thirty: if you mistake the sum, you spoil all. So, go put them in a purse, while it's fresh in your head, and send them to me with a penitent letter, desiring I'll do you the favour to restore them to her.

Mon. Two hundred and thirty pounds in a bag!

Flip. Guineas, I say, guineas.

Mon. Ay, guineas, that's true. But, Flippanta,

if she don't know they come from me, then I give my money for nothing, you know.

Flip. Pooh! leave that to me, I'll manage the stock for you; I'll make it produce something, I'll warrant you.

Mon. Well, Flippanta, 'tis a great sum, indeed; but I'll go try what I can do for her. You say, two hundred guineas in a purse?

Flip. And thirty, if the man's in his senses.

Mon. And thirty, 'tis true; I always forget that thirty. *[Exit.]*

Flip. So, get thee gone, thou art a rare fellow, i' faith. Brass! it's thee, is't not?

Enter BRASS.

Brass. It is, huswife. How go matters? I staid till thy gentleman was gone. Hast done anything towards our common purse?

Flip. I think I have; he's going to make us a restitution of two or three hundred pounds.

Brass. A restitution! good.

Flip. A new way, sirrah, to make a lady take a present without putting her to the blush.

Brass. 'Tis very well, mighty well, indeed. Pr'ythee where's thy master? let me try if I can persuade him to be troubled in mind, too.

Flip. Not so hasty; he's gone into his closet to prepare himself for a quarrel, I have advised him to—with his wife.

Brass. What to do?

Flip. Why, to make her stay at home, now she has resolved to do it beforehand. You must know, sirrah, we intend to make a merit of our faro bank, and get a good pretence for the merry companions we intend to fill his house with.

Brass. Very nicely spun, truly; thy husband will be a happy man.

Flip. Hold your tongue, you fool you. See, here comes your master.

Brass. He's welcome.

Enter DICK.

Dick. My dear Flippanta! how many thanks have I to pay thee?

Flip. Do you like her style?

Dick. The kindest little rogue; there's nothing but she gives me leave to hope. I am the happiest man the world has in it's care.

Flip. Not so happy as you think for neither, perhaps; you have a rival, sir, I can tell you that.

Dick. A rival!

Flip. Yes, and a dangerous one, too.

Dick. Who, in the name of terror?

Flip. A devilish fellow, one Mr. Amlet.

Dick. Amlet! I know no such man.

Flip. You know the man's mother, though; you met her here, and are in her favour, I can tell you. If he worst you in your mistress, you shall e'en marry her, and disinherit him.

Dick. If I have no other rival but Mr. Amlet, I believe I sha'n't be much disturbed in my amour. But can't I see Corinna?

Flip. I don't know; she has always some of her masters with her: but I'll go see if she can spare you a moment, and bring you word. *[Exit.]*

Dick. I wish my old hobbling mother ha'n't been blabbing something here she should not do.

Brass. Fear nothing, all's safe on that side, yet. But how speaks young mistress's epistle? soft and tender?

Dick. As pen can write.

Brass. So you think all goes well there?

Dick. As my heart can wish.

Brass. You are sure on't?

Dick. Sure on't.

Brass. Why then, ceremony aside, *(putting on his hat,)* you and I must have a little talk, Mr. Amlet.

Dick. Ah! Brass, what art thou going to do? wouldst ruin me?

Brass. Look you, Dick, few words; you are in a smooth way of making your fortune; I hope all will roll on. But how do you intend matters should pass 'twixt you and me in this business.

Dick. Death and furies! What a time dost take to talk on't?

Brass. Good words, or I betray you;—they have already heard of one Mr. Amlet in the house.

Dick. Here's a son of a w—. (*Aside.*)

Brass. In short, look smooth, and be a good prince. I am your valet, 'tis true: your footman, sometimes, which I'm enraged at; but you have always had the ascendant, I confess: when we were school-fellows, you made me carry your books, make your exercise, own your rogueries, and sometimes take a whipping for you. When we were fellow-prentices, though I was your senior, you made me open the shop, clean my master's shoes, cut last at dinner, and eat all the crust. In our sins, too, I must own you still kept me under; you soared up to the mistress, while I was at humble fornication with the maid. Nay, in our punishments, you still made good your post; for when once upon a time I was sentenced but to be whipped, I cannot deny but you were condemned to be hanged. So, that in all times, I must confess, your inclinations have been greater and nobler than mine; however, I cannot consent that you should at once, fix fortune for life, and I dwell in my humilities for the rest of my days.

Dick. Harkye! Brass, if I do not most nobly by thee, I'm a dog.

Brass. And when?

Dick. As soon as ever I am married.

Brass. Ay, the plague take thee.

Dick. Then you mistrust me?

Brass. I do, by my faith. Look you, sir, some folks we mistrust, because we don't know them: others we mistrust, because we do know them; and for one of these reasons I desire there may be a bargain before-hand: if not, (*raising his voice,*) look ye, Dick Amlet—

Dick. Soft, my dear friend and companion. The dog will ruin me. (*Aside.*) Say, what is't will content thee?

Brass. Oh, ho!

Dick. But how canst thou be such a barbarian?

Brass. I learnt it at Algiers.

Dick. Come, make thy Turkish demand, then.

Brass. You know you gave me a bank-bill this morning to receive for you.

Dick. I did so, of fifty pounds; 'tis thine. So, now thou art satisfied; all is fixed.

Brass. It is not, indeed. There's a diamond necklace you robbed your mother of, even now.

Dick. Ah! you Jew.

Brass. No words.

Dick. My dear Brass!

Brass. I insist.

Dick. My old friend!

Brass. Dick Amlet, (*raising his voice,*) I insist.

Dick. Ah! the cormorant. (*Aside.*) Well, 'tis thine; but thou'll never thrive with it.

Brass. When I find it begins to do me mischief, I'll give it you again. But I must have a wedding suit.

Dick. Well.

Brass. A stock of linen.

Dick. Well thou shalt have that, too. Now, thou hast everything.

Brass. Heaven forgive me, I forgot a ring of remembrance; I would not forget all these favours for the world: a sparkling diamond will be always playing in my eye, and put me in mind of them.

Dick. This unconscionable rogue! (*Aside.*) Well, I'll bespeak one for thee.

Brass. Brilliant.

Dick. It shall. But if the thing don't succeed after all—

Brass. I am a man of honour, and restore: and so, treaty being finished, I strike my flag of defiance, and fall into my respects again. (*Taking off his hat.*)

Enter FLIPPANTA.

Flip. I have made you wait a little, but I could not help it; her master is but just gone. He has been shewing her prince Eugene's march into Italy; but if you'll slip up those back stairs, you shall try if you can agree upon the journey.

Dick. My dear Flippanta!

Flip. None of your dear acknowledgments, I beseech you, but up stairs as hard as you can drive.

Dick. I'm gone.

[*Exit.*]

Flip. And do you follow him, jack-a-dandy, and see he is not surprised.

Brass. I thought that was your post, Mrs. Useful; but if you'll come and keep me in humour, I don't care if I share the duty with you.

Flip. No words, sirrah, but follow him; I have something else to do.

Brass. The jade's so absolute there's no contesting with her.

[*Exit.*]

Flip. An impudent rogue! But let me see, what have I to do now? This restitution will be here quickly, I suppose: in the meantime, I'll go know if my lady's ready for the quarrel yet. Master, yonder, is so full on't, he's ready to burst; but we'll give him vent, by-and-by, with a witness.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Gripe's House.*

Enter DICK and CORINNA.

Dick. Come, you must consent, you shall consent. How can you leave me thus upon the rack? A man who loves you to that excess that I do.

Cor. Nay, that you love me, sir, that I am satisfied in, for you have sworn you do: and I'm so pleased with it, I'd fain have you do so as long as I live, so we must never marry.

Dick. Not marry, my dear! Why, what's our love good for, if we don't marry?

Cor. Ah! I'm afraid 'twill be good for little, if we do.

Dick. Why do you think so?

Cor. Because I hear my father and mother, and my uncle and aunt, and Araminta and her husband, and twenty other married folks say so from morning to night.

Dick. Oh! that's because they are bad husbands and bad wives; but in our case there will be a good husband and a good wife, and so we shall love for ever.

Cor. Why, there may be something in that, truly; and I'm always willing to hear reason, as a reasonable young woman ought to do. But are you sure, sir, though we are very good now, we shall be so when we come to be better acquainted.

Dick. I can answer for myself, at least.

Cor. I wish you could answer for me, too. You see I am a plain dealer, sir; I hope you don't like me the worse for it.

Dick. Oh! by no means, 'tis a sign of admirable morals; and I hope, since you practice it yourself, you'll approve of it in your lover. In one word, therefore, (for 'tis in vain to mince the matter,) my resolution's fixed, and the world can't stagger me. I marry or I die.

Cor. That's very fine. Indeed, sir, I have much ado to believe you: the disease of love is seldom so violent.

Dick. Madam, I have two diseases to end my

miseries; if the first don't do it, the latter shall. (*Drawing his sword.*) One's in my heart, t'other's in my scabbard.

Cor. Not for a diadem. (*Catching hold of him.*) Ah! put it up, put it up.

Dick. How absolute is your command! (*Dropping his sword.*) A word, you see, disarms me.

Cor. What a power I have over him! (*Aside.*) The wondrous deeds of love! Pray, sir, let me have no more of these rash doings, though; perhaps I mayn't be always in the saving humour. I'm sure, if I had let him stick himself, I should have been envied by all the great ladies in the town. (*Aside.*)

Dick. Well, madam, have I, then, your promise? You'll make me the happiest of mankind?

Cor. I don't know what to say to you; but I believe I had as good promise, for I find I shall certainly do it.

Dick. Then let us seal the contract thus. (*Kisses her.*)

Cor. Um—He has almost taken away my breath; he kisses purely. (*Aside.*)

Enter FLIPPANTA.

Flip. Come, have you agreed the matter? if not, you must end it another time, for your father's in motion; so pray kiss and part.

Cor. That's sweet and sour. (*They kiss.*) Adieu to ye, sir. [*Exeunt Dick and Cor.*]

Enter CLARISSA.

Clar. Have you told him I'm at home, Flippanta?

Flip. Yes, madam.

Clar. And that I'll see him?

Flip. Yes, that too; but here's news for you; I have just now received the restitution.

Clar. That's killing pleasure; and how much has he restored me?

Flip. Two hundred and thirty.

Clar. Wretched rogue! but retreat; your master's coming to quarrel. (*Takes a seat.*)

Flip. I'll be within call, if things run high. [*Exit.*]

Enter GRIPE.

Gripe. Oh, ho! are you there, i'faith? Madam, your humble servant; I'm very glad to see you at home, I thought I should never have had that honour again.

Clar. Good-morrow, my dear, how d'ye do? Flippanta says you are out of humour, and that you have a mind to quarrel with me: is it true? eh! I have a terrible pain in my head, I give you notice on't before-hand.

Gripe. And how the plague should it be otherwise! It's a wonder you are not dead, as I would you were, (*aside*) with the life you lead. Are you not ashamed? and do you not blush to—

Clar. My dear child, you crack my brain; soften the harshness of your voice; say what you would, but let it be in an agreeable tone—

Gripe. Tone, madam! don't tell me of a tone.

Clar. Oh! if you will quarrel, do it with temperance; let it be all in cool blood, even and smooth, as if you were not moved with what you said; and then I'll hear you, as if I were not moved with it neither.

Gripe. Had ever man such need of patience? Madam, madam, I must tell you, madam—

Clar. Another key, or I'll walk off.

Gripe. Don't provoke me.

Clar. Shall you be long, my dear, in your remonstrances?

Gripe. Yes, madam, and very long.

Clar. If you would quarrel, *en abregée*, I should have a world of obligation to you.

Gripe. What I have to say, forsooth, is not to

be expressed *en abregée*; my complaints are too numerous.

Clar. Complaints! Of what, my dear? (*Rises.*) What have you in the world to disturb you?

Gripe. What have I to disturb me! I have you; death and the devil!

Clar. Ay, merciful heaven! how he swears! You should never accustom yourself to such words as these; indeed, my dear, you should not: your mouth's always full of them.

Gripe. Blood and thunder! madam—

Clar. Ah! he'll fetch the house down: do you know you make me tremble for you? Flippanta! who's there? Flippanta!

Gripe. Here's a provoking devil for you!

Enter FLIPPANTA.

Flip. What, in the name of Jove, is the matter? you raise the neighbourhood.

Clar. Why, here's your master in a most violent fuss, and no mortal soul can tell for what.

Gripe. Not tell for what!

Clar. No, my life. I have begged him to tell me his griefs, Flippanta; and then he swears, good lord! how he does swear!

Gripe. Ah! you wicked jade, ah! you wicked jade!

Clar. Do you hear him, Flippanta! Do you hear him!

Flip. Pray, sir, let's know a little what puts you in all this fury?

Clar. Pr'y thee stand near me, Flippanta; there's an odd froth about his mouth, looks as if his poor head were going wrong. I'm afraid he'll bite.

Gripe. The wicked woman, Flippanta, the wicked woman!

Clar. Can anybody wonder I shun my own house, when he treats me at this rate in it?

Flip. Come, a little moderation, sir, and try what that will produce.

Gripe. Hang her! 'tis all a pretence to justify her going abroad.

Clar. A pretence! a pretence! Do you hear how black a charge he loads me with? Charges me with a pretence. You know, my dear, I scorn pretences: whenever I go abroad, it is without pretence.

Gripe. Give me patience.

Flip. You have a great deal, sir.

Clar. And yet he's never content, Flippanta.

Gripe. What shall I do?

Clar. What a reasonable man would do; own yourself in the wrong, and be quiet. Here's Flippanta has understanding, and I have moderation; I'm willing to make her judge of our differences.

Flip. You do me a great deal of honour, madam: but I tell you beforehand, I shall be a little on master's side.

Gripe. Right; Flippanta has sense. Come, let her decide. Have I not reason to be in a passion? tell me that.

Clar. You must tell her for what, my life.

Gripe. Why, for the trade you drive, my soul.

Flip. Look you, sir, pray take things right: I know madam does fret you a little now and then, that's true; but in the fund, she is the softest, sweetest, gentlest lady breathing. Let her but live entirely to her own fancy, and she'll never say a word to you from morning to night.

Gripe. Oohs! let her but stay at home, and she shall do what she will; in reason, that is.

Flip. D'ye hear that, madam? Nay, now I must be on master's side; you see how he loves you, he desires only your company: pray give him that satisfaction, or I must pronounce against you.

Clar. Well, I agree. Thou know'st I don't love to grieve him: let him be always in a good humour, and I'll be always at home.

Flip. Look you there, sir, what would you have more?

Gripe. Well, let her keep her word, and I'll have done quarrelling.

Clar. I must not, however, so far lose the merit of my consent, as to let you think I am weary of going abroad, my dear: what I do is purely to oblige you; which, that I may be able to perform, without a relapse, I'll invent what ways I can to make my prison supportable to me.

Flip. Her prison! pretty bird! her prison! Don't that word melt you, sir?

Gripe. I must confess I did not expect to find her so reasonable.

Flip. Oh! sir, soon or late, wives come into good humour: husbands must only have a little patience to wait for it.

Clar. The innocent little diversions, dear, that I shall content myself with, will be chiefly play and company.

Gripe. Oh! I'll find you employment, your time shan't lie upon your hands; though if you have a mind, now, for such a companion as a—let me see—Araminta, for example; why I shan't be against her being with you from morning till night.

Clar. You can't oblige me more, 'tis the best woman in the world.

Gripe. Is not she?

Clar. Then, my dear, to make our home pleasant, we'll have concerts of music sometimes.

Gripe. Music in my house!

Clar. Yes, my child, we must have music, or the house will be so dull, I shall get the spleen, and be going abroad again.

Flip. Nay, she has so much complaisance for you, sir, you can't dispute such things with her.

Gripe. Ay, but if I have music—

Clar. Ay, but, sir, I must have music—

Flip. Not every day, madam don't mean.

Clar. No, bless me, no; but three concerts a-week; three days more we'll play, after dinner, at cards, and so forth; and close the evening with a handsome supper and a ball.

Gripe. A ball!

Flip. What order you see 'tis she purposes to live in! A most wonderful regularity!

Clar. And as this kind of life, so soft, so smooth, so agreeable, must needs invite a vast deal of company to partake of it, 'twill be necessary to have the decency of a porter at our door, you know.

Gripe. A porter—a scrivener have a porter, madam!

Clar. Positively, a porter.

Gripe. Why, no scrivener since Adam, ever had a porter, woman!

Clar. You will therefore be renowned in story, for having the first, my life.

Gripe. Flippanta!

Flip. Hang it, sir, never dispute a trifle; if you vex her, perhaps she'll insist upon a Swiss. (*Aside to Gripe.*)

Gripe. But, madam—

Clar. But, sir, a porter, positively, a porter; without that, the treaty's null, and I go abroad this moment.

Flip. Come, sir; never lose so advantageous a peace for a pitiful porter.

Gripe. Why, I shall be hooted at; the boys will throw stones at my porter. Besides, where shall I have money for all this expense?

Clar. My dear, who asks you for any? Don't be in a fright, chicken.

Gripe. Don't be in a fright, madam! But where, I say—

Flip. Madam plays, sir, think on that: women that play have inexhaustible mines, and wives who receive least money from their husbands, are many times those who spend the most.

Clar. So, my dear, let what Flippanta says content you. Go, my life, trouble yourself with nothing, but let me do just as I please, and all will be well. I'm going to consider of some more things to enable me to give you the pleasure of my company at home. [*Exit.*]

Flip. Mirror of goodness! Pattern to all wives! Well, sure, sir, you are happiest of all husbands.

Gripe. Yes, and a miserable dog for all that, too, perhaps.

Flip. Why, what can you ask more than this matchless complaisance?

Gripe. I don't know what I can ask, and yet I'm not satisfied with what I have, neither; the devil mixes in it all, I think; complaisant or perverse, it feels just as it did.

Clar. (*Calls within.*) Flippanta!

Flip. Madam calls. I come, madam. Come, be merry, be merry, sir; you have cause, take my word for't. Poor devil! (*Aside.*) [*Exit.*]

Gripe. I don't know that, I don't know that: but this I do know, that an honest man who has married a jade, whether she's pleased to spend her time at home or abroad, had better have lived a bachelor.

Enter BRASS.

Brass. Oh! sir, I am mighty glad I have found you.

Gripe. Why, what's the matter, pr'ythee?

Brass. Can nobody hear us?

Gripe. No, no; speak quickly.

Brass. You han't seen Araminta, since the last letter I carried her from you.

Gripe. Not I, I go prudently; I don't press things like your young firebrand lovers.

Brass. But seriously, sir, are you very much in love with her?

Gripe. As mortal man has been.

Brass. I'm sorry for't.

Gripe. Why so, dear Brass?

Brass. If you were never to see her more now? Suppose such a thing; do you think 'twould break your heart?

Gripe. Oh!

Brass. Nay, now I see you love her; would you did not!

Gripe. My dear friend.

Brass. I had rather the devil had—pooh!—flown away with you quick, than to see you so much in love, as I perceive you are, since—

Gripe. Since what?—oh!

Brass. Araminta, sir.

Gripe. Dead?

Brass. No.

Gripe. How then?

Brass. Worse.

Gripe. Out with it.

Brass. Broke.

Gripe. Broke!

Brass. She is, poor lady, in the most unfortunate situation of affairs. But I have said too much.

Gripe. No, no, 'tis very sad; but let's hear it.

Brass. Sir, she charged me, on my life, never to mention it to you, of all men living.

Gripe. Why, who shouldst thou tell it to, but to the best of her friends?

Brass. Ay, why? there it is now, it's going just as I fancied. Now will I be hanged if you are not enough in love to be engaging in this matter. But I must tell you, sir, that as much concern as I have for that most excellent, beautiful, agreeable, distressed, unfortunate lady, I'm too much your friend and servant, ever to let it be said, 'twas the means of your being ruined for a woman, by letting you know, she esteemed you more than any other man upon earth.

Gripe. Ruined! what dost thou mean?

Brass. Mean! Why, I mean that women always ruin those that love 'em, that's the rule.

Gripe. The rule!

Brass. Yes, the rule; why, would you have 'em ruin those that don't? How shall they bring that about?

Gripe. But is there a necessity, then, they should ruin somebody?

Brass. Yes, marry is there: how would you have 'em support their expense else? Why, sir, you can't conceive now, you can't conceive what *Araminta's* privy purse requires. Only her privy purse, sir! Why, what do you imagine now she gave me for the last letter I carried her from you? 'Tis true, 'twas from a man she liked, else, perhaps, I had my bones broken. But what do you think she gave me?

Gripe. Why, mayhap, a shilling.

Brass. A guinea, sir, a guinea. You see by that how fond she was on't, by-the-by. But, then, sir, her coach-hire, her chair-hire, her pin-money, her play-money, her china, and her charity—would consume peers; a great soul, a very great soul! but what's the end of all this?

Gripe. Ha!

Brass. Why, I'll tell you what the end is—a nunnery.

Gripe. A nunnery!

Brass. A nunnery; in short, she is at last reduced to that extremity, and attacked with such a battalion of duns, that rather than tell her husband, who you know is such a rogue, (he'd let her go if she did,) she has e'en determined to turn Papist, and bid the world adieu for life.

Gripe. Oh, terrible! a Papist?

Brass. Yes; when a handsome woman has brought herself into difficulties, the devil can't help her out of—To a nunnery, that's another rule, sir.

Gripe. But, but, but, pr'ythee, Brass, but—

Brass. But all the buts in the world, sir, won't stop her: she's a woman of a noble resolution. So, sir, your humble servant; I pity her, I pity you. Turtle and mate; but the fates will have it so: all's packed up, and I'm now going to call her a coach, for she resolves to slip off without saying a word: and the next visit she receives from her friends will be through a melancholy grate, with a veil over her face. (*Going.*)

Gripe. It must not be; by the powers it must not; she was made for the world, and the world was made for her. Is there no way to save her?

Brass. Save her! No; how can she be saved? Why, she owes above five hundred pounds.

Gripe. Oh!

Brass. Five hundred pounds, sir; she's like to be saved indeed; not but that I know them in this town would give me one of the five, if I would persuade her to accept of the other four; but she had forbid me mentioning it to any soul living: and I have disobeyed her only to you; and so—I'll go and call a coach.

Gripe. Hold! dost think, my poor Brass, one might not order it so, as to compound those debts for—for twelve-pence in the pound?

Brass. Sir, d'y'e hear? I have already tried 'em with ten shillings, and not a rogue will prick up his ears at it. Though, after all, for three hundred pounds, all in glittering gold, I could set their chops a watering. But where's that to be had with honour? there's the thing, sir—I'll go and call a coach.

Gripe. Hold, once more; I have a note in my closet of two hundred, ay—and fifty, I'll go and give it her myself. (*Going.*)

Brass. You will? Very genteel, truly. Go, slapdash, and offer a woman of her scruples money, bolt in her face! why, you might as well offer a scorpion, and she'd as soon touch it.

Gripe. Shall I carry it to her creditors, then, and treat with them?

Brass. Ay, that's a rare thought.

Gripe. Is not it, Brass?

Brass. Only one little inconvenience by the way.

Gripe. As how?

Brass. That they are your wife's creditors as well as her's; and, perhaps, it might not be altogether so well to see you clearing the debts of your neighbour's wife, and leaving those of your wife unpaid.

Gripe. Why, that's true, now.

Brass. I'm wise, you see, sir.

Gripe. Thou art; and I'm but a young lover: but what shall we do, then?

Brass. Why, I'm thinking that if you give me the note, do you see; and that I promise to give you an account of it—

Gripe. Ay, but look you, Brass—

Brass. But look you! Why, what, d'y'e think I'm a pick-pocket? D'y'e think I intend to run away with your note? Your paltry note!

Gripe. I don't say so; I say only that in case—

Brass. Case, sir! there's no case but the case I have put you; and since you heap cases upon cases, where there is but three hundred rascally pounds in the case—I'll go and call a coach.

Gripe. Pr'ythee, don't be so testy; come, no more words, follow me to my closet, and I'll give thee the money.

Brass. A terrible effort you make indeed; you—

Gripe. Well, say no more, thou shalt be satisfied. [*Exit.*]

Enter DICK.

Dick. Hist! Brass! Hist!

Brass. Well, sir.

Dick. 'Tis not well, sir, 'tis very ill, sir; we shall be all blown up.

Brass. What, with pride and plenty?

Dick. No, sir, with an officious slut that will spoil all. In short, Flippanta has been telling her mistress and *Araminta* of my passion for the young gentlewoman; and, truly, to oblige me, supposed no ill match by-the-by, they are resolved to propose it immediately to her father.

Brass. That's the devil! we shall come to papers and parchments, jointures and settlements; relations meet on both sides; that's the devil.

Dick. I intended this very day to propose to Flippanta the carrying her off: and I'm sure the young housewife would have tucked up her coats, and have marched.

Brass. Ay, with the body and the soul of her.

Dick. Why, then, what d—d luck is this?

Brass. 'Tis your luck, not mine: I have always seen it in your ugly phiz—Plague take ye! he'll be hanged at last. Why don't you try to get her off yet?

Dick. I have no money, you dog: you know you have stripped me of every penny.

Brass. Come, I'll venture one cargo more upon you; but if ever I see one glance of your hempen fortune again, I'm off your partnership for ever. I shall never thrive with him.

Dick. An impudent rogue! but he's in possession of my estate, so I must bear with him. (*Aside.*)

Brass. Well, come, I'll raise a hundred pounds for your use upon my wife's jewels here. (*Pulling out the necklace.*) Her necklace shall pawn for't.

Dick. Remember, though that if things fail, I'm to have the necklace again; you know you agreed to that.

Brass. Yes; and if I make it good, you'll be the better for't; if not, I shall! so you see where the cause will pinch.

Dick. Why, you barbarous dog, you won't offer to—

Brass. No words now; about your business, march. Go stay for me at the next tavern; I'll go to Flippanta, and try what I can do for you.

Dick. Well, I'll go, but don't think to—Oh! plague, sir— [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Gripe's House.*

Enter MONEYTRAP and FLIPPANTA.

Mon. Well, my best friend, how go matters? Has the restitution been received, eh? Was she pleased with it?

Flip. Yes, truly? that is, she was pleased to see there was so honest a man in this immoral age.

Mon. Well, but a—does she know that 'twas I that—

Flip. Why, you must know I begun to give her a little sort of a hint, and—and so—why, and so she begun to put on a sort of a severe, haughty, reserved, angry, forgiving air. But soft; here she comes, you'll see how you stand with her presently; but don't be afraid. Courage!

Mon. Hem!

Enter CLARISSA.

'Tis no small piece of good fortune, madam, to find you at home: I have often endeavoured it in vain.

Clar. 'Twas then unknown to me; for if I could often receive the visits of so good a friend at home, I should be more reasonably blamed for being so much abroad.

Mon. Madam, you make me—

Clar. You are the man of the world whose company, I think, is most to be desired. I don't compliment you, when I tell you so, I assure you.

Mon. Alas! madam, your poor humble servant.

Clar. My poor humble servant, however, (with all the esteem I have for him,) stands suspected with me for a vile trick, I doubt he has played me; which if I could prove upon him, I'm afraid I should punish him very severely.

Mon. I hope, madam, you'll believe I am not capable of—

Flip. No fine speeches, you'll spoil all. (*Aside to Mon.*)

Mon. Thou art a most incomparable person. (*Aside to Flip.*)

Flip. Nay, it goes rarely; but get you in, and I'll say a little something to my lady for you while she's warm. (*Aside to Mon.*)

Mon. But, Flippanta, how long dost think she may hold out?

Flip. Pooh! not a twelvemonth.

Mon. Boo!

Flip. Away! I say. [*Pushing him out.*]

Clar. Is he gone? What a wretch it is?

Flip. Poor mortal, his money's finely laid out, truly.

Clar. (*Advancing.*) I suppose there may have been much such another scene within, between Araminta and my dear: but I left him so insupportably brisk, 'tis impossible he can have parted with any money: I'm afraid Brass has not succeeded as thou hast done, Flippanta.

Flip. By my faith, but he has, and better too; he presents his humble duty to Araminta, and has sent her—this. (*Shewing the note.*)

Clar. A bill from my love for two hundred and fifty pounds. The monster! he would not part with ten to save his lawful wife from everlasting torment.

Flip. Never complain of his avarice, madam, as long as you have his money. But which way will you go to receive it? for I must not appear with his note.

Clar. That's true; why, send for Mrs. Amlet; that's a mighty useful woman, that Mrs. Amlet.

Flip. Marry is she; we should have been basely

puzzled how to dispose of the necklace without her; 'twould have been dangerous offering it for sale.

Clar. It would so, for I know your master has been laying out for't amongst the goldsmiths. But I stay here too long; I must in and coquette it a little more with my lover; Araminta will get ground on me else. [*Exit.*]

Flip. And I'll go send for Mrs. Amlet. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment.*

GRYPE, CORINNA, ARAMINTA and MONEYTRAP, discovered.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Mon. Mighty well, oh! mighty well, indeed.

Enter CLARISSA.

Clar. Save you, save you, good folks! you are all in rare humour, methinks.

Gripe. Why, what should we be otherwise for, madam?

Clar. Nay, I don't know, not I, my dear; but I haven't had the happiness of seeing you so since our honeymoon was over, I think.

Gripe. Why, to tell you the truth, my dear, 'tis the joy of seeing you at home; (*kisses her, and leads her to a seat*) you see what charms you have, you are pleased to make use of 'em.

Aram. Very gallant, truly.

Clar. Nay, and what's more, you must know he's never to be otherwise, henceforwards; we have come to an agreement about it.

Mon. Why, here's my love and I have been upon just such another treaty too.

Aram. Well, sure there's some very peaceful star rules at present. Pray heaven continue its reign.

Mon. Pray do you continue its reign, you ladies, for 'tis all in your power. (*Leering at Clarissa.*)

Gripe. My neighbour Moneytrap says true, at least I'll confess frankly, (*ogling Araminta.*) 'tis in one lady's power to make me the best-humoured man on earth.

Mon. And I'll answer for another, that has the same over me. (*Ogling Clarissa.*)

Clar. 'Tis mighty fine, gentlemen; mighty civil husbands, indeed.

Gripe. Nay, what I say's true, and so true, that all quarrels being now at an end, I am willing, if you please to dispense with all that fine company we talked of to-day, be content with the friendly conversation of our two good neighbours here, and spend all my toying hours alone with my sweet wife.

Mon. Why, truly, I think now, if these good women pleased, we might make up the prettiest little neighbourly company, between our two families, and set a defiance to all the impertinent people in the world.

Aram. Indeed I doubt you'd soon grow weary, if we grew fond.

Gripe. Never, never; for our wives have wit, neighbour, and that never palls.

Clar. And our husbands have generosity, Araminta, and that seldom palls.

Gripe. So, that's a wiper for me now, because I did not give her a new year's gift last time; but be good, and I'll think of some tea-cups for you next year.

Mon. And, perhaps, I mayn't forget a fan, or as good a thing—um! hussy.

Clar. Well, upon these encouragements, Araminta, we'll try how good we can be.

Gripe. Well, this goes most rarely: poor Moneytrap, he little thinks what makes his wife so easy in his company. (*Aside.*)

Mon. I can but pity poor neighbour Gripe.

Lard, lard! what a fool do his wife and I make of him. (*Aside.*)

Clar. Are not these two wretched rogues, Araminta? (*Aside to Aram.*)

Aram. They are indeed. (*Aside to Clar.*)

Enter JESSAMINE.

Jess. Sir, here's Mr. Clip, the goldsmith, desires to speak with you. [*Exit.*]

Gripe. 'Cod's so, perhaps some news of your necklace, my dear.

Clar. That would be news, indeed.

Gripe. Let him come in. (*Rises.*)

Enter MR. CLIP.

Mr. Clip, your servant, I'm glad to see you: how do you do?

Clip. At your service, sir, very well. Your servant, Madam Gripe.

Clar. Horrid fellow! (*Aside.*)

Gripe. Well, Mr. Clip, no news yet of my wife's necklace?

Clip. If you please to let me speak with you in the next room, I have something to say to you.

Gripe. Ay, with all my heart. Neighbour Moneytrap, be so good as to take the ladies into the next room. [*Exeunt Mon. and Ladies.*] Well, any news?

Clip. Lookye, sir, here's a necklace brought me to sell, at least very like that you described to me.

Gripe. Let's see't—Victoria! the very same. Ah! my dear Mr. Clip. But who brought it you? you should have seized him.

Clip. 'Twas a young fellow that I know: I can't tell whether he may be guilty, though it's like enough. But he has only left it me now, to shew a brother of our trade, and will call upon me again presently.

Gripe. Wheedle him hither, dear Mr. Clip. Here's my neighbour Moneytrap in the house; he's a justice, and will commit him presently.

Clip. 'Tis enough.

Enter BRASS.

Gripe. Oh! my friend Brass.

Brass. Hold! sir, I think that is a gentleman I'm looking for. Mr. Clip! what are you acquainted here? I have just been at your shop.

Clip. I only stepped here to shew Mr. Gripe the necklace you left.

Brass. Why, sir, do you understand jewels? (*To Gripe.*) But I smoke the matter, harkye! a word in your ear; you are going to play the gallant again, and make a purchase on't for Araminta. eh, eh?

Gripe. Where had you the necklace?

Brass. Don't you trouble yourself about that; it's in commission with me, and I can help you to a pennyworth on't.

Gripe. A pennyworth on't, villain? (*Strikes at him.*)

Brass. Villain! a-hey, a-hey? Is't you or me, Mr. Clip, he's pleased to compliment?

Clip. What do you think on't, sir?

Brass. Think on't! now the devil fetch me if I know what to think on't.

Gripe. You'll sell a pennyworth, rogue! of a thing you have stolen from me.

Brass. Stolen! Pray, sir, what wine have you drunk to-day? It has a very merry effect upon you.

Gripe. You villain! either give me an account how you stole it, or—

Brass. Oh, ho! sir, if you please, don't carry your jest too far. I don't understand hard words, I give you warning on't: if you haven't a mind to buy the necklace, you may let it alone; I know how to dispose on't. What a plague—

Gripe. Oh! you sha'n't have that trouble, sir.

Dear Mr. Clip, you may leave the necklace here. I'll call at your shop and thank you for your care.

Clip. Sir, your humble servant. (*Going.*)

Brass. Oh, ho! Mr. Clip, if you please, sir, this won't do. (*Stopping him.*) I don't understand railery in such matters.

Clip. I leave it with Mr. Gripe, do you and he dispute it. [*Exit.*]

Brass. Ay, but 'tis from you, by your leave, sir, that I expect it. (*Going after him.*)

Gripe. You expect, you rogue, to make your escape, do you? But I have other accounts besides this, to make up with you. To be sure, the dog has cheated me of two hundred and fifty pounds. Come, villain, give me an account of—

Brass. Account of!—Sir, give me an account of my necklace, or I'll make such a noise in your house, I'll raise the devil in it.

Gripe. Well said, courage.

Brass. Blood and thunder! give it me, or—

Gripe. Come, hush, be wise, and I'll make no noise of this affair.

Brass. You'll make no noise; but I'll make a noise, and a d—d noise, too. Oh! don't think to—

Gripe. I tell thee I will not hang thee.

Brass. But I tell you I will hang you, if you don't give me my necklace. I will, rot me!

Gripe. Speak softly; be wise; how came it thine? who gave it thee?

Brass. A gentleman, a friend of mine.

Gripe. What was his name?

Brass. His name! I'm in such a passion, I have forgot it.

Gripe. Ah! brazen rogue, thou hast stolen it from my wife; 'tis the same she lost six weeks ago.

Brass. This has not been in England a month.

Gripe. You are a son of a w——.

Brass. Give me my necklace.

Gripe. Give me my two hundred and fifty pound note. My bill, hang-dog! or I'll strangle thee. (*They struggle.*)

Brass. Murder, murder!

Enter CLARISSA, ARAMINTA, CORINNA, FLIPPANTA, and MONEYTRAP.

Flip. What's the matter? what's the matter, here?

Gripe. I'll matter him.

Clar. Who makes thee cry out thus, poor Brass?

Brass. Why, your husband, madam; he has cheated me of a diamond necklace.

Cor. Who, papa? Ah! dear me.

Clar. Pr'ythee, what's the meaning of this great emotion, my dear?

Gripe. The meaning is, that—I'm quite out of breath; this son of a w—— has got your necklace, that's all.

Clar. My necklace!

Gripe. That birdlime there—stole it. But, call a constable presently. Neighbour Moneytrap, you'll commit him.

Brass. D'y'e hear? d'y'e hear? he's touched; see how wild he looks: how his eyes roll in his head: tie him down, or he'll do some mischief or other.

Gripe. Let me come at him.

Clar. Hold! pr'ythee, my dear, reduce things to a little temperance, and let us coolly into the secret of this disagreeable rupture.

Gripe. Well, then, without passion; why, you must know, (but I'll have him hanged,) you must know that he came to Mr. Clip, to Mr. Clip the dog did, with a necklace to sell; so Mr. Clip having notice before that, (can you deny this, sirrah?) that you had lost your's, brings it me. Look at it here, do you know it again? (*Giving the necklace to Clar.*) Ay, you traitor! (*To Brass.*)

Flip. (*Clar. shews the necklace to Flippanta.*) 'Tis

it, faith! here's some mystery in this; we must look about us. (*Aside to Clar.*)

Clar. The safest way is point blank to disown the necklace. (*Aside to Flip.*)

Flip. Right, stick to that. (*Aside to Clar.*)

Gripe. Well, madam, do you know your old acquaintance, eh?

Clar. Why, truly, my dear, though (as you may all imagine) I should be very glad to recover so valuable a thing as my necklace, yet I must be just to all the world: this necklace is not mine.

Flip. No, that's not my lady's necklace.

Brass. Huzza! Mr. Justice, I demand my necklace, and satisfaction of him.

Gripe. I'll die before I part with it; I'll keep it, and have him hanged.

Clar. But be a little calm, my dear; do, my bird, and then thou'lt be able to judge rightly of things.

Gripe. Oh! good lack, oh! good lack.

Clar. No, but don't give way to fury and interest both, either of them are passions strong enough to lead a wise man out of the way. The necklace not being really mine, give it the man again, and come and drink a dish of tea.

Gripe. Oons! if you, with your addle-head, don't know your own jewels, I, with my solid one, do. And, if I part with it, may famine be my portion.

Clar. But don't swear and curse thyself at this fearful rate; don't, my dove; be temperate in your words, and just in all your actions, 'twill bring a blessing upon you and your family.

Gripe. Bring thunder and lightning upon me and my family, if I part with my necklace.

Clar. Why, you'll have the lightning burn your house about your ears, my dear, if you go on in these practices.

Mon. A most excellent woman this. (*Aside.*)

Gripe. I'll keep my necklace.

Brass. Will you so? then here comes one has a title to it, if I haven't; let Dick bring himself off with her as he can.

Enter MRS. AMLET.

Mrs. Amlet, you are come in very good time, you lost a necklace t'other day, and who do you think has it?

Mrs. A. Marry, that I know not, I wish I did.

Brass. Why, then, here's Mr. Gripe has it, and swears 'tis his wife's.

Gripe. And so I do, sirrah; look here, mistress, do you pretend this is your's?

Mrs. A. Not for the round world, I would not say it; I only kept it to do madam a small courtesy, that's all.

Clar. Ah! Flippanta, all will out now. (*Aside to Flippanta.*)

Gripe. Courtesy! what courtesy?

Mrs. A. A little money only, that madam had present need of; please to pay me that, and I demand no more.

Gripe. How, forsooth, is this true. (*To Clar.*)

Clar. You are in a humour at present, love, to believe anything, so I won't take the pains to contradict it.

Gripe. Are you not ashamed of these ways? Do you see how you are exposed before your best friends here? Don't you blush at it?

Clar. I do blush, my dear; but 'tis for you, that here it should appear to the world, you keep me so bare of money, I'm forced to pawn my jewels.

Gripe. Impudent huswife? (*Raising his hand to strike her; Moneytrap interposes.*)

Clar. Softly, chicken; you might have prevented all this, by giving me the two hundred and fifty pounds you sent to Araminta even now.

Brass. You see, sir, I delivered your note: how I have been abused to-day!

Gripe. I'm betrayed; Jades on both sides, I see that. (*Aside.*)

Mon. But madam, madam, is this true that I hear? Have you taken a present of two hundred and fifty pounds? Pray, what were you to return for these pounds, madam, eh?

Aram. Nothing, my dear, I only took 'em to reimburse you of about the same sum you sent to Clarissa.

Mon. Hem!

Gripe. How, gentlewoman, did you receive money from him?

Clar. Oh! my dear, 'twas only in jest; I knew you'd give it again to his wife.

Mrs. A. But amongst all this bustle, I don't hear a word of my hundred pounds. Is it madam will pay me, or master?

Gripe. I pay! the devil shall pay.

Clar. Lookye, my dear, malice apart, pay Mrs. Amlet her money, and I'll forgive you coquetting with Araminta: am I not a good wife now?

Gripe. I burst with rage, and will get rid of this noose, though I tuck myself up in another.

Mon. Nay, pray even tuck me up with you.

[*Exeunt Mon. and Gripe.*]

Clar. and Aram. B'ye, dearies.

Enter DICK.

Cor. Look, look, Flippanta, here's the Colonel come at last.

Dick. Ladies, I ask your pardon, I have staid so long, but—

Mrs. A. Ah! rogue's face, have I got thee, old good-for-nought? Sirrah, sirrah! do you think to amuse me with your marriages, and your great fortunes? Thou hast played me a rare prank, by my conscience. Why, you ungracious rascal, what do you think will be the end of all this? Now, heaven forgive me, but I have a great mind to hang thee for't.

Cor. She talks to him very familiarly, Flippanta.

Flip. So methinks, by my faith.

Brass. Now the rogue's star is making an end of him. (*Aside.*)

Dick. What shall I do with her? (*Aside.*)

Mrs. A. Do but look at him, my daines, he has the countenance of a cherubim, but he's a rogue in his heart.

Clar. What is the meaning of all this, Mrs. Amlet?

Mrs. A. The meaning, good lack? Why, this all-to-be-powdered rascal, here, is my son, an't please you, eh, graceless? Now I'll make you own your mother, vermin!

Clar. What, the Colonel your son?

Mrs. A. 'Tis Dick, madam, that rogue Dick, I have so often told you of, with tears trickling down my old cheeks.

Aram. The woman's mad, it can never be.

Mrs. A. Speak, rogue, am I not thy mother, eh? Did I not bring thee forth, say then?

Dick. What will you have me say? You had a mind to ruin me, and you have done it; would you do any more?

Clar. Then, sir, you are son to good Mrs. Amlet?

Aram. And have had the assurance to put upon us all this while.

Flip. And the confidence to think of marrying Corinna.

Brass. And the impudence to hire me for your servant, who am as well born as yourself.

Clar. Indeed, I think he should be corrected.

Aram. Indeed, I think he deserves to be cadged.

Flip. Indeed, I think he might be pumped upon.

Brass. Indeed, I think he will be hanged.

Mrs. A. Good lack-a-day! good lack-a-day! there's no need to be so smart upon him neither: if he's not a gentleman, he's a gentleman's fellow. Come hither, Dick, they sha'n't run thee down neither; cock up thy hat, Dick, and tell them, though Mrs. Amlet is thy mother, she can make thee amends, with ten thousand good pounds to buy thee some lands, and build thee a house in the midst on't.

All. How!

Clar. Ten thousand pounds, Mrs. Amlet!

[*Dick drives Brass off.*]

Mrs. A. (To Clar.) Yes, forsooth; though I should lose the hundred you pawned your necklace for. Tell 'em of that, Dick.

Cor. Lookye, Flippanta, I can hold no longer, and hate to see the young man abused. And so, sir, if you please, I'm your friend and servant, and what's mine is your's; and when our estates are put together, I don't doubt but we shall do as well as the best of them.

Dick. Say'st thou so, my little queen? Why then if my dear mother will give us her blessing, the parson shall give us a tack. We'll get her a score of grand-children, and a merry house we'll make her. (*They kneel to Mrs. A.*)

Mrs. A. Ha, ha, ha! the pretty pair, the pretty pair! rise, my chickens, rise, rise and face the proudest of them. And if madam does not deign to give her consent, a fig for her. Why, how now?

Clar. Pray, Mrs. Amlet, don't be in a passion, the girl is my husband's girl, and if you can have his consent, upon my word, you shall have mine, for anything that belongs to him.

Flip. Then all's peace again, but we have been more lucky than wise.

Aram. And I suppose for us, Clarissa, we are to go on with our dears as we used to.

Clar. Just in the same track; for this late treaty of agreement with them was so unnatural, you see it could not hold. But 'tis just as well with us as if it had. Well, 'tis a strange fate, good folks. But while you live, everything gets well out of a broil, but a husband.

Flip. From this example, let each wedded pair,
That would the solid joys of wedlock share,
Avoid the trifling follies of the town,
Where no substantial joys were ever known;
And hold, as the most certain joys of life,
An honest husband, and a virtuous wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

FATAL CURIOSITY;

A TRAGEDY, IN THREE ACTS.—BY GEORGE LILLO.



Act II.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

OLD WILMOT
YOUNG WILMOT

EUSTACE
RANDAL

AGNES
CHARLOTTE

MARIA
SERVANT

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*Wilmot's House.*

OLD WILMOT *discovered.*

Old W. The day is far advanc'd. The cheerful
Pursues with vigour his repeated course: [sun
No labour lessens, nor no time decays
His strength or splendour: evermore the same,
From age to age his influence sustains
Dependent worlds, bestows both life and motion
On the dull mass, that forms their dusky orbs,
Cheers them with heat, and gilds them with his
brightness.

Yet man, of jarring elements compos'd,
Who posts from change to change, from the first
Of his frail being to his dissolution, [hour
Enjoys the sad prerogative above him,
To think, and to be wretched! What is life
To him that's born to die?
Or, what the wisdom, whose perfection ends
In knowing we know nothing?
Mere contradiction all! A tragic farce,
Tedious, though short; elab'rate without art;
Ridiculously sad—

Enter RANDAL.

Where hast been, Randal?

Rand. Not out of Penryn, sir; but to the strand,
To hear what news from Falmouth, since the storm
Of wind last night.

Old W. It was a dreadful one.

Rand. Some found it so. A noble ship from India,
Ent'ring the harbour, run upon a rock,
And there was lost.

Old W. What came of those on board her?

Rand. Some few are sav'd; but much the greater
'Tis thought, are perish'd. [part,

Old W. They are past the fear
Of future tempests, or a wreck on shore:
Those who escap'd, are still expos'd to both.

Where's your mistress? [Minster.

Rand. I saw her pass the High-street, t'wards the

Old W. She's gone to visit Charlotte. She doth
In the soft bosom of that gentle maid, [well!

There dwells more goodness than the rigid race
Of moral pedants e'er believ'd, or taught.
With what amazing constancy and truth,
Doth she sustain the absence of our son,
Whom more than life she loves! How shun for him,
Whom we shall ne'er see more, the rich and great,
Who own her charms, and sigh to make her happy!
Since our misfortunes we have found no friend,
None who regarded our distress, but her;
And she, by what I have observ'd of late,
Is wearied, or exhausted. 'Curs'd condition!
To live a burden to one only friend,
And blast her youth with our prodigious woe!
Who, that had reason, soul, or sense, would bear it
A moment longer? Then, this honest wretch!
I must dismiss him. Why should I detain
A grateful, gen'rous youth, to perish with me?
His service may procure him bread elsewhere,
Though I have none to give him. Pr'ythee, Randal,
How long hast thou been with me?

Rand. Fifteen years.

I was a very child when first ye took me
To wait upon your son, my dear young master.
I oft have wish'd I'd gone to India with him,
Though you, desponding, give him o'er for lost.
(Old Wilmot wipes his eyes.)

I am to blame: this talk revives your sorrow
For his long absence.

Old W. That cannot be reviv'd
Which never died.

Rand. The whole of my intent
Was to confess your bounty, that supplied
The loss of both my parents: I was long
The object of your charitable care. [longer since

Old W. No more of that: thou'st serv'd me
Without reward; so that account is balanced,
Or, rather, I'm the debtor. I remember,
When poverty began to shew her face
Within these walls, and all my other servants,
Like pamper'd vermin from a falling house,
Retreated with the plunder they had gain'd,

And left me, too indulgent and remiss
For such ungrateful wretches, to be crush'd
Beneath the ruin they had help'd to make,
That you, more good than wise, refus'd to leave me.

Rand. May I beseech you, sir—

Old W. With my mistress,
In perfect contradiction to the world,
Thy love, respect, and diligence, increas'd.
Now, all the recompense within my power,
Is to discharge thee, Randal, from my hard
Unprofitable service.

Rand. Heaven forbid!

Shall I forsake you in your worst necessity?
Believe me, sir, my honest soul abhors
The barb'rous thought!

Old W. What! canst thou feed on air?
I have not left wherewith to purchase food
For one meal more!

Rand. Rather than leave you thus,
I'll beg my bread, and live on others' bounty,
While I serve you.

Old W. Down, down, my swelling heart,
Or burst in silence! 'Tis thy cruel fate
Insults thee by his kindness. He is innocent
Of all the pain it gives thee. Go thy ways:
I will no more suppress thy youthful hopes
Of rising in the world.

Rand. 'Tis true, I'm young,
And never try'd my fortune, or my genius,
Which may, perhaps, find out some happy means,
As yet unthought of, to supply your wants.

Old W. Thou tortur'st me! I hate all obligations
Which I can ne'er return. And who art thou,
That I should stoop to take 'em from thy hand?
Care for thyself, but take no thought for me!
I will not want thee: trouble me no more!

Rand. Be not offended, sir, and I will go.

I ne'er repin'd at your commands before;
But heaven's my witness, I obey you now,
With strong reluctance, and a heavy heart!
Farewell, my worthy master! *(Going.)*

Old W. Farewell! Stay;
As thou art yet a stranger to the world,
Of which, alas! I've had too much experience;
I should, methinks, before we part, bestow
A little counsel on thee. Dry thy eyes:
If thou weep'st thus, I shall proceed no farther.
Dost thou aspire to greatness or to wealth?
Quit books, and the unprofitable search
Of wisdom there, and study humankind:
No science will avail thee without that;
But that obtain'd, thou need'st not any other.
This will instruct thee to conceal thy views,
And wear the face of probity and honour,
Till thou hast gain'd thy end: which must be ever
Thy own advantage, at that man's expense
Who shall be weak enough to think thee honest.

Rand. You mock me, sure!

Old W. I never was more serious.

Rand. Why should you counsel, what you scorn'd
to practise? *[ruin.]*

Old W. Because that foolish scorn has been my
I've been an idiot, but would have thee wiser,
And treat mankind as they would treat thee, Randal,
As they deserve, and I've been treated by them:
Thou'st seen by me, and those who now despise me,
How men of fortune fall, and beggars rise;
Shun my example; treasure up my precepts;
The world's before thee—be a knave, and prosper.
What, art thou dumb?

Rand. Amazement tries my tongue!
Where are your former principles?

Old W. No matter;

Suppose I have renounc'd them: I have passions,
And love thee still; therefore, would have thee think
The world is all a scene of deep deceit:
And he, who deals with mankind on the square,
Is his own bubble, and undoes himself.

Farewell; and mark my counsel, boy. *[Exit.]*

Rand. Amazement!

Is this the man I thought so wise and just?
What, teach and counsel me to be a villain?
Sure, grief has made him frantic, or some fiend
Assum'd his shape. I shall suspect my senses.
High-minded he was ever, and improvident,
But pitiful and generous, to a fault.
Pleasure he lov'd, but honour was his idol.
Oh! fatal change! Oh! horrid transformation!
So a majestic temple, sunk to ruin,
Becomes the loathsome shelter and abode
Of lurking serpents, toads, and beasts of prey;
And scaly dragons hiss, and lions roar,
Where wisdom taught, and music charm'd before.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*Charlotte's house.*

Enter CHARLOTTE and MARIA.

Char. What terror and amazement must they feel
Who die by shipwreck!

Mar. 'Tis a dreadful thought!

Char. Ay, is it not, Maria? To descend,
Living, and conscious, to the watry tomb!
Alas! had we no sorrows of our own,
The frequent instances of others' woe,
Must give a gen'rous mind a world of pain.
But you forget you promis'd me to sing.
Though cheerfulness and I have long been strangers,
Harmonious sounds are still delightful to me.
There's, sure, no passion in the human soul,
But finds its food in music. I would hear
The song, compos'd by that unhappy maid,
Whose faithful lover, 'scap'd a thousand perils
From rocks and sands, and the devouring deep;
And after all, being arriv'd at home,
Passing a narrow brook, was drowned there,
And perish'd in her sight.

SONG.—*MARIA.*

Cease, cease, heart-easing tears!

Adieu, you flatt'ring fears!

Which seven long, tedious years

Taught me to bear.

Tears are for lighter woes;

Fear no such danger knows

As fate remorseless shews,

Endless despair!

Dear cause of all my pain,

On the wide stormy main,

Thou wast preserv'd in vain,

Though still ador'd.

Hadst thou died there unseen,

My wounded eyes had been

Sav'd from the direst scene

Maid e'er deplor'd.

Char. *(Finds a letter.)* What's this? A letter sup-
perscrib'd to me!

None could convey it here, but you, Maria.

Ungen'rous, cruel maid! to use me thus!

To join with flatt'ring men to break my peace,
And persecute me to the last retreat? *[the sighs]*

Mar. Why should it break your peace to hear
Of honourable love? This letter is—

Char. No matter whence: return it back unopen'd:
I have no love, no charms, but for my Wilmot,
Nor would have any.

Mar. Alas! Wilmot's dead!

Or, living, dead to you.

[hope;]

Char. I'll not despair: patience shall cherish
Nor wrong his honour by unjust suspicion.

I know his truth, and will preserve my own.

But, to prevent all future importunity,

Know, thou incessant foe to my repose,

Whether he sleeps secure from mortal cares,

In the deep bosom of the boist'rous main,

Or, toss'd with tempest, still endures its rage,

No second choice shall violate my vows; *[jur'd,*

High heaven, which heard them, and abhors the per-
can witness, they were made without reserve:

Never to be retracted, ne'er dissolv'd

By accident or absence, time or death.

Mar. And did your vows oblige you to support

His haughty parents, to your utter ruin?
Well may you weep to think on what you've done.

Char. I weep to think that I can do no more
For their support. What will become of them?
The hoary, helpless, miserable pair!

Mar. What I can't praise, you force me to admire,
And mourn for you, as you lament for them.
Your patience, constancy, and resignation,
Merit a better fate.

Char. So pride would tell me,
And vain self-love, but I believe them not:
And if, by wanting pleasure, I have gain'd
Humility, I'm richer for my loss.

Mar. You have the heavenly art still to improve
Your mind by all events. But here comes one,
Whose pride seems to increase with her misfortunes.
Her faded dress, unfashionably fine,
As ill conceals her poverty, as that
Strain'd complaisance, her haughty, swelling heart.
Though perishing with want, so far from asking,
She ne'er receives a favour uncompell'd;
And, while she ruins, scorns to be oblig'd:
Let me depart, I know she loves me not. [Exit.

Enter AGNES.

Char. This visit's kind.

Agnes. Few else would think it so:
Those who would once have thought themselves
much honour'd

By the least favour, though 'twere but a look,
I could have shewn them, now refuse to see me.

'Tis misery enough to be reduc'd
To the low level of the common herd,
Who, born to beggary, envy all above them:
But 'tis the curse of curses to endure
The insolent contempt of those we scorn.

Char. By scorning, we provoke them to contempt,
And thus offend, and suffer in our turns:
We must have patience.

Agnes. No, I scorn them yet;
But there's no end of suffer'ing: who can say
Their sorrows are complete? My wretched husband,
Tir'd with our woes, and hopeless of relief,
Grows sick of life;
And, urg'd by indignation and despair,
Would plunge into eternity at once,
By foul self-murder.

Char. Gracious heaven support him!

Agnes. His fixed love for me,
Whom he would fain persuade to share his fate,
And take the same uncertain, dreadful course,
Alone withholds his hand.

Char. And may it ever! [of life;]

Agnes. I've known with him the two extremes
The highest happiness, and deepest woe,
With all the sharp and bitter aggravations
Of such a vast transition. Such a fall
In the decline of life! I have as quick,
As exquisite a sense of pain as he,
And would do anything, but die, to end it;
But there my courage fails. Death is the worst
That fate can bring, and cuts off ev'ry hope. [lot]

Char. We must not choose, but strive to bear our
Without reproach or guilt. By one rash act
Of desperation, we may overthrow
The merit we've been raising all our days,
And lose our whole reward. And now, methinks,
Now, more than ever, we have cause to fear,
And be upon our guard. The band of heaven
Spreads clouds on clouds o'er our benighted heads,
And wrapp'd in darkness, doubles our distress.
I had, the night last past, repeated twice,
A strange and awful dream: I would not yield
To fearful superstition, nor despise
The admonition of a friendly power,
That wish'd my good.

Agnes. I have certain plagues enough,
Without the help of dreams, to make me wretched.

Char. I would not stake my happiness or duty
On their uncertain credit, nor on aught
But reason, and the known decrees of heaven;

Yet dreams have sometimes shewn events to come,
And may excite to vigilance and care.

*My vision may be such, and sent to warn us,
(Now we are tried by multiply'd afflictions,)
To mark each motion of our swelling hearts,
Lest we attempt to extricate ourselves,
And seek deliverance by forbidden ways;
To keep our hopes and innocence entire,
Till we're dismiss'd to join the happy dead,
Or heaven relieves us here.*

Agnes. Well, to your dream.

Char. Methought, I sat, in a dark winter's night,
On the wide summit of a barren mountain; [frame,
The sharp, bleak winds pierc'd through my shiv'ring
And storms of hail, and sleet, and driving rains,
Beat with impetuous fury on my head, [round me.
Drench'd my chill'd limbs, and pour'd a deluge
On one hand, ever-gentle Patience sat,
On whose calm bosom I reclin'd my head;
And, on the other, silent Contemplation.
At length, to my unclos'd and watchful eyes,
That long had roll'd in darkness, dawn appear'd;
And I beheld a man, an utter stranger,
But of graceful and exalted mien,
Who press'd with eager transport to embrace me.
I shunn'd his arms: but at some words he spoke,
Which I have now forgot, I turn'd again;
But he was gone—and, oh! transporting sight!
Your son, my dearest Wilmot, fill'd his place!

Agnes. If I regarded dreams, I should expect
Some fair event from your's.

Char. But what's to come,
Though more obscure, is terrible, indeed!
Methought we parted soon, and when I sought him,
You and his father (yes, you both were there,)
Strove to conceal him from me. I pursu'd you
Both with my cries, and call'd on heaven and earth
To judge my wrongs, and force you to reveal
Where you had hid my love, my life, my Wilmot!

Agnes. Unless you mean t'offend me, spare the
'Tis just as likely Wilmot should return [rest.
As we become your foes.

Char. Far be such thought
From Charlotte's breast! but when I heard you name
Self-murder, it reviv'd the frightful image
Of such a dreadful scene!

Agnes. You will persist—

Char. Excuse me: I have done. Being a dream,
I thought, at least, it could not give offence.

Agnes. You could not think so, had you thought
at all.

But I take nothing ill from thee. Adieu!
I've tarried longer than I first intended,
And my poor husband mourns the while alone. [Exit.

Char. She's gone abruptly, and, I fear, displeas'd.
The least appearance of advice or caution,
Sets her impatient temper in a flame. [pride,
When grief, that well might humble, swells our
And pride, increasing, aggravates our grief,
The tempest must prevail till we are lost.
Heaven grant a fairer issue to her sorrows! [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Town and Port of Penryn.

*Enter YOUNG WILMOT and EUSTACE, in Indian
habits.*

Young W. Welcome, my friend, to Penryn! Here
we're safe. [sea,

Eust. Then we're deliver'd twice: first from the
And then from men, who, more remorseless, prey
On shipwreck'd wretches, and who spoil and murder
Those whom fell tempests, and devouring waves,
In all their fury, spard.

Young W. It is a scandal,
(Though malice must acquit the better sort,)
The rude unpolish'd people here, in Cornwall,
Have long lain under, and with too much justice:
For 'tis an evil, grown almost invet'rate,
And asks a bold and skilful hand to cure.

Eust. Your treasure's safe, I hope?

Young W. 'Tis here, thank heaven!

Being in jewels, when I saw our danger,
I hid it in my bosom.

Eust. I observed you,
And wonder how you could command your thoughts
In such a time of terror and confusion.

Young W. My thoughts were then at home. Oh!
England, England!

Thou seat of plenty, liberty, and health,
With transport I behold thy verdant fields,
Thy lofty mountains rich with useful ore,
Thy num'rous herds, thy flocks, and winding streams.
After a long and tedious absence, Eustace,
With what delight we breathe our native air,
And tread the genial soil that bore us first!
'Tis said, the world is ev'ry wise man's country;
Yet, after having view'd its various nations,
I'm weak enough still to prefer my own
To all I've seen beside. You smile, my friend!
And think, perhaps, 'tis instinct more than reason.
Why, be it so: instinct preceded reason
Ev'n in the wisest men, and may sometimes
Be much the better guide. But, be it either,
I must confess, that even death itself
Appear'd to me with twice its native horrors,
When apprehended in a foreign land.
Death is, no doubt, in ev'ry place the same;
Yet nature casts a look towards home, and most
Who have it in their power, choose to expire
Where they first drew their breath.

Eust. Believe me, Wilmot,
Your grave reflections were not what I smil'd at;
I own the truth. That we're return'd to England,
Affords me all the pleasure you can feel.
Yet I must think a warmer passion moves you;
Thinking of that, I smil'd.

Young W. Oh! Eustace, Eustace!
Thou know'st, for I've confess'd to thee, I love;
But having never seen the charming maid,
Thou canst not know the fierceness of my flame.
My hopes and fears, like the tempestuous seas
That we have pass'd, now mount me to the skies,
Now hurl me down from that stupendous height,
And drive me to the centre. Did you know
How much depends on this important hour,
You would not be surpris'd to see me thus.
The sinking fortune of our ancient house,
Compell'd me, young, to leave my native country,
My weeping parents, and my lovely Charlotte,
Who rul'd, and must for ever rule, my fate.
Oh! should my Charlotte, doubtful of my truth,
Or, in despair ever to see me more,
Have given herself to some more happy lover!
Distraction's in the thought! Or, should my parents,
Griev'd for my absence, and oppress'd with want,
Have sunk beneath their burden and expir'd,
While I, too late, was flying to relieve them;
The end of all my long and weary travels,
The hope that made success itself a blessing,
Being defeated, and for ever lost;
What were the riches of the world to me?

Eust. The wretch who fears all that is possible,
Must suffer more than he, who feels the worst
A man can feel, yet lives exempt from fear.
A woman may be false, and friends are mortal;
And yet your aged parents may be living,
And your fair mistress constant.

Young W. True, they may;
I doubt, but I despair not. No, my friend!
My hopes are strong, and lively as my fears;
They tell me, Charlotte is as true as fair;
That we shall meet, never to part again;
That I shall see my parents, kiss the tears
From their pale hollow cheeks, cheer their sad hearts,
And drive that gaping phantom, meagre want,
For ever from their board; their days to come
Crown all with peace, with pleasure, and abundance;
Receive their fond embraces and their blessings,
And be a blessing to them.

Eust. 'Tis our weakness:
Blind to events, we reason in the dark,

And fondly apprehend, what none e'er found,
Or ever shall, pleasure and pain unmix'd;
And flatter, and torment ourselves by turns,
With what shall never be.

Young W. I'll go this instant
To seek my Charlotte, and explore my fate.

Eust. What, in that foreign habit?

Young W. That's a trifle,
Not worth my thoughts.

Eust. The hardships you've endur'd,
And your long stay beneath the burning zone,
Where one eternal sultry summer reigns,
Have marr'd the native hue of your complexion:
Methinks you look more like a sun-burnt Indian,
Than a Briton.

Young W. Well; 'tis no matter, Eustace!
I hope my mind's not alter'd for the worse,
And for my outside—But inform me, friend,
When I may hope to see you.

Eust. When you please:
You'll find me at the inn. [me there,

Young W. When I have learn'd my doom, expect
Till then, farewell!

Eust. Farewell! Success attend you! [Exit.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—Charlotte's house.

Enter CHARLOTTE followed by a Servant.

Serv. Madam, a stranger, in a foreign habit, de-
Char. In a foreign habit! [sires to see you.
'Tis strange, and unexpected. But admit him.

[Exit Servant.

Who can this stranger be? I know no foreigner,
Enter YOUNG WILMOT.

Nor any man like this.

Young W. Ten thousand joys!

(Going to embrace her.)

Char. Sir, you are too bold. Forbear, and let me
know

What business brought you here, or leave the place.
Young W. Perfidious maid! Am I forgot, or
scorn'd?

Char. Can I forget a man I never knew? [heart:
Young W. My fears are true; some other has her
She's lost: my fatal absence has undone me? (Aside.)
Oh! could thy Wilmot have forgot thee, Charlotte.

Char. Ha! Wilmot! say, what do your words im-
Oh! gentle stranger, ease my swelling heart! [port?
What dost thou know of Wilmot?

Young W. This I know:

When all the winds of heaven seem'd to conspire
Against the stormy main, and dreadful peals
Of rattling thunder deafen'd ev'ry ear,
And drown'd th' affrighted mariners' loud cries;
When vivid lightning spread its sulphurous flames
Through all the dark horizon, and disclos'd
The raging seas incens'd to his destruction;
When the good ship, in which he was embark'd,
Broke, and o'erwhelm'd by the impetuous surge,
Sunk to the oozy bottom of the deep,
And left him struggling with the warring waves;
In that dread moment, in the jaws of death,
When his strength fail'd, and ev'ry hope forsook him,
And his last breath press'd towards his trembling lips,
The neighbouring rocks, that echo'd to his moan,
Return'd no sound articulate but—Charlotte.

Char. The fatal tempest, whose description strikes
The hearer with astonishment, is ceas'd;
And Wilmot is at rest. The fiercer storm
Of swelling passions, that o'erwhelms the soul,
And rages worse than the mad foaming seas
In which he perish'd, ne'er shall vex him more.

Young W. Thou seem'st to think he's dead; en-
joy that thought;

Persuade yourself, that what you wish is true,
And triumph in your falsehood. Yes, he's dead!
You were his fate. The cruel winds and waves,
That cast him pale and breathless on the shore,
Spar'd him for greater woes; to know his Charlotte,
Forgetting all her vows to him and heaven,
Had cast him from her thoughts. Then, then he died;
But never can have rest. Ev'n now he wanders,

A sad, repining, discontented ghost;
The unsubstantial shadow of himself;
And pours his plaintive groans in thy deaf ears,
And stalks, unseen, before thee.

Char. 'Tis enough:

Detested falsehood now has done its worst. [mot!
And art thou dead? And wouldst thou die, my Wil-
For one thou thought unjust? Thou soul of truth!
What must be done? Which way shall I express
Unutterable woe! Or how convince
Thy dear departed spirit of the love,
Th' eternal love, and never-failing faith
Of thy much-injur'd, lost, despairing Charlotte?

Young W. Be still, my flutt'ring heart; hope not too soon!

Perhaps I dream, and this is all illusion. [*Aside.*]

Char. If, as some teach, the spirit after death,
Free from the bounds and ties of sordid earth,
Can trace us to our most conceal'd retreat,
See all we act, and read our very thoughts;
To thee, oh! Wilmot, kneeling, I appeal.
If e'er I swerv'd in action, word, or thought,
Or ever wish'd to taste a joy on earth
That center'd not in thee, since last we parted,
May we ne'er meet again; but thy loud wrongs
So close the ear of mercy to my cries,
That I may never see those bright abodes
Where truth and virtue only have admission,
And thou inhabit'st now!

Young W. Assist me, heaven!

Preserve my reason, memory, and sense!
Oh! moderate my fierce tumultuous joys,
Or their excess will drive me to distraction.
Oh! Charlotte, Charlotte! lovely, virtuous maid!
Can thy firm mind, in spite of time and absence,
Remain unshaken, and support its truth;
And yet thy frailer memory retain
No image, no idea of thy lover?
Why dost thou gaze so wildly? Look on me;
Turn thy dear eyes this way; observe me well.
Have scorching climates, time, and this strange habit,
So chang'd, and so disguis'd thy faithful Wilmot,
That nothing in my voice, my face, or mien,
Remains to tell my Charlotte I am he?

[*Gives him her hand.*]

Why dost thou weep? Why dost thou tremble thus?
Why doth thy panting heart, and cautious touch,
Speak thee but half-convinc'd? Whence are thy fears?
Why art thou silent? Canst thou doubt me still?

Char. No, Wilmot! no; I'm blind with too much light:

O'ercome with wonder, and oppress'd with joy.
This vast profusion of extreme delight,
Rising at once, and bursting from despair,
Defies the aid of words, and mocks description.
But, for one sorrow, one sad scene of anguish,
That checks the swelling torrent of my joys,
I could not bear the transport.

Young W. Let me know it:

Give me my portion of thy sorrow, Charlotte!
Let me partake thy grief, or bear it for thee.

Char. Alas, my Wilmot! these sad tears are thine;
They flow for thy misfortunes. I am pierc'd
With all the agonies of strong compassion,
With all the bitter anguish you must feel,
When you shall hear your parents—

Young W. Are no more.

Char. You apprehend me wrong.

Young W. Perhaps I do,

Perhaps you mean to say, the greedy grave
Was satisfy'd with one, and one is left

To bless my longing eyes. But which, my Charlotte?

Char. Afflict yourself no more with groundless fears:

Your parents both are living. Their distress—
The poverty to which they are reduc'd,
In spite of my weak aid, was what I mourn'd:
That poverty, in age, to them whose youth
Was crown'd with full prosperity, I fear,
Is worse much worse, than death.

Young W. My joy's complete!

My parents living, and possess'd of thee!
From this blest hour, the happiest of my life,
I'll date my rest. My anxious hopes and fears,
My weary travels, and my dangers past,
Are now rewarded all: now I rejoice
In my success, and count my riches gain.
For know, my soul's best treasure! I have wealth
Enough to glut e'en avarice itself:
No more shall cruel want, or proud contempt,
Oppress the sinking spirits, or insult
The hoary heads of those who gave me being.

Char. 'Tis now, oh! riches, I conceive your worth:
You are not base, nor can you be superfluous,
But when misplac'd in base and sordid hands.
Fly, fly! my Wilmot! leave thy happy Charlotte!
Thy filial pity, the sighs and tears
Of thy lamenting parents, call thee hence.

Young W. I have a friend, the partner of my voyage,
Who, in the storm last night, was shipwreck'd with me.

Char. Shipwreck'd last night! Oh! you immortal
What have you suffer'd! How were you preserv'd?

Young W. Let that, and all my other strange es-
And perilous adventures, be the theme [cap-
Of many a happy winter night to come.
My present purpose was t'intreat my angel,
To know this friend, this other better Wilmot,
And come with him this evening to my father's:
I'll send him to thee.

Char. I consent with pleasure. [bear my joy!

Young W. Heavens! what a night! How shall I
My parents, yours, my friends, all will be mine.
If such the early hopes, the vernal bloom,
The distant prospect of my future bliss,
Then, what the ruddy autumn? What the fruit,
The full possession of thy heavenly charms! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Street in Penryn.

Enter RANDAL.

Rand. Poor, poor! and friendless! whither shall I wander?

And to what point direct my views and hopes?
A menial servant! No. What, shall I live
Here in this land of freedom, live distinguish'd,
And mark'd the willing slave of some proud subject!
To swell his useless train for broken fragments,
The cold remains of his superfluous board?
I would aspire to something more and better.
Turn thy eyes, then, to the prolific ocean,
Whose spacious bosom opens to thy view:
There deathless honour, and unenvy'd wealth,
Have often crown'd the brave adventurer's toils.
This is the native uncontested right,
The fair inheritance of ev'ry Briton,
That dares put in his claim. My choice is made:
A long farewell to Cornwall, and to England!
If I return—But stay, what stranger's this,
Who, as he views me, seems to mend his pace?

Enter YOUNG WILMOT.

Young W. Randal! the dear companion of my
Sure, lavish fortune means to give me all [youth!
I could desire, or ask, for this blest day,
And leave me nothing to expect hereafter!

Rand. Your pardon, sir! I know but one on earth
Could properly salute me by the title
You're pleas'd to give me; and I would not think
That you are he—that you are Wilmot!

Young W. Why?

Rand. Because I could not bear the disappoint-
If I should be deceiv'd.

Young W. I am pleas'd to hear it:
Thy friendly fears better express thy thoughts
Than words could do.

Rand. Oh, Wilmot! Oh, my master!

Are you return'd?

Young W. I have not yet embrac'd
My parents; I shall see you at my father's.

Rand. No; I am discharg'd from thence; oh!
sir, such ruin— [them:

Young W. I've heard it all, and hasten to relieve

Sure, heaven hath bless'd me to that very end:
I've wealth enough; nor shalt thou want a part.

Rand. I have a part already; I am blest
In your success, and share in all your joys.

Young W. I doubt it not; but tell me, dost thou
My parents not suspecting my return, [think,
That I may visit them, and not be known?

Rand. 'Tis hard for me to judge. You are, al-
Grown so familiar to me, that I wonder [ready,
I knew you not at first: yet it may be;
For you're much alter'd, and they think you dead.

Young W. This is certain; Charlotte beheld me
long,

And heard my loud reproaches and complaints,
Without rememb'ring she had ever seen me.
My mind, at ease, grows wanton: I would fain
Refine on happiness. Why may I not
Indulge my curiosity, and try
If it be possible, by seeing first
My parents as a stranger, to improve
Their pleasure by surprise?

Rand. It may, indeed,
Enhance your own, to see from what despair
Your timely coming, and unhop'd success,
Have given you power to raise them.

Young W. I remember,
E'er since we learn'd together, you excell'd
In writing fairly, and could imitate
Whatever hand you saw, with great exactness.
I therefore beg you'll write, in Charlotte's name
And character, a letter to my father;
And recommend me, as a friend of her's,
To his acquaintance.

Rand. Sir, if you desire it—
And yet—

Young W. Nay, no objections! 'Twill save time,
Most precious with me now. For the deception,
If doing what my Charlotte will approve,
'Cause done for me, and with a good intent,
Deserves the name, I'll answer it myself.
If this succeeds, I purpose to defer
Discov'ring who I am till Charlotte comes,
And thou, and all who love me. Ev'ry friend
Who witnesses my happiness to-night,
Will, by partaking, multiply my joys.

Rand. You grow luxurious in imagination.
Could I deny you aught, I would not write
This letter. To say true, I ever thought
Your boundless curiosity a weakness.

Young W. What canst thou blame in this?

Rand. Your pardon, sir!

Perhaps I spoke too freely;
I'm ready t' obey your orders.

Young W. I am much thy debtor,
But I shall find a time to quit thy kindness.
Oh! Randal, but imagine to thyself
The floods of transport, the sincere delight,
That all my friends will feel, when I disclose
To my astonish'd parents my return,
And then confess, that I have well contriv'd,
By giving others joy t' exalt my own. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Old Wilmot's house.*

OLD WILMOT and AGNES discovered.
Old W. Here, take this Seneca; this haughty pe-
Who, governing the master of mankind, [dant,
And awing power imperial, prates of patience;
And praises poverty, possess'd of millions:
Sell him, and buy us bread. The scantiest meal
The vilest copy of his book e'er purchas'd,
Will give us more relief in this distress,
Than all his boasted precepts. Nay, no tears;
Keep them to move compassion when you beg.

Agnes. My heart may break, but never stoop to that.

Old W. Nor would I live to see it. But des-
patch. [Exit *Agnes.*

Where must I charge this length of misery,
That gathers force each moment as it rolls,
And must at last o'erwhelm me, but on hope:
Vain, flattering, delusive, groundless hope,
That has for years deceiv'd me? Had I thought,

As I do now, as wise men ever think,
When first this hell of poverty o'ertook me,
That power to die implies a right to do it,
And should be us'd when life becomes a pain,
What plagues had I prevented! True, my wife
Is still a slave to prejudice and fear—
I would not leave my better part, the dear (*Weeps.*)
Faithful companion of my happier days,
To bear the weight of age and want alone.
I'll try once more.

Re-enter AGNES, and after her, YOUNG WILMOT.
Return'd, my life, so soon—

Agnes. The unexpected coming of this stranger
Prevents my going yet.

Young W. You are, I presume,
The gentleman to whom this is directed.
What wild neglect, the token of despair,
What indigence, what misery appears
In this once happy house! What discontent,
What anguish and confusion, fill the faces
Of its dejected owners! (*Aside.*) [come

Old W. (*Having read the letter.*) Sir, such wel-
As this poor house affords, you may command.
Our ever friendly neighbour, once we hop'd
T' have call'd fair Charlotte by a dearer name;
But we have done with hope—I pray excuse
This incoherence. We had once a son. (*Weeps.*)

Agnes. That you are come from that dear virtuous
Revives in us the mem'ry of a loss, [maid,
Which, though long since, we have not learn'd to
bear. [pain

Young W. The joy to see them, and the bitter
It is to see them thus, touches my soul
With tenderness and grief, that will o'erflow.
They know me not, and yet I shall, I fear,
Defeat my purpose, and betray myself. (*Aside.*)

Old W. The lady calls you, here, her valu'd
friend;

Enough, though nothing more should be imply'd,
To recommend you to our best esteem.
A worthless acquisition! May she find
Some means that better may express her kindness!
But she, perhaps, has purpos'd to enrich
You with herself, and end her fruitless sorrow
For one, whom death alone can justify
For leaving her so long. If it be so,
May you repair his loss, and be to Charlotte
A second, happier Wilmot! Partial nature,
Who only favours youth; as feeble age
Were not her offspring, or below her care,
Has seal'd our doom: no second hope shall spring
To dry our tears, and dissipate despair.

Agnes. The last, and most abandon'd of our kind!
By heaven and earth neglected or despis'd!
The loathsome grave, that robb'd us of our son,
And all our joys in him must be our refuge. [fiends,

Young W. Let ghosts unpardon'd, or devoted
Fear without hope, and wail in such sad strains;
But grace defend the living from despair!
The darkest hours precede the rising sun,
And mercy may appear when least expected. [ed,

Old W. This I have heard a thousand times repeat-
And have, believing, been as oft deceiv'd.

Young W. Behold in me an instance of its truth.
At sea twice shipwreck'd, and as oft the prey
Of lawless pirates; by the Arabs thrice
Surpris'd, and robb'd on shore; and once reduc'd
To worse than these, the sum of all distress
That the most wretched feel on this side hell—
Even slavery itself: but here I stand,
Except one trouble that will quickly end,
The happiest of mankind.

Old W. A rare example
Of fortune's changes; apter to surprise
Or entertain, than comfort or instruct.
If you would reason from events, be just,
And count, when you escap'd, how many perish'd,
And draw your inference thence.

Agnes. Alas! who knows,
But we were render'd childless by some storm,

In which you, though preserv'd, might bear a part?

Young W. How has my curiosity betray'd me
Into superfluous pain! I faint with fondness;
And shall, if I stay longer, rush upon them;
Proclaim myself their son; kiss, and embrace them;
Till, with the excess of pleasure and surprise,
Their souls transported, their frail mansions quit,
And leave them breathless in my longing arms.
By circumstances, then, and slow degrees,
They must be let into a happiness
Too great for them to bear at once, and live:
That Charlotte will perform. I need not feign
To ask an hour for rest. (*Aside.*) Sir, I entreat
The favour to retire; where, for awhile,
I may repose myself. You will excuse
This freedom, and the trouble that I give you:
'Tis long since I have slept, and nature calls.

Old W. I pray, no more: believe we're only
troubled,

That you should think any excuse were needful.

Young W. The weight of this, to me is some in-
cumbrance. (*Gives a casket to his mother.*)

And its contents of value: if you please
To take the charge of it till I awake,
I shall not rest the worse. If I should sleep
Till I am ask'd for, as perhaps I may,
I beg that you would wake me.

Agnes. Doubt it not!

Distracted as I am with various woes,
I shall remember that. [*Exit with Old W.*]

Young W. Merciless grief!

What ravage has it made! how has it chang'd
Her lovely form and mind! I feel her anguish,
And dread, I know not what, from her despair.
My father, too—Oh! grant them patience, heaven,
A little longer, a few short hours more,
And all their cares, and mine, shall end for ever.

ACT III. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—*A Room in Old Wilmot's house.*

Enter AGNES, with the casket in her hand.

Agnes. Who should this stranger be? And then
this casket;

He says it is of value, and yet trusts it,
As if a trifle, to a stranger's hand.

His confidence amazes me; perhaps
It is not what he says: I'm strongly tempted

To open it, and see. No, let it rest!

Why should I pry into the cares of others,
Who have so many sorrows of my own? [*prising!*]
With how much ease the spring gives way!—Sur-
My eyes are dazzled, and my ravish'd heart

Leaps at the glorious sight. How bright's the lustre,
And how immense the worth of these fair jewels!
Ay, such a treasure would expel for ever

Base poverty, and all its abject train;
Famine, the cold neglect of friends, the scorn,

Or more provoking pity of the world.

Plenty, content, and power, might take their turn,
And lofty pride bare its aspiring head

At our approach, and once more bend before us.
A pleasing dream! 'Tis past; and now I wake:

For sure it was a happiness to think,

Though, but a moment, such a treasure mine.

Nay, it was more than thought—I saw, and touch'd
The bright temptation; and I see it yet.

'Tis here—'tis mine—I have it in possession.

Must I resign it? Must I give it back?

Am I in love with misery and want?

To rob myself, and court so vast a loss?

Retain it then—But how? There is a way—

Why sinks my heart? Why does my blood run cold?

Why am I thrill'd with horror? 'Tis not choice,

But dire necessity suggests the thought.

Enter OLD WILMOT.

Old W. The mind contented, with how little pains

The wand'ring senses yield to soft repose!

He's fallen asleep already—Happy man!

What dost thou think, my Agnes, of our guest?

He seems to me a youth of great humanity:

Just ere he clos'd his eyes, that swam in tears,

He wrung my hand, and press'd it to his lips;
And with a look, that pierc'd me to the soul,
Begg'd me to comfort thee: and—dost thou hear
What art thou gazing on? Fie, 'tis not well. [*me?*]
This casket was delivered to you clos'd:
Why have you open'd it? Should this be known,
How mean must we appear!

Agnes. And who shall know it?

Old W. There is a kind of pride, a decent dignity,
Due to ourselves; which, spite of our misfortunes,
May be maintain'd and cherish'd to the last.

To live without reproach, and without leave

To quit the world, shews sovereign contempt,
And noble scorn of its relentless malice. [*sense!*]

Agnes. Shews sovereign madness, and a scorn of
Pursue no farther this detested theme:

I will not die; I will not leave the world,

For all that you can urge, until compell'd.

Old W. To chase a shadow, when the setting sun
Is darting his last rays, were just as wise

As your anxiety for fleeting life,

Now the last means for its support are failing:

Were famine not as mortal as the sword,

Your warmth might be excus'd; but take thy choice:

Die how you will, you shall not die alone.

Agnes. Nor live, I hope.

Old W. There is no fear of that.

Agnes. Then, we'll live both.

Old W. Strange folly! where the means?

Agnes. There, those jewels!

Old W. Ah! Take heed!

Perhaps thou dost but try me—yet take heed!

There's nought so monstrous, but the mind of man,

In some conditions, may be brought t'approve:

Theft, sacrilege, treason, and parricide,

When flatt'ring opportunity entic'd,

And desperation drove, have been committed

By those who once would start to hear them nam'd.

Agnes. And add to these, detested suicide,
Which, by a crime much less, we may avoid.

Old W. How couldst thou form a thought so
very damning?

So advantageous, so secure, and easy;

And yet so cruel, and so full of horror!

Agnes. 'Tis less impiety, less against nature,

To take another's life, than end our own. [*crime:*]

Old W. No matter which, the less or greater

Howe'er we may deceive ourselves or others,

We act from inclination, not by rule,

Or none could act amiss: and that all err,

None but the conscious hypocrite denies.

Oh! what is man, his excellence and strength,

When, in an hour of trial and desertion,

Reason, his noblest power, may be suborn'd

To plead the cause of vile assassination!

Agnes. You're too severe: Reason may justly
For our own preservation. [*plead*]

Old W. Rest contented:

Whate'er resistance I may seem to make,

I am betray'd within: my will's seduc'd,

And my whole soul's infected. The desire

Of life returns, and brings with it a train

Of appetites, that rage to be supply'd;

Whoever stands to parley with temptation,

Parleys to be o'ercome.

Agnes. Then nought remains,

But the swift execution of a deed

That is not to be thought on, or delay'd.

Old W. Gen'rous, unhappy man! Oh! what

could move thee

To put thy life and fortune in the hands

Of wretches mad with anguish!

Agnes. By what means

Shall we effect his death?

Old W. Why, what a fiend!

How cruel, how remorseless and impatient

Have pride and poverty made thee!

Agnes. Barbarous man!

Whose wasteful riots ruin'd our estate,

And drove our son, ere the first down had spread

His rosy cheeks, spite of my sad presages,
Earnest entreaties, agonies, and tears,
To seek his bread 'mongst strangers, and to perish
In some remote, inhospitable land—
The loveliest youth, in person and in mind,
That ever crown'd a groaning mother's pains!
Where was thy pity, where thy patience then!
Thou cruel husband! thou unnat'ral father!
Thou most remorseless, most ungrateful man!
To waste my fortune, rob me of my son,
To drive me to despair, and then reproach me
For being what thou'st made me!

Old W. Dry thy tears:
I ought not to reproach thee. I confess
That thou hast suffer'd much: so have we both.
But chide no more; I'm wrought up to thy purpose.
The poor, ill-fated, unsuspecting victim,
Ere he reclin'd him on the fatal couch,
From which he's ne'er to rise, took off the sash
And costly dagger, that thou saw'st him wear,
And thus, unthinking, furnish'd us with arms
Against himself. Steal to the door,
And bring me word, if he be still asleep. [*Exit Agnes.*
Or I'm deceiv'd, or he pronounc'd himself
The happiest of mankind. Deluded wretch:
Thy thoughts are perishing, thy youthful joys,
Touch'd by the icy hand of grisly death,
Are with'ring in their bloom. But, thought ex-
He'll never know the loss, [tinguish'd,
Nor feel the bitter pangs of disappointment—
Then I was wrong in counting him a wretch:
To die well pleas'd

Is all the happiest of mankind can hope for.
To be a wretch is to survive the loss
Of every joy, and even hope itself,
As I have done. Why do I mourn him then?
For, by the anguish of my tortur'd soul,
He's to be envy'd, if compar'd with me! [*Exit.*
SCENE II.—*A Room, with YOUNG WILMOT asleep*
upon a bed in the distance.

Enter OLD WILMOT and AGNES.

Agnes. The stranger sleeps at present; but so rest-
His slumbers seem, they can't continue long. [less
Here, I've secur'd his dagger.

Old W. Oh! *Agnes, Agnes!* if there be a hell,
'Tis just we should expect it.

Agnes. Shake off this panic, and be more your-
self. [determin'd?

Old W. What's to be done? On what had we
Agnes. You're quite dismay'd. (*Takes the dagger.*)

Old W. Give me the fatal steel.

'Tis but a single murder,
Necessity, impatience, and despair,
The three wide mouths of that true Cerberus,
Grim poverty, demand: they shall be stopp'd.
Ambition, persecution, and revenge,
Devour their millions daily: and shall I—
But follow me, and see how little cause
You had to think there was the least remain
Of manhood, pity, mercy, or remorse,
Left in this savage breast. (*Going the wrong way.*)

Agnes. Where do you go?

The street is that way.

Old W. True; I had forgot.

Agnes. Quite, quite confounded!

Old W. Well, I recover. I shall find the way.

Agnes. Oh! softly, softly! The least noise un-
What are we doing? Misery and want [does us.
Are lighter ills than this. I cannot bear it!

Stop! hold thy hand!—Inconstant, wretched wo-
man! [mot!

What! doth my heart recoil? Oh! Wilmot, Wil-
What pow'r shall I invoke to aid thee, Wilmot?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room.*

Enter CHARLOTTE, EUSTACE, and RANDAL.
Char. What strange neglect! The doors are all
And not a living creature to be seen. [unbarr'd,

Enter OLD WILMOT and AGNES.
Sir, we are come to give and receive

A thousand greetings.—Ha! what can this mean!
Why do you look with such amazement on us?
Are these your transports for your son's return?
Where is my Wilmot? Has he not been here?
Would he defer your happiness so long,
Or could a habit so disguise your son,
That you refus'd to own him?

Agnes. Heard you that?

What prodigy of horror is disclosing,
To render murder venial!

Old W. Pr'ythee, peace:

The miserable damn'd suspend their howling,
And the swift orbs are fix'd in deep attention.

Rand. What mean these dreadful words and
frantic air!

That is the dagger my young master wore.

Eust. My mind misgives me. Do not stand to gaze
On these dumb phantoms of despair and horror!
Let us search further, Randal, shew the way.

[*Exeunt Randal, Eustace, and Charlotte.*

Agnes. Let life forsake the earth, and light the
And death and darkness bury in oblivion [sun,
Mankind and all their deeds, that no posterity
May ever rise to hear our horrid tale,
Or view the grave of such detested parricides!

Old W. Curses and deprecations are in vain:
The sun will shine, and all things have their course,
When we, the curse and burden of the earth,
Shall be absorb'd, and mingled with its dust.

Our guilt and desolation must be told,
From age to age, to teach desponding mortals,
How far beyond the reach of human thought
Heaven, when incens'd, can punish—Die thou first.
I durst not trust thy weakness. (*Stabs Agnes.*)

Agnes. Ever kind,

But most in this.

Old W. I will not long survive thee. [mot,

Agnes. Do not accuse thy erring mother, Wil-
With too much rigour, when we meet above.
To give thee life for life, and blood for blood,
Is not enough. Had I ten thousand lives,
I'd give them all to speak my penitence,
Deep, and sincere, and equal to my crime.
Oh, Wilmot! oh, my son, my son! (*Dies.*)

Enter RANDAL and EUSTACE.
Eust. Oh! Wilmot, Wilmot!

Are these the fruits of all thy anxious cares
For thy ungrateful parents? Cruel fiends! [usurp

Old W. What whining fool art thou, who wouldst
My sovereign right of grief! Was he thy son?
Say, canst thou shew thy hands, reeking with blood,
That flow'd, through purer channels, from thy loins?
Compute the sands that bound the spacious ocean,
And swell their numbers with a single grain;
Increase the noise of thunder with thy voice;
Or, when the raging wind lays nature waste,
Assist the tempest with thy feeble breath;
But name not thy faint sorrow with the anguish
Of a curs'd wretch, who only hopes from this
(*Stabbing himself.*)

To change the scene, but not relieve the pain.

Rand. A dreadful instance of the last remorse!
May all your woes end here!

Old W. Oh! would they end
A thousand ages hence, I then should suffer
Much less than I deserve. Yet let me say,
You'll do but justice to inform the world,
This horrid deed, that punishes itself,
Was not intended, thinking him our son;
For that we knew not, till it was too late.
Proud and impatient under our afflictions,
While heaven was labouring to make us happy,
We brought this dreadful ruin on ourselves.
Mankind may learn—but—oh!— (*Dies.*)

Rand. Heaven grant they may!
And may thy penitence atone thy crime!
'Tend well the hapless Charlotte, and bear hence
These bleeding victims of despair and pride;
Toll the death-bell! and follow to the grave
The wretched parents and ill-fated son. [*Exeunt.*

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS;

A BURLESQUE OPERA, IN ONE ACT.—BY H. CAREY.



Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS
KING OF THE ANTIPODES
BOMBARDINIAN

ALDIBORONTIPHOSOPHORNO
RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS
CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS

FADLADINIDA
TATIANTHE
LADIES

SCENE I.—An Anti-chamber in the palace.

Enter RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS and ALDIBORONTIPHOSOPHORNO.

Rig. Aldiborontiphosophornio!

Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?

Aldi. Fatigued with the tremendous toils of war,
Within his tent, on downy couch succumbent,
Himself he unfatigues with gentle slumbers;
Lull'd by the cheerful trumpet's glad some clangor,
The noise of drums, and thunder of artillery,
He sleeps supine amidst the din of war:
And yet 'tis not definitively sleep;
Rather a kind of doze, a waking slumber,
That sheds a stupefaction o'er his senses:
For now he nods and snores; anon he starts;
Then nods and snores again. If this be sleep,
Tell me, ye gods! what mortal man's awake.
What says my friend to this?

Rig. Say! I say he sleeps dog-sleep:
What a plague would you have me say?

Aldi. Oh! impious thought! Oh! curs'd in-
As if great Chrononhotonthologos, [sinuation!
To animals detestable and vile
Had aught the least similitude!

Rig. My dear friend, you entirely misapprehend
me: I did not call the King dog by craft; I was
only going to tell that the soldiers have just now
received their pay, and are all as drunk as so many
swabbers.

Aldi. Give orders instantly that no more money
Be issued to the troops: meantime, my friend,
Let the baths be fill'd with seas of coffee,
To stupefy their souls into sobriety.

Rig. I fancy you had better banish the cutlers,
and blow the Geneva casks to the devil.

Aldi. Thou counsel'st well, my Rigdum-Funni-
And reason seems to father thy advice. [dos,
But, soft!—The King in pensive contemplation

Seems to resolve on some important doubts;
His soul, too copious for his earthly fabric,
Starts forth, spontaneous, in soliloquy,
And makes his tongue the midwife of his mind.
Let us retire, lest we disturb his solitude.

(*They retire.*)

Enter CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS.

Chro. This god of sleep is watchful to torment
And rest is grown a stranger to my eyes: [me,
Sport not with Chrononhotonthologos,
Thou idle slumb'rer, thou detested Somnus;
For if thou dost, by all the waking pow'rs,
I'll tear thine eyeballs from their leaden sockets,
And force thee to outstare eternity. [Exit.

(*Rig. and Aldi. come forward.*)

Rig. The King is in a most cursed passion.
Pray who the devil is this Mr. Somnus he's so an-
gry withal?

Aldi. The son of Chaos and of Erebus,
Incestuous pair! brother of Mars relentless,
Whose speckled robe, and wings of blackest hue,
Astonish all mankind with hideous glare;
Himself with sable plumes, to men benevolent,
Brings downy slumbers and refreshing sleep.

Rig. This gentleman may come of a very good
family, for aught I know; but I would not be in
his place for the world. [bending,

Aldi. But, lo! the King his footsteps this way
His cogitative faculties immers'd
In cogibundity of cogitation;
Let silence close our folding-doors of speech,
Till apt attention tell our heart the purport
Of this profound profundity of thought.

Re-enter CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS, Nobles, and
Attendants.

Chro. It is resolv'd! Now, Somnus, I defy thee,
And from mankind ampute thy curs'd dominion;

These royal eyes thou never more shalt close.
Henceforth let no man sleep, on pain of death;
Instead of sleep, let pompous pageantry
Keep all mankind eternally awake;
Bid Harlequino decorate the stage
With all magnificence of decoration;
Giants and giantesses, dwarfs and pigmies,
Songs, dances, music in its amplest order,
Mimes, pantomimes, and all the mimic motion
Of scene deceptivivise and sublime.

(The flat scene draws.)

Chrononhotonthologos is seated, and a grand Pantomime Entertainment is performed, in the midst of which enters a Captain of the guard.

Capt. To arms, to arms! great Chrononhotonthologos!

Th' Antipodean pow'rs, from realms below,
Have burst the solid entrails of the earth;
Gushing such cataracts of forces forth,
This world is too inopious to contain 'em.
Armies on armies march in form stupendous;
Not like our earthly regions, rank by rank,
But tier o'er tier, high pil'd from earth to heaven!
A blazing bullet, bigger than the sun,
Shot from a huge and monstrous culverin,
Has laid your royal citadel in ashes.

Chro. Peace, coward! were they wedg'd like golden ingots,

Or pent so close, as to admit no vacuum,
One look from Chrononhotonthologos
Shall scarce them into nothing. Rigdum-Funnidos,
Bid Bombardinian draw his legions forth,
And meet us in the plains of Queerummania.
This very now, ourselves shall there conjoin him:
Meantime, bid all the priests prepare their temples
For rites of triumph. Let the singing singers,
With vocal voices, most vociferous,
In sweet vociferation, out-vociferize
Ev'n sound itself. So be it as we have order'd.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A magnificent Apartment.

Enter the QUEEN, TATLANTHE, and two Ladies.

Queen. Day's curtain's drawn, the morn begins to rise,
And waking Nature rubs her sleepy eyes:
The pretty little fleecy bleating flocks
In baas harmonious warble through the rocks:
Night gathers up her shades in sable shrouds,
And whisp'ring oziers tattle to the clouds,
What think you, ladies, if an hour we kill
At basset, ombre, piquet, or quadrille?

Tat. Your majesty was pleas'd to order tea.

Queen. My mind is alter'd; bring some ratifia.

(They are served with a dram.)

I have a famous fiddler from France:

Bid him come in. What think ye of a dance?

Enter Fiddler.

Fid. Thus to your majesty, says the suppliant
Would you a solo or sonata choose; [muse,
Or bold concerto or soft siciliana,
Alla Francese o vero in gusto Romano?
When you command, 'tis done as soon as spoke.

Queen. A civil fellow!—play us the Black Joke.

(Music plays; Queen and Ladies dance.)

So much for dancing; now let's rest awhile.

Bring in the tea-things. Does the kettle boil?

Tat. The water bubbles, and the tea-cups skip,
Through eager hope to kiss your royal lip.

(Tea brought in.)

Queen. Come, ladies, will you please to choose
Or green imperial, or Pekoe bohea? [your tea;

1 Lady. Never, no, never sure on earth was seen
So gracious, sweet, and affable a queen.

2 Lady. She is an angel.

1 Lady. She's a goddess rather.

Tat. She's angel, queen, and goddess, altogether.

Queen. Away! you flatter me.

1 Lady. We don't indeed;
Your merit does our praise by far exceed.

Queen. You make me blush; pray help me to a

1 Lady. That blush becomes you— [fan.

Tat. Would I were a man!

Queen. I'll hear no more of these fantastic airs.
(Bell rings.)

The bell rings in; come ladies, let's to pray'rs.
[They dance off.]

SCENE III.—An Anti-chamber.

Enter RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS and ALDIBORONTIPHOSCOPHORNIO.

Rig. Egad! we're in the wrong box. Who the devil would have thought that Chrononhotonthologos should be at that mortal fight of Tippodeans? Why, there's not a mother's child of them to be seen; egad! they footed it away as fast as their hands could carry them; but they have left their king behind 'em. We have him safe, that's one comfort.

Aldi. Would he were still at amplest liberty!

For, oh! my dearest Rigdum-Funnidos,
I have a riddle to unriddle to thee,
Shall make thee stare thyself into a statue:
Our Queen's in love with this Antipodean.

Rig. The devil she is? Well, I see mischief is going forward with a vengeance.

Aldi. But, lo! the conquer comes, all crown'd with conquest;

A solemn triumph graces his return.
Let's grasp the forelock of this apt occasion,
To greet the victor, in the flow of glory.

A grand triumph. *Enter CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS in a wheelbarrow, Guards, Attendants, &c. met by Rigdum-Funnidos and Aldiborontiphoscophornio.*

All hail to Chrononhotonthologos!
Thrice trebly welcome to your loyal subjects.
Myself and faithful Rigdum-Funnidos,
Lost in a labyrinth of love and loyalty,
Intreat you to inspect our inmost souls,
And read in them what tongue can never utter.

Chro. Aldiborontiphoscophornio,
To thee, and gentle Rigdum-Funnidos,
Our gratulations flow in streams unbounded,
Our bounty's debtor to your loyalty,
Which shall with int'rest be repaid ere long.
But where's our Queen, where's Fadladinida?
She should be foremost in this gladsome train,
To grace our triumph; but I see she slights me.
This haughty Queen shall be no longer mine;
I'll have a sweet and gentle concubine.

Rig. Now, my dear little Phoscophorny, for a swinging lie to bring the Queen off, and I'll run with it to her this minute, that we may all be in a stay: say she has got the thorough-go-nimble.

[Whispers, and steals off.]

Aldi. Speak not, great Chrononhotonthologos,
In accents so injuriously severe
Of Fadladinida, your faithful Queen:
By me she sends an embassy of love,
Sweet blandishments and kind congratulations,
But cannot, oh! she cannot, come herself.

Chro. Our game is turn'd to fear. What ails the Queen?

Aldi. A sudden diarrhoea's rapid force
So stimulates the peristaltic motion,
That she by far outdoes her late outdoing,
And all conclude her royal life in danger.

Chro. Bid the physicians of the world assemble
In consultation, solemn and sedate;
More to corroborate their sage resolves,
Call from their graves the learned men of old,
Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus;
Doctors, apothecaries, surgeons, chymists,
All, all attend! and see they bring their medicines:
Whole magazines of gallipotted nostrums,
Materializ'd in pharmaceutical order.

The man that cures our Queen shall have our empire. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Garden.

Enter TATLANTHE and the QUEEN.

Queen. Heigho! my heart!

Tat. What ails my gracious Queen?

Queen. Oh! would to Venus I had never seen—

Tat. Seen what, my royal mistress?

Queen. Too, too much!

Tat. Did it affright you?

Queen. No, 'tis nothing such.

Tat. What was it, madam?

Queen. Really I don't know.

Tat. It must be something?

Queen. No!

Tat. Or nothing?

Queen. No!

Tat. Then I conclude, of course, since it was Nothing and something jumbled well together. [neither,

Queen. Oh! my Tatlanthe, have you never seen—

Tat. Can I guess what, unless you tell, my

Queen. The King, I mean. [Queen?

Tat. Just now return'd from war;

He rides, like Mars, in his triumphal car.

Conquest precedes, with laurels in his hand;

Behind him, Fame does on her tripos stand;

Her golden trump shrill through the air she sounds,

Which rends the earth, and thence to heaven re-

Trophies and spoils, innumerable, grace [bounds;

This triumph, which all triumphs does deface.

Haste, then, great Queen, your hero thus to meet,

Who longs to lay his laurels at your feet.

Queen. Art mad, Tatlanthe? I mean no such

Your talk's distasteful. [thing.

Tat. Didn't you name the King?

Queen. I did, Tatlanthe, but it was not thine;

The charming King I mean, is only mine.

Tat. Who else, who else, but such a charming fair,

In Chrononhotonthologos should share?

The queen of beauty and the god of arms,

In him and you united, blend their charms.

Oh! had you seen him, how he dealt out death,

And at one stroke, robb'd thousands of their breath;

While on the slaughter'd heaps himself did rise,

In pyramids of conquest to the skies,

The gods all hail'd, and fain would have him stay,

But your bright charms have call'd him thence away.

Queen. This does my utmost indignation raise!

You are too pertly lavish in his praise.

Leave me for ever!

Tat. Oh! what shall I say? (Kneeling.)

Do not, great Queen, your anger thus display.

Oh! frown me dead! let me not live to hear

My gracious Queen and mistress so severe!

I've made some horrible mistake, no doubt;

Oh! tell me what it is.

Queen. No; find it out.

Tat. No, I will never leave you; here I'll grow,

Till you some token of forgiveness shew.

Oh! all ye pow'rs above, come down, come down!

And from her brows dispel that angry frown.

Queen. Tatlanthe, rise, you have prevail'd at last:

Offend no more, and I'll excuse what's past.

Tat. (Aside and rising.) Why, what a fool was

I, not to perceive her passion for the topsy-turvy

King! the gentleman that carries his head where

his heels should be! But I must tack about, I see.

Excuse me, gracious madam! if my heart

(To the Queen.)

Bears sympathy with your's in ev'ry part.

With you alike I sorrow and rejoice;

Approve your passion, and commend your choice.

The captive King—

Queen. That's he, that's he, that's he!

I'd die ten thousand deaths to set him free.

Oh, my Tatlanthe! have you seen his face,

His air, his shape, his mien, his ev'ry grace?

In what a charming attitude he stands!

How prettily he foots it with his hands!

Well, to his arms—no, to his legs I fly,
For I must have him if I live, or die. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A Bedchamber.

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS asleep.

Rough music; viz. salt-boxes and rolling-pins, grid-irons and tongs, sow-gelders' horns, marrow-bones and cleavers, &c. &c.

Chro. (Wakes.) What heavenly sounds are these
that charm my ears?

Sure, 'tis the music of the tuneful spheres!

Enter Captain of the Guards.

Capt. A messenger from Gen'ral Bombardinian
Craves instant audience of your majesty.

Chro. Give him admittance.

Enter Herald.

Her. Long life to Chrononhotonthologos!

Your faithful Gen'ral Bombardinian

Sends you his tongue, transplanted in my mouth,
To pour his soul out in your royal ears. [ence,

Chro. Then use thy master's tongue with rever-

Nor waste it in thine own loquacity,

But briefly and at large declare thy message.

Her. Suspend awhile, great Chrononhotontho-

The fate of empires, and the toils of war; [gos,

And in my tent let's quaff Falernian wine,

Till our souls mount and emulate the gods.

Two captive females, beauteous as the morn,

Submissive to your wishes, court your option.

Haste, then, great King, to bless us with your pre-

sence.

Our scouts already watch the wish'd approach,

Which shall be welcom'd by the drum's dread rattle,

The cannon's thunder, and the trumpet's blast;

While I, in front of mighty myrmidons,

Receive my King in all the pomp of war.

Chro. Tell him I come; my flying steed prepare;
Ere thou art half on horseback I'll be there. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—A Prison.

The KING of the ANTIPODES discovered asleep on a couch.

Enter the QUEEN.

Queen. Is this a place, oh! all ye gods above!

This a reception for the man I love?

See in what sweet tranquillity he sleeps,

While nature's self at his confinement weeps.

Rise, lovely monarch! see your friend appear;

No Chrononhotonthologos is here.

Command your freedom, by this sacred ring;

Then command me. What says my charming King?

(She puts the ring in his mouth, he bends the sea-crab, and makes a roaring noise.)

What can this mean? He lays his feet at mine.

Is this of love or hate his country's sign?

Ah! wretched Queen! how hapless is thy lot,

To love a man that understands thee not!

Oh! lovely Venus! goddess all divine!

And gentle Cupid, that sweet son of thine,

Assist, assist me, with your sacred art,

And teach me to obtain this stranger's heart.

VENUS descends in her chariot.

AIR.—VENUS.

See Venus does attend thee,

My dilding, my dilding;

Love's goddess will befriend thee,

Lily bright and shinee.

With pity und compassion,

My dilding, my dilding;

She sees thy tender passion,

Lily bright and shinee.

To thee I yield my pow'r divine,

Dance over the Lady Lea;

Demand what'er thou wilt, 'tis thine,

My gay lady.

*Take this magic wand in hand,
Dance, &c.
All the world's at thy command,
My gay, &c.*

CUPID descends.

DUETT.—CUPID and the QUEEN.

Cupid. *Are you a widow, or are you a wife?
Gillyflow'r, gentle rosemary.
Or are you a maiden, so fair and so bright?
As the dew that flies over the mul-
berry tree.*

Queen. *Would I were a widow, as I am a wife!
Gillyflow'r, &c.
But I'm, to my sorrow, a maiden as bright,
As the dew, &c.*

Cupid. *You shall be a widow before it is night,
Gillyflow'r, &c.
No longer a maiden, so fair and so bright,
As the dew, &c.
Two jolly young husbands your person shall
share,
Gillyflow'r, &c.
And twenty fine babies all lovely and fair,
As the dew, &c.*

Queen. *Oh! thanks, Mr. Cupid, for this your good news,
Gillyflow'r, &c.
What woman alive would such favours refuse?
While the dew, &c.
[Venus and Cupid re-ascend; the Queen goes
off, and the King of the Antipodes follows,
walking on his hands.*

SCENE VII.—Bombardinian's Tent.

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS and BOMBARDINIAN
discovered at a table, with two Ladies.

Bomb. This honour, royal sir, so royalizes
The royalty of your most royal actions,
The dumb can only utter forth your praise;
For we, who speak, want words to tell our meaning.
Here! fill the goblet with Palernian wine; [pet
And while our monarch drinks, bid the shrill trum-
Tell all the gods, that we propine their healths.

Chro. Hold! Bombardinian, I esteem it fit,
With so much wine, to eat a little bit.

Bomb. See that the table instantly be spread
With all that art and nature can produce.
Traverse from pole to pole; sail round the globe;
Bring every eatable that can be eat:
The King shall eat, tho' all mankind be starv'd.

Cook. I am afraid his majesty will be starved
before I can run round the world for a dinner; be-
sides, where's the money?

Chro. Ah! dost thou prattle, contumacious slave!
Guards, seize the villain! broil him, fry him, stew
him;

Ourselves shall eat him, out of mere revenge.

Cook. Oh! pray, your majesty, spare my life:
there's some nice cold pork in the pantry; I'll hash
it for your majesty in a minute.

Chro. Bethou first hash'd in hell, audacious slave!
[Kills him, and turns to Bombardinian.]

Hash'd pork! Shall Chrononhotonthologos
Be fed with swine's flesh, and at second hand?
Now, by the gods! thou dost insult us, General.

Bomb. The gods can witness, that I little thought
Your majesty to other flesh than this
Had aught the least propensity.

[Points to the Ladies.]

Chro. Is this a dinner for a hungry monarch?

Bomb. Monarchs as great as Chrononhotontholo-
Have made a very hearty meal of worse. [gos

Chro. Ah! traitor! dost thou brave me to my
teeth?

Take this reward, and learn to mock thy master.

[Strikes him.]

Bomb. A blow! Shall Bombardinian take a blow?

Blush, blush, thou sun! Start back, thou rapid
ocean! [ble.

Hills, vales, seas, mountains, all commixing crum-
And into chaos pulverize the world;
For Bombardinian has received a blow,
And Chrononhotonthologos shall die. (Draws.)

[The Women run off, crying "Help, murder!"]

Chro. What means the traitor?

Bomb. Traitor, in thy teeth;

Thus I defy thee!

Ah! what have I done? (They fight, he kills Chro.)

Go, call a coach, and let a coach be call'd;
And let the man that calls it be the caller;
And, in his calling, let him nothing call,
But coach, coach, coach! Oh! for a coach, ye gods!
[Exit, raving.]

Re-enter BOMBARDINIAN with a Doctor.

Bomb. How fares your majesty?

Doct. My lord, he's dead.

Bomb. Ah! dead! Impossible! It cannot be!
I'd not believe it, tho' himself should swear it.

Go join his body to his soul again,
Or, by this light, thy soul shall quit thy body!

Doct. My lord, he's far beyond the power of
His soul has left his body and this world. [physic;

Bomb. Then go to t'other world, and fetch it
back; (Kills him.)

And, if I find thou triflest with me there,
I'll chase thy shade through myriads of orbs,
And drive thee far beyond the verge of nature.
Ah! call'st thou, Chrononhotonthologos?

I come! thy faithful Bombardinian comes!
He comes in worlds unknown to make new wars,
And gain thee empires numerous as the stars.
(Kills himself.)

Enter the QUEEN and others.

Aldi. Oh, horrid! horrible, and horriddest horror!
Our king, our general, our cook, our doctor!
All dead! stone dead! irrevocably dead!
Oh!— (A tragedy groan.)

Queen. My husband dead! Ye gods! what is't
you mean,

To make a widow of a virgin Queen?

For, to my great misfortune, he, poor King!
Has left me so: isn't that a wretched thing?

Tat. Why, then, dear madam! make no farther
Were I your majesty I'd try another. [pothor;

Queen. I think 'tis best to follow thy advice.

Tat. I'll fit you with a husband in a trice—

Here's Rigdum-Funnidos, a proper man;
If any one can please a queen, he can.

Rig. Ay, that he can, and please your majesty.
So, ceremonies apart, let's proceed to business.

Queen. Oh! but the mourning takes up all my care,
I'm at a loss what kind of weeds to wear.

Rig. Never talk of sorrow, madam;

One ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow;
Let's beed to-night, and then we'll wed to-morrow,
I'll make thee a great man, my little Phoscophorny.
(Aside to Aldi.)

Aldi. I scorn your bounty; I'll beking or nothing.
Draw, miscreant! draw!

Rig. No, sir, I'll take the law.

(Runs behind the Queen.)

Queen. Well, gentlemen, to make the matter easy.
I'll have you both; and that, I hope, will please ye.

And now, Tatlanthe, thou art all my care:

Where shall I find thee such another pair?

Pity that you, who've serv'd so long so well,

Should die a virgin, and lead apes in hell.

Choose for yourself, dear girl, our empire round;

Your portion is twelve hundred thousand pound.

Aldi. Here! take these dead and bloody corpse
Make preparation for our wedding-day. [away;

Instead of sad solemnity, and black,

Our hearts shall swim in claret and in sack.

[Exeunt.]

SHE WOULD AND SHE WOULD NOT;

OR, THE KIND IMPOSTOR;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY COLLEY CIBBER.



Act III.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

DON MANUEL
DON PHILIP
DON LEWIS
OCTAVIO
TRAPPANTI

CORRIGIDORE
SOTO
ALGUAZILS
HOST
POSTBOY

HYPOLITA
ROSARA
FLORA
VILETTA
SERVANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Inn at Madrid.

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Indeed, my friend Trappanti, thou'rt in a very thin condition; thou hast neither master, meat, nor money: not but, couldst thou part with that unappeasable itch of eating, too, thou hast all the ragged virtues that were requisite to set up an ancient philosopher. Contempt and poverty, kicks, thumps, and thinking, thou hast endured with the best of them; but when fortune turns thee up to hard fasting, that is to say, positively not eating at all, I perceive thou art a downright dunce, with the same stomach, and no more philosophy than a hound upon horse-flesh. Fasting's the devil! Let me see: this, I take it, is the most frequented inn about Madrid; and if a keen guest or two should drop in now—Hark!

Host. (Within.) Take care of the gentlemen's horses there; see them well rubbed and littered.

Trap. Just alighted! If they do but stay to eat now! Impudence assist me—Ah! a couple of pretty young sparks, faith!

Enter HYPOLITA and FLORA, in men's habits; a Postboy with a portmanteau following.

Welcome to Madrid, sir; welcome, sir.

Flora. Sir, your servant.

Post. Have the horses pleased your honour?

Hyp. Very well, indeed, friend; pr'ythee, set down the portmanteau, and see that the poor creatures want nothing: they have performed well, and deserve our care.

Trap. I'll take care of that, sir; here, ostler.

[Exit with Postboy.]

Flora. And pray, madam, what do I deserve?

Hyp. Poor Flora! thou art fatigued, indeed, but I shall find a way to thank thee for't.

Flora. And now, madam, pray, what do you propose will be the end of our journey?

Hyp. Why, now I hope the end of my wishes—Don Philip, I need not tell you how far he is in my heart.

Flora. No, your sweet usage of him told me that long enough ago; but now, it seems, you think fit to confess it; and what is it you love him for, pray?

Hyp. His manner of bearing that usage.

Flora. Ah! dear pride! how we love to have it tickled! But he does not bear it, you see, for he's coming post to Madrid to marry another woman; nay, one he never saw. [gaged him.]

Hyp. An unknown face can't have very far engaged Flora. How came he to be engaged to her at all?

Hyp. Why, I engaged him.

Flora. To another! [him.]

Hyp. To my whole sex, rather than own I loved Flora. Ah! done like a woman of courage.

Hyp. I could not bear the thoughts of parting with my power; besides, he took me at such an advantage, and pressed me so home to a surrender, I could have torn him piecemeal.

Flora. Ay, I warrant you! an insolent—agreeable puppy! But let us hear.

Hyp. I'll tell thee, Flora; you know Don Philip wants no charm that can recommend him. As a lover, in rank and fortune, I confess him my superior; 'tis the thoughts of that has been a constant thorn upon my wishes: I never saw him in the humblest posture, but still I fancied he secretly presumed his rank and fortune might command me; this always stung my pride, and made me over-act it: nay, sometimes, when his sufferings have almost

drawn the tears into my eyes, I have turned the subject with some trifling talk, or hummed a spiteful tune, though I believe his heart were breaking.

Flora. But, love be praised! your proud stomach's come down for it.

Hyp. Indeed, 'tis not altogether so high as 'twas. In a word, his last letter set me at my wit's end; and when I came to myself, you may remember you thought me bewitched, for I immediately called for my boy's clothes, and so rode after him.

Flora. Why, truly, madam, as to your wits, I've not much altered my opinion of them, for I can't see what you propose by it.

Hyp. My whole design, *Flora*, lies in this portmanteau, and these breeches.

Flora. A notable design, no doubt; but, pray, let's hear it. [tween them.

Hyp. Why, I do propose to be twice married be—
Flora. How! twice?

Hyp. By the help of the portmanteau, I intend to marry myself to Don Philip's new mistress, and then—I'll put off my breeches and marry him.

Flora. Now I begin to take ye: but, pray, what's in the portmanteau? and how came you by it?

Hyp. I hired one to steal it from his servant, at the last inn we lay at in Toledo: in it are jewels of value, presents to my bride, gold, good store, settlements, and credential letters, to certify that the bearer (which I intend to be myself) is Don Philip, only son and heir of Don Fernando de las Torres, now residing at Seville, whence we came.

Flora. A very smart undertaking, by my troth! and pray, madam, what part am I to act?

Hyp. My woman still: when I can't lie for myself, you are to do it for me, in the person of a consin-german.

Flora. And my name is to be—

Hyp. Don Guzman, Diego, Mendez, or what you please; be your own godfather.

Flora. Egad! I begin to like it mightily; this may prove a very pleasant adventure, if we can but come off without fighting, which, by the way, I don't easily perceive we shall; for, to be sure, Don Philip will make the devil to do with us when he finds himself here before he comes hither.

Hyp. Oh! let me alone to give him satisfaction.

Flora. I am afraid it must be alone, if you do give him satisfaction; for my part, I can push no more than I can swim.

Hyp. But you can bully, upon occasion.

Flora. I can scold, when my blood's up.

Hyp. That's the same thing. Bullying in breeches, would be scolding in petticoats.

Flora. Say ye so? why, then, don look to yourself; if I don't give you as good as you bring, I'll be content to wear breeches as long as I live. Well, madam, now you have opened the plot, pray when is the play to begin?

Hyp. I hope to have it all over in less than four hours; we'll just refresh ourselves with what the house affords, and wait upon my father-in-law. How now! what would this fellow have?

Re-enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Servant, gentlemen; I have taken nice care of your nags; good cattle they are, by my troth! right and sound, I warrant 'em; they deserve care, and they have had it, and shall have it, if they stay in this house: I always stand by, sir, to see them rubbed down with my own eyes: catch me trusting an ostler, I'll give you leave to fill for me, and drink for me, too.

Flora. I have seen this fellow somewhere. (*Apart to Hypolita.*)

Trap. Heyday! What, no cloth laid! was ever such attendance! Hey! house, tapster, landlord! hey! (*Knocks.*) What was it you bespoke, gentlemen?

Hyp. Really, sir, I ask your pardon, I have almost

Trap. Psha! dear sir, never talk of it; I live here hard by—I have a lodging—I can't call it a lodging neither—that is, I have a—sometimes I am here, and sometimes I am there; and so, here and there one makes shift, you know. Hey! will these people never come? [sir.

Hyp. You give a very good account of yourself, *Trap.* Oh! nothing at all, sir. Lord, sir!—was it fish or flesh, sir?

Flora. Really, sir, we have bespoke nothing yet.

Trap. Nothing! for shame! it's a sign you are young travellers; you don't know this house, sir; why, they'll let you starve if you don't stir, and call, and that like thunder, too. Hallo! [sir?

Hyp. Ah! you eat here, sometimes, I presume, *Trap.* Humph! Ay, sir, that's as it happens—I seldom eat at home, indeed. Hallo!

Enter Host.

Host. Did you call, gentlemen?

Trap. Yes, and bawl, too, sir: here, the gentlemen are almost famished, and nobody comes near them: what have you in the house now that will be ready presently?

Host. You may have what you please, sir.

Hyp. Can you get us a partridge?

Host. Sir, we have no partridges; but we'll get you what you please in a moment: we have a very good neck of mutton, sir; if you please, it shall be clapped down in a moment.

Hyp. Have you no pigeons or chickens?

Host. Truly, sir, we have no fowl in the house at present; if you please, you may have anything else in a moment.

Hyp. Then, pr'ythee, get us some young rabbits.

Host. Rabbits! Od rabbit it! rabbits are so scarce they are not to be had for money.

Flora. Have you any fish?

Host. Fish! sir, I dressed, yesterday, the finest dish that ever came upon a table; I am sorry we have none left, sir; but, if you please, you may have anything else in a moment.

Trap. Plague on thee! hast thou nothing but anything else in the house?

Host. Very good mutton, sir.

Hyp. Pr'ythee, get us a saddle, then.

Host. Don't you love the neck, sir?

Hyp. Have ye nothing in the house but the neck?

Host. Really, sir, we don't use to be so unprovided; but, at present, we have nothing else left.

Trap. Egad! it's neck or nothing here, sir. Faith! sir, I don't know but a nothing else may be very good meat, when anything else is not to be had.

Hyp. Then, pr'ythee, friend, let's have thy neck of mutton before that is gone too.

Trap. Sir, he shall lay it down this minute; I'll see it done: gentlemen, I'll wait upon ye presently; for a minute I must beg your pardon, and leave to lay the cloth myself.

Hyp. By no means, sir.

Trap. No ceremony, dear sir; indeed, I'll do it.

[Exit with Host.

Hyp. What can this familiar puppy be?

Flora. With much ado I have recollected his face. Don't you remember, madam, about two or three years ago, Don Philip had a trusty servant, called Trappanti, that used, now and then, to slip a note into your hand, as you came from church?

Hyp. Is this he that Philip turned away for saying I was as proud as a beauty, and homely enough to be good humoured?

Flora. The very same, I assure ye; only, as you see, starving has altered his air a little.

Hyp. Poor fellow! I am concerned for him: what makes him so far from Seville?

Flora. I am afraid all places are alike to him.

Hyp. I have a great mind to take him into my service; his assurance may be useful, as my case stands.

Flora. You would not tell him who you are?

Hyp. There's no occasion for it. I'll talk with him.

Re-enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Your dinner's upon the spit, gentlemen, and the cloth is laid in the best room. Are you not for a whet, sir? What wine, what wine? Hey!

Flora. We give you trouble, sir.

Trap. Not in the least, sir. Hey! (*Knocks.*)

Re-enter Host.

Host. D'ye call, gentlemen?

Hyp. Ay; what wine have ye?

Host. What sort you please, sir?

Flora. Sir, will you please to name it? (*To Trappanti.*)

Trap. Nay, pray, sir— [shall.]

Hyp. No ceremony, dear sir; upon my word you

Trap. Upon my soul, you'll make me leave ye, gentlemen.

Hyp. Come, come, no words; pr'ythee, you shall.

Trap. Psha! but why this among friends, now? Here, have ye any right Galicia?

Host. The best in Spain, I warrant it.

Trap. Let's taste it; if it be good, set us out half-a-dozen bottles for dinner.

Host. Yes, sir. [Exit.]

Flora. Who says this fellow's a starving now? On my conscience, the rogue has more impudence than a lover at midnight. (*Apart to Hyp.*)

Hyp. Hang him! 'tis inoffensive; I'll humour him. (*Apart.*) Pray, sir, (for I find we are like to be better acquainted, therefore, I hope you won't take my question ill,)—

Trap. Oh! dear sir!

Hyp. What profession may you be of?

Trap. Profession, sir! I—I—Ods me! here's the wine. [*Re-enter Host.*] Come, fill out: hold! let me taste it first: ye blockhead, would ye have the gentleman drink before he knows whether it be good or not? (*Drinks.*) Yes, 'twill do; give me the bottle, I'll fill myself. Now, sir, is not that a glass of right wine? (*To Hypolita.*)

Hyp. Extremely good, indeed. But, sir, as to my question. [for us all.]

Trap. I'm afraid, sir, that mutton won't be enough

Hyp. Oh! pray, sir, bespeak what you please.

Trap. Sir, your most humble servant. Here, master! pr'ythee, get us—Eh! ay, get us a dozen of poached eggs—a dozen, d'ye hear? just to pop down a little.

Host. Yes, sir.

Trap. Friend, let there be a little slice of bacon to every one of them.

Host. Yes, sir: a little thin slice, sir? (*Going.*)

Trap. No, you dog! not too thin.

Hyp. But, sir—

Trap. Odso! I had like to have forgot—here, a—Sancho, Sancho! ay, isn't your name Sancho?

Host. Diego, sir.

Trap. Oh! ay, Diego! that's true, indeed, Diego! Humph!

Hyp. I must e'en let him alone; there's no putting in a word till his mouth's full. (*Apart.*)

Trap. Come, here's to thee, Diego! (*Drinks and fills again.*) That I should forget thy name though.

Host. No great harm, sir.

Trap. Diego, eh! a very pretty name, faith! I think you are married, are you not, Diego?

Host. Ay, av, sir.

Trap. Ah! How many children?

Host. Nine girls and a boy, sir.

Trap. Ah! Nine girls! Come, here's to thee again, Diego. Nine girls! a stirring woman, I dare say; a good housewife, eh! Diego?

Host. Pretty well, sir.

Trap. Makes all her pickles herself, I warrant ye! Does she do olives well?

Host. Will you be pleased to taste them, sir?

Trap. Taste them! humph! pr'ythee, let's have a plate, Diego.

Host. Yes, sir.

Hyp. And our dinner as soon as you please, sir; when it's ready, call us.

Host. Yes, sir. [Exit.]

Hyp. But, sir, I was asking you of your profession.

Trap. Profession! really, sir, I don't use to profess much; I am a plain-dealing sort of a man; if I say I'll serve a gentleman, he may depend upon me.

Flora. Have you ever served, sir?

Trap. Not these two last campaigns.

Hyp. How so?

Trap. Some words with my superior officer; I was a little too free in speaking my mind to him.

Hyp. Don't you think of serving again, sir?

Trap. If a good post falls in my way.

Hyp. I believe I could help you. Pray, sir, when you served last, did you take pay or wages?

Trap. Pay, sir! Yes, sir, I was paid, cleared subsistence and arrears to a farthing.

Hyp. And your late commander's name was—

Trap. Don Philip de las Torres.

Hyp. Of Seville?

Trap. Of Seville.

Hyp. Sir, your most humble servant. You need not be curious; for I am sure you don't know me, though I do you, and your condition; which, I dare promise you, I'll mend upon our better acquaintance. And your first step to deserve it, is to answer me honestly to a few questions: keep your assurance still; it may do me service, I shall like you better for it: come, here's to encourage you. (*Gives him money.*)

Trap. Sir, my humble service to you.

Hyp. Well said.

Flora. Nay, I'll pass my word he sha'n't dwindle into modesty.

Trap. I never heard a gentleman talk better in my life. I have seen such a sort of face before, but where I don't know, nor I don't care. It's your glass, sir.

Hyp. Grammercy! here, cousin! (*Drinks to Flora.*) Come, now, what made Don Philip turn you out of his service? Why did you leave him?

Trap. 'Twas time, I think; his wits had left him; the man was mad.

Hyp. Mad!

Trap. Ay, stark mad—in love.

Hyp. In love! How, pray?

Trap. Very deep—up to the ears, over head, drowned by this time; he would in—I would have had him stopped when he was up to the middle.

Hyp. What was she he was in love with?

Trap. The devil!

Hyp. So! now for a very ugly likeness of my own face. (*Aside.*) What sort of a devil?

Trap. The damning sort—a woman!

Hyp. Had she no name?

Trap. Her Christian name was Donna Hypolita; but her proper name was Shuttlecock.

Flora. How d'ye like that? (*Apart to Hyp.*)

Hyp. Pretty well. (*Apart.*) Was she handsome?

Trap. Humph! so, so!

Flora. How d'ye like that? (*Apart.*)

Hyp. Humph! so, so! (*Apart.*) Had she wit?

Trap. Sometimes.

Hyp. Good humour?

Trap. Very seldom.

Hyp. Proud?

Trap. Ever.

Hyp. Was she honest?

Trap. Very proud.

Hyp. What! had she no good qualities?

Trap. Faith! I don't remember them.

Hyp. Ah! d'ye think she loved him? [wife.]

Trap. If she did, 'twas as the cobbler loved his

Hyp. How was that?

Trap. Why, he beat her thrice a day, and told

his neighbours he loved her never the worse; but he was resolved she should never know it.

Hyp. Did she use him so very ill?

Trap. Like a jade.

Flora. How d'ye do now? (*Apart.*)

Hyp. I don't know; methinks, I—(*Apart.*)—But, sure!—What! was she not handsome, say ye?

Trap. A devilish tongue!

Hyp. Was she ugly?

Flora. Ay, say that, at your peril. (*Aside.*)

Hyp. What was she? How did she look?

Trap. Look! Why, faith! the woman looked very well when she had a blush in her face.

Hyp. Did she often blush?

Trap. I never saw her.

Flora. How d'y'e like the picture, ma'am? (*Apart.*)

Hyp. I am as humble as an offending lover. (*Apart.*)

Re-enter Host.

Host. Gentlemen, your dinner's upon table. [*Exit.*]
Hyp. That's well! Come, sir, at dinner I'll give you further instructions how you may serve yourself and me.

Trap. Come, sir. (*To Flora.*)

Flora. Nay, dear sir, no ceremony.

Trap. Sir, your very humble servant. (*As they are going, Hypolita stops them.*) [*see me.*]

Hyp. Come back; here's one I don't care should

Trap. Sir, the dinner will be cold.

Hyp. Do you eat it hot, then; we are not hungry.

Trap. Sir, your humble servant again. [*Exit.*]

Flora. You seem concerned; who is it?

Hyp. My brother Octavio, as I live! Come this way. (*They retire.*)

Enter OCTAVIO and a Servant.

Oct. Jasper, run immediately to Rosara's woman, tell her I am just come to town; slip that note into her hand, and stay for an answer.

Flora. 'Tis he. (*Apart to Hypolita.*)

Re-enter Host, conducting DON PHILIP.

Host. Here, sir, please to walk this way.

Flora. And Don Philip, by Jupiter! (*Apart.*)

Don P. When my servant comes, send him to me immediately.

Host. Yes, sir.

Hyp. Nay, then, it's time for us to make ready. *Allons!* [*Apart. Exit with Flora.*]

Oct. Don Philip!

Don P. Dear Octavio!

Oct. What lucky point of the compass could blow us upon one another so?

Don P. Faith! a wind very contrary to my inclination: but the worst, I see, blows some good; I am overjoyed to see you. But what makes you so far from the army?

Oct. Oh! friend, such an unfortunate occasion, yet such a lucky discovery! such a mixture of joy and torment no poor dog upon earth was ever plagued with.

Don P. Unriddle, pray.

Oct. Don't you remember, about six months ago, I wrote you word of a dear, delicious, sprightly creature, that I had bombarded for a whole summer to no purpose?

Don P. I remember. [*now capitulates.*]

Oct. That same silly, stubborn, charming angel

Don P. Then she's taken.

Oct. I can't tell that; for, you must know, her perfidious father, contrary to his treaty with me, and her inclination, is going to—

Don P. Marry her to another?

Oct. Of a better estate than mine, it seems. There's her express; read it.

HYPOLITA, FLORA, and TRAPPANTI, appear in the balcony.

Flora. Trappanti, there's your old master. (*Apart.*)

Trap. Ay, I know him again; but I may chance to tell him he did not know a good servant when he had him. (*Apart.*)

Don P. (*Reads.*) "*My father has concluded a match for me with one I never saw, and intends, in two days, to perfect it; the gentleman is expected every hour. In the meantime, if you know any friend that has a better title to me, advise him forthwith to put in his claim: I am almost out of my senses; which you'll easily believe, when I tell you if such an one should make haste, I sha'n't have time to refuse him anything.*"

Hyp. How's this? (*Apart.*)

Don P. No name.

Oct. She never would trust it in a letter.

Flora. If this should be Don Philip's mistress! (*Apart.*)

Trap. Sir, you may take my word it is; I know the lady, and what the neighbours say of her (*Apart.*)

Don P. What will you do in this case?

Oct. That I don't yet know; I have just sent my servant to tell her I am come to town, and beg an opportunity to speak with her; I long to see her: I warrant, the poor fool will be so soft and humble, now she's in a fright. [*her?*]

Don P. What will you propose at your meeting?

Oct. I don't know; may be, another meeting: at least, it will come to a kind look, a kiss, good b'ye, and a sigh. Ah! if I can but persuade her to run away with me!

Don P. Consider!

Oct. Ah! so I do: what pleasure 'twould be to have her steal out of her bed in a sweet, moonshiny night! to hear her come pat, pat, pat, along in her slippers, with nothing but a thin silk night-gown loose about her! and, in this tempting dress, to have her jump into my arms, breathless with fear.

Don P. Octavio, I envy thee; thou art the happiest man in thy temper—

Oct. And thou art the most altered I ever knew: pr'ythee, what makes thee so much upon the hum-drum? Well, are my sister and you come to a right understanding yet? When do you marry?

Don P. My condition, Octavio, is very much like your mistress's: she is going to marry the man she never saw, and I the woman.

Oct. Sdeath! you make me tremble. I hope 'tis not my mistress.

Don P. Thy mistress! that were an idle fear; Madrid's a wide place. Or, if it were, (she loving you,) my friendship and my honour would oblige me to desist.

Oct. That's generous, indeed! But still you amaze me. Are you quite broken off with my sister? I hope she has given you no reason to forget her?

Don P. The most severe that ever beauty printed in the heart of man, a coldness unaccountable to sense.

Oct. Psha! dissembled.

Don P. I can't think it; lovers are soon flattered into hope; but she appeared to me indifferent to so nice a point, that she has ruined me without the trouble of resolving it.

Oct. For all her usage of you, I'll be racked if she did not love you.

Don P. I rather think she hated me: however, now 'tis past, and I must endeavour to think no more of her. [*lady?*]

Oct. Then you are determined to marry this other

Don P. That's my business to Madrid.

Trap. Which shall be done to your hand. (*Apart.*)

Don P. Besides, I am now obliged by contract.

Oct. Then, (though she be my sister,) may some jealous, old, ill-natured dog revenge your quarrel to her.

Don P. Come, forget it.

[*Exeunt Hypolita, Flora, and Trappanti.*]

Oct. With all my heart; let's go in and drink your new mistress's health. When do you visit her?

Don P. I intended it immediately; but an unlucky accident has hindered me; one of my servants fell sick upon the road, so that I am forced to make shift with one, and he is the most negligent, sottish rogue in nature; has left the portmanteau, where all my writings and letters of concern are, behind him at the last town we lay, so that I can't properly visit the lady or her father till I am able to assure them who I am. [them.]

Oct. Why don't you go back yourself to see for Don P. I have sent my servant; for I am really tired: I was loth to appear too much concerned for them, lest the rascal should think it worth his while to run away with them.

Re-enter a Servant to OCTAVIO.

Oct. How now?

Serv. Here's an answer, sir. (*Gives a letter.*)

Oct. My dear friend, I beg a thousand pardons, I must leave you this minute; the kind creature has sent for me; I am a soldier, you know, and orders must be obeyed; when I come off duty, I'll immediately wait upon you. (*To Don P.*)

Don P. You'll find me here, or hear of me: adieu! [*Exit Octavio.*] Here, house! [*Re-enter Host.*] Pr'ythee, see if my servant be come yet.

Host. I believe he is, sir; is he not in blue?

Don P. Ay, where is the sot? [gate.]

Host. Just refreshing himself with a glass at the
Don P. Pray, tell the gentleman I'd speak with him. [*Exit Host.*] In all the necessities of life there is not a greater plague than servants. Hey! Soto, Soto!

Enter SOTO, drunk.

Soto. Did you please to—such—call, sir?

Don P. What's the reason, blockhead, I must always wait upon you thus?

Soto. Sir, I did not know anything of it; I—I—came as soon as you se—se—se—sent for me.

Don P. And why not without sending, sir? Did you think I expected no answer to the business I sent you about?

Soto. Yes, sir, I did think you would be willing—that is—to have an account—so I staid to take a glass at the door, because I would not be out of the way—huh! [manteau?]

Don P. You are drunk, rascal! where's the port—
Soto. Sir, I am here—if you please, I'll give you the whole account how the matter is—huh!

Don P. Speak, villain! (*Strikes him.*)

Soto. I will, sir, as soon as I can put my words into an intelligible order; I a'n't running away, sir.

Don P. To the point, sirrah!

Soto. Not of your sword, dear sir.

Don P. Sirrah, be brief, or I'll murder you: where's the portmanteau?

Soto. Sir, as I hope to breathe, I made all the strictest search in the world, and drunk at every house upon the road, going and coming, and asked about it; and so at last, as I was coming within a mile of the town here, I found then—

Don P. What?

Soto. That it must certainly be lost.

Don P. Dog! d'y'e think this must satisfy me? (*Beats him.*)

Soto. Lord, sir! you won't hear reason. Are you sure you haven't it about you? If I know anything of it, I wish I may be burnt. [tion.]

Don P. Villain! your life can't make me satisfac—

Soto. No, sir? that's hard—a man's life can't—for my part—I—I—

Don P. Why do I vent my rage against a sot, a clod of earth? I should accuse myself for trusting
Soto. Sir— [him.]

Don P. Be dumb!

Soto. Ahh! Yes.

Don P. If this rascal had stolen it, sure he would

not have ventured to come back again. I am confounded. Neither Don Manuel nor his daughter know me, nor any of his family. If I should not visit him till I can receive fresh letters from my father, he'll, in the meantime, think himself affronted by my neglect. What shall I do? Suppose I go and tell him my misfortune, and beg his patience till we can hear again from Seville. I must think. Hey, Soto! [*Exit.*]

Soto. I had rather bought a portmanteau out of my own pocket, than had such a life about it. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter HYPOLITA, FLORA, and TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Hold, sir! let me touch up your fore-top a little.

Hyp. Well, Trappanti, you know your business; and if I marry the lady, you know my promise, too.

Trap. Sir, I shall remember them both. Odso! I had like to have forgot—Here, house! a basin and washball! I've a razor about me. Hey! (*Knocks.*)

Hyp. What's the matter?

Trap. Sir, you are not shaved.

Hyp. Shaved!

Trap. Ever while you live, sir, go with a smooth chin to your mistress. Hey! (*Knocks.*)

Hyp. This puppy does so plague me with his impertinence, I shall laugh out, and discover myself. (*Aside.*)

Trap. Why, Diego! (*Knocks.*)

Hyp. Psha! pr'ythee, don't stand fooling, we're in haste.

Flora. Ay, ay; shave another time.

Trap. Nay, what you please, sir; your beard is not much, you may wear it to-day. (*Taking her by the chin.*)

Flora. Ay, and to-morrow, too: pray, sir, will you see the coach ready, and put in the things?

Trap. Sir, I'll see the coach ready, and put in the things. [*Exit.*]

Flora. Come, madam, courage! now let's do something for the honour of our sex; give a proof of our parts, and tell mankind we can contrive, fatigue, bustle, and bring about as well as the best of them.

Hyp. Well said, Flora! for the honour of our sex be it, then, and let the grave dons think themselves as wise as they please; but nature knows there goes more wit to the management of some amours, than the hardest point in politics.

Therefore, to men th' affair of state's confin'd,

Wisely to us the state of love's assign'd,

As love's the weightier business of mankind.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Don Manuel's House.

Enter ROSARA and VILETTA.

Vil. Hear reason.

Ros. Talk of Octavio, then.

Vil. How do you know but the gentleman your father designs for you, may prove as pretty a fellow as he? if you should happen to like him as well.

Ros. Do you expect Octavio should thank you for this?

Vil. The gentleman is no fool. [*his love.*]

Ros. He'll hate any one that is not a friend to

Vil. Hang them, say I! but can't one quench the thirst without jumping into the river? Is there no difference between cooling and drowning? If Octavio must be the man, I say, let Don Philip be the husband.

Ros. I tell you, fool, I'll have no man but a husband, and no husband but Octavio: when you find I am weary of him, I'll give you leave to talk to me of somebody else.

Vil. In vain, I see. I have done, madam: one must have time to be wise; but, in the meanwhile, what do ye resolve? Positively not to marry Don Philip.

Ros. I don't know what I shall do, till I see Octavio; when did he say he would be here?

Vil. Oh! I dare not tell you, madam.

Ros. Why?

Vil. I am bribed to the contrary.

Ros. By whom?

Vil. Octavio. He just now sent me this lovely piece of gold, not to tell you what time he would be here.

Ros. Nay, then, Viletta, here are two pieces that are twice as lovely; tell me when I shall see him.

Vil. Humph! these are lovely pieces, indeed. (*Smiling.*)

Ros. When, Viletta?

Vil. Have you no more of them, madam?

Ros. Psha! there, take purse and all; will that content thee?

Vil. Oh! dear madam, I should be unconscionable to desire more; but, really, I was willing to have them all first. (*Courtesying.*)

Ros. When will he come?

Vil. Why, the poor gentleman has been hankering about the house this quarter of an hour; but I did not observe, madam, you were willing to see him, till you had convinced me by so plain a proof.

Ros. Where's my father?

Vil. Fast asleep in the great chair.

Ros. Fetch him in, then, before he wakes.

Vil. Let him wake, his habit will protect him.

Ros. His habit!

Vil. Ay, madam, he's turned friar to come at you: if your father surprises us, I have a lie ready to back him. Hist! Octavio, you may enter.

Enter OCTAVIO, in a Friar's habit.

Oct. After a thousand frights and fears, do I live to see my dear Rosara once again, and kind?

Ros. What shall we do, Octavio? (*Looking kindly on him.*)

Oct. Kind creature! Do! why, do as lovers should do; what nobody can undo—let's run away this minute, tie ourselves fast in the church-knot, and defy fathers and mothers.

Ros. And fortunes, too?

Oct. Psha! we shall have it one day: they must leave their money behind them.

Ros. Suppose you first try my father's good-nature? You know he once encouraged your addresses.

Oct. First, let's be fast married; perhaps he may be good-natured when he can't help it; whip a suit of night-clothes into your pocket, and let's march off in a body together.

Ros. Ah! my father.

Oct. Dead!

Vil. To your function.

Enter DON MANUEL.

Don M. Viletta!

Vil. Sir.

Don M. Where's my daughter?

Vil. Hist! don't disturb her.

Don M. Disturb her! why, what's the matter?

Vil. She's at confession, sir.

Don M. Confession! I don't like that; a young woman ought to have no sins at all.

Vil. Ah! dear sir, there's no living without them.

Don M. I find her aversion to the marriage I have proposed her, has put her upon disobedient thoughts: there can be no confession without guilt.

Vil. Nor no pardon, sir, without confession.

Don M. Fiddle-faddle! I won't have her seem wicked: hussy! you shall confess for her; I'll have her send her sins by you; you know them, I'm sure; but I'll know what the friar has got out of her. Save you, father!

Oct. Bless you, son!

Don M. How now, what's become of father Benedict? Why is not he here?

Vil. Sir, he is not here, and so desired this gentleman, his brother here, to officiate for him.

Don M. He seems very young for a confessor.

Vil. Ay, sir; he has not been long at it.

Oct. Nor don't desire to be long in it: I hope I understand it well enough to make a fool of my old don here. (*Aside.*)

Don M. Well, sir, how do you find the pulse of iniquity beat there? What sort of sin has she most stomach to?

Oct. Why, truly, sir, we have all frailties, and your daughter has had most powerful temptations.

Don M. Nay, the devil has been very busy with her these two days.

Oct. She has told me a most lamentable story.

Don M. Ten to one but this lamentable story proves a most d— lie.

Oct. Indeed, son, I find, by her confession, that you are much to blame for your tyrannical government of her.

Don M. Heyday! what, has the jade been inventing sins for me, and confessing them instead of her own? Let me come—she shall be locked up till she repents them, too.

Oct. Son, forbear! this is now a corroboration of your guilt: this is inhuman.

Don M. Sir, I have done: but, pray, if you please, let's come to the point; what are these terrible cruelties that this tender lady accuses me of?

Oct. Nay, sir, mistake her not: she did not, with any malicious design, expose your faults, but as her own depended on them: her frailties were the consequence of your cruelty. [*sequent.*]

Don M. Let's have them both antecedent and consequent.

Oct. Why, she confessed her first maiden, innocent affection, had long been settled upon a young gentleman, whose love to her you once encouraged; and after their most solemn vows of mutual faith, you have most barbarously broken in upon her hopes, and to the utter ruin of her peace, contracted her to a man she never saw.

Don M. Very good; I see no harm in all this.

Oct. Methinks, the welfare of a daughter, sir, might be of weight enough to make you serious.

Don M. Serious! so I am, sir; what the devil, must I needs be melancholy because I have got her a good husband?

Oct. Her melancholy may tell you, sir, she can't think him a good one.

Don M. Sir, I understand thinking better than she, and I'll make her take my word.

Oct. What have you to object against the man?

Don M. The man I like. [*she likes?*]

Oct. Suppose the unhappy youth she loves should throw himself distracted at your feet, and try to melt you into pity.

Don M. Ay, that's if he can.

Oct. You would not, sir, refuse to hear him.

Don M. Sir, I shall not refuse him anything; that I am sure will signify nothing.

Oct. Were you, one moment, to reflect upon the pangs which separated lovers feel, were nature dead in you, that thought might wake her.

Don M. Sir, when I am asked to do a thing I have not a mind to do, my nature sleeps like a top.

Oct. Then I must tell you, sir, this obstinacy obliges me, as a churchman, to put you in mind of your duty: and to let you know, too, you ought to pay more reverence to our order.

Don M. Sir, I am not afraid of the sin of marrying my daughter to the best advantage: and so, if you please, father, you may walk home again; when anything lies upon my conscience I'll send for you.

Oct. Nay, then, 'tis time to claim a lover's right, and to tell you, sir, the man that dares to ask Rosara from me is a villain. (*Throws off his disguise.*)

Vil. So! here will be fine work! (*Aside.*)

Don M. Octavio! the devil!

Oct. You'll find me one, unless you do me speedy justice: since not the bonds of honour, nature, nor

submissive reason can oblige you, I am reduced to take a surer, shorter way, and force you to be just. I leave you, sir, to think on't. (*Walks about angrily.*)

Don M. Ah! here's a confessor! ah! that jade of mine! and that other jade of my jade's! here has been rare doings! Well, it sha'n't hold long; madam shall be noosed to-morrow morning. Ah! sir's in a great passion here, but it won't do; those long strides, Don, will never bring you the sooner to your mistress. Rosara! step into that closet, and fetch my spectacles off the table there. Tum, tum! (*Sings.*)

Vil. I don't like the old gentleman's looks. (*Aside.*)

Ros. This obstinacy of your's, my dear father, you shall find, runs in the family.

[*Exit. Don Manuel locks her in.*]

Don M. Tum, dum, dum! (*Sings.*)

Oct. Sir, I would advise you, as your nearest friend, to defer this marriage for three days.

Don M. Tum, tum, tum! (*Sings.*)

Vil. Sir, you have locked my mistress in.

Don M. Tum, dum, dum! (*Sings.*)

Vil. If you please to lend me the key, sir, I'll let her out.

Don M. Tum, dum, dum! (*Sings.*)

Oct. You might afford me, at least, as I am a gentleman, a civil answer, sir.

Don M. Why, then, in one word, sir, you shall not marry my daughter; and, as you are a gentleman, I'm sure you won't think it good manners to stay in my house, when I submissively beg of you to walk out.

Oct. You are the father of my mistress, and something, sir, too old, to answer as you ought this wrong; therefore, I'll look for reparation where I can with honour take it; and since you have obliged me to leave your house, I'll watch it carefully; I'll know who dares enter it. This, sir, be sure of, the man that offers at Rosara's love shall have one virtue, courage, at least: I'll be his proof of that, and ere he steps before me, force him to deserve her.

[*Exit.*]

Don M. Ah! poor fellow! he's mad now, and does not know what he would be at. But, however, 'twill be no harm to provide against him. Who waits there? [*Enter a Servant.*] Run you for an almaguiz, and bid your fellows arm themselves; I expect mischief at my door immediately: if Octavio offers any disturbance, knock him down, and bring him before me.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Vil. Hist! don't I hear my mistress's voice?

Ros. (*Within.*) Viletta!

Vil. Here! here, madam! Bless me! what's this? (*Listens at the closet-door, and Rosara thrusts a billet to her through the key-hole.*) Ah! a billet! to Octavio—a—hem! (*Puts it into her bosom.*)

Don M. How now, hussy! what are you fumbling about that door for?

Vil. Nothing, sir; I was only peeping to see if my mistress had done prayers yet.

Don M. Oh! she had as good let them alone, for she shall never come out till she has stomach enough to fall to upon the man I have provided for her. But, hark you! Mrs. Modesty, was it you, pray, that let in that able comforter for my babe of grace there?

Vil. Yes, sir, I let him in.

Don M. Did you so? Ah! then, if you please, madam, I'll let you out: go—go get a sheet of brown paper, pack up your things, and let me never see that d—d ugly face of thine as long as I live.

Vil. Bless me! sir, you are in a strange humour, that you won't know when a servant does as she should do.

Don M. Thou art strangely impudent.

Vil. Only the furthest from it in the world, sir.

Don M. Then I am strangely mistaken: didst not thou own just now thou let'st him in?

Vil. Yes; but 'twas in disguise; for I did not

design you should see him, because I know you did not care my mistress should see him.

Don M. Ah!

[*to see him.*]

Vil. And I knew, at the same time, she had a mind

Don M. Ah!

Vil. And you know, sir, that the sin of loving him had lain upon her conscience a great while; so I thought it high time she should come to a thorough confession.

Don M. Ah!

[*him in; that's all.*]

Vil. So, upon this, sir, as you see, I—I—I let

Don M. Nay, if it be so as thou say'st, he was a proper confessor, indeed.

Vil. Well, sir, and judge you now if my mistress is not behelden to me.

Don M. Oh! extremely; but you'll go to hell, my dear, for all this; though, perhaps, you'll choose that place: I think you never much cared for your husband's company; and, if I don't mistake, you sent him to heaven in the old road. Hark! what noise is that? [*Noise without. Exit Viletta.*]

Enter a Servant, hastily.

How now?

Serv. Oh! sir, Octavio, has set upon a couple of gentlemen, just as they were alighting out of a coach at the door; one of them, I believe, is he that is to marry my young mistress; I heard them name her name; I am afraid there will be mischief, sir: there they are all at it, helter-skelter.

Don M. Run into the hall, take down my back, breast, and head-piece; call an officer, raise the neighbours, give me my great gun, I'll shoot him out of the garret-widow. [*Exit.*]

Enter HYPOLITA and FLORA, putting up their swords; TRAPPANTI and OCTAVIO in the servants' hands.

Hyp. Bring him along! this is such an insolence! at this rate no gentleman can walk the streets.

Flora. I suppose, sir, your business was more with our pockets than our persons: are our things safe?

Trap. Ay, sir, I secured them as soon as ever I saw his sword out; I guessed his design, and scoured off with the portmanteau.

Hyp. I'll know now who set you on, sir.

Oct. Pr'ythee, young man, don't be troublesome, but thank the rascal that knocked me down for your escape.

Hyp. Sir, I'd have you to know, if you had not been knocked down, I should have owed my escape to the same arm you would have owed the reward for your insolence. Pray, sir, what are you? Who knows you?

Oct. I am glad, at least, to find 'tis not Don Philip that's my rival. (*Aside.*)

Serv. Sir, my master knows the gentleman very well; he belongs to the army.

Hyp. Then, sir, if you'd have me use you like a gentleman, I desire your meaning of those familiar questions you asked me at the coach-side.

Oct. Faith! young gentleman, I'll be very short; I love the lady you are to marry; and if you don't quit your pretences in two hours, it will entail perpetual danger upon you and your family.

Hyp. Sir, if you please, the danger's equal; for, rot me, if I'm not as fond of cutting your throat as you can be of mine.

Oct. If I were out of these gentlemen's hands, on my word, sir, you shouldn't want an opportunity.

Hyp. Oh! sir, these gentlemen shall protect neither of us; my friend and I'll be your bail for them.

Flora. Ay, sir, we'll bail you; and, if you please, sir, bring your friend; I'm his: d—me! what, d'ye think you have boys to deal with?

Oct. Sir, I ask your pardon, and shall desire to kiss your hands, about an hour hence, at—(*Whispers.*)

Flora. Very well, sir; we'll meet you.

Hyp. Release the gentleman.

Serv. Sir, we dare not, without my master's order: here he is, sir.

Re-enter DON MANUEL.

Don M. How now, bully confessor? What, in limbo?

Hyp. Sir, Don Fernando de las Torres, whom I am proud to call my father, commanded me to deliver this into the hands of his most dear and worthy friend, Don Manuel Grimaldi, and at the same time, gave me assurance of a kind reception.

Don M. Sir, you are thrice welcome; let me embrace ye; I am overjoyed to see you: your friend, sir?

Hyp. Don Pedro Velada, my near relation, who has done me the honour of his company from Seville, sir, to assist at the solemnity of his friend's happiness. [to know you.]

Don M. Sir, you are welcome; I shall be proud *Flora.* You do me honour, sir.

Don M. I hope you are not hurt, gentlemen?

Hyp. Not at all, sir; thanks to a little skill in the sword.

Don M. I am glad of it; however, give me leave to interrupt our business for a moment, till I have done you justice on the person that offered you this insolence at my gate.

Hyp. Your pardon, sir; I understand he is a gentleman, and beg you would not let my honour suffer, by receiving a lame reparation from the law.

Don M. A pretty mettled fellow, faith!—must not let him fight though. (*Aside.*) But, sir, you don't know, perhaps, how deeply this man is your enemy.

Hyp. Sir, I know more of his spleen and folly than you imagine, which, if you please to discharge him, I'll acquaint you with.

Don M. Discharge him! Pray, consider, sir—(*They seem to talk.*)

Re-enter VILETTA, and gives a note to Octavio.

Vil. Send your answer to me.

[*Apart to Octavio, and exit.*]

Oct. Now for a beam of hope in a tempest. (*Aside. Reads.*) “I charge you, don't hazard my ruin and your own by the madness of a quarrel: the closet-window where I am is but a step to the ground. Be at the back door of the garden exactly in the close of the evening, where you will certainly find one that may put you in the best way of getting rid of a rival.” Dear kind creature! Now, if my little don's fit of honour, does but hold out to bail me, I am the happiest dog in the universe! (*Aside.*)

Don M. Well, sir, since I find your honour is dipped so deep in the matter—Here, release the gentleman. (*Servant gives Octavio his sword.*)

Flora. So, sir, you have your freedom; you may depend upon us.

Hyp. You will find us punctual. Sir, your servant.

Oct. So, now I have a very handsome occasion to put off the tilt, too. (*Aside.*) Gentlemen, I ask your pardon; I begin to be a little sensible of the rashness I committed; and, I confess, your manner of treating me has been so very much like men of honour, that I think myself obliged from the same principle to assure ye, that though I love Rosara equal to my life, yet no consideration shall persuade me to be a rude enemy, even to my rival; I thank you for my freedom, and am your humble servant.

[*Exit.*]

Hyp. Your servant, sir. I think we released my brother very handsomely; but I haven't done with him. (*Aside to Flora.*)

Don M. What can this sudden turn of civility mean? I am afraid 'tis but a cloak to some new roguery he has in his head.

Hyp. I don't know how old it may be, but my servant here has discovered a piece of villany of his, that exceeds any other he can be capable of.

Don M. Is it possible? Why would you let him go then?

Hyp. Because I'm sure it can do me no harm, sir.

Don M. Pray, be plain, sir: what is it?

Hyp. This fellow can inform you. For, to say truth, he's much better at a lie. (*Aside.*)

Don M. Come hither, friend: pray, what is this business?

Hyp. Ay; what was that you overheard between Octavio and another gentleman, at the inn where we alighted?

Trap. Why, sir, as I was unbuckling my portmanteau in the yard there, I observed Octavio and another spark very familiar with your honour's name; upon which, sir, I pricked up the ears of my curiosity, and took in all their discourse.

Don M. Pray, who was that other spark, friend?

Trap. A brother-rake, sir; a d—d sly-looking

Don M. So! [fellow!]

Flora. How familiarly the rogue treats his old master. (*Aside.*)

Hyp. Poor Don Philip! (*Aside.*)

Trap. Says one of them, says he, “No, d—n him! the old rogue,” meaning you, sir, “will never let you have her by fair means.” “However,” says Octavio, “I'll try soft words: but if those won't do”—“Bully him,” says t'other.

Don M. Ah! poor dog! but that would not do neither: sir, he has tried them both to-day to no purpose.

Trap. Say you so, sir? then you'll find what I say is all of a piece. “Well, and if neither of these will do,” says he, “you must e'en tilt the young prig, your rival;” meaning you, then, sir. (*To Hypolita.*) [greatly care for.]

Don M. Ha, ha! that, I perceive, my spark did not

Trap. No, sir; that, he found, was catching a Tartar. Sbud! my master fought like a lion, sir.

Hyp. Truly, I did not spare him.

Flora. No, faith!—after he was knocked down. (*Aside.*) [roguery.]

Trap. But now, sir, comes the cream of the

Hyp. Pray, observe, sir.

Trap. “Well,” says Sly-looks, “and if all these fail, I have a rare trick in my head, that will certainly defer the marriage for three or four days at least; and, in that time, the devil's in it if you don't find an opportunity to run away with her.”

Don M. Would you so, Mr. Dog? But he'll be hanged. [note in this discovery.]

Hyp. Oh! sir, you'll find we were mighty fortunate.

Don M. Pray, sir, let's hear. What was this trick to be, friend?

Trap. Why, sir, to alarm you, that my master was an impostor, and that Sly-looks was the true Don Philip, sent by his father from Seville to marry your daughter; “upon which,” says he, “the old put,” meaning you again, sir, “will be so bamboozled, that—”

Don M. But, pray, sir, how did young Mr. Coxcomb conclude that the old put was to believe all this? Had they no sham proofs that they proposed to bamboozle me with, as you call it?

Trap. You shall hear, sir: (the plot was pretty well laid, too:) “I'll pretend,” says he, “that the rascal, your rival,” meaning you, then, sir, (*to Hyp.*) “has robbed me of my portmanteau, where I had put up all my jewels, money, and letters of recommendation from my father. We are neither of us known in Madrid,” says he, “so that a little impudence, and a grave face, will certainly set those two dogs a snarling, while you run away with the bone.” That's all, sir.

Don M. Impudent rogue!

Hyp. What think ye, sir? Was not this business pretty handsomely laid?

Flora. Faith, it might have wrought a very ridiculous consequence.

Don M. Why, truly, if we had not been fore-armed by this discovery, for aught I know, Mr. Dog might have ran away with the bone, indeed;

but, if you please, sir, since these ingenious gentlemen are so pert upon the matter, we'll let them see that you and I have wit enough to do our business, and e'en clap up the wedding to-morrow morning.

Hyp. Sir, you are too obliging. But will your daughter, think ye, be prevailed with?

Don M. Sir, I'll prepare her this minute. It's a pity, methinks, we released that bully, though.

Flora. We might as well have held him a little.

Hyp. Really, sir, upon second thoughts, I wish we had: his excusing his challenge so abruptly, makes one fancy he is in hopes of carrying his point some other way. Did not you observe your daughter's woman whisper him?

Don M. Humph!

Flora. They seemed very busy, that's certain.

Hyp. I can't say about what, but it will be worth our while to be upon our guard.

Don M. I am alarmed.

Hyp. Where is your daughter at this time?

Don M. I think she's pretty safe; but I'll go make her sure.

Flora. Where's her woman?

Don M. I'll be upon her presently; she shall be searched for intelligence: you'll excuse me, gentlemen.

Hyp. Sir, the occasion presses you.

Don M. If I find all safe, I'll return immediately; and then, if you please, we'll run over some old stories of my good friend Fernando. Your servant. *[Exit.]*

Hyp. Sir, your most humble servant. Trappanti, thou'rt a rare fellow, thou hast an admirable face of brass, and when thou diest I'll have thy whole statue cast all in the same metal. *[Law.]*

Flora. 'Twere pity the rogue was not bred to the

Trap. So 'tis, indeed, sir. A man should not praise himself; but if I had been bred to the gown, I dare venture to say, I become a lie as well as any man that wears it, and that's a bold word.

Hyp. Nay, now thou art modest; but, sirrah, we have more work for ye; you must get in with the servants, attack the lady's woman: there, there's ammunition, rogue. *(Gives him money.)* Now try if you can make a breach into the secrets of the family.

Trap. Ah! sir, I warrant you. I could never yet meet with a woman that was this sort of pistol-proof. I have known a handful of these do more than a barrel of gunpowder. *[Exit.]*

Flora. Well, what must we do next?

Hyp. Why, now for the lady. I'll be a little brisk upon her, and then—

Flora. Victoria! *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter VILETTA, hastily; DON MANUEL and TRAPPANTI behind, observing her.

Vil. So! with much ado I have given the old don the slip; he has dangled with me through every room in the house, high and low, up stairs and down, as close to my tail as a great boy hankering after one of his mother's maids. Well, now we will see what Monsieur Octavio says. *(Takes a letter from her bosom.)*

Trap. Hist! there she is, and alone: when the devil has anything to do with a woman, sir, that's his time to take her: stand close. *(Apart to Don M.)*

Don M. Ah! he's at work already: there's a letter. *(Apart.)*

Trap. Leave her to me, sir; I'll read it. *(Apart.)*

Vil. Ah! two pistoles! Well, I'll say that for him, the man knows his business; his letters always come post paid. *(While she is reading, Trappanti steals behind, and looks over her shoulder.)*

"Dear Viletta,—Convey the enclosed immediately to your mistress; and, as you prize my life, use all pos-

sible means to keep the old gentleman from the closet till you are sure she is safe out of the window. Your real friend—"

Trap. *(Reading.)* "Octavio!"

Vil. Ah! *(Shrieks.)* *[vant.]*

Trap. Madam, your ladyship's most humble servant. You're very impertinent, methinks, to look over other people's letters.

Trap. Why, I never read a letter in my life without looking it over. *[upon this.]*

Vil. I don't know any business you had to look

Trap. There's the thing—you not knowing that has put you into this passion.

Vil. You may chance to have your bones broken, Mr. Coxcomb.

Trap. Sweet honeycomb, don't be so waspish; or if I keep your counsel, d'ye see, I don't know why my bones mayn't keep their places; but if I peach, whose bones will pay for it then?

Vil. Ah! the fool says true; I had better wheedle him. *(Aside.)*

Trap. Don't you love money above anything in the world—except one?

Vil. I except nothing.

Trap. Very good. And pray, how many letters do you expect to be paid for when Octavio has married your mistress, and has no occasion to write to her? While they are lovers, they will always have occasion for a confidant and a go-between; but when they marry—Serveur! good night vails; our harvest is over: what d'ye think of me now?

Vil. Why, I like what you say very well: but I don't know, my friend, to me—that same face of your's looks like the title-page to a whole volume of roguery. What is it you drive at?

Trap. Money, money, money. Don't you let your mistress marry Octavio. I'll do my best to hinder my master: let you and I lay our heads together to keep them asunder, and so make a penny of them all three.

Vil. Look you, seignior, I'll meet you half way, and confess to you, I had made a rough draught of this project myself: but say I should agree with you to go on upon it, what security can you give me for performance of articles? *[In custody.]*

Trap. More than bond or judgment—my person

Vil. Ah! that won't do.

Trap. No, my love! why, there's many a sweet bit in it: taste it. *(Offers to kiss her; she puts him away.)*

Vil. No!

Trap. Faith! you must give me one.

Vil. Indeed, my friend, you are too ugly for me; though I am not handsome myself, I love to play with those that are.

Trap. And yet, methinks, an honest fellow of my size and complexion, in a careless posture, playing the fool thus with his money. *(Tosses a purse; she catches it, and he kisses her.)*

Vil. Psha! Well, if I must, come, then. To see how a woman may be deceived at first sight of a man.

Trap. Nay, then, take a second thought of me, child. *(Kisses her again.)*

Don M. Ah! This is laying their heads together, indeed. *(Aside.)*

Vil. Well, now get you gone; I have a letter to give to my mistress; slip into the garden: I'll come to you presently.

Trap. Is it from Octavio?

Vil. Psha! begone, I say. *(Snatches the letter.)*

Trap. Hist! *(Beckons Don M. who goes softly behind.)*

Vil. Madam, madam! Ah!

Don M. Now, strumpet, give me the other letter, or I'll murder you. *(Draws.)*

Vil. Oh, lud! oh, lud! there, there!

Don M. Now we shall see what my gentleman

would be at. (*Reads.*) "*My dear angel,*"—Ah! soft and impudent!—"Depend upon me at the garden-door by seven this evening. Pity my impatience, and believe you can never come too soon to the arms of your OCTAVIO." Ah! now would this rampant rogue make no more of debauching my gentlewoman, than the gentlewoman would of him, if he were to debauch her—hold! let's see, what does he say here? Um—um! (*Reads to himself.*)

Vil. What a stupid wench was I to believe this old fool durst do me any harm! but a fright's the devil! (*Aside.*)

Don M. (*Reads.*) Um—um! "*Sure she is safe out of the window.*" Oh! there the mine is to be sprung, then. Now, gentlewoman, what do you think in your conscience I ought to do to ye?

Vil. What I think in my conscience you'll not do to me—make a friend of me. You see, sir, I dare be an enemy.

Don M. Nay, thou dost not want courage, I'll say that for thee: but is it possible anything can make thee honest? [*wise?*]

Vil. What do you suppose would make me other—*Don M.* Money.

Vil. You have nicked it.

Don M. And would the same sum make thee surely one as t'other?

Vil. That I can't say neither: one must be heavier than t'other, or else the scale can't turn.

Don M. Say it be so; would that turn thee into my interest?

Vil. The very minute you turn into mine, sir; judge yourself—here stands Octavio, with a letter, and two pieces to give it to my mistress; there stand you with a hem! and four pieces—where would the letter go, d'ye think?

Don M. There needs no more; I'm convinced, and will trust thee: there's to encourage thee before-hand; (*gives her money*) and when thou bringest me a letter of Octavio's, I'll double the sum.

Vil. Sir, I'll do it—and will take care he shall write presently. (*Aside.*)

Don M. Now, as you expect I should believe you, begone, and take no notice of what I have discovered.

Vil. Oh! I am dumb, dumb, dumb, sir. [*Exit.*]

Don M. So! this was done like a wise general: and now I have taken the counterscarp, there may be some hopes of making the town capitulate. Rosara! (*Unlocks the closet.*)

Enter ROSARA.

Ros. Did you call me, sir?

Don M. Ay, child: come, be cheerful; what I have to say to you, I'm sure ought to make you so.

Ros. He has certainly made some discovery: Viletta did not cry out for nothing. What shall I do? dissemble. (*Aside.*)

Don M. In one word, set your heart at rest, for you shall marry Don Philip this very evening,

Ros. That's but short warning for the gentleman, as well as myself; for I don't know that we ever saw one another. How are you sure he will like me?

Don M. Oh! as for that matter, he shall see you presently; and I have made it his interest to like you: but if you are still positively resolved upon Octavio, I'll make but few words—pull off your clothes and go to him.

Ros. My clothes, sir?

[*with you.*]

Don M. Ay, for the gentleman sha'n't have a rag

Ros. I am not in haste to be starved, sir.

Don M. Then let me see you put on your best airs, and receive Don Philip as you should do.

Ros. When do you expect Don Philip, sir?

Don M. Expect him, sir! he has been here this hour. I only staid to get you out of the sullens. He's none of your hum-drums! all life and mettle! Odzooks! he has the courage of a cock; a duel's

but a dance to him: he has been at sa, sa, sa! for you already.

Ros. Well, sir, I sha'n't be afraid of his courage, since I see you are resolved he shall be the man. He shall find me a woman, sir; let him win me and wear me as soon as you please.

Don M. Ah! now thou art my own girl; hold but in this humour one quarter of an hour, and I'll toss the other bushel of doubloons into thy portion. Here, bid a—Come, I'll fetch him myself—she's in a rare cue, faith! ah! if he does but nick her now!

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Ros. Now I have but one card to play; if that don't hit, my hopes are crushed, indeed: if this young spark be not a downright coxcomb, I may have a trick to turn all yet. Dear fortune, give him but common sense, I'll make it impossible for him to like me. Here they come! (*Walks carelessly and sings.*)

Re-enter DON MANUEL, with HYPOLITA.

SONG.

Divinely fair, so heav'nly form'd!

Such native innocence she wears!

You cannot wonder that I'm charm'd,

Whene'er the lovely maid appears.

Her smiles might warm an anchorite;

Her artless glances teach him sin;

Yet in her soul such charms unite,

As might the coldest stoic win.

Hyp. Madam, I kiss your ladyship's hands: I find, by your gaiety, you are no stranger to my business; perhaps you expected I should have come in with a grave how and a long speech; but my affair is in a little more haste; therefore, if you please, madam, we'll cut the work short, be thoroughly intimate at the first sight, and see one another's humours in a quarter of an hour, as well as if we had been weary of them this twelvemonth.

Ros. Troth! sir, I think you are very much in the right; the sooner I see you, the sooner I shall know whether I like you or not.

Hyp. Psha! as for that matter, you'll find me a very fashionable husband. I sha'n't expect my wife to be over fond of me.

Ros. But I love to be in the fashion too, sir, in taking the man I have a mind to.

Hyp. Say you so? why, then, take me as soon as you please.

Ros. I only stay for my mind, sir: as soon as ever that comes to me, upon my word I am ready to wait upon you.

Hyp. Well, madam, a quarter of an hour shall break no squares. Sir, if you'll find an occasion to leave us alone, I see we shall come to a right understanding presently.

Don M. I'll do it, sir. Well, child, speak, in thy conscience, is not he a pretty fellow?

Ros. The gentleman's very well, sir; but, methinks, he's a little too young for a husband.

Don M. Young! a fiddle! you'll find him old enough for a wife, I warrant ye! Sir, I must beg your pardon for a moment; but, if you please, in the meantime, I'll leave you my daughter, and so, pray, make the best of her. [*Exit.*]

Hyp. I thank ye, sir. (*Stands some time mute, looks carelessly at Rosara, and smiles as in contempt.*) Why, now, methinks, madam, you had as good put on a real smile, for I am doomed to be the happy man, you see.

Ros. So my father says, sir.

Hyp. I'll take his word.

Ros. A bold man!—but he'll break it.

Hyp. He won't.

Ros. He must.

Hyp. Whether he will or no?

Ros. He can't help it now.

Hyp. How so, pray?

Ros. Because he has promised you, you shall

marry me; and he has always promised me I should marry the man I could love.

Hyp. Ay—that is, he would oblige you to love the man you should marry.

Ros. The man that I marry will be sure of my love; but for the man that marries me—mercy on him.

Hyp. No matter for that, I'll marry you.

Ros. Come, I don't believe you are so ill-natured.

Hyp. Why, dost thou not like me, child?

Ros. Um—No.

Hyp. What's the matter?

Ros. The old fault.

Hyp. What?

Ros. I don't like you.

Hyp. Is that all?

Ros. No.

Hyp. That's hard—the rest.

Ros. That you won't like.

Hyp. I'll stand it—try me.

Ros. Why, then, in short, I like another: another man, sir, has got into my head, and made such work there, you'll never be able to set me to rights as long as you live. What d'ye think of me now, sir? Won't this serve for a reason why you should not marry me?

Hyp. Um! the reason is a pretty smart sort of a reason, truly, but it won't do; to be short with ye, madam, I have reason to believe I shall be disinherited if I don't marry you.

Ros. And what have you reason to believe you shall be if you do marry me?

Hyp. In the Spanish fashion, I suppose, jealous to a degree.

Ros. You may be in the English fashion, and something else to a degree.

Hyp. Oh! if I have not courage enough to prevent that, madam, let the world think me in the French city fashion, content to a degree. Now, here in Spain, child, we have such things as back rooms, barred windows, hard fare, poison, daggers, bolts, chains, and so forth.

Ros. Ay, sir, and there are such things as bribes, plots, shams, letters, lies, walls, ladders, keys, confidants, and so forth.

Hyp. Eh! a very complete regiment, indeed; what a world of service might these do in a quarter of an hour, with a woman's courage at the head of 'em! Really, madam, your dress and humour have the prettiest loose French air, something so quality, that let me die, madam, I believe, in a month, I should be apt to poison ye.

Ros. So, it takes! (*Aside.*) And let me die, sir, I believe I should be apt to deserve it of ye.

Hyp. I shall certainly do't.

Ros. It must be in my breakfast, then; for I should certainly run away before the wedding-dinner came up.

Hyp. That's over-acted, but I'll startle her. (*Aside.*) Then I must tell you, madam, a Spanish husband may be provoked as well as a wife. As for your inclination, I'll keep your person honest, however; you shall be locked up, and if you don't love me, then, I'll stab ye.

Ros. With what? your words? it must be those you say after the priest, then. You'll be able to do very little else that will reach my heart, I assure ye.

Hyp. Come, come, this humour is as much affected as my own: I could no more bare the qualities you say you have, than I know you are guilty of 'em: your pretty arts, in striving to avoid, have charmed me. At my first view I wooed ye only to secure a sordid fortune, which now I, overjoyed, could part with; nay, with life, with anything, to purchase your unrivalled heart.

Ros. Now I am plunged, indeed. (*Aside.*) Well, sir, I own you have discovered me; and since you have obliged me to be serious, I now, from my

sincerity, protest my heart's already given, from whence no power nor interest shall recall it.

Hyp. I hate my interest, and would owe no power or title but to love.

Ros. If, as you say, you think I find a charm in virtue, you'll know, too, there's a charm in constancy; you ought to scorn me, should I flatter you with hope, since now you are assured I must be false before I can be your's: if what I have said seems cold, or too neglectful of your merit, call it not ingratitude or scorn, but faith unmoved, and justice to the man I love.

Hyp. Well, madam, to let you see I am a friend to love, though love's an enemy to me, give me but a seeming proof that Octavio is the undisputed master of your heart, and I'll forego the power your father's obligations give me, and throw my hopes into his arms with you.

Ros. Sir, you confound me with this goodness. Command me to what proof you please; or if you'll trust to my sincerity, let these tears of joy convince you: here, on my knees, by all my hopes of peace, I swear.

Hyp. Hold! Swear never to make any other your husband, but Octavio.

Ros. I swear! and heaven befriend me as I keep this vow inviolate.

Hyp. Rise, madam, and now receive a secret, which I need not charge you to be careful of, since, as well your quiet as my own depends upon it. A little common prudence between us, in all probability, before night, may make us happy in our separate wishes.

Ros. What mean you, sir? sure you are some angel sent to my deliverance.

Hyp. Truly, madam, I have been often told so: but, like most angels of my kind, there is a mortal man in the world, who I have a great mind should know that I am—but a woman.

Ros. A woman!

Hyp. As arrant a woman from top to toe as ever a man ran mad for.

Ros. Are not you Don Philip?

Hyp. His shadow, madam, no more: I just ran before him, nay, and after him, too. Octavio, madam, your lover, is my brother; my name Hypolita; my story you shall know at leisure.

Ros. Hypolita! nay, then, from what you have said, and what I have heard Octavio say of ye, I guess your story: but this was so extravagant a thought!

Hyp. That's true, madam; it—it—it was a little round about, indeed; I might have found a nearer way to Don Philip: but these men are such tetchy things, they can never stay one's time; always in haste, just as they please; now we are to look kind, then grave; now soft, then sincere; so you see, there is such a plague, that—I don't know—one does not care to be rid of them neither.

Ros. A very generous confession!

Hyp. Well, madam, now you know me thoroughly, I hope you'll think me as fit for a husband as another woman.

Ros. Then I must marry ye?

Hyp. Ay, and speedily too; for I expect Don Philip every moment; and if we don't look about us, he will be apt to forbid the bans.

Ros. If he comes, what shall we do?

Hyp. I am provided for him; here comes your father, he's secure. Come, put on a dumb consenting air, and leave the rest to me.

Ros. Well! this getting the better of my wise papa, won't be the least part of my satisfaction.

Re-enter DON MANUEL.

Don M. So, son! how does the battle go now? Have ye cannonaded stoutly? Does she cry quarter?

Hyp. My dear father, let me embrace you; my

life's too poor to make you a return. You have given me an empire, sir, I would not change to be grand seignior.

Don M. Ah! rogue, he has done it; he has done it! he has her! Ha! is't not so, my little champion?

Hyp. Victoria, sir, the town's my own. Look here! and here, sir; thus have I been plundering this half hour; and thus, and thus, and thus, till my lips ache again. (*Kisses her.*)

Don M. Ah! give me the great chair; I can't bear my joy. You rampant rogue, could not ye give the poor girl a quarter of an hour's warning?

Hyp. My charmer! (*Embraces her.*)

Don M. Ah! my cares are over.

Hyp. Oh! I told ye, sir, hearts and towns are never too strong for a surprise.

Don M. Pr'ythee, be quiet; I hate the sight of ye. Rosara! come hither, you wicked thing, come hither, I say.

Ros. I am glad to see you so well pleased, sir.

Don M. Oh! I cannot live—I cannot live; it pours upon me like a torrent; I am as full as a bumper; it runs over at my eyes, I shall choke. Answer me two questions, and kill me outright.

Ros. Anything that will make you more pleased, sir. [gentleman?

Don M. Are you positively resolved to marry this *Ros.* Sir, I am convinced 'tis the first match that can make me happy.

Don M. I am the miserablest dog alive; and I warrant you are willing to marry him to-morrow morning, if I should ask you?

Ros. Sooner, sir, if you think it necessary.

Don M. Oh! this malicious jade has a mind to destroy me all at once: ye cursed toad! how did you do to get in with her so? (*To Hypolita.*)

Ros. Come, sir, take heart; your joy won't be always so troublesome. [as long as I live.

Don M. You lie, hussy! I shall be plagued with it *Hyp.* You must not live above two hours, then. (*Aside.*)

Don M. I warrant this raking rogue will get her with child, too; I shall have a young squab Spaniard upon my lap, that will so grandpapa me!—

Enter a Servant.

Well, what want you, gloomy face?

Serv. Sir, here's a gentleman desires to speak with you; he says he comes from Seville.

Don M. From Seville! ha! pr'ythee, let him go thither again. Tell him I am a little busy about being overjoyed.

Hyp. My life on't, sir, this must be the fellow that my servant told you of, employed by Octavio.

Don M. Very likely.

Re-enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Sir, sir—News, news!

Don M. Ay, this fellow has a good merry face now—I like him. Well! what dost thou say, lad? But hold, sirrah! has anybody told thee how it is *Trap.* Sir! [with me?

Don M. Do you know, puppy, that I am ready to cry?

Trap. Cry, sir! for what?

Don M. Joy, joy! you whelp! my cares are over; madam's to marry your master, sirrah; and I am as wet with joy as if I had been thrown into a sea of good luck. Why don't you cry, dog?

Trap. Uh! well, sir, I do; but now, if you please, let me tell you my business.

Don M. Well, what's the matter, sirrah?

Trap. Nay, no great matter, sir, only—Slylooks is come, that's all. [ha!

Don M. Slylooks! what, the bamboozler? Ha, *Trap.* He, sir, he.

Don M. I'm glad of it, faith—now I shall have a little diversion to moderate my joy; I'll wait on the gentleman myself: don't you be out of the say,

son, I'll be with ye, presently. Oh! my jaws! this fit will carry me off. Ye dear toad, good b'ye. [*Exit, with Trappanti.*

Hyp. Ha, ha, ha! the old gentleman's as merry as a fiddle; how he'll start when a string snaps in the middle of his tune! [lieve.

Ros. At least we shall make him change it, I be-

Hyp. That we shall; and here comes one that's to play upon him.

Enter FLORA, hastily.

Flora. Don Philip! where are ye? I must needs speak with ye. Begging your ladyship's pardon, madam. (*Whispers to Hypolita.*) Stand to your arms, the enemy's at the gate, faith. But I've just thought of a sure card to win the lady into our party. [with?

Ros. Who can this youth be, she is so familiar

Hyp. I like your advice so well, that to tell ye the truth, I have made bold to take it before you gave it me. Come, I'll introduce ye. (*To Flora.*)

Flora. Then the business is done.

Hyp. Madam, if your ladyship pleases. (*To Ros.*)

Ros. Is this gentleman your friend, sir?

Hyp. This friend, madam, is my gentlewoman, at your service.

Ros. Gentlewoman! what, are we all going into breeches, then?

Flora. That used to be my post, madam, when I wore a needle: but now I have got a sword by my side, I shall be proud to be your ladyship's humble servant.

Ros. Troth! I think it's a pity you should either of you ever part with your swords: I never saw a prettier couple of adroit cavaliers in my life. Come ladies—gentlemen, I beg your pardon. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter DON MANUEL and DON PHILIP.

Don M. Well, sir, and so you were robbed of your portmanteau, you say, at Toledo, in which were all your letters and writings relating to your marriage with my daughter, and that's the reason you are come without them?

Don P. Sir, I was not robbed of the regard I owe my father's friend: that, sir, I have brought with me, and it would have been ill manners not to have paid it at my first arrival.

Don M. Ah! how smooth the spark is. (*Aside.*) Well, sir, I am pretty considerably glad to see you: but I hope you'll excuse me, if in a matter of this consequence, I seem a little cautious.

Don P. Sir, I sha'n't propose any immediate progress in my affair, till you receive fresh advice from my father; in the meantime, I shall think myself obliged by the bare freedom of your house, and such entertainment as you'd at least afford a common stranger.

Don M. Impudent rogue! the freedom of my house! yes, that he may be always at hand to secure the main chance for my friend Octavio; but now I'll have a touch of the bamboozle with him. (*Aside.*) Lookye, sir; while I see nothing to contradict what you say you are, d'ye see, you shall find me a gentleman.

Don P. So my father told me, sir.

Don M. But then, on the other hand, d'ye see, a man's honesty is not always written in his face; and (begging your pardon,) if you should prove a d—d rogue now, d'ye see—

Don P. Sir, I can't, in reason, take anything ill that proceeds only from your caution.

Don M. Civil rascal! (*Aside.*) No, no, as you say, I hope you won't take it ill, neither; for how do I know, you know, but what you tell me (begging your pardon again, sir,) may be all a lie?

Don P. Another man, indeed, might say the same to you; but I shall take it kindly, sir, if you

suppose me a villain no oftener than you have occasion to suspect me.

Don M. Sir, you speak like a man of honour, 'tis confessed; but (begging your pardon again, sir,) so may a rascal, too, sometimes.

Don P. But a man of honour, sir, can never speak like a rascal.

Don M. Why, then, with your honour's leave, sir, is there nobody here in Madrid that knows you?

Don P. Sir, I never saw Madrid till within these two hours, though there is a gentleman in town that knew me intimately at Seville; I met him by accident at the inn where I alighted; he's known here; if it will give you any present satisfaction, I believe I could easily produce him to vouch for me.

Don M. At the inn, say ye, did you meet this gentleman? What's his name, pray?

Don P. Octavio Cruzado.

Don M. Ha! my bully confessor; this agrees, word for word, with honest Trappanti's intelligence. (*Aside.*) Well, sir, and pray what does he give you for this job?

Don P. Job, sir?

Don M. Ay, that is, do you undertake it out of good fellowship? or are you to have a sort of fellow-feeling in the matter?

Don P. Sir, if you believe me to be the son of Don Fernando, I must tell ye your manner of receiving me is what you ought not to suppose can please him, or I can thank you for. If you think me an impostor, I'll ease you of the trouble of suspecting me, and leave your house till I can bring better proofs who I am.

Don M. Do so, friend; and, in the meantime, d'ye see, pray give my humble service to the politician, and tell him that to your certain knowledge, the old fellow, the old rogue, and the old put, d'ye see, knows how to bamboozle as well as himself.

Don P. Politician, and bamboozle! Pray, sir, let me understand you, that I may know how to answer you.

Don M. Come, come, don't be discouraged, friend; sometimes, you know, the strongest wits must fail; you have an admirable head, 'tis confessed, with as able a face to it as ever stuck upon two shoulders; but who the devil can help ill luck? for it happens at this time, d'ye see, that it won't do.

Don P. Won't do, sir?

Don M. Nay, if you won't understand me now, here comes an honest fellow now, that will speak you point blank to the matter.

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Come hither, friend: dost thou know this gentleman?

Trap. Bless me, sir, is it you? Sir, this is my old master I lived with at Seville.

Don P. I remember thee: thy name's Trappanti; thou wert my servant when I first went to travel.

Trap. Ay, sir, and about twenty months after you came home, too.

Don P. You see, sir, this fellow knows me.

Don M. Oh! I never questioned it in the least, sir. Pr'ythee, what's this worthy gentleman's name, friend?

Trap. Sir, your honour has heard me talk of him a thousand times; his name, sir, his name's Guzman; his father, sir, old Don Guzman, is the most eminent lawyer in Seville; was the very person that drew up the settlement and articles of my master's marriage with your honour's daughter: this gentleman knows all the particulars, as well as if he had drawn 'em up himself. But, sir, I hope there's no mistake in 'em that may defer the marriage?

Don P. Confusion!

Don M. Now, sir, what sort of answer d'ye think fit to make me?

Don P. Now, sir, I'm obliged in honour not to leave your house, till I at least have seen the villain that calls himself Don Philip, that has robbed me; and would you, sir, of your honour, and your daughter. As for this rascal—

Trap. Sir, I demand protection. (*Runs behind Don Manuel.*)

Don M. Hold! sir, since you are so brisk, and in my own house, too, call your master, friend; you'll find we have swords within can match you.

Trap. Ay, sir, I may chance to send you one will take down your courage. [*Exit.*]

Don P. I ask your pardon, sir; I must confess, the villainy I saw designed against my father's friend had transported me beyond good manners: but be assured, sir, use me henceforward as you please, I will detect it, though I lose my life. Nothing shall affront me now, till I have proved myself your friend, indeed, and Don Fernando's son.

Don M. Nay, lookye, sir, I will be very civil too; I won't say a word; you shall e'en squabble it out by yourselves: not but at the same time thou art, to me, the merriest fellow that ever I saw in my life.

Re-enter TRAPPANTI, with HYPOLITA and FLORA.

Hyp. Who's this that dares usurp my name, and calls himself Don Philip de las Torres?

Don P. Ha! this is a young competitor, indeed. (*Aside.*)

Flora. Is this the gentleman, sir?

Don M. Yes, yes, that's he. Ha, ha!

Don P. Yes, sir, I'm the man, who, but this morning, lost that name upon the road. I'm informed an impudent young rascal has picked it out of some writings in the portmanteau he robbed me of, and has brought it hither before me. D'ye know any such, sir?

Flora. The fellow really does it very well, sir. (*Apart to Don M.*)

Don M. Oh! to a miracle. (*Apart.*)

Hyp. Pr'ythee, friend, how long dost thou expect thy impudence will keep thee out of gaol? Could not the coxcomb that put thee upon this, inform thee, too, that this gentleman was a magistrate?

Don M. Well said, my little champion.

Don P. Now, in my opinion, child, that might as well put thee in mind of thy own condition; for suppose thy wit and impudence should so far succeed, as to let thee ruin this gentleman's family, by really marrying his daughter, thou canst not but know 'tis impossible thou shouldst enjoy her long: a very few days must unavoidably discover thee; in the meantime, if thou wilt spare me the trouble of exposing thee, and generously confess thy roguery, thus far I'll forgive thee; but if thou still proceedest upon his credulity to a marriage with the lady, don't flatter thyself that all her fortune shall buy off my evidence; for I'm bound in honour, as well as law, to hang thee for the robbery.

Hyp. Sir, you are extremely kind.

Flora. Very civil, egad!

Hyp. But mayn't I presume, my dear friend, this wheedle was offered as a trial of this gentleman's credulity? Ha, ha, ha!

Don M. Indeed, my friend, 'tis a very shallow one. Canst thou think I'm such a sot as to believe, that if he knew 'twere in thy power to hang him, he would not have run away at the first sight of thee?

Trap. Ay, sir, he must be a dull rogue, indeed, that would not run away from a halter. Ha, ha, ha! (*All laugh.*)

Don P. Sir, I ask your pardon: I begin now to be a little sensible of my folly. I perceive this gentleman has done his business with you effectually.

ally: however, sir, the duty I owe my father, obliges me not to leave your cause, though I leave your house immediately; when you see me next, you'll know Don Philip from a rascal.

Don M. Ah! 'twill be the same thing, if I know a rascal from Don Philip: but, if you please, sir, never give yourself any further trouble in this business; for what you have done, d'ye see, is so far from interrupting my daughter's marriage, that, with this gentleman's leave, I'm resolved to finish it this very hour; so that when you see your friend, the politician, you must tell him you had cursed luck, that's all. Ha, ha, ha!

Don P. Very well, sir; I may have better when I see you next.

Hyp. Lookye! sir, since your undertaking (though you designed it otherwise) has promoted my happiness, thus far I pass it by, though I question if a man, that stoops to do such base injuries, dares defend 'em with his sword. However, now, at least, you're warned; but be assured your next attempt—

Don P. Will startle you, my spark: I'm afraid you'll be a little humbler when you are hand-cuffed. Though you won't take my word against him, sir, perhaps another magistrate may my oath; which, because I see his marriage is in haste, I am obliged to make immediately: if he can out-face the law, too, I shall be content to be the coxcomb, then, you think me. *[Exit.]*

Don M. Ah! poor fellow! he's resolved to carry it off with a good face, however. Ha, ha!

Trap. Ay, sir, that's all he has for't, indeed.

Hyp. Trappanti, follow him, and do as I directed. *(Apart to Trap.)*

Trap. I warrant ye, sir. *[Exit.]*

Don M. Ha! my little champion, let me kiss thee; thou hast carried the day like a hero! man nor woman, nothing can stand before thee. I'll make thee monarch of my daughter, immediately.

Hyp. That's the Indies, sir.

Don M. Well said, my lad—Oh! my heart's going to dance again: pr'ythee, let's in before it gets the better of me, and give the bride an account of thy victory. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter OCTAVIO, with a letter.

Oct. Rosara false! distraction! Sure this letter must be but artifice, a humour, to try how far my love can bear: and yet, methinks, she can't but know the impudence of my young rival, and her father's importunity, are too pressing to allow her any time to fool away; and if she were really false, she could not take a pride in confessing it. Death! I know not what to think; the sex is all a riddle, and we are the fools that crack our brains to expound them. *[Enter VILETTA.]* Now, dear Viletta!

Vil. Sir, she begs your pardon; they have just sent for the priest; but they will be glad to see you about an hour hence, as soon as the wedding's over. *[Exit.]*

Vil. Sir, she says, in short, she can't possibly speak with you now, for she's just going to be married.

Oct. Death! daggers! blood! confusion! and ten thousand furies!

Vil. Heyday! what's all this for?

Oct. My brains are turned, Viletta.

Vil. Ay, by my troth, so one would think, if one could but believe you had any at all; if you have three grains, I'm sure you can't but know her compliance with this match must give her a little liberty; and can you suppose she'd desire to see you an hour hence, if she did not design to make use of it?

Oct. Don't flatter me, Viletta.

Vil. Faith, sir, (I'll be very plain,) you are, to me, the dullest person I ever saw in my life; but if you have a mind, I'll tell her you won't come.

Oct. No, don't say so, Viletta.

Vil. Then pray, sir, do as she bids you; don't stay here to spoil your own sport: you'll have the old gentleman come thundering down upon ye by-and-by, and then we shall have ye at your ten thousand furies again. Hist! here's company; good b'ye. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter DON PHILIP, with his sword drawn, and TRAPPANTI.

Don P. Come, sir, there's no retreating now; this you must justify.

Trap. Sir, I will, and a great deal more: but pray, sir, give me leave to recover my courage; I protest, the keen looks of that instrument have quite frighted it away. Pray put it up, sir.

Don P. Nay, to let thee see I had rather be thy friend than enemy, I'll bribe thee to be honest: discharge thy conscience like a man, and I'll engage to make these five, ten pieces.

Enter a Servant.

Trap. Sir, your business will be done effectually.

Don P. Here, friend; will ye tell your master I desire to speak with him? *[Exit Servant.]*

Oct. Don Philip!

Don P. Octavio! This is fortunate, indeed, the only place in the world I would have wished to have found you in.

Oct. What's the matter?

Don P. You'll see presently; but, pr'ythee, how stands your affair with your mistress?

Oct. The devil take me if I can tell ye. I don't know what to make of her; about an hour ago she was for scaling walls to come at me, and this minute—whip, she's going to marry the stranger I told you of; nay, confesses, too, it is with her own consent; and yet begs, by all means, to see me as soon as her wedding's over. Isn't it very pretty?

Re-enter a Servant.

Don P. Something gay, indeed.

Serv. Sir, my master will wait on you presently. *[Exit.]*

Oct. But the plague on't is, my love cannot bear this jesting. Well now, how stands your affair? Have you seen your mistress yet?

Don P. No; I can't get admittance to her.

Oct. How so?

Don P. When I came to pay my duty, here, to the old gentleman—

Oct. Here!

Don P. Ay; I found an impudent young rascal here before me, that had taken my name upon him, robbed me of my portmanteau, and, by virtue of some papers there, knew all my concerns to a tittle; he has told a plausible tale to her father, faced him down that I'm an impostor, and if I don't this minute prevent him, is going to marry the lady.

Oct. Death and hell! *(Aside.)* What sort of fellow was this rascal?

Don P. A little pert coxcomb; by his impudence and dress, I guess him to be some French page.

Oct. Confusion! my friend at last my rival, too. Yet hold! my rival is my friend, he owns he has not seen her yet. *(Aside.)*

Don P. You seem concerned.

Oct. Undone for ever, unless dear Philip's still my friend.

Don P. What's the matter?

Oct. Let me conjure ye, by all the ties of honour, friendship, and pity, never to attempt her more!

Don P. You amaze me! *[dote on.]*

Oct. 'Tis the same dear creature I so passionately *Don P.* Is't possible? Nay, then, be easy in thy thoughts, Octavio; and now I dare confess the folly of my own: I'm not sorry thou'rt my rival here. In spite of all my weak philosophy, I must own the secret wishes of my soul are still Hypolita's. I know not why, but—I can't help thinking that

my fortune still resolves, spite of her cruelty, to make me one day happy. [your's.]

Oct. Quit but Rosara, I'll engage she shall be

Don P. Not only that, but will assist you with my life to gain her: I shall easily excuse myself to my father for not marrying the mistress of my dearest friend.

Oct. Dear Philip, let me embrace ye. But how shall we manage the rascal of an impostor? Suppose you run immediately, and swear the robbery against him?

Don P. I was just going about it, but my accidental meeting with this fellow has luckily prevented me; who, you must know, has been chief engineer in the contrivance against me; but between threats, bribes, and promises, has confessed the whole roguery, and is now ready to swear it against him: so, because I understood the spark is very near his marriage, I thought this would be the best and soonest way to detect him.

Oct. That's right! the least delay might have lost all; besides, I am here to strengthen his evidence, for I can swear that you are the true Don Philip.

Don P. Right! [quite wrong.]

Trap. Sir, with humble submission, that will be

Oct. Why so?

Trap. Because, sir, the old gentleman is substantially convinced that 'tis you who have put Don Philip upon laying his pretended claim to his daughter, purely to defer the marriage, that in the meantime you might get an opportunity to run away with her; for which reason, sir, you'll find your evidence will but fly in your face, and hasten the match with your rival.

Don P. Ha! there's reason in that; all your endeavours will but confirm his jealousy of me.

Oct. What would you have me do?

Trap. Don't appear at the trial, sir.

Don P. By no means; rather wait a little in the street: be within call, and leave the management to me.

Oct. Be careful, dear Philip.

Don P. I always used to be more fortunate in serving my friend than myself.

Oct. But, harkye! here lives an alguazil at the next house; suppose I should send him to you, to secure the spark in the meantime?

Don P. Do so; we must not lose a moment.

Oct. I won't stir from the door.

Don P. You'll soon hear of me; away.

[Exit Octavio.]

Trap. So now I have divided the enemy, there can be no great danger if it should come to a battle. [Aside.] Basta! here comes our party.

Don P. Stand aside till I call for you. [Trap-panta retires.]

Re-enter DON MANUEL.

Don M. Well, sir! what service have you to command me now, pray?

Don P. Now, sir, I hope my credit will stand a little fairer for you; all I beg is but your patient hearing.

Don M. Well, sir, you shall have it.—Here he comes, bring him to trial as soon as you please.

Re-enter FLORA and HYPOLITA.

Flora. So Trappanti has succeeded; he's come without the officers. [Apart to Hypolita.]

Hyp. Hearing, sir, you were below, I didn't care to disturb the family by putting the officers to the trouble of a needless search; let me see your warrant, I'm ready to obey it.

Don M. Ay, where's your officer?

Flora. I thought to have seen him march in state, with an alguazil before him.

Don P. I was afraid, sir, upon second thoughts, your business would not stay for a warrant, though 'tis possible I may provide for you, for I think

this gentleman's a magistrate: in the meantime—Oh! here, I have prevailed with an alguazil to wait upon ye.

Enter an Alguazil.

Alg. Did you send for me, sir?

Don P. Ay, secure that gentleman.

Don M. Hold, hold! sir, all things in order: this gentleman is yet my guest; let me be the first acquainted with his crime, and then I shall better know how he deserves to be treated; and that we may have no hard words upon one another, if you please, sir, let me first talk with you in private. [They whisper.]

Hyp. Undone! that fool Trappanti, or that villain, I know not which, has at least mistaken or betrayed me. Ruined, past redemption! [Apart to Flora.]

Flora. Death! what d'ye mean? that hanging look were enough to confirm a suspicion; bear up, for shame! [Apart.]

Hyp. Impossible! I am dashed, confounded; if thou hast any courage left, shew it quickly; go speak, before my fears betray me. [Apart.]

Don M. If you can make this appear by any witness, sir, I confess 'twill surprise me, indeed.

Flora. Ay, sir, if you have any witnesses, we desire you'd produce 'em.

Don P. Sir, I have a witness at your service, and a substantial one. Hey! Trappanti! [Re-enter TRAPPANTI.] Now, sir, what think ye?

Hyp. Ha! the rogue winks: then there's life again. [Aside.] Is this your witness, sir?

Don P. Yes, sir; this poor fellow at last, it seems, happens to be honest enough to confess himself a rogue, and your accomplice.

Hyp. Ha, ha!

Don P. Ha, ha! You are very merry, sir.

Don M. Nay, there's a jest between ye, that's certain. But come, friend, what say you to the business? Have ye any proof to offer upon oath, that this gentleman is the true Don Philip, and consequently this other an impostor?

Don P. Speak boldly.

[do speak?]

Trap. Ay, sir; but shall I come to no harm if I

Don M. Let it be the truth, and I'll protect thee.

Trap. Are you sure I shall be safe, sir?

Don M. I'll give thee my word of honour; speak boldly to the question.

Trap. Well, sir, since I must speak, then, in the first place, I desire your honour will be pleased to command the officer to secure that gentleman.

Don M. How, friend?

Don P. Secure me, rascal?

Trap. Sir, if I can't be protected, I shall never be able to speak. [friend?]

Don M. I warrant thee. What is it you say,

Trap. Sir, as I was just now crossing the street, this gentleman, with a sneer in his face, takes me by the hand, claps five pistols in my palm, (here they are,) shuts my fist close upon 'em; "My dear friend," says he, "you must do me a piece of service:" upon which, sir, I bows me him to the ground, and desired him to open his case.

Don P. What means the rascal?

Don M. Sir, I am as much amazed as you; but pray let's hear him, that we may know his meaning.

Trap. So, sir, upon this he runs me over a long story of a sham and a flam he had just contrived, he said, to defer my master's marriage only for two days.

Don P. Confusion!

Flora. Nay, pray, sir, let's hear the evidence.

Trap. Upon the close of the matter, sir, I found at last by his eloquence, that the whole business depended upon my bearing a little false witness against my master.

Hyp. Oh, ho!

Trap. Upon this, sir, I began to demur: "Sir," says I, "this business will never hold water; don't

let me undertake it, I must beg your pardon ;” gave him the negative shrug, and was for sneaking off with the fees in my pocket.

Don M. Very well!

Don P. Villain!

Flora and Hyp. Ha, ha, ha!

Trap. Upon this, sir, he catches me fast hold by the collar, whips out his poker, claps it within half an inch of my guts: “Now, dog!” says he, “you shall do it, or within two hours rot upon the dunghill you came from.”

Don P. Sir, if there be any faith in mortal man—

Don M. Nay, nay, one at a time; you shall be heard presently. Go on, friend. (*To Trappanti.*)

Trap. Having me at this advantage, sir, I began to think my wit would do me more service than my courage; so prudently pretended out of fear to comply with his threats, and swallow the perjury: but now, sir, being under protection and at liberty of conscience, I have honestly enough, you see, to tell you the whole truth of the matter.

Don M. Ay, this is evidence, indeed!

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Don P. Dog! Villain! Did not you confess to me that this gentleman picked you up, not three hours ago, at the same inn where I alighted? that he had owned his stealing my portmanteau at Toledo? that if he succeeded to marry the lady, you were to have a considerable sum for your pains, and these two were to share the rest of her fortune between them?

Trap. Oh, lud! oh, lud! sir, as I hope to live in my bed, these are the very words: he threatened to stab me if I wouldn't swear against my master: I told him, at first, sir, I was not fit for his business: I was never good at a lie in my life.

Alg. Nay, sir, I saw this gentleman's sword at his breast, out of my window.

Trap. Lookye there, sir!

Don P. D—n!

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Don M. Really, my friend, thou'rt almost turned fool in this business. If thou hadst prevailed upon this wretch to perjure himself, couldst thou think I should not have detected him? You may go, friend. [*Exit Algazul.*]

Flora. Ha, ha!

Don P. Sir, you're imposed on: defer the marriage but an hour.

Don M. Ay, and in half that time, I suppose, you are in hopes to defer it altogether.

Don P. Perdition seize me, if I have any hope or thought, but that of serving you.

Don M. Nay, now thou art a downright distracted man. Dost thou expect I should take thy bare word, when here were two honest fellows that have just proved thee in a lie to thy face?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, the priest is come.

Don M. Is he so? Then, sir, if you please, since you see you can do me no further service, I believe it may be time for you to go. Come, son, now let's wait upon the bride, and put an end to this gentleman's trouble altogether. [*Exit.*]

Hyp. Sir, I'll wait on ye.

Don P. Confusion! I've undone my friend. (*Walks about.*)

Flora. Trappanti! rogue, this was a masterpiece. (*Apart.*)

Trap. Sir, I believe it won't be mended in haste. [*Apart. Exeunt Flora and Trappanti.*]

Hyp. Sir!

Don P. Ha! alone! if we're not prevented now— (*Aside.*) Well, sir—

Hyp. I suppose you don't think the favours you have designed me, are to be put up without satisfaction; therefore, I shall expect to see you early to-morrow, near the Prado, with your sword in your hand: in the meantime, sir, I'm a little more

in haste to be the lady's humble servant than your's. (*Going.*) [such easy terms.]

Don P. Hold! sir, you and I can't part upon *Hyp.* Sir!

Don P. You're not so near the lady, sir, perhaps, as you imagine. (*Locks the door.*)

Hyp. What d'ye mean?

Don P. Speak softly.

Hyp. Ha!

Don P. Come, sir—draw!

Hyp. My ruin now has caught me; this was the very spite of fortune. (*Aside.*)

Don P. Come, sir, my time's but short.

Hyp. And mine's too precious to be lost on anything but love; besides, this is no proper place. To-morrow, sir, I shall find a better.

Don P. No, now, sir, if you please—Draw, villain, or expect such usage as I am sure Don Philip would not bear.

Hyp. A lover, sir, may bear anything to make sure of his mistress; you know it is not fear that—

Don P. No evasion, sir; either this moment confess your villany, your name, and fortune, or expect no mercy.

Hyp. Nay, then—Within there!

Don P. Move but a step, or dare to raise thy voice beyond a whisper, and this minute is thy last. (*Seizes her, and holds a sword to her breast.*)

Hyp. Sir! (*Trembling.*)

Don P. Villain! be quick, confess, or—

Hyp. Hold, sir! I own I dare not fight with you.

Don P. No, I see thou art too poor a villain; therefore, be speedy, as thou hopest I'll spare thy life.

Hyp. Nay, then, sir—Mercy! mercy! (*Throws herself at his feet.*) And, since I must confess, have pity on my youth, have pity on my love!

Don P. Thy love! What art thou? Speak.

Hyp. Unless your generous compassion spares me, sure the most wretched youth that ever felt the pangs and torments of a successful passion.

Don P. Nay, then, I must forgive thee; (*raises her*) for I have known, too well, the misery not to pity—anything in love. Yet hold—nor flatter thy fond hopes too far: you must defer your marriage with this lady.

Hyp. Sir, on my knees.

Don P. Expect no more from me; either comply this moment, or my sword shall force thee.

Hyp. Consider, sir— [name and family.]

Don P. Nay, then, discover quick! Tell me thy

Hyp. Hold! sir—

Don P. Speak, or thou diest.

Hyp. Sir, I will—(*A noise at the door.*) Ha! they are entering. Oh! for a moment's courage! Come on, sir. (*Breaks from him and draws, retiring till DON MANUEL, FLORA, TRAPPANTI, and Servants rush in and part them.*)

Don M. Knock him and down! Force him out of the room there; call an officer; in the meantime, secure him in the cellar.

Don P. Hear me but one word, sir!

Don M. Stop his mouth—out with him. [*They hurry him off.*] Come, dear son, be pacified.

Hyp. A villain!

Flora. Why should he be concerned, now he's secure? Such a rascal would but contaminate the sword of a man of honour.

Hyp. I am sorry, sir, such a fellow should have it in his power to disturb me; but—

Enter ROSARA.

Don M. Look! here's my daughter in a fright to see for you.

Hyp. Then I'm composed again.

Ros. I heard fighting here! I hope you are not wounded, sir? (*To Hyp.*) [beal.]

Hyp. I have no wound but what the priest can

Don M. Ah! well said, my little champion!

Hyp. Oh! madam, I have such a terrible escape to tell you. (*Apart to ROSARA.*)

Ros. Truly, I began to be afraid I should lose my little husband. (*Apart.*)

Hyp. Husband, quotha! Get me but once safe out of these breeches, if ever I wear 'em again—(*Apart.*) [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.**Enter TRAPPANTI.*

Trap. What, in the name of roguery, can this new master of mine be? He's either a fool or bewitched, that's positive. First, he gives me fifty pieces for helping him to marry the lady; and as soon as the wedding is over, claps me twenty more into the other hand, to help him to get rid of her. Nay, not only that, but gives me a strict charge to observe his directions, in being evidence against him as an impostor, to refund all the lies I have told in his service, to sweep him clear out of my conscience, and now to swear the robbery against him! What the bottom of this can be, I must confess, does a little puzzle my wit. There's but one way in the world I can solve it: he must certainly have some secret reason to hang himself, that he's ashamed to own, and so was resolved first to be married, that his friends might not wonder at the occasion. But here he comes, with his noose in his hand.

Enter HYPOLITA and ROSARA.

Hyp. Trappanti, go to Don Pedro, he has business with you.

Trap. Yes, sir.

[Exit.]

Ros. Who's Don Pedro, pray?

Hyp. Flora, madam; he knows her yet by no other name. Where's your father, madam?

Ros. I saw him go towards his closet; I believe he's gone to fetch you part of my fortune; he seemed in mighty good humour.

Hyp. We must be sure to keep it up as high as we can, that he may be the more stunned when he falls.

Ros. With all my heart; methinks I am possessed with the very spirit of disobedience. Now could I, in the humour I am in, consent to any mischief that would but heartily plague my old gentleman.

Enter DON MANUEL.

Don M. Ah! my little conqueror! let me embrace thee—That ever I should live to see this day! this most triumphant day, this day of all days in my life!

Hyp. Ay, and of my life, too, sir. (*Embraces.*)

Don M. Ay, my cares are over. Now I've nothing to do but to think of the other world; for I've done all my business in this: got as many children as I could; and now I'm grown old, have set a young couple to work. Lookye here, children, I have brought you some baubles that will make you merry as long as you live; twelve thousand pistoles are the least value of 'em; and the rest of your fortune shall be paid in the best Barbary gold to-morrow morning.

Hyp. Ay, sir, this is speaking like a father! this is encouragement indeed!

Don M. Much good may do thy heart and soul with 'em; and heaven bless you together. I've had a great deal of care and trouble to bring it about, children; but, thank my stars, 'tis over, now—Now I may sleep with my doors open, and never have my slumbers broken with the fear of rogues and rivals.

Ros. Don't interrupt him, and see how far his humour will carry him? (*Apart to Hypolita.*)

Don M. But there is no joy lasting in this world; we must all die when we have done our best; sooner or later, old or young, prince or peasant, high or low, kings, lords, and—common w—s,

must die! Nothing certain; we are forced to buy one comfort with the loss of another. Now I've married my child, I've lost my companion—I've parted with my girl! Her heart's gone another way now; she'll forget her old father! I shall never have her wake me more, like a cheerful lark, with her pretty songs in a morning. I shall have nobody to chat at dinner with me now, or take up a godly book and read me to sleep in an afternoon. Ah! these comforts are all gone now! (*Weeps.*)

Hyp. How very near the extreme of one passion is to another! Now he is tired with joy, till he is downright melancholy. (*Aside.*)

Ros. What's the matter, sir?

Don M. Ah! my child! now it comes to the test, methinks I don't know how to part with thee.

Ros. Oh! sir, we shall be better friends than ever.

Don M. Uh! uh! shall we? Wilt thou come and see the old man now and then? Well, heaven bless thee, give me a kiss—I must kiss thee at parting! Be a good girl, use thy husband well, make an obedient wife, and I shall die contented.

Hyp. Die, sir! Come, come, you have a great while to live. Hang these melancholy thoughts, they are the worst company in the world at a wedding. Consider, sir, we are young; if you would oblige us, let us have a little life and mirth, a jubilee to-day at least; stir your servants, call in your neighbours, let me see your whole family mad for joy, sir.

Don M. Ha! shall we be merry, then?

Hyp. Merry, sir! ah! as beggars at a feast. What, shall a dull Spanish custom tell me, when I am the happiest man in the kingdom, I sha'n't be as mad as I have a mind to? Let me see the face of nothing to-day but revels, friends, feasts, and music, sir.

Don M. Ah! thou shalt have thy humour! thou shalt have thy humour! Hey! within there! rogues! dogs! slaves! where are my rascals? Ah! my joy flows again; I can't bear it.

*Enter several Servants.**Serv.* Did you call, sir?

Don M. Call, sir! ay, sir; what's the reason you are not all out of your wits, sir? Don't you know that your young mistress is married, scoundrels?

Serv. Yes, sir, and we are all ready to be mad, as soon as your honour will please to give any distracted orders. [Courage.]

Hyp. You see, sir, they only want a little en-

Don M. Ah! there shall be nothing wanting this day, if I were sure to beg for it all my life after. Here, sirrah, cook! look into the Roman history, see what Mark Anthony had for supper, when Cleopatra first treated him with *chere entiere*: rogue, let me have a repast that will be six times as expensive and provoking—Go.—And, d'ye hear? One of you step to Monsieur Vendevin, the king's butler, for the same wine that his majesty reserves for his own drinking; tell him he shall have his price for it.

Serv. How much will you please to have, sir?

Don M. Too much, sir! I'll have everything upon the outside of enough to-day. Go you, sirrah, run to my nephew, Don Lewis, give my service, and tell him to bring all his family along with him.

Hyp. Ay, sir, this is as it should be! now it begins to look like a wedding.

Don M. Ah! we'll make all the hair in the world stand an end at our joy. [Your cue.]

Hyp. Here comes Flora; now, madam, observe*Enter FLORA.*

Flora. Your servant, gentlemen; I need not wish you joy, you have it, I see: Don Philip, I must needs speak with you.

Hyp. Psha! pr'ythee, don't plague me with business at such a time as this.

Flora. My business won't be deferred, sir.

Hyp. Sir!

Flora. I suppose you guess it, sir; and I must tell you, I take it ill it was not done before.

Hyp. What d'ye mean?

Flora. Your ear, sir. *(They whisper.)*

Don M. What's the matter now, 'tro?

Ros. The gentleman seems very free, methinks.

Don M. Troth, I don't like it.

Ros. Don't disturb 'em, sir; we shall know all presently.

Hyp. But what have you done with Don Philip? *(Apart to Flora.)*

Flora. I drew the servants out of the way, while he made his escape; what we do we must do quickly: come, come, put on your fighting face, and I'll be with 'em presently. *(Aside.)*

Hyp. *(Aloud.)* Sir, I have offered you very fair; if you don't think so, I have married the lady, and take your course.

Flora. Sir, our contract was a full third; a third part's my right, and I'll have it, sir.

Don M. Eh!

Hyp. Then I must tell you, sir, since you are pleased to call it your right, you shall not have it.

Flora. Not, sir?

Hyp. No, sir. Lookye! don't put on your pert airs to me; egad! I shall use you very scurvily.

Flora. Use me!—You little son of a w—, draw.

Hyp. Oh! sir, I am for you. *(They fight, and Don Manuel interposes.)*

Ros. Ah! help! murder! *[Runs out.]*

Don M. Within there! help! murder! Why, gentlemen, are ye mad? Pray put up.

Hyp. A rascal!

Don M. Friends, and quarrel! for shame.

Flora. Friends! I scorn his friendship; and since he does not know how to use a gentleman, I'll do a public piece of justice, and use him like a villain.

Don M. Better words, sir. *(To Flora.)*

Flora. Why, sir, d'ye take this fellow for Don Philip?

Don M. What d'ye mean, sir?

Flora. That he has cheated me as well as you; but I'll have my revenge immediately. *[Exit.]*

Don M. Eh! what's all this? What is it? my heart misgives me.

Hyp. Hey! who waits there? Here, you! *(To a Servant.)* Bid my servant run, and hire me a coach and four horses immediately.

Serv. Yes, sir.

Don M. A coach! *[Exit.]*

Enter VILETTA.

Vil. Sir, sir! bless me! What's the matter, sir? Are not you well?

Don M. Yes, yes—I am—that is—ha!

Vil. I have brought you a letter, sir.

Don M. What business can he have for a coach?

Vil. I have brought you a letter, sir, from Octon Don M. To me? *[Tavio.]*

Vil. No, sir, to my mistress; he charged me to deliver it immediately; for he said it concerned her life and fortune.

Don M. How! let's see it; there's what I promised thee, begone. What can this be, now? *(Reads.)* "The person whom your father ignorantly designs you to marry, is a known cheat, and an impostor; the true Don Philip, who is my intimate friend, will immediately appear with the corrigidore, and fresh evidence against him. I thought this advice, though from one you hate, would be well received if it came time enough to prevent your ruin.—OCTAVIO." Oh! my heart! this letter was not designed to fall into my hands. I am frightened—I dare not think on't.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, your man is not within.

Hyp. Careless rascal! to be out of the way when my life's at stake: pr'ythee, do thou go and see if thou canst get me any post-horses.

Don M. Post-horses!

Re-enter ROSARA.

Ros. Oh! dear sir, what was the matter?

Don M. Eh!

Ros. What made 'em quarrel, sir?

Don M. Child!

Ros. What was it about, sir? You look con-

Don M. Concerned! *[Cerned.]*

Ros. I hope you are not hurt, sir. *(To Hyp. who minds her not.)* What's the matter with him, sir? he won't speak to me. *(To Don M.)*

Don M. A—speak!—a—go to him again; try what fair words will do, and see if you can pick out the meaning of all this.

Ros. Dear sir, what's the matter?

Don M. Ay, sir, pray what's the matter?

Hyp. I'm a little vexed at my servant's being out of the way, and the insolence of this other rascal. *[Horses, sir?]*

Don M. But what occasion have you for post-

Hyp. Something happens a little cross, sir.

Don M. Pray, what is't?

Hyp. I'll tell you another time, sir.

Don M. Another time, sir; pray satisfy me now.

Hyp. Lord, sir! when you see a man's out of humour.

Don M. Sir, it may be I'm as much out of humour as you; and I must tell ye, I don't like your behaviour, and I'm resolved to be satisfied.

Hyp. Sir, what is't you'd have?

Don M. Lookye, sir—in short—I—I have received a letter.

Hyp. Well, sir.

Don M. I wish it may be well, sir.

Hyp. Bless me, sir! what's the matter with you?

Don M. Matter, sir! in troth, I'm almost afraid and ashamed to tell ye; but if you must needs know—there's the matter, sir. *(Gives the letter.)*

Enter DON LEWIS.

Don L. Uncle, I am your humble servant.

Don M. I am glad to see you, nephew.

Don L. I received your invitation, and am come to pay my duty: but here I met with the most surprising news.

Don M. Pray what is it?

Don L. Why, first your servant told me, my young cousin was to be married to-day to Don Philip de las Torres; and just as I was entering your doors, who should I meet but Don Philip with the corrigidore, and several witnesses to prove, it seems, that the person whom you were just going to marry my cousin to, has usurped his name, betrayed you, robbed him, and is in short a rank impostor.

Don M. Dear nephew, don't torture me: are ye sure you know Don Philip when you see him?

Don L. Know him, sir? were not we school-fellows, fellow-collegians, and fellow-travellers?

Don M. But are you sure you mayn't have forgot him neither? *[Forgot you, sir.]*

Don L. You might as well ask me if I had not

Don M. But one question more, and I am dumb for ever: is that he?

Don L. That, sir? No, nor in the least like him. But, pray, why this concern? I hope we are not come too late to prevent the marriage?

Don M. Oh, oh, oh, oh! my poor child!

Ros. Oh! *(Seems to faint.)*

Don M. Ah! look to my child.

Don L. Is this the villain then, that has imposed on you?

Hyp. Sir, I'm this lady's husband; and while I'm sure that name can't be taken from me, I shall

be contented with laughing at any other you or your party dare give me.

Don M. Oh!

Don L. Nay, then, within there! Such a villain ought to be made an example.

Enter Corrigidore and Officers, with DON PHILIP, OCTAVIO, FLORA, TRAPPANTI, and VILETTA.

Oh! gentlemen, we're undone! all comes too late! my poor cousin's married to the impostor.

Don P. How!

Oct. Confusion! [your justice.

Don P. That's the person, sir, and I demand

Oct. And I.

Trap. And I.

Flora. And all of us.

Don M. Will my cares never be over?

Cor. Well, gentlemen, let me rightly understand what 'tis you charge him with, and I'll commit him immediately:—first, sir, you say these gentlemen all know you to be the true Don Philip?

Don L. That, sir, I presume my oath will prove.

Oct. Or mine.

Flora. And mine.

Trap. Ay, and mine, too, sir.

Don M. Where shall I hide this shameful head?

Flora. And for the robbery, that I can prove upon him: he confessed to me at Toledo, he stole this gentleman's portmanteau there, to carry on his design upon this lady, and agreed to give me a third part of her fortune for my assistance; which he refusing to pay as soon as the marriage was over, I thought myself obliged in honour to discover him.

Hyp. Well, gentlemen, you may insult me if you please; but I presume you'll hardly be able to prove that I'm not married to the lady, or haven't the best part of her fortune in my pocket; so do you your worst: I own my ingenuity, and am proud on't.

Don M. Ingenuity! abandoned villain! But, sir, before you send him to gaol, I desire he may return the jewels I gave him as part of my daughter's portion.

Cor. That can't be, sir; since he has married the lady, her fortune's lawfully his: all we can do, is to prosecute him for robbing this gentleman.

Don M. Oh! that ever I was born.

Hyp. Return the jewels, sir! if you don't pay me the rest of her fortune to-morrow morning, you may chance to go to gaol before me.

Don M. Oh! that I were buried! Will my cares never be over?

Hyp. They are pretty near it, sir; you can't have much more to trouble you.

Cor. Come, sir, if you please; I must desire to take your deposition in writing. (*Goes to the table with Flora.*)

Don P. Now, sir, you see what your own rashness has brought you to.

Don M. Pray forbear, sir.

Hyp. Keep it up, madam. (*Aside to Rosara.*)

Ros. Oh, sir! how wretched have you made me! is this the care you have taken of me for my blind obedience to your commands? this my reward for filial duty? (*To Don M.*)

Don M. Ah! my poor child!

Ros. But I deserve it all, for ever listening to your barbarous proposal, when my conscience might have told me, my vows and person, in justice and honour, were the wronged Octavio's.

Don M. Oh, oh!

Oct. Can she repent her falsehood, then, at last? Is't possible? then I'm wounded too. Oh! my poor undone Rosara! (*Goes to her.*) Ungrateful! cruel! perjured man!

Don M. Oh! don't insult me! I deserve the worst you can say. I'm a miserable wretch; and I repent me.

Vil. So! here's the lady in tears, the lover in a rage, the old gentlemen out of his senses, most of the company distracted, and the bridegroom in a fair way to be hanged. The merriest wedding that ever I saw in my life. (*Apart to Hyp.*)

Cor. Well, sir, have you anything to say before I make your warrant?

Hyp. A word or two, and I obey ye, sir: gentlemen, I have reflected on the folly of my action, and foresee the disquiets I am likely to undergo, in being this lady's husband; therefore, as I own myself the author of all this seeming ruin and confusion, so I am willing (desiring, first, the officers may withdraw,) to offer something to the general quiet.

Oct. What can this mean? [*gone.*

Don P. Psba! some new contrivance; let's be

Don L. Stay a moment, it can be no harm to hear him. Sir, will you oblige us?

Cor. Wait without. [*Exeunt Officers.*

Vil. What's to be done now, 'trow?

Trap. Some smart thing, I warrant ye; the little gentleman hath a notable head, faith.

Flora. Nay, gentlemen, thus much I know of him: that if you can but persuade him to be honest, 'tis still in his power to make you all amends; and, in my opinion, 'tis high time he should propose it.

Don M. Ay, 'tis time he were hanged, indeed; for I know no other amends he can make us.

Hyp. Then I must tell you, sir, I owe you no reparation; the injuries which you complain of, your sordid avarice, and breach of promise here, have justly brought upon you: therefore, sir, if you are injured, you may thank yourself for it.

Don M. Nay, dear sir, I do confess my blindness, and could heartily wish your eyes or mine had dropped out of our heads before ever we saw one another.

Hyp. Well, sir, (however little you have deserved it,) yet, for your daughter's sake, if you'll oblige yourself, by signing this paper, to keep your first promise, and give her, with her full fortune, to this gentleman, I'm still content, on that condition, to disannul my own pretences, and resign her.

Don M. Sir, I don't know how to answer you: for I can never believe you'll have good nature enough to hang yourself out of the way, to make room for him?

Hyp. Then, sir, to let you see I have not only an honest meaning, but an immediate power, too, to make good my word, I first renounce all title to her fortune: these jewels, which I received from you, I give him free possession of; and now, sir, the rest of her fortune you owe him, with her person.

Don M. This is unaccountable, I must confess; but still, sir, if you disannul your pretences, how you'll persuade that gentleman, to whom I am obliged in contract to part with his—

Don P. That, sir, shall be no let; I am too well acquainted with the virtue of my friend's title, to entertain a thought that can disturb it.

Hyp. Now, sir, it only stops at you.

Don M. Well, sir, I see the paper is only conditional, and since the general welfare is concerned, I won't refuse to lend you my helping hand to it; but if you should not make your words good, sir, I hope you won't take it ill if a man should poison you.

Don P. And, sir, let me, too, warn you how you execute this promise; your flattery and disssembled penitence has deceived me once already, which makes me, I confess, a little slow in my belief; therefore, take heed, expect no second mercy! for be assured of this, I never can forgive a villain.

Hyp. If I am proved one, spare me not; I ask but this—use me as you find me.

Don P. That you may depend on.

Don M. There, sir. (*Gives Hyp. the writing signed.*)

Hyp. And now, Don Philip, I confess you are the only injured person here.

Don P. I know not that; do my friend right, and I shall easily forgive thee.

Hyp. His pardon, with his thanks, I am sure I shall deserve: but how shall I forgive myself? Is there in nature left a means that can repair the shameful slights, the insults, and the long disquiets you have known from love?

Don P. Let me understand thee.

Hyp. Examine well your heart, and if the fierce resentment of its wrongs has not extinguished quite the usual soft compassion there, revive at least one spark in pity of my woman's weakness.

Don P. Whither wouldst thou carry me?

Hyp. The extravagant attempt I have this day run through to meet you thus, justly may subject me to your contempt and scorn, unless the same forgiving goodness that used to overlook the failings of Hypolita, prove still my friend, and soften all with the excuse of love. (*All seem amazed.*) Oh! Philip, Hypolita is—your's for ever. (*They advance slowly, and at last rush into one another's arms.*)

Don P. It is, it is, Hypolita! And yet 'tis she! I know her by the busy pulses at my heart, which only love like mine can feel, and she alone can give. (*Embraces her eagerly.*)

Don M. Have I then been pleased, and plagued, and frightened out of my wits, by a woman all this while? Odsbud! she is a notable contriver! Stand clear, ho! for if I have not a fair brush at her lips; nay, if she does not give me the hearty smack too, ods-winds and thunder! she is not the good-humoured girl I take her for.

Hyp. Come, sir, I won't balk your good humour. (*He kisses her.*) And now I have a favour to beg of you; you remember your promise: only your blessing here, sir. (*Octavio and Ros. kneel.*)

Don M. Ah! I can deny thee nothing; and so, children, heaven bless ye together; and now my cares are over again.

Oct. We'll study to deserve your love, sir.

Don P. My friend successful, too! Then my joys are double: but how this generous attempt was started first, how it has been pursued, and carried with this kind surprise at last, gives me wonder equal to my joy.

Hyp. Here's one that, at more leisure, shall inform you all: she was ever a friend to your love, has had a hearty share in the fatigue, and now I am bound in honour to give her part of the garland,

Don P. How! she? [too.]

Flora. Trusty Flora, sir, at your service. I have had many a battle with my lady upon your account; but I always told her we should do her business at last.

Don M. Another metamorphosis! Brave girls, faith! Odzooks! we shall have them make cam-paigns, shortly.

Don P. In Seville I'll provide for thee.

Hyp. Nay, here's another accomplice, too, confederate I can't say; for honest Trappanti did not know but that I was as great a rogue as himself.

Trap. It's a folly to lie; I did not, indeed, madam. But the world cannot say I have been a rogue to your ladyship; and if you had not parted with your money—

Hyp. Thou hadst not parted with thy honesty.

Trap. Right, madam; but how should a poor naked fellow resist, when he had so many pistoles held against him? (*Shows money.*)

Don M. Ay, ay, well said, lad.

Vil. Eh! A tempting bait, indeed! let him offer to marry me again, if he dares. (*Aside.*)

Don P. Well, Trappanti, thou hast been serviceable, however, and I'll think of thee.

Oct. Nay, I am his debtor, too.

Trap. Ah! there's a very easy way, gentlemen, to reward me; and since you partly owe your happiness to my roguery, I should be very proud to owe mine only to your generosity.

Oct. As how, pray?

Trap. Why, sir, I find by my constitution, that it is as natural to be in love as a hungry, and that I haven't a jot less stomach than the best of my betters; and though I have often thought a wife but dining every day upon the same dish; yet, methinks, it's better than no dinner at all. Upon which considerations, gentlemen and ladies, I desire you'll use your interest with Madona here—to admit me into her good graces.

Don M. A pleasant rogue, faith! Odzooks! the jade shall have him. Come, hussy, he's an ingenious person.

Vil. Sir, I don't understand his stuff; when he speaks plain, I know what to say to him.

Trap. Why, then, in plain terms, let me a lease for life—Marry me.

Vil. Ay, now you say something; I was afraid, by what you said in the garden, you had only a mind to be a wicked tenant at will.

Trap. No, no, child; I have no mind to be turned out at a quarter's warning.

Vil. Well, there's my hand; and now meet me as soon as you will with a canonical lawyer, and I'll give you possession of the rest of the premises.

Don M. Odzooks! and well thought of, I'll send for one presently. Here, you, sirrah, run to father Benedick again, tell him his work don't hold here, his last marriage is dropped to pieces; but now we have got better tackle, he must come and stitch two or three fresh couple together as fast as he can.

Don P. Now, my Hypolita!

Let our example teach mankind to love;

From thine the fair their favours may improve:

Oh! never let a virtuous mind despair,

For constant hearts are love's peculiar care.

[*Exeunt.*]

COUNT OF NARBONNE;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY ROBERT JEPHSON.



Act IV.—Scene I.

CHARACTERS.

COUNT OF NARBONNE
AUSTIN

THEODORE
FABIAN

RENCHILD
COUNTESS

ADELAIDE
JAQUELINE

ACT I.—SCENE I.—A Hall.

Enter the COUNT of NARBONNE, speaking to an Officer; followed by FABIAN.

Count. Not to be found! Is this your faithful service?

How could she pass unseen? By hell, 'tis false!
Thou hast betray'd me.

Offi. Noble sir, my duty— [ply not.

Count. Your fraud, your negligence—away! re-
Find her within this hour; else, by my life,
The gates of Narbonne shall be clos'd against thee.
Then make the world thy country. [*Exit Officer.*
Fabian, stay!

Misfortunes fall so thick upon my head,
They will not give me time to think—to breathe.

Fab. Heav'n knows, I wish your peace; but am
to learn

What grief more fresh than my young lord's decease,
A sorrow but of three days past, can move you.

Count. Oh! bitter memory! gone, gone for ever!
The pillar of my house, my only son!

Fab. 'Twas terrible, indeed!

Count. Ay, was it not?
And then, the manner of it! think on that.
Disease, that robb'd me of two infant sons,
Approaching slow, bade me prepare to lose them;
I saw my lilies drooping; and, accusom'd
To see them dying, bore to see them dead:
But, oh! my Edmund!—Thou remember'st, Fabian,
How blithe he went to seek the forest's sport?

Fab. 'Would I could not remember!

Count. That curs'd barb
(My fatal gift) that dash'd him down the cliff, [glad,
Seem'd proud of his gay burden. Breathless, man-
They bore him back to me. Fond man! I hop'd
This day his happy match with Isabel
Had made our line perpetual; and, this day,
The unfruitful grave receives him. Yes, 'tis fate!
That dreadful denunciation 'gainst my house,
No prudence can avert, nor pray'rs can soften.

Fab. Think not on that; some visionary's dream.
What house, what family could e'er know peace,
If such enthusiasts' ravings were believ'd,
And frenzy deem'd an insight of the future?

But may I dare to ask, is it of moment
To stir your anger thus, that Isabel
Has left the castle?

Count. Of the deepest moment:
My best hope hangs on her; some future time
I may instruct thee why.—These cares unbinge me:
Just now, a herald from her angry father
Left me this dire election—to resign
My titles, and this ample seigniorie,
(Worthy a monarch's envy,) or to meet him,
And try my right by arms. But, pr'ythee, tell
(Nor let a fear to wound thy master's pride
Restrain thy licens'd speech,) hast thou e'er heard
My father Raymond—(cast not down thine eye) —
By any indirect or bloody means,
Procur'd that instrument, Alphonso's will,
That made him heir to Narbonne?

Fab. My best lord,
At all times would I fain withhold from you
Intelligence unwelcome, but most now.
At seasons such as this, a friendly tongue
Should utter words like balm; but what you ask—

Count. I ask to be inform'd of. Hast thou known
From childhood up to man, and canst thou fear [me
I am so weak of soul, like a thin reed,
To bend and stagger at each puny blast?
No; when the tempest rages round my head,
I give my branches wider to the air,
And strike my root more deeply. To thy tale:
Away with palliatives and compliments!
Speak plainly.

Fab. Plainly, then, my lord, I have heard
What, for the little breath I have to draw,
I would not, to the black extent of rumour,
Give credit to. But you command me speak.—

Count. Thy pauses torture me. Can I hear worse
Than this black scroll contains? this challenge here,
From Isabella's father, haughty Godfrey?
In broad and unambiguous words he tells me,
My father was a murderer, and forg'd
Alphonso's testament.

Fab. From Palestine
That tale crept hither; where, foul slander says,
The good Alphonso, not, as we believe,

Died of a fever, but a venom'd draught,
 Your father, his companion of the cross,
 Did with his own hand mingle; his hand, too,
 Assisted by some cunning practisers,
 Model'd that deed, which, barring Godfrey's right,
 And other claims from kindred, nam'd Count Ray-
 Lord of these fair possessions. [mound]

Count. Ah! I have it;
 'Tis Godfrey's calumny; he has coin'd this lie;
 And his late visit to the Holy Land,
 No doubt, has furnish'd likelihood of proof,
 To give his fiction colour.

Fab. Sure, 'tis so!

Count. He, too, has forg'd this idle prophecy,
 ('To shake me with false terrors,' this prediction,
 Which, but to think of, us'd to freeze my veins;
 "That no descendant from my father's loins,
 Should live to see a grandson; nor heaven's wrath
 Cease to afflict us, till Alphonso's heir
 Succeeded to his just inheritance.")
 Hence, superstition mines my tottering state,
 Loosens my vassals' faith, and turns their tears,
 Which else would fall for my calamities,
 To gloomy pause, and gaping reverence:
 While all my woes, to their perverted sense,
 Seem but the marvellous accomplishment
 Of revelation, out of nature's course.

Fab. Reason must so interpret. Good, my lord,
 What answer was return'd to Godfrey's challenge?

Count. Defiance.

Fab. Heaven defend you!

Count. Heaven defend me!
 I hope it will, and this right arm to boot.
 But, hark! I hear a noise. Perhaps my people
 Have found the fugitive. Haste! bid them enter.

[Exit Fabian.]

She ey'd me with abhorrence; at the sound
 Of love, of marriage, fled indignant from me.
 Yet must I win her: should she meet my wish,
 Godfrey would prop the right he strives to shake;
 Securing thus to his fair daughter's issue,
 All that now hangs on the sword's doubtful point.

Re-enter an Officer.

Now, what tidings?

Where is the lady?

Offi. We have search'd in vain
 The castle round; left not an aisle or vault
 Unvisited.

Count. Damnation!

Offi. Near the cloister,
 From whence, by the flat door's descent, a passage
 Beneath the ground leads onward to the convent,
 We heard the echo of a falling weight,
 And sought it by the sound.

Count. Well, and what then?

Offi. The unsettled dust left us no room to doubt
 The door had just been rais'd.

Count. She has escap'd,
 And by confed'racy: to force that bar,
 Without more aid, had baffled twice her strength.
 Go on.

Offi. We enter'd; with resistance bold
Enter FABIAN and Attendants, with THEODORE.
 This peasant push'd us backward from the spot.
 My arm was rais'd to smite him, but respect
 For something in his aspect check'd the blow.
 He, chiding, parleying by turns, gave time
 For whosoever had descended there
 (The lady doubtless) to elude our search:
 The rest himself will tell.

Count. (To Theodore.) Ah! what art thou?

Theo. It seems, thy prisoner: disengage me first
 From their rude grasp, and I may tell thee more.

Count. Unhand him! I should know thee; I have seen
 Features like thine. Answer me, wert thou found
 As these men say?

Theo. I was.

Count. And what thy purpose?

Theo. Chance brought me there.

Count. And did chance lead thee, too,
 To aid a fugitive?

Theo. They saw not that.

Count. They saw it not! How! could her delicate
 Weak, soft, and yielding, to the gentlest touch,
 Sustain that pond'rous mass? No; those tough arms,
 Thy force, assisted; else, thou young dissembler—
Theo. She had been seiz'd, and by compulsion
 Where I stand now. [brought]

Count. Thou dost avow it, then;
 Boast it even to my face, audacious strippling!
 Such insolence, and these coarse rustic weeds,
 Are contradictions. Answer me, who art thou?

Theo. Less than I should be; more than what I
Count. Hence with this saucy ambiguity. [seem.
 What is thy name, thy country? That mean habit,
 Which should teach humbleness, speaks thy con-
 dition.

Theo. My name is Theodore; my country, France;
 My habit little suited to my mind,
 Less to my birth, yet fit for my condition.

Count. Oh! thou art, then, some young adventurer,
 Some roving knight, a hero in disguise,
 Who, scorning forms of vulgar ceremony,
 No leave obtain'd, waiting no invitation,
 Enters our castles, wanders o'er our halls,
 To succour dames distress'd, or pilfer gold.

Theo. There is a source of reverence for thee here,
 Forbids me, though provok'd, retort thy taunts.

Count. If I endure this more, I shall grow vile
 Even to my hands.

Theo. Hold! let me stop thy wrath.

I see thy quivering lip, thy fiery eye,
 Forerun a storm of passion. To prevent thee
 From terms too harsh, perhaps, for thee to offer,
 Or me to bear (poor as I seem) with honour,
 I will cut short thy interrogatories,
 And on this theme give thee the full extent
 Of all I know, or thou canst wish to learn.

Count. Do it.

Theo. Without a view to thwart thy purpose,
 (Be what it might,) was I within thy walls.

In a dim passage of the castle aisles,
 Musing alone, I heard a hasty tread,
 And breath drawn short, like one in fear of peril.
 A lady enter'd; fair she seem'd, and young,
 Guiding her timorous footsteps by a lamp;
 "The lord, the tyrant of this place," she cried,
 "For a detested purpose follows me;
 Aid me, good youth!" then, pointing to the ground,
 "That door," she added, "leads to sanctuary."
 I seiz'd an iron hold, and, while I tugg'd
 To heave the unwilling weight, I learn'd her title.

Count. The lady Isabel?

Theo. The same. A gleam,
 Shot from their torches who pursued her track,
 Prevented more; she hasten'd to the cave,
 And vanish'd from my sight.

Count. And did no awe,
 No fear of him she call'd this castle's lord,
 Its tyrant, chill thee?

Theo. Awe, nor fear, I know not,
 And trust shall never; for I know not guilt. [I;

Count. Then, thou, it seems, art master here, not
 Thou canst control my projects, blast my schemes,
 And turn to empty air my power in Narbonne.
 Nay, should my daughter choose to fly my castle,
 Against my bidding, bars and bolts were vain:
 This frize-clad champion, gallant Theodore!

Would lend his ready arm, and mock my caution.

Theo. Thy daughter! Oh! I were, indeed, too

Could I but live to render her a service! [bless'd,
Count. My daughter would, I hope, disdain thy
 service. [done,

Theo. Wherefore am I to blame? What I have
 Were it to do again, again I'd do it.

And may this arm drop palsied by my side,
 When its cold sinews shrink to aid affliction!

Count. Indeed!

Theo. Indeed. Frown on! Ask thy own heart,
 Did innocence and beauty bend before thee,
 Hunted and trembling, wouldst thou tamely pause,
 Scanning pale counsel from deliberate fear,

And weigh each possibility of danger?
No; the instinctive nobleness of blood
Would start beyond the reach of such cold scruples,
And instant gratify its generous ardour. [look,

Count. I must know more of this. His phrase, his
His steady countenance, raise something here,
Bids me beware of him. (*Aside.*) I have no time
To bandy idle words with slaves like thee.

I doubt not thy intent was mischievous;
Booty, perhaps, or blood. Till more inquiry
Clear, or condemn him, hold him in your guard.
Give none admittance. Take him from my sight.

Theo. Secure in her integrity, my soul
Casts back thy mean suspicions, and forgives thee.

Count. Away with him! [*Theodore is led out.*]
What means this heaviness?

My heart, that like a well-trimm'd gallant bark,
Was wont to mount the waves, and dash them off
In ineffectual foam, now seems to crack,
And let in each assailing tide to sink me.

I must not yield to this dull lethargy.
Good Fabian, hie thee to St. Nicholas';

God holy Austin straight repair to me. [*Exit Fabian.*]

His sanctity, and reverend character,
His pious eloquence, made engines for me,

Might save a world of anguish to my soul,
And smooth my unwelcome purpose to Hortensia.

But how prevail with him? Ambition? No;
The world is dead in him, and gold is trash

To one who neither needs nor values it.
Interest and love shall wear the guise of conscience;

I must pretend nice scruples, which I feel not,
And make him mediate for me with the church.

Yet he reveres the Countess; and, I fear,
Will spy more sin, in doubts that wound her quiet,

Than in my stifling them. But see, she comes,
With downcast eye, and sad dejected mien.

I will not yet disclose it. [*Enter the COUNTESS.*]

Where's my child,
My all of comfort now, my Adelaide?

Countess. Dear as she is, I would not have her all;
For I should then be nothing. Time has been,

When, after three long days of absence from you,
You would have question'd me a thousand times,

And bid me tell each trifle of myself;
Then, satisfied at last that all were well,

At last, unwilling turn to meaner cares.

Count. This is the nature still of womankind;
If fondness be their mood, we must cast off

All grave-complexion'd thought, and turn our souls
Quite from their tenour to wild levity;

Vary with all their humours, take their hues,
As unsubstantial Iris from the sun:

Our bosoms are their passive instruments;
Vibrate their strain, or all our notes are discord.

Countess. Oh! why this new unkindness? From
Never till now fell such ungente words, [thy lips

Nor ever less was I prepar'd to meet them.

Count. Never till now was I so urg'd, beset,
Hemm'd round with perils.

Countess. Ay, but not by me.

Count. By thee, and all the world. But yesterday,
With uncontrollable and absolute sway,

I rul'd this province, was the unquestion'd lord
Of this strong castle, and its wide domains,

Stretch'd beyond sight around me; and but now,
The axe, perhaps, is sharp'ning, may hew down

My perish'd trunk, and give the soil I sprung from,
To cherish my proud kinsman Godfrey's roots.

Countess. Heaven guard thy life! His dreadful
summons reach'd me.

This urg'd me hither. On my knees I beg,
(And I have mighty reasons for my prayer,)

Oh! do not meet him on this argument;
By gentler means strive to divert his claim;

Fly this detested place, this house of horror,
And leave its gloomy grandeur to your kinsman.

Count. Rise, fearful woman! What! renounce
my birthright?

Go forth, like a poor, friendless, banish'd man,
To gnaw my heart in cold obscurity?

Thou weak adviser! Should I take thy counsel,
Thy tongue would first upbraid—thy spirit scorn

me. [world?]

Countess. No, on my soul! Is Narbonne all the
My country is where thou art; place is little:

The sun will shine, the earth produce its fruits,
Cheerful and plenteously, where'er we wander.

In humbler walks, bless'd with my child and thee,
I'd think it Eden in some lonely vale,

Nor heave one sigh for these proud battlements.

Count. Such flowery softness suits not matron lips;
But thou hast mighty reasons for thy prayer:

They should be mighty reasons, to persuade
Their rightful lord to leave his large possessions.

A soldier challeng'd, to decline the combat! [sons?]

Countess. And are not prodigies, then, mighty rea-
The owl mistakes his season, in broad day

Screaming his hideous omens; spectres glide,
Gibbering and pointing as we pass along;

While the deep earth's unorganized caves
Send forth wild sounds, and clamours terrible: [air

These towers shake round us, though the untroubled
Stagnates to lethargy: our children perish,

And new disasters blacken every hour.
Blood shed unrighteously, blood unappeas'd,

(Though we are guiltless,) cries, I fear, for ven-
geance. [blood?]

Count. Blood shed unrighteously! have I shed
No; nature's common frailties set aside,

I'll meet my audit boldly.

Countess. Mighty Lord!
Oh! not on us, with justice too severe,
Visit the sin not ours.

Count. What can this mean?
Something thou would reveal that's terrible. [heart;

Countess. Too long, alas! it has weigh'd upon my
A thousand times I have thought to tell thee all;

But my tongue falter'd, and refus'd to wound thee.

Count. Distract me not, but speak.

Countess. I must. Your father
Was wise, brave, politic; but mad ambition,

(Heaven pardon him!) it prompts to desperate
deeds,— [and ease me.

Count. I scarce can breathe. Pr'ythee, be quick,
Countess. Your absence on the Italian embassy

Left him, you know, alone to my fond care.
Long had some hidden grief, like a slow fire,

Wasted his vitals; on the bed of death,
One object seem'd to harrow up his soul,

The picture of Alphonso in the chamber:
On that his eye was set. Methinks I see him;

His ashy hue, his grisled, bristling hair,
His palms wide spread. For ever would he cry,

"That awful form—how terrible he frowns!
See how he bares his livid, leprous breast,

And points the deadly chalice!"

Count. Ah! even so! [grasp them close,

Countess. Sometimes he'd seize my hands, and
And strain them to his hollow, burning eyes;

Then falter out, "I am, I am a villain!
Mild angel, pray for me;—stir not, my child;

It comes again;—oh! do not leave my side."
At last, quite spent with mortal agonies,

His soul went forth—and heaven have mercy on him!

Count. Enough! Thy tale has almost ended my blood.
Let me not think. Hortensia, on thy duty,

Suffer no breath like this to pass thy lips:
I will not taint my noble father's honour,

By vile suspicions suck'd from nature's dregs,
And the loose ravings of distemper'd fancy.

Countess. Yet, oh! decline this challenge!

Count. That hereafter.
Meantime, prepare my daughter to receive

A husband of my choice. Should Godfrey come,
(Strife might be so prevented,) bid her try

Her beauty's power. Stand thou but neuter, fate!
Courage and art shall arm me for mankind. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.—A Chamber.

Enter FABIAN and JAQUELINE.

Fab. No, no, it cannot be. My lord's commands
Were absolute, that none should visit him.

Jaq. What need he know it?

Fab. But perchance he should?

The study of my life has been his pleasure;
Nor will I risk his favour, to indulge
Such unavailing curiosity.

Jaq. Call it not so; I have kind counsel for him;
Which, if he follow it, may serve to speed
The hour of his deliverance, and appease
The unjustly anger'd Count.

Fab. Pray be content;

I dare not do it. Have this castle's walls
Hous'd thee nine years, and art thou yet to learn
The temper of the Count? Serv'd and obey'd,
There lives not one more gracious, liberal;
Offend him, and his rage is terrible;
I'd rather play with serpents. But, fair Jaqueline,
Setting aside the comeliness and grace
Of this young rustic, which, I own, are rare,
And baits to catch all women, pr'ythee, tell,
Why are you thus solicitous to see him?

Jaq. In me, 'twere base to be indifferent:
He was my life's preserver, nay, preserv'd
A life more precious: yes, my dear young mistress!
But for his aid, the eternal sleep of death
Had clos'd the sweetest eyes that ever beam'd.
Aloof, and frighted, stood her coward train,
And saw a furious band of desperate slaves,
Inur'd to blood and rapine, bear her off.

Fab. What! when the gang of outlaw'd Thierry
Rush'd on her chariot near the wood of Zart,
Was he the unknown youth who succour'd her?
All good betide him for it.

Jaq. Yes, 'twas he. [sword]
From one tame wretch he snatch'd a half-drawn
And dealt swift vengeance on the ruffian crew.
Two at his feet stretch'd dead, the rest, amaz'd,
Fled, muttering curses, while he bore her back,
Unhurt but by her fears.

Fab. He should be worshipp'd,
Have statues rais'd to him; for, by my life,
I think there does not breathe another like her.
It makes me young to see her lovely eyes:
Such charity! such sweet benevolence!
So fair, and yet so humble! prais'd for ever,
Nay, wonder'd at, for nature's rarest gifts,
Yet lowlier than the lowest.

Jaq. Is it strange,
Fair Adelaide and I, thus bound to him,
Are anxious for his safety? What offence
(And, sure, 'twas unintended) could provoke
The rigorous Count thus to imprison him?

Fab. My lord was ever proud and choleric;
The youth, perhaps, unus'd to menaces,
Brook'd them but ill, and darted frown for frown:
This stirr'd the Count to fury. But fear nothing;
All will be well; I'll wait the meetest season,
And be his advocate.

Jaq. Meantime, repair to him;
Bid him be patient; let him want no comfort,
Kind care can minister. My lady comes.
May I assure her of your favour to him?

Fab. Assure her that the man who sav'd her life,
Is dear to Fabian as his vital blood. [Exit.]

Enter ADELAIDE.

Adel. I sent thee to his prison. Quickly tell me,
What says he? does he know my sorrow for him?
Does he confound me with the unfeeling crew,
Who act my father's bidding? Can his love
Pity my grief, and bear this wrong with patience?

Jaq. I strove in vain to enter. Fabian holds him,
By the Count's charge, in strictest custody;
And, fearful to awake his master's wrath,
Though much unwilling, bars me from his presence.

Adel. Unkind old man! I would myself entreat him,
But fear my earnest look, these starting tears,
Might to the experience of his prying age
Reveal a secret, which in vain I strive
To hide from my own breast.

Jaq. Alas! dear lady,
Did not your tongue reveal it, your chang'd mien,
Once lighter than the airy wood-nymph's shade,

Now turn'd to pensive thought and melancholy—
Involuntary sighs—your cheek, unlike
Its wonted bloom, as is the red-vein'd rose
To the dim sweetness of the violet—
These had too soon betray'd you. But, take heed!
The colour of our fate too oft is ting'd,
Mournful or bright, but from our first affections.

Adel. Foul disproportion draws down shame on
But where's the crime in fair equality? [love;
Mean birth presumes a mind uncultivate,
Left to the coarseness of its native soil,
To grow like weeds, and die like them, neglected;
But he was born my equal; lineag'd high,
And titled as our great ones.

Jaq. How easy is our faith to what we wish!
His story may be feign'd.

Adel. I'll not mistrust him. [me,
Since the bless'd hour that brought him first to save
How often have I listen'd to the tale!
Gallant, generous youth!

Thy sport, misfortune, from his infant years!
Wilt thou pursue him still?

Jaq. Indeed, 'tis hard. [walls

Adel. But, oh! the pang, that these ungrateful
Should be his prison! Here, if I were aught,
His presence should have made it festival; [trance,
These gates, untouch'd, had leap'd to give him en-
And songs of joy made glad the way before him.
Instead of this, think what has been his welcome!
Dragg'd by rude hands before a furious judge,
Insulted, menac'd, like the vilest slave,
And doom'd, unheard, to ignominious bondage.

Jaq. Your father knew not of his service to you?

Adel. No; his indignant soul disdain'd to tell it.
Great spirits, conscious of their inborn worth,
Scorn by demand to force the praise they merit;
They feel a flame beyond their brightest deeds,
And leave the weak to note them, and to wonder.

Jaq. Suppress these strong emotions: the Count's
Is quick to find offence. Should he suspect [eye
This unpermitted passion, 'twould draw down
More speedy vengeance on the helpless youth,
Turning your fatal fondness to his ruin. [me!

Adel. Indeed, I want thy counsel. Yet, oh! leave
Find if my gold, my gems, can ransom him.

Had I the world, it should be his as freely. [you;

Jaq. Trust to my care. The Countess comes to seek
Her eye is this way bent. Conceal this grief;
All may be lost if you betray such weakness. [Exit.]

Adel. Oh, love! thy sway makes me unnatural.
The tears, which should bedew the grave, yet green,
Of a dear brother, turning from their source,
Forget his death, and fall for Theodore.

Enter the COUNTESS.

Countess. Come near, my love! When thou art
from my side,

Metthink I wander like some gloomy ghost,
Who, doom'd to tread alone a dreary round,
Remembers the lost things that made life precious,
Yet sees no end of cheerless solitude.

Adel. We have known too much of sorrow; yet,
'twere wise [wish'd,

To turn our thoughts from what mischance has ra-
And rest on what it leaves. My father's love—

Countess. Was mine, but is no more. 'Tis past,
'tis gone.

That ray, at least, I hop'd would never set, [shades:
My guide, my light, through fortune's blackest
It was my dear reserve, my secret treasure;
I stor'd it up, as misers hoard their gold,
Sure counterpoise for life's severest ills:
Vain was my hope; for love's soft sympathy,
He pays me back harsh words, unkind reproof,
And looks that stab with coldness.

Adel. Oh! most cruel!

And, were he not my father, I could rail;
Call him unworthy of thy wondrous virtues;
Blind, and unthankful for the greatest blessing [him
Heaven's ever-bounteous hand could shower upon

Countess. No, Adelaide; we must subdue such
Obedience is thy duty, patience mine. [thoughts:

Just now, with stern and peremptory briefness,
He bade me seek my daughter, and dispose her
To wed, by his direction.

Adel. The saints forbid!
To wed by his direction! Wed with whom?

Countess. I know not whom. He counsels with

Adel. I hope he cannot mean it. [himself.

Countess. 'Twas his order.

Adel. Oh! madam, on my knees—

Countess. What would my child? [eyes?

Why are thy hands thus rais'd? Why stream thine

Why flutters thus thy bosom? *Adelaide,*

Speak to me! tell me, wherefore art thou thus?

Adel. Surprise and grief—I cannot, cannot speak.

Countess. If 'tis a pain to speak, I would not urge

But can my *Adelaide* fear aught from me? [thee.

Am I so harsh?

Adel. Oh, no! the kindest, best!

But would you save me from the stroke of death,

If you would not behold your daughter, stretch'd

A poor pale corpse, and breathless at your feet,

Oh! step between me and this cruel mandate! [step.

Countess. But this is strange! I hear your father's

He must not see you thus: retire this moment.

I'll come to you anon.

Adel. Yet, ere I go,

Oh! make the interest of my heart your own;

Nor, like a senseless, undiscerning thing,

Incapable of choice, nor worth the question,

Suffer this hasty transfer of your child:

Plead for me strongly, kneel, pray, weep for me;

And angels lend your tongue the power to move
him! [Exit.

Countess. What can this mean, this ecstasy of pas-

Can such reluctance, such emotions, spring [sion?

From the mere nicety of maiden fear?

The source is in her heart; I dread to trace it.

Must, then, a parent's mild authority

Be turn'd a cruel engine, to inflict

Wounds on the gentle bosom of my child?

And am I doom'd to register each day

But by some new distraction? Edmund! Edmund!

In apprehending worse even than thy loss,

My sense, confus'd, rests on no single grief;

For that were ease to this eternal pulse, [low.

Which, throbbing here, says blacker fates must fol-

Enter the COUNT OF NARBONNE and AUSTIN, meeting

Count. Welcome, thrice welcome! By our holy
mother,

My house seems hallow'd, when thou enter'st it.

Tranquillity and peace dwell ever round thee;

That robe of innocent white is thy soul's emblem,

Made visible in unstain'd purity.

Once more thy hand.

Aust. My daily task has been,

So to subdue the frailties we inherit,

That my fair estimation might go forth,

Nothing for pride, but to an end more righteous:

For not the solemn trappings of our state,

Tiaras, mitres, nor the pontiff's robe,

Can give such grave authority to priesthood,

As one good deed of grace and charity. [rand.

Count. We deem none worthier. But to thy er-

Aust. I come commission'd from fair Isabel.

Count. To me, or to the Countess?

Aust. Thus, to both:

For your fair courtesy and entertainment,

She rests your thankful debtor. You, dear lady,

And her sweet friend, the gentle *Adelaide*,

Have such a holy place in all her thoughts,

That 'twere irreverence to waste her sense

In wordy compliment.

Countess. Alas! where is she?

Till now I scarce had power to think of her;

But 'tis the mournful privilege of grief,

To stand excus'd from kind observances,

Which else, neglected, might be deem'd offence.

Aust. She dwells in sanctuary at St. Nicholas'.

Why she took refuge there—

Count. Retire, Hortensia.

I would have private conference with Austin;

No second ear must witness.

Countess. May I not,

By this good man, solicit her return?

Count. Another time; it suits not now. Retire.

[Exit Countess.]

You come commission'd from fair Isabel?

Aust. I come commission'd from a greater power,

The Judge of thee, and Isabel, and all.

The offer of your hand in marriage to her,

With your propos'd divorce from that good lady,

That honour'd, injur'd lady you sent hence,

She has disclos'd to me.

Count. Which you approve not:

So speaks the frowning prelude of your brow.

Aust. Approve not! Did I not protest against it,

With the bold fervour of enkindled zeal,

I were the pander of a love like incest,

Betrayer of my trust, my function's shame,

And thy eternal soul's worst enemy. [son;

Count. Yet let not zeal, good man, devour thy rea-

Hear first, and then determine. Well you know,

My hope of heirs has perish'd with my son;

Since now full sev'nteen years, th' unfruitful curse

Has fall'n upon Hortensia. Are these signs,

(Tremendous signs, that startle nature's order!)

Graves casting up their sleepers, earth convuls'd,

Meteors that glare, my children's timeless deaths,

Obscure to thee alone? I have found the cause.

There is no crime our holy church abhors,

Not one high heav'n more strongly interdicts,

Than that commixture, by the marriage rite,

Of blood too near, as mine is to Hortensia.

Aust. Too near of blood! Oh! specious mockery!

Where have these doubts been buried twenty years?

Why wake they now? And am I closetted

To sanction them? Take back your hasty words,

That call'd me wise or virtuous; while you offer

Such shallow fictions to insult my sense,

And strive to win me to a villain's office. [wives,

Count. The virtue of our churchmen, like our

Should be obedient meekness. Proud resistance,

Banding high looks, a port erect and bold,

Are from the canon of your order, priest.

Learn this: (for here I will be teacher, Austin:)

Our temporal blood must not be stirr'd thus rudely:

A front that taunts, a scanning, scornful brow,

Are silent menaces, and blows unstruck.

Aust. Not so, my lord; mine is no priestly pride:

When I put off the habit of the world,

I had lost all that made it dear to me,

And shook off, to my best, its heat and passions.

But can I hold in horror this ill deed,

And dress my brow in false, approving smiles?

No: could I carry lightning in my eye,

Or roll a voice like thunder in your ears,

So should I suit my utterance to my thoughts,

And act as fits my sacred ministry.

Count. Oh! father, did you know the conflict here,

How love and conscience are at war within me,

Most sure you would not treat my grief thus harshly.

I call the saints to witness, were I master,

To wive the perfect model of my wish,

For virtue and all female loveliness,

I would not rove to an ideal form,

But beg of heav'n another like Hortensia.

Yet we must part.

Aust. And think you to excuse

A meditated wrong to excellence,

By giving it acknowledgment and praise?

Rather pretend insensibility;

Feign that thou dost not see like other men;

So may abhorrence be exchang'd for wonder,

Or men from cursing fall to pity thee. [shake me.

Count. You strive in vain; no pow'r on earth can

I grant my present purpose seems severe;

Yet are there means to smooth severity,

Which you, and only you, can best apply. [side:

Aust. Oh, no! the means hang there, there by your

Eawring your fingers in her flowing hair,

And with that weapon drink her heart's best blood;

So shall you kill her, but not cruelly,
Compar'd to this delib'rate, ling'ring murder. [her;

Count. Away with this perverseness! Get thee to
Tell her my heart is her's; here, deep engrav'd,
In characters indelible, shall rest
The sense of her perfections. Why I leave her
Is not from cloy'd or fickle appetite,
(For infinite is still her pow'r to charm,)
 But heav'n will have it so.

Aust. Oh! name not heav'n!

'Tis too profane abuse.

Count. Win her consent,
(I know thy sway is boundless o'er her will,)
 Then join my hand to blooming Isabel.
Thus will you do to all most worthy service;
The curse, averted thus, shall pass from Narbonne;
My house again may flourish; and proud Godfrey,
Who now disputes, will ratify my title,
Pleas'd with the rich succession to his heirs.

Aust. Has passion drown'd all sense, all memory?
She was affianc'd to your son, young Edmund.

Count. She never lov'd my son. Our importunity
Won her consent, but not her heart, to Edmund.

Aust. Did not that speak her soul pre-occupied?

Count. Ah! thou hast rons'd a thought: this Theo-
Some undivulg'd and deep-felt preference? [dore!
(Dull that I was not to perceive it sooner!)
He is her paramour! by heav'n, she loves him!
Her coldness to my son, her few tears for him,
Her flight, this peasant's aiding her; all, all,
Make it unquestionable:—but he dies.

Aust. Astonishment! What does thy frenzy mean?

Count. I thank thee, priest! thou serv'st me
'gainst thy will.

That slave is in my pow'r. Come, follow me.
Thou shalt behold the minion's heart torn out;
Then to his mistress bear the trembling present.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.—A Hall.

Enter ADELAIDE, followed by JAQUELINE.

Jaq. Where do you fly? Heav'n's! have you lost
all sense? [feel;

Adel. Oh! would I had; for then I should not
But I have sense enough to know I'm wretched,
To see the full extent of misery,
Yet not enough to teach me how to bear it.

Jaq. I did not think your gentleness of nature
Could rise to such extremes.

Adel. Am I not tame?

What are these tears, this wild, dishevell'd hair?
Are these fit signs for such despair as mine?

Women will weep for trifles, baubles, nothing;
For very frowardness will weep as I do:

A spirit rightly touch'd would pierce the air,
Call down invisible legions to his aid,

Kindle the elements. But all is calm;
No thunder rolls, no warning voice is heard;

To tell my frantic father this black deed,
Will sink him down to infinite perdition.

Jaq. Rest satisfied, he cannot be so cruel
(Rash as he is) to shed the innocent blood
Of a defenceless, unoffending youth.

Adel. He cannot be so cruel? Earth and heav'n!
Did I not see the dreadful preparations?

The slaves, who tremble at my father's nod,
Pale and confounded, dress the fatal block?

But I will fly, fall prostrate at his feet;
If nature is not quite extinguish'd in him, [him.

My pray'rs, my tears, my anguish, sure, will move
Jaq. Move him, indeed! but to redoubled fury:

He dooms him dead for loving Isabel;
Think, will it quench the fever of his rage,

To find he durst aspire to charm his daughter?
Adel. Did I hear right? for loving Isabel?

I knew not that before. Does he then love her?
Jaq. Nothing I heard distinctly; wild confusion

Runs through the castle: ev'ry busy fool,
All ignorant alike, tells different tales.

Adel. Away, it cannot be. I know his truth.
Oh! I despise myself, that for a moment

(Pardon me, love!) could suffer mean suspicion

Usurp the seat of gen'rous confidence.

Think all alike unjust, my Theodore,
When ev'n thy Adelaide could join to wrong thee!

Jaq. Yet he advis'd—

Adel. Oh! leave me to my grief.

To whom shall I complain? He but preserv'd

My life a little space, to make me feel

Th' extremes of joy and sorrow. Ere we met

My heart was calm as the unconscious babe.

Enter FABIAN. [mands

Fab. Madam, my lord comes this way, and com-
To clear these chambers; what he meditates

'Tis fit indeed were private. My old age

Has liv'd too long, to see my master's shame.

Adel. His shame, eternal shame! Oh! more than
cruel!

How shall I smother it? Fabian, what means he?

My father—him I speak of—this young stranger—

Fab. My heart is rent in pieces! Deaf to reason,
He hears no counsel but from cruelty.

Good Austin intercedes and weeps in vain.

Jaq. There's comfort yet, if he is by his side.

Look up, dear lady! Ha! that dying paleness—

Adel. It is too much! Oh, Jaqueline!

Jaq. She faints;

Her gentle spirit could endure no more.

Ha! paler still! Fabian, thy arm; support her.

She stirs not yet.

Fab. Soft! bear her gently in.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the COUNT OF NARBONNE, followed by AUSTIN.

Aust. I do believe thee very barbarous;

Nay, fear thy reason touch'd; for such wild thoughts,

Such bloody purposes, could ne'er proceed

From any sober judgment; yet thy heart

Will sure recoil at this.

Count. Why, think so still;
Think me both rufian-like and lunatic;

One proof, at least, I'll give of temperate reason—

Not to be baited from my fix'd design

By a monk's ban or whining intercession.

Aust. Thou canst not mean to do it?

Count. Trust thine eyes.

Thybal! bring forth the pris'ner; bid my marshal

Prepare an axe. The ceremony's short;

One stroke, and all is past. Before he die,

He shall have leave to thank your godliness

For speeding him so soon from this bad world.

Aust. Where is the right, the law, by which you

Count. My will's the law. [doom him?

Aust. A venerable law!

The law by which the tiger tears the lamb,

And kites devour the dove. A lord of France,

Dress'd in a little delegated sway,

Strikes at his sovereign's face, while he profanes

His function's trusted for the gen'ral good.

Count. I answer not to thee.

Aust. Answer to heav'n:

When call'd to audit in that sacred court,

Will that supremacy accept thy plea,

"I did commit foul murder, for I might?" [earth,

Count. Soar not too high; talk of the things of

I'll give thee ear. Has not thy penitent,

Young Isabel, disclos'd her passion to thee?

Aust. Never.

Count. Just now, her coldness to my son,
You said, bespoke her heart pre-occupied.

The frail and fair make you their oracles;

Pent in your close confessionals, you sit,

Bending your rev'rend ears to am'rous secrets.

Aust. Scoffer, no more! stop thy licentious tongue!

Turn inward to thy bosom, and reflect—

Count. That is, be fool'd. Yet will I grant his life

On one condition.

Aust. Name it.

Count. Join my hand

To Isabel.

Aust. Not for the world.

Count. He dies.

Enter THEODORE, guarded. [first,

Come near, thou wretch! When call'd before me

With most unwonted patience I endure
Thy bold avowal of the wrong thou didst me;
A wrong so great, that, but for foolish pity,
Thy life that instant should have made atonement;
But now, convicted of a greater crime,
Mercy is quench'd: therefore, prepare to die.

Theo. I was a captive, long 'mongst infidels,
Whom falsely I deem'd savage, since I find
Ev'n Tunis and Algiers, those nests of ruffians,
Might teach civility to polish'd France,
If life depends but on a tyrant's frown. [not;

Count. Out with thy holy trumpery, priest! delay
Or, if he trusts in Mahomet, and scorns thee,
Away with him this instant.

Aust. Hold, I charge you!

Theo. The turban'd misbeliever makes some shew
Of justice in his deadly processes;
Nor drinks the sabre blood thus wantonly,
Where men are valued less than nobler beasts.
Of what am I accus'd?

Count. Of insolence;
Of bold, presumptuous love, that dares aspire
To mix the villeness of thy sordid lees
With the rich current of a baron's blood. [youth,

Aust. My heart is touch'd for him. Much-injur'd
Suppress awhile this swelling indignation;
Plead for thy life.

Theo. I will not meanly plead;
Nor, were my neck bow'd to his bloody block,
If love's my crime, would I disown my love.

Count. Then, by my soul, thou diest!

Theo. And let me die:

With my last breath I'll bless her. My spirit, free
From earth's encumbering clogs, shall soar above
Anxious, as once in life, I'll hover round her, [thee.
Teach her new courage to sustain this blow,
And guard her, tyrant! from thy cruelty,

Count. Ah! give me way!

Aust. Why, this is madaess, youth:
You but inflame the rage you should appease. [so:
Theo. He thinks me vile. 'Tis true, indeed, I seem
But though these humble weeds obscure my outside,
I have a soul disdains his contumely;
A guiltless spirit that provokes no wrong,
Nor from a monarch would endure it, offer'd:
Uninjur'd, lamb-like; but a lion, rous'd.
Know, too, injurious lord, here stands before thee
The equal of thy birth.

Count. Away, base clod!

Obeys slaves. What, all amaz'd with lies? [face
Aust. Yet hear him, Narbonne: that ingenuous
Looks not a lie. Thou saidst thou wert a captive—
Turn not away; we are not all like him.

Theo. My story's brief. My mother and myself,
(I then an infant,) in my father's absence,
Were on our frontiers seiz'd by Saracens.

Count. A likely tale! a well-devis'd imposture!
Who will believe thee?

Aust. Go on, say all.

Theo. To the fierce bashaw, Hamet,
That scourge and terror of the Christian coasts,
Were we made slaves at Tunis.

Aust. Ha! at Tunis?

Seiz'd with thy mother? Lives she, gentle youth?

Theo. Ah! no, dear saint; fate ended soon her
In pity ended! On her dying couch, [woes,
She pray'd for blessings on me.

Aust. Be thou blessed!

Oh! fail not, nature, but support this conflict!
'Tis not delusion sure. It must be he.

But one thing more; did she not tell thee, too,
Thy wretched father's name?

Theo. The lord of Clarinsal.

Why dost thou look so eagerly upon me?

If yet he lives, and thou know'st Clarinsal,
Tell him my tale.

Aust. Mysterious Providence!

Count. What's this? the old man trembles and
turns pale. (Aside.)

Theo. He will not let his offspring's timeless
Walk unappeas'd; but on this cruel head [ghost

Exact full vengeance for his slaughter'd son.

Aust. Oh! Giver of all good! Eternal Lord,
Am I so bless'd, at last, to see my son?

Theo. Let me be deaf for ever, if my ears
Deceive me now! Did he not say his son? [thee,

Aust. I did, I did! let this, and this, convince
I am that Clarinsal, I am thy father. [eyes?

Count. Why works this foolish moisture to my
Down, nature! what hast thou to do with ven-
geance? (Aside.)

Theo. Oh, sir! thus bending, let me clasp your
Now, in this precious moment, pay at once knees;
The long, long debt of a lost son's affection. [hold

Count. Destruction seize them both! Must I be-
Their transports, ne'er perhaps again to know
A son's obedience, or a father's fondness? (Aside.)

Aust. Dear boy! what miracle preserv'd thee
To give thee back to France? [thus,

Theo. No miracle,
But common chance. A warlike bark of Spain
Bore down, and seiz'd our vessel, as we rov'd
Intent on spoil (for many times, alas!

Was I compell'd to join their hated league,
And strike with infidels). My country known,
The courteous captain sent me to the shore;

Where vain were my fond hopes to find my father;
'Twas desolation all; a few poor swains
Told me, the rumour ran he had renounc'd

A hated world, and here, in Languedoc,
Devoted his remains of life to heav'n. [my pray'rs,

Aust. They told thee truth; and heav'n shall have
My soul pour'd out in endless gratitude,
For this unhop'd, immeasurable blessing. [tale;

Count. Thus far, fond man! I have listen'd to the
And think it, as it is, a gross contrivance,

A trick, devis'd to cheat my credulous reason,
And thaw me to a woman's milkiness. [guage,

Aust. And art thou so unskill'd in nature's lan-
Still to mistrust us? Could our tongues deceive,
Credit, what ne'er was feign'd, the genuine heart:
Believe these pangs, these tears of joy and anguish.

Count. Or true, or false, to me it matters not.
I see thou hast an int'rest in his life, [him

And by that link I hold thee. Wouldst thou save
(Thou know'st already what my soul is set on,)
Teach thy proud heart compliance with my will:

If not—but now no more. Hear all, and mark me,
Keep special guard that none, but by my order,
Pass from the castle. By my hopes of heav'n,

His head goes off who dares to disobey me!
Farewell! if he be dear to thee, remember. [Exit.

Aust. If he be dear to me! my vital blood!
Image of her my soul delighted in,

Again she lives in thee! Yes, 'twas that voice,
That kindred look, rais'd such strong instinct here,
And kindled all my bosom at thy danger.

Theo. But must we bear to be thus tamely coop'd
By such insulting, petty despotism?

I look to my ungarded side in vain;
Had I a sword—

Aust. Think not of vengeance now;
A mightier arm than thine prepares it for him.

Pass but a little space, we shall behold him
The object of our pity, not our anger.

Yes, he must suffer; my rapt soul foresees it;
Empires shall sink, the pond'rous globe of earth
Crumble to dust, the sun and stars be quench'd!

But oh! Eternal Father, of thy will,
To the last letter, all shall be accomplish'd.

Theo. So let it be! but if his pride must fall,
Ye saints, who watch o'er loveliness and virtue,
Confound not with his crimes her innocence!

Make him alone the victim; but with blessings,
Bright and distinguish'd, crown his beauteous

daughter,
The charming Adelaide, my heart's first passion!

Aust. Oh! most disastrous love. My son, my son,
Thy words are poniards here. Alas! I thought

(So thought the tyrant, and for that he rag'd,)
The vows exchang'd 'tween Isabel and thee,
Thwarted the issue of his wild designs.

Theo. I knew not Isabel, beyond a moment
Pass'd in surprise and haste. [him,

Aust. Oh! had malignant fortune toil'd to blast
Thus had she snar'd him in this fatal passion!
And does young Adelaide return thy love?

Theo. Bless'd pow'rs, she does! How can you
frown and hear it?

Her gen'rous soul, first touch'd by gratitude,
Soon own'd a kinder, warmer sympathy.

Soft as the fanning of a turtle's plumes,
The sweet confession met my enraptur'd ears.

Aust. What can I do? Come near, my Theo-
Dost thou believe my affection? [dore;

Theo. Can I doubt it?

Aust. Think what my bosom suffers, when I tell
It must not, cannot be. [thee,

Theo. My love for Adelaide!

Aust. Deem it delicious poison; dash it from
Thy bane is in the cup. [thee:

Theo. Oh! bid me rather
Tear out my throbbing heart; I'd think it mercy,
To this unjust, this cruel interdiction.
That proud, unfeeling Narbonne, from his lips
Well might such words have fallen; but thou, my
father—

Aust. And fond, as ever own'd that tender name.
Not I, my son, not I prevent this union;
To me 'tis bitterness to cross thy wish;
But nature, fate, and heav'n, all, all forbid it.
We must withdraw where heav'n alone can hear us:
Then must thou stretch thy soul's best faculties,
Call ev'ry manly principle to steel thee,
And, to confirm thy name, secure thy honour,
Make one great sacrifice of love to justice. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—A Chamber.

ADELAIDE discovered.

Adel. Woe treads on woe. Thy life, my Theo-
dore, [stroke,
Thy threaten'd life, snatch'd from th' impending
Just gave a moment's respite to my heart;
And now a mother's grief, with pangs more keen,
Wakes ev'ry throbbing sense, and quite o'erwhelms
Her soul wrapp'd up in his, to talk thus to her! [me.
Divorce her, leave her, wed with Isabel,
And call on heav'n to sanctify the outrage!
How could my father's bosom meditate
What savage tongues would falter ev'n to speak?
But see, he comes—

Enter AUSTIN and JAQUELINE.

Oh! let me bend to thank you;
In this extreme distress, from you alone [fort.

(For my poor heart is in vain) can she hope com-
Aust. How heard she the ill tidings? I had hopes
His cooler reason would subdue the thought;

And heav'n, in pity to her gentle virtues, [them.
Might spare her knowing how he meant to wrong

Jaq. The rumour of the castle reach'd her first;
But his own lips confirm'd the barb'rous secret.

Sternly but now he enter'd her apartment, [sence!
And, stamping, frown'd her women from her pre-

After a little while they had pass'd together,
His visage flush'd with rage and mingled shame,

He burst into the chamber where we waited,
Bade us return, and give our lady aid;

Then, covering his face with both his hands,
Went forth like one half-craz'd.

Adel. Oh! good, kind father,
There is a charm in holy eloquence,

(If words can medicine a pang like this,)
Perhaps may soothe her. Sighs and trickling tears,

Are all my love can give. As I kneel by her,
She gazes on me, clasps me to her bosom,

Cries out, "My child, my child!" then, rising quick,
Severely lifts her streaming eyes to heav'n,

Laughs wildly, and half sounds my father's name;
Till, quite o'erpower'd, she sinks from my embrace,

While, like the grasp of death, convulsions shake
her. [her heart,

Aust. Remorseless man! this wound would reach
And when she falls, his last, best prop falls with her.

And see, the beauteous mourner moves this way:

Time has but little injur'd that fair fabric;
But cruelty's hard stroke, more fell than time,
Works at the base, and shakes it to the centre.

Enter the COUNTESS.

Countess. Will, then, these dreadful sounds ne'er
leave my ears! [liv'd

"Our marriage was accus'd; too long we have
In bonds forbid; think me no more thy husband;
Th' avenging bolt, for that incestuous name,
Falls on my house, and spreads the ruin wide."
These were his words.

Adel. Oh! ponder them no more!
Lo! where the blessed minister of peace,
He whose mild counsels wont to charm your care,
Is kindly come to cheer your drooping soul.
And see, the good man weeps.

Countess. What! weep for me? [core,
Aust. Ay, tears of blood from my heart's inmost

And count them drops of water from my eyes,
Could they but wash out from your memory
The deep affliction you now labour with.

Countess. Then still there is some pity left in man:
I judg'd you all by him, and so I wrong'd you.
I would have told my story to the sea,
When it roar'd wildest; bid the lioness,
Robb'd of her young, look with compassion on me;
Rather than hop'd, in any form of man,
To find one drop of human gentleness.

Aust. Most honour'd lady—

Countess. Pray you come not near me,
I'm contagion all! some wicked sin,
Prodigious, unrepented sin, has stain'd me.
Father, 'twould blast thee but to hear the crimes,
This woman, who was once the wife of Raymond,
This curs'd, forsaken woman, here has acted.

Aust. What stand'rous tongue dare thus profane
your virtue?

Madam, I know you well; and, by my order,
Each day, each hour, of your unspotted life
Might give as fair a lesson to the world,
As churchmen's tongues can preach, or saints could
practise. [Hortensia!

Countess. He charges me with all. Thou, poor
What guilt, prepos't'rous guilt, is thine to answer!

Adel. In mercy, wound not thus your daughter's
Aust. A villain or a madman might say this. [soul.

Countess. What shall I call him? He, who was
my husband;

My child, thy father; he'll disclaim thee, too.
But let him cast off all the ties of nature,

Abandon us to grief and misery,
Still will I wander with thee o'er the world:

I will not wish my reason may forsake me,
Nor sweet oblivious dullness steep my sense,

While thy soft age may want a mother's care,
A mother's tenderness, to wake and guard thee.

Adel. And if the love of your dear Adelaide,
Her reverence, duty, endless gratitude

For all your angel goodness, now can move you,
Oh! for my sake, (lest quite you break my heart,)

Wear but a little outside shew of comfort;
Awile pretend it, though you feel it not,

And I will bless you for deceiving me. [thus:

Countess. I know 'tis weakness, folly, to be mov'd
And these, I hope, are my last tears for him.

Alas! I little knew, deluded wretch!
His riotous faucy glow'd with Isabel;

That not a thought of me possess'd his mind,
But coldness and aversion; how to shun me,

And turn me forth a friendless wanderer.

Aust. Lady, for your peace,
Think conscience is the deepest source of anguish:

A bosom free, like your's, has life's best sunshine;
'Tis the warm blaze in the poor herdsman's hut,

That, when the storm howls o'er his humble thatch,
Brightens his clay-built walls, and cheers his soul.

Countess. Oh! father, reason is for mod'rate
sorrows, [fresh,

For wounds which time has balm'd; but mine are
All bleeding fresh, and pain beyond my patience.
Ungrateful! cruel! how have I deserv'd it?

Thou tough, tough heart, break for my ease at once!

Aust. I scarce, methinks, can weigh him with him—
Vexations strange have fall'n on him of late, [self;
And his distemper'd fancy drives him on
To rash designs, where disappointment mads him.

Countess. Ah, no! his wit is settled and most sup-
beride and wild blood are his distemper, father. [tle;
But here I bid farewell to grief and fondness:
Let him go kneel, and sigh to Isabel:
And may he as obdurate find her heart,
As his as been to me.

Aust. Why, that's well said;
'Tis better thus, than with consuming sorrow
To feed on your own life. Give anger scope:
Time, then, at length, will blunt this killing sense;
And peace, he ne'er must know again, be your's.

Countess. I was a woman full of tenderness;
I am a woman stung by injuries.

Narbonne was once my husband—my protector;
He was—what was he not?—He is my tyrant;
The unnatural tyrant of a heart that lov'd him.
With cool, delib'rate baseness, he forsakes me;
With scorn as steadfast shall my soul repay it.

Aust. You know the imminent danger threatens
From Godfrey's fearful claim? [him,

Countess. Too well I know it;
A fearful claim indeed!

Aust. To-morrow's sun
Will see him at these gates; but trust my faith,
No violence shall reach you. The rash Count
(Lost to himself) by force detains me here.
Vain is his force: our holy sanctuary,
Whate'er betide, shall give your virtue shelter;
And peace, and piety alone, approach you.

Countess. Oh! that the friendly bosom of the
Would close on me for ever! [earth

Aust. These ill thoughts
Must not be cherish'd. That all-righteous Pow'r,
Whose hand inflicts, knows to reward our patience:
Farewell! command me ever as your servant,
And take the poor man's all, my pray'rs and bless-
ing. [Exit.

Adel. Will you not strive to rest? Alas! 'tis long,
Since you have slept. I'll lead you to your couch;
And gently touch my lute, to wake some strain,
May aid your slumbers.

Countess. My sweet comforter!
I feel not quite forlorn, when thou art near me.

Adel. Lead on my arm.

Countess. No, I will in alone,
My sense is now unfit for harmony.
But go thou to Alphonso's holy shrine;
There, with thy innocent hands devoutly rais'd,
Implore his sainted spirit to receive
Thy humble supplications, and to avert
From thy dear head the still impending wrath,
For one black deed, that threatens all thy race. [Exit.

Adel. For thee my pray'rs shall rise, not for my-
And ev'ry kindred saint will bend to hear me. [self,
But oh! my flatt'ring breast!—'Tis Theodore!
How sad and earnestly he views that paper!
It turns him pale. Beshrew the envious paper!
Why should it steal the colour from that cheek,
Which danger ne'er could blanch? He sees me not.
I'll wait; and should sad thoughts disturb his quiet,
If love has pow'r, with love's soft breath dispel
them. [Exit.

Enter THEODORE, with a paper.

Theo. My importunity at last has conquer'd:
Weeping, my father gave, and bade me read it.
" 'Tis there," he cried, "the myst'ry of thy birth;
There view thy long divorce from Adelaide."
Why should I read it? Why, with rav'nous haste,
Gorge down my bane? The worst is yet conceal'd;
Then wherefore eager for my own destruction?
Inquire a secret, which, when known, must sink me?
My eye starts back from it; my heart stands still;
And ev'ry pulse and motion of my blood,
With prohibition strong as sense can utter,
Cries out "Beware!"—But does my sight deceive?
Is it not she? Up, up, you black contents:

A brighter object meets my ravish'd eyes.
Now let the present moment, love, be thine!
For ill, come when it may, must come untimely.

Re-enter ADELAIDE.

Adel. Am I not here unwish'd for?

Theo. My best angel!

Were seas between us, thou art still where I am.
I hear thy precious image ever round me,
As pious men the relics they adore.
Scarce durst I hope to be so blest to see thee,
But could not wish a joy beyond thy presence. [tune
Adel. Oh! Theodore, what wondrous turns of for-
Have giv'n thee back to a dear parent's arms?
And spite of all the horrors which surround me,
And worse, each black, eventful moment threatens,
My bosom glows with rapture at the thought
Thou wilt at last be bless'd.

Theo. But one way only

Can I be bless'd. On thee depends my fate.
Lord Raymond, harsh and haughty as he is,
And adverse to my father's rigid virtue,
When he shall hear our pure unspotted vows,
Will yield thee to my wishes; but, curs'd stars!
How shall I speak it?

Adel. What?

Theo. That holy man,
That Clarinal, whom I am bound to honour,
Perversely bids me think of thee no more.

Adel. Alas! in what have I offended him? [them;

Theo. Not so; he owns thy virtues, and admires
But with a solemn earnestness that kills me,
He urges some mysterious, dreadful cause,
Must sunder us for ever.

Adel. Oh! then fly me,
I am not worth his frown. Begone this moment;
Leave me to weep my mournful destiny,
And find some fairer, happier maid, to bless thee.

Theo. Fairer than thee! Oh! heav'n's, the deli-
cate hand

Of nature, in her daintiest mood, ne'er fashion'd
Beauty so rare. Love's roseate deity, [would
Fresh from his mother's kiss, breath'd o'er thy
That soft, ambrosial hue. Fairer than thee!
'Twere blasphemy in any tongue but thine,
So to disparage thy unmatch'd perfections.

Adel. No, Theodore, I dare not hear thee longer;
Perhaps, indeed, there is some fatal cause.

Theo. There is not, cannot be. 'Tis but his pride,
Stung by resentment, 'gainst thy furious father.

Adel. Ah! no; he is too gen'rous, just, and good,
To hate me for th' offences of my father.

But find the cause. At good Alphonso's tomb
I go to offer up my orisons;

There bring me comfort, and dispel my fears;
Or teach me (oh! hard thought!) to bear our part-
ing. [Exit.

Theo. She's gone; and now, firm fortitude, support
For here I read my sentence, life or death. [me!

(Takes out the paper and reads.)

*Thou art the grandson of the good Alphonso,
And Narbonne's rightful lord.—Ha! is it so?
Then has this boist'rous Raymond dar'd insult me,
Where I alone should rule: yet not by that
Am I condemn'd to lose her. Thou damn'd scroll!
I fear thou hast worse poison for my eyes.
Long were the champions, bound for Palestine,
(Thy grandsire then their chief,) by adverse winds
Detain'd in Naples; where he saw and lov'd,
And wedded, secretly, Vicenza's daughter;
For, till the holy warfare should be clos'd,
They deem'd it wise to keep the rite conceal'd.
The issue of that marriage was thy mother;
But the same hour that gave her to the world,
For ever clos'd the fair one's eyes who bare her.
Foul treason next cut short thy grandsire's thread;
Poison'd he fell—*

(Theodore pauses; re-enter AUSTIN from behind.)

Aust. By Raymond's felon father;
Who, adding fraud to murder, forg'd a will,
Devising to himself and his descendants,
Thy rights, thy titles, thy inheritance.

Theo. Then I am lost.

Aust. Now think, unkind young man,
Was it for nought I warn'd thee to take heed,
And smother in its birth this dang'rous passion?
Th' Almighty arm, red for thy grandsire's murder,
Year after year has terribly been stretch'd
O'er all the land, but most this guilty race.

Theo. The murderer was guilty, not his race.

Aust. Great crimes, like this, have lengthen'd
punishments.

Why speak the fates by signs and prodigies?
Why one by one falls this devoted line,
Accomplishing the dreadful prophecy,
That none should live t' enjoy the fruits of blood?
But wave this argument. Thou wilt be call'd
To prove thy right,
By combat with the Count.

Theo. In arms I'll meet him;

To-morrow, now—

Aust. And, reeking with his blood,
Offer the hand which shed it to his daughter?

Theo. Ha!

Aust. Does it shake thee?—Come, my *Theo*—
Let not a gust of love-sick inclination
Root, like a sweeping whirlwind, from thy soul
All the fair growth of noble thoughts and virtue,
Thy mother planted in thy early youth;
Oh! rashly tread not down the promis'd harvest,
They toil'd to rear to the full height of honour!

Theo. Would I had liv'd obscure in penury,
Rather than thus!—Distraction!—Adelaide!

Re-enter ADELAIDE.

Adel. Oh! whither shall I fly?

Theo. What means my love?

Why thus disturb'd?

Adel. The castle is beset;

The superstitious, fierce, inconstant people,
Madder than storms, with weapons caught in haste,
Menace my father's life; rage, and revile him;
Call him the heir of murd'rous usurpation;
And swear they'll own no rightful lord but Godfrey.

Aust. Blind wretches! I will hence, and try my
To allay the tumult. Follow me, my son! [*Exit.*]

Adel. Go not defenceless thus; think on thy safety:
See yonder porch open to the armoury;
There coats of mailed proof, falchions, and casques,
And all the glittering implements of war,
Stand terribly arrang'd.

Theo. Heavens! 'twas what I wish'd.
Yes, Adelaide, I go to fight for him:
Thy father shall not fall ingloriously;
But, when he sees this arm strike at his foes,
Shall own, thy Theodore deserv'd his daughter.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.—SCENE I.—*A Hall.*

Enter the Count of NARBONNE, FABIAN, AUSTIN, and Attendants, with Prisoners.

Count. Hence to a dungeon with those mutinous
slaves;

There let them prate of prophecies and visions;
And when coarse fare and stripes bring back their
Perhaps I may relent, and turn them loose [senses,
To new offences, and fresh chastisement.

[*Exeunt Officers, &c.*]

Fab. You bleed, my lord!

Count. A scratch—death! to be bay'd [fangs,
By mongrels! curs! They yelp'd, and shew'd their
Growl'd, too, as they would bite. But was't not poor,
Unlike the generous strain of Godfrey's lineage,
To stir the rabble up in nobles' quarrels,
And bribe my binds and vassals to assault me.

Aust. They were not stirr'd by Godfrey.

Count. Who, then, stirr'd them?

Thyself, perhaps. Was't thou? And yet I wrong
thee; [and shrunk,
Thou didst preach peace; and straight they crouch'd
More tam'd by the persuasion of thy tongue,
Than losing the hot drops my steel drew from them.

Aust. I might, perhaps, have look'd for better
thanks,

Than taunts to pay my service—but no matter.
My son, too, serv'd thee nobly; he bestrode thee,
And drove those peasants back, whose staves and
But for his aid, had shiver'd that stout frame: [clubs,
But both, too well accusom'd to thy transports,
Nor ask, nor hope thy courtesy.

Count. Your pardon!

I knew my life was sav'd, but not by whom;
I wish'd it not, yet thank him. I was down, [ber,
Stunn'd in the inglorious broil; and nought remem-
More than the shame of such a paltry danger.
Where is he?

Aust. Here.

[*Theodore advances.*]

Count. [*Starting.*] Ha! angels shelter me!

Theo. Why starts he thus?

Count. Are miracles renew'd?

Art thou not risen from the mould'ring grave?

And in the awful majesty of death,
'Gainst nature, and the course of mortal thought,
Assum'st the likeness of a living form,
To blast my soul with horror?

Theo. Does he rave?

Or means he thus to mock me?

Count. Answer me!

Speak, some of you, who have the power to speak;
Is it not he?

Fab. Who, good my lord?

Count. Alphonso.

His form, his arms, his air, his very frown.

Lord of these confines, speak—declare thy plea-
Theo. Dost thou not know me, then? [sure.

Count. Ha! Theodore?

This sameness, not resemblance, is past faith.

All statues, pictures, or the likeness kept
By memory, of the good Alphonso living,
Are faint and shadowy traces to this image!

Fab. Hear me, my lord, so shall the wonder cease.

The very arms he wears, were once Alphonso's.
He found them in the stores, and brac'd them on,
To assist you in your danger.

Count. 'Tis most strange.

I strive, but cannot conquer this amazement:

I try to take them off; yet still my eyes

Again are drawn, as if by magic, on him.

Aust. Hear you, my son? [*Apart to Theo.*]

Theo. Yes, and it wakes within me

Sensations new till now.

Aust. To-morrow's light

[pleas'd you

Will shew him wonders greater. [*Apart.*] Sir, it
(Wherefore you best can tell,) to make us here
Your prisoners; but the alarm of danger
Threw wide your gates, and freed us. We return'd
To give you safeguard. May we now depart?

Count. Ay, to the confines of the furthest earth;
For here thy sight unhinges Raymond's soul.

Be hid, where air or light may never find thee;
And bury, too, that phantom. [*Exit, with Attend.*]

Theo. Insolence!

Too proud to think our kindness! yet, what horror
Shook all his frame, when thus I stood before him!

Aust. The statue of thy grandsire

(The very figure as thou stood'st before him,
Arm'd just as thou art), seem'd to move and live;
That breathing marble, which the people's love
Rear'd near his tomb, within our convent's walls.
Anon I'll lead thee to it.

Theo. Let me hence,

To shake these trappings off.

Aust. Wear them, and mark me.

Ere night, thy kinsman, Godfrey, will be master
Of all thy story:—

He is brave and just,

[reason

And will support thy claim. Should proof and
Fail with the usurper, thou must try thy sword
(And heaven will strike for thee) in combat with him.
The conscious flash of this thy grandsire's mail,
Worse than the horrors of the fabled Gorgon,

That curdled blood to stone, will shrink his sinews,
And cast the wither'd boaster at thy feet. [blood:

Theo. Grant it, ye powers! but not to shed his
The father of my Adelaide, that name—

Aust. Is dearer far than mine; my words are air; My counsels pass unmark'd. But come, my son! To-night my cell must house thee. Let me shew The humble mansion of thy lonely father, [thee Proud once, and prosperous; where I've wept, and And lost in cold oblivion of the world, [pray'd, Twice nine long years; thy mother and thyself, And God, were all my thoughts.

Theo. Ay, to the convent!
For there my love, my Adelaide, expects me.
[*Aside. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter the COUNT of NARBONNE, and FABIAN.

Count. By hell, this legend of Alphonso's death Hourly gains ground.

Fab. They talk of nought besides;
And their craz'd notions are so full of wonder,
There's scarce a common passage of the times,
But straight their folly makes it ominous. [source,

Count. Fame, that, like water, widens from its
Thus often swells, and spreads a shallow falsehood.
At first a twilight tale of village terror,
The hair of boors and beldams bristled at it;
(Such bloodless fancies wake to nought but fear:)
Then, heard with grave derision by the wise,
And, from contempt, unsearch'd and unrefuted,
It pass'd upon the laziness of faith,
Like many a lie, gross, and impossible.

Fab. A lie believ'd, may, in the end, my lord,
Prove fatal as a written gospel truth.

Therefore—
Count. Take heed; and ere the lightning strike,
Fly from the sulphurous clouds. I am not dull;
For, bright as ruddy meteors through the sky,
The thought flames here, shall light me to my safety.
Fabian, away! Send hither to me straight,
Renchild and Thybalt. [*Exit Fabian.*] They are
young and fearless.

Thy flight, ungrateful Isabel, compels me [ness;
To this rude course. I would have all with kind-
Nor stain the snow-white flower of my true-love
With spots of violence. But it must be so.
This lordly priest, this Clarinsal, or Austin,
Like a true churchman, by his calling tainted,
Prates conscience; and in craft abets Earl Godfrey,
That Isabel may wed his upstart son.
Let Rome dart all her lightnings at my head,
Till her grey pontiff singe in his own fires:
Spite of their rage, I'll force the sanctuary,
And bear her off this night beyond their power;
My bride, if she consents; if not, my hostage.

Enter two Officers.

Come hither, sirs. Take twenty of your fellows;
Post ten at the great gate of Nicholas;
The rest, by two's, guard every avenue
Leads from the convent to the plain or castle.
Charge them (and as their lives shall answer it,) [first.
That none but of my train pass out, or enter.

1 *Offi.* We will, my lord, about it instantly.

Count. Temper your zeal, and know your orders
Take care they spill no blood: no violence,
More than resisting who would force a passage:
The holy drones may buzz, but have no stings.
I mean to take a bauble from the church,
A reverend thief stole from me. Near the altar
(That place commands the centre of the aisle,) [like.
Keep you your watch. If you espy a woman,
(There can be only she,) speed to me straight;
You'll find my station near Alphonso's porch.
Be swift as winds, and meet me presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Inside of a Convent.*

ADELAIDE veiled, rising from before the statue of Alphonso.

Adel. Alas! 'tis mockery to pray as I do. [wings,
Thoughts fit for heaven, should rise on seraph's
Unclung'd with aught of earth; but mine hang here;
Beginning, ending all in Theodore.
Why comes he not? 'Tis torture for th' unblest'd,
To suffer such suspense as my heart aches with.

What can it be—this secret, dreadful cause,
This shaft unseen, that's wing'd against our love?
Perhaps—I know not what. At yonder shrine
Bending, I'll seal my irrevocable vow:
Hear, and record it, choirs of saints and angels!
If I am doom'd to sigh for him in vain,
No second flame shall ever enter here;
But, faithful to thy fond, thy first impression,
Turn thou, my breast, to every sense of joy,
Cold as the pale-ey'd marbles which surround me.
(*She withdraws.*)

Enter AUSTIN and THEODORE.

Aust. Look round, my son! This consecrated place
Contains the untimely ashes of thy grandsire.
With all the impious mockery of grief, [him.
Here were they laid by the dire hand which sped
There stands his statue; were a glass before thee,
So would it give thee back thy outward self.

Theo. And may the power which fashion'd thus
my outside,
With all his nobler ornaments of virtue
Sustain my soul! till generous emulation
Raise me, by deeds, to equal his renown,
And—

Aust. To avenge him. Not by treachery,
But, casting off all thoughts of idle love,
Of love ill-match'd, unhappy, ominous—
To keep the memory of his wrongs; do justice
To his great name, and prove the blood you spring
from.

Theo. Oh! were the bold possessor of my rights
A legion arm'd, the terrors of his sword
Resistless as the flash that strikes from heaven,
Undaunted would I meet him. His proud crest
Should feel the dint of no unpractis'd edge.
But, while my arm assails her father's life,
The unnatural wound returns to my own breast,
And conquest loses Adelaide for ever. [lost her.

Aust. The barbarous deed of Raymond's father
Theo. Pierce not my soul thus. Can you love
And coldly tell me, [your son,
Without one tear unmov'd thus, I must lose her?
But where, where is she? (*Looking out.*) Hea-
venly innocence!

See, the dear saint kneels at the altars' foot;
See, her white hands with fervent clasps are rais'd;
Perhaps for me. Have you a heart, my father,
And bid me bear to lose her? Hold me not—
I come, I fly, my life, my all! to join thee. [*Exit.*

Aust. Return, return, rash boy!—Pernicious
chance!

One glance from her will quite destroy my work,
And leave me but my sorrow for my labour. [*Exit.*

Enter the COUNT of NARBONNE.

Count. Am I turn'd coward, that my tottering
knees
Knock as I tread the pavement? 'Tis the place;
The sombrous horror of these long-drawn aisles.
My footsteps are beat back by nought but echo,
Struck from the caverns of the vaulted dead;
Yet now it seem'd as if a host pursued me, [like.
The breath that makes my words, sounds thunder-
Sure 'twas a deep-fetch'd groan. No—hark, again!
Then 'tis the language of the tombs; and see!—

(*Pointing to the statue of Alphonso.*)

Like their great monarch, he stands rais'd above
Who's there? [them.

Enter two Officers.

1 *Offi.* My lord, where are you?

Count. Here—speak, man! [cheeks
Why do you shake thus? Death! your bloodless
Send fear into me. You, sir, what's the matter?

2 *Offi.* We have found the lady.

Count. My good fellows; where?

1 *Offi.* Here, from this spot, you may yourself
Her face is towards the altar. [behold her;

Count. (*Looking out.*) Blasts upon me!
Wither my eyes for ever!—Ay 'tis she;
Austin with Theodore; he joins their hands:—

Destruction seize them! Oh! dull, tardy fool!
My love and my ambition both defeated!
A marriage in my sight! Come forth, come forth!

(*Draws a dagger.*)

Arise, grim vengeance, and wash out my shame!
Ill-fated girl! a bloody Hymen waits thee! [*Exit.*]

1 Off. His face is black with rage—his eyes flash
I do not like this service. [fire;

2 Off. No, nor I.

1 Off. Heard you that shriek?—It thunders. By
my soul,

I feel as if my blood were froze within me.
Speak to me. See, he comes. (*Officers retire.*)

Re-enter the COUNT OF NARBONNE, with a bloody
dagger.

Count. The deed is done.
Hark! the deep thunder rolls. I hail the sign;
It tells me, in loud greetings, I'm reveng'd.

Re-enter THEODORE, with his sword drawn.

Theo. Where, where's the assassin?
Count. Boy, the avenger's here.

Behold, this dagger smokes with her heart's blood!
That thou stand'st there to brave me, thank that
mail,

Or, traitor, thou hadst felt me. But 'tis done.

Theo. Oh! monstrous, monstrous!
Count. Triumph now o'er Narbonne;

Boast, how a stripling and a monk deceiv'd
The easy Count; but, if thou lov'st thy bride,
Take that, and use it nobly. (*Drops the dagger.*)

Theo. 'Gainst thy heart,
Barbarian, would I use it: but look there;
There are ten thousand daggers.

Aust. (*Without.*) Ring out the alarm;
Fly all; bring aid, if possible, to save her.

Re-enter ADELAIDE, wounded, and supported by
AUSTIN. Some of the Count's Attendants enter
with lighted torches.

Count. Ha! lightning shiver me!
Adel. My lord! my father!

Oh! bear me to his feet.

Aust. Thou man of blood,
Past utterance lost, see what thy rage has done!

Count. Ruin! despair! my child! my Adelaide!
Art thou the innocent victim of my fury?

Adel. I am, indeed. I know not my offence;
Yet sure 'twas great, when my life answers it.

Will you forgive me now?

Count. Oh! misery;
Had I unnumber'd lives, I'd give them all,

To lengthen thine an hour. What frenzy seiz'd me?
That veil, the glimmering light, my rage, deceiv'd
Unnatural wound! detested parricide! [*me.*]

Good youth, in pity strike this monster dead!

Adel. Listen not to his ravings. (*To Theo.*)
Alas! my Theodore,

I struggle for a little gasp of breath;
Draw it with pain; and sure, in this last moment,

You will observe me.
Live, I charge you:

Forget me not, but love my memory.
If I was ever dear to thee, my father,

(Those tears declare I was,) will you not hear me,
And grant one wish to your expiring child?

Count. Speak, tell me quickly, thou dear suffer-
ing angel!

Adel. Be gentle to my mother; her kind nature
Has suffer'd much; she will need all your care;

Forsake her not; and may the All-merciful
Look down with pity on this fatal error;

Bless you—and—oh!— (*Dies.*)

Count. She dies in prayer for me;
Prays for me, while her life streams from my stroke.
What prayers can rise for such a wretch as I am?

Seize me, ye fiends! rouse all your stings and tor-
ments!

See, hell grows darker as I stalk before them.

Theo. (*After looking at Adelaide's body.*) 'Tis my
black destiny has murder'd thee.

Stand off. (*They hold him.*) I will not live.

This load of being is intolerable;

And, in a happier world my soul shall join her.

[*Rushes out.*]

Aust. Observe, and keep him from all means of
death.

Enter the COUNTESS, FABIAN, and other Attendants.

Countess. Whence were those cries? what meant
that fearful bell?

Who shall withhold me? I will not return.

Is there a horror I am stranger to? [*tience,*]

Aust. There is; and so beyond all mortal pa-
I can but wish you stripp'd of sense and thought,
That it may pass without destroying you.

Countess. What is it? speak.

Aust. (*Looking towards the body.*) Turn not your
For there, alas— [*eyes that way,*]

Countess. Oh! Lord of earth and heaven!
Is it not she? my daughter, pale and bleeding!

She's cold, stark cold: can you not speak to me?
Which of you have done this?

Count. 'Twas ease till now;

Fall, fall, thick darkness, hide me from that face!

Aust. Rise, madam, 'tis in vain. Heaven com-
fort her! [*breast?*]

Countess. Shall I not strive to warm her in my
She is my all; I have nothing left but her.

You cannot force me from her. Adelaide!

My child, my lovely child! thy mother calls thee.
She hears men ot—she's dead!—Oh! God, I know
thee—

Tell me, while I have sense, for my brain burns;
Tell me—what yet avails it? I'll not curse—

There is a power to punish.

Count. Look on me!

Thou hadst much cause to think my nature cruel;
I wrong'd thee sore, and this was my last deed.

Countess. Was thine? thy deed? Oh! execrable
monster!

Oh! greatly worthy of blood-stain'd sire!

A murderer he, and thou a parricide!

Why did thy barbarous hand refrain from me?

I was the hated bar to thy ambition!

A stab like this had set thee free for ever;

Sav'd thee from shame, upbraiding, perjuries;

But she—this innocent—what had she done?

Count. I thank thee. I was fool enough, or
To think of life one moment, to atone [*coward,*]

By deep repentance, for the wrongs I did thee.

But, hateful to myself, hated by thee,

By heaven abandon'd, and the plague of earth,

This, this remains, and all are satisfied.

(*Stabs himself.*)

Forgive me, if 'tis possible—but—oh!— (*Dies.*)
Countess. (*After looking distractedly.*) Where am
I? Ruin and pale death surround me.

I was a wife; there, gasping, lies my husband!

A mother, too; there breathless lies my child!

Look down, oh! heaven, look down with pity on

I know this place! [*them:*]

I'll kneel once more. Hear me, great God of
Nature!

For this one boon let me not beg in vain;

Oh! do not mock me with the hopes of death;

These pangs, these struggles, let them be my last;

Release thy poor, afflicted, suffering creature;

Take me from misery too sharp to bear,

And join me to my child!

(*Falls on the body of Adelaide.*)

Aust. Heaven comfort thee!

Hard was your lot, you lovely innocents;

But palms, eternal palms, above shall crown you.

For this rash man—yet mercy's infinite.

You stand amaz'd. Know, this disastrous scene,

Ending the fatal race, concludes your sorrows.

To-morrow meet me round this sacred shrine;

Then shall you hear, at full, a tale of wonder;

The rightful lord of Narbonne shall be own'd;

And heaven, in all its ways, be justified. [*Exeunt.*]

THE FIRST FLOOR;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY JAMES COBB.



Act II.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

WHIMSEY
YOUNG WHIMSEY
MONFORD

TIM TARTLETT
FURNISH
SIMON

FRANK
LANDLORD
POSTBOY

MRS. PATTYPAN
CHARLOTTE
NANCY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Inn in London.

Enter Landlord and MONFORD.

Land. Welcome to town, your honour! a long while since I saw your honour: was saying but this very morning that it was many months since I saw my worthy master, Squire Monford.

Mon. Say so still, landlord; for I am come to town incog, and wish to conceal my arrival here.

Land. Ah! a pair of fine eyes in the case; you have sprung all the game about the country, and now you are coming to poach on some poor fellow's manor in London.

Mon. No, faith! there is no poaching in the case; I mean to take out a licence for sporting on a certain manor, called matrimony.

Land. Matrimony! Lord! sir, 'tis well enough for your dog-trots: we must, to be sure, have cattle for the high road business of life; but who the devil would think of running a race-horse in a post-chaise? 'tis time enough to put him in harness when he is no longer able to win a sweepstakes.

Mon. Why, lookye! landlord, I don't think that twenty years of dissipation will qualify me the better for a husband. I look on marriage as a sort of partnership, in which I mean to engage whilst I can bring youth, good spirits, and a good constitution, as my share of the stock in trade: but when a pretty girl finds herself entrapped into a connexion with a bankrupt trader, can he be angry with her for taking measures to dissolve the partnership?

Land. Well, your honour, and this intended fair partner of your's—

Mon. She is coming to town with her father, and will be in this house in the course of an hour or two.

Land. The old story, I suppose; the father averse to the match.

Mon. Yes, unfortunately for me; but my charmer has consented to a private marriage: I am now going in search of lodgings for us, and shall be with you again presently. *[Exit.]*

Land. Ah! there he goes! as pretty a fellow, ay, and as good a customer, as an inn-keeper would wish to live by: never knew him look at the items of a bill in my life; always paid it the moment he saw the sum total, and submitted to be cheated like a gentleman.

Enter SIMON.

Sim. Landlord! how are you, my boy? Come, let's have a glass: (*sitting down*) you are a jolly fellow.

Land. And, i'faith! you seem to be the same. I think it is now three days since you came to town on the Bury-fly, during which time you have scarcely been sober three hours.

Sim. Psba, psba! 'tis only my not being used to ride on the roof of the coach that made me giddy. A sudden exaltation may turn better heads than mine.

Land. And, pray, have you no business in town?

Sim. None of my own.

Land. But you have some of your master's?

Sim. Yes, I have a letter from my master to his son, which I was ordered to deliver directly, but, faith! I forgot it; and it don't much signify: I hate to be a messenger of ill news.

Land. You know the contents, then?

Sim. Yes, yes; my old master is coming to town to visit his son: ay, here is the letter. (*Reads.*) "To Mr. John Whimsey, junior, at Mrs. Pattypan's, pastrycook, in Piccadilly."

Land. Heyday! Why, you are not going to open your master's letter?

Sim. Certainly I will; my master would make no ceremony in opening a letter of mine. (*Reads.*) "*Dear John, I send you this by my man Simon, who will deliver it to you immediately on his arrival in London.*"

Land. And you have been here three days already.

Sim. Come, landlord, you don't drink: here's to ye. (*Reads.*) "*I am coming to town to complete the purchase of my neighbour Squander's estate, and shall take up my quarters at your lodgings for two or three days; I shall bring your sister with me, as I hear there is a rakish young dog, of the name of Monford, has taken it in his head to fall in love with her, and I don't choose to trust her out of my sight.*"

Land. Zounds! why did you tell me at first who was your master? (*Aside.*) If I had but known it before Monford left the house!

Sim. Why, between you and me, I am half ashamed to own my master: he is as suspicious of everybody about him, as if he had been bred a rogue himself. A servant has not much credit in the place, I assure you.

Land. Heyday! here's a post-chaise come to the door. [*I live!*]

Sim. With my master and his daughter in it, as *Whim.* (*Without.*) Mind the portmanteau, sirrah, d'y'e hear? and take care none of the bundles are stolen.

Sim. Ay, there, his suspicions are beginning already; if he has lost but a button from his coat, he'll put the postillion to his oath, and have the very horses taken before a magistrate.

Land. Well, I must run, and prepare to receive him. [*Exit.*]

Sim. Yes, so must I; and with the same kind of reception—a good lie, and a smiling countenance.

Enter WHIMSEY, CHARLOTTE, and Landlord.

Land. This way, madam; this way, sir; I hope your honour has had a good journey.

Whim. No, I have not had a good journey: I have had lame horses, and drunken drivers; dust from the road; extortion from the inn-keepers, and bad half-pence from the turnpikes. A blight upon honesty and good-manners blows from this city of London, to every point of the compass. It is a mere ocean of knavery, with a continual spring-tide, which infects all the streams of fresh water round the country, and makes them brackish up to their very source.

Land. 'Tis very true, your honour; travelling is very hard now.

Whim. Dear, with a vengeance! I remember the time when a man could be choked upon a dusty road for sevenpence a mile; but now one must pay a shilling a-mile for the pleasure of being smothered, because it is one of the luxuries of life. You have not lost your watch, have you? (*To Charlotte.*)

Char. Oh! no, sir, all is safe about me—except my heart. (*Aside.*)

Whim. My pockets were all safe when I got out of the chaise; I suppose I have hardly lost anything since I came into the house. [*house!*]

Land. Lord! sir, what do you mean? In my *Whim.* Egad! I don't know, friend; but there are much finer houses than your's in this town, where a man may go in with full pockets, and come out with empty ones. But where is my rascal?

Sim. (*Coming forward.*) Here am I, sir.

Whim. Well, sirrah, I suppose my son and you have been laying your heads together to cheat the old fellow, when he came to town: what did he say when he read my letter?

Sim. He presents his dutiful respects, and anxiously expects the pleasure of seeing you—

Whim. Go to be buried; I dare say he does: but I'm resolved to live temperately, out of spite to him. *Landlord,* see if the coach is come. [*Exit*

Landlord.] And you, (*to Simon*) go and see all the luggage put safely into it. [*Exit Simon.*] Come, Charlotte, unclout your countenance; don't tell me of having lost your heart: a young girl's heart is like a tame pigeon; let her throw it away ten times in a month, it will be sure to come back again.

Enter SIMON.

Sim. The coach is ready, sir.

Whim. Very well; be sure, then, and take the number; and, d'y'e hear? if there is any cordage from the trunks left, save it, *Simon*; though it be ever so little, it may serve to tie up something or other.

Sim. Certainly, sir, if it is but a yard of rope—I think I should know how to apply it properly. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Mrs. Pattypan's Shop.*

MRS. PATTYPAN and YOUNG WHIMSEY.

Mrs. P. Upon my word, Mr. Whimsey, your behaviour is beyond all bearing. It is a disgrace to any sober family to have such a rake for a lodger.

Young W. Come, come, my dear Mrs. Pattypan; thou peerless princess of all pastry-cooks! let us talk over the matter coolly.

Mrs. P. Talk, indeed! I am tired of talking, Mr. Whimsey.

Young W. I'm glad of it. I never expected you would have been tired of that.

Mrs. P. What signifies reasoning with you? you are so thoughtless, so dissipated! keep such company, and such hours! you'll shorten your days.

Young W. But, then, as the old saying is, I lengthen my nights, Mrs. Pattypan; and so it comes pretty nearly to the same end.

Mrs. P. How often must I beg of you to quit the premises! I've given you warning every day for this month past, and you won't take it.

Young W. 'Tis a common complaint against young people, that they won't take warning.

Mrs. P. I have put up a bill in the shop window already—a first floor to be let furnished: it will not long remain empty, I dare say; nay, a gentleman was here just now to view the apartments.

Young W. You take equal care of your lodgings as of your heart, I perceive, Mrs. Pattypan; you let nothing of your's remain long unoccupied. I think your late husband has been dead about two months, and you are now preparing for the reception of a second.

Mrs. P. Who do you mean, sir?

Young W. I mean your apprentice, Tim Tartlett; and a very good choice, too, let me tell you, Mrs. Pattyman; he has served his time to his master's business; and, I dare say, you will find him a very useful partner. But I see him coming, and I won't interrupt a love conversation.

Mrs. P. I understand your sneers, sir. But I hope, before you quit the house, you mean to discharge your debts. You are pretty much in my books.

Young W. That is owing to my great respect for you. I hope I shall never be out of your books. Adieu, my dear old girl! If I can't get a bed elsewhere, perhaps I may pop in here; so you'll let your maid Nancy sit up for me. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. P. Impudent fellow! [*Enter TIM TARTLETT.*] Oh! my servant, sir; ready drest, I see, for going abroad; you are always gadding, Tim Tartlett.

Tim. Lord! mistress, vy, you are always scolding one for taking a little harmless recreation: you know I loves to see life, because vy, 'tis so agreeable.

Mrs. P. Well, sir, and is there nothing due to me for my attention to you? What do you think made me take you from your poor relations, and place you in my own family?

Tim. I'm sure I can't tell, mistress; you must know best.

Mrs. P. Haven't I put money in your pocket, and made a gentleman of you? have not I taught you breeding?

Tim. Wery true.

Mrs. P. Have not I, atlength, resolved to make you master of my shop, my fortune, and myself?

Tim. But, then, you won't let me be my own master.

Mrs. P. Your own master, indeed! then you would be ruined presently.

Tim. Vell, and if so be I vas, vhat then! Vy, there's some of the great folks, that pass in their striped coaches and pheatons, and look as fine as a king on a twelfth-cake, our Nancy says they have been ruined for some years; and yet, ecod! they seem as gamesome and airy as if nothing had happened.

Mrs. P. Our Nancy, indeed! there is another of your follies; always laughing and hallooing with that trapes in the shop, as if you were mad.

Tim. Vy, I can't help toying with her a little now and then, she is such a merry humourous soul.

Mrs. P. The trollop shall not stay within my doors. Oh! Tim, Tim! I wish you had pride enough to keep such wretches at a distance.

Tim. Vy, so I have, sometimes; I can be as proud as Old Scratch to our journeymen and the shop-boy; but when I looks at a pretty girl, lord! mistress, all my pride melts away, like our ice-cream in the sunshine.

Mrs. P. Don't provoke me, Timothy. I declare—

Enter MONFORD.

Mon. The card in your shop-window informed me, madam, that you have a first floor to let ready furnished.

Mrs. P. Yes, sir; and as pretty a floor, though I say it—will you please to look at the rooms?

Mon. I have seen them already.

Mrs. P. Oh! you are the gentleman who called just now, while I was out.

Mon. I only wish to know whether I can take possession of the lodgings this afternoon?

Mrs. P. This hour, sir, if you please.

Mon. I expect my sister from the country this evening; and as I cannot accommodate her at my chambers, am obliged, at this short notice, to take lodgings.

Mrs. P. Very well, sir.

Mon. I am now going to the place where she will arrive, to leave a card of your shop, and shall be back time enough to receive her. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. P. Short and sweet, indeed!

Tim. I wonder vetlier his sister is a comely girl.

Mrs. P. What is that to you, sir? Do be so good as to send your favourite Nancy to me immediately: we must get everything in order for the lady.

Tim. If she has but black eyes! I like black eyes monstrously.

Mrs. P. Never to ask the price of the lodgings! I declare I can't tell what to make of him. *[Exit.]*

Tim. Ecod! you'll make a pretty penny of him before you have done with him, I warrant. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—A Room in Mrs. PATTYPAN's house.

MRS. PATTYPAN discovered.

Mrs. P. Bless me! what a litter this room is in! I shall be ashamed for the young lady to see it.

Enter NANCY.

Nancy. Madam, here is one of the oddest old gentlemen below; all we can get out of him is, that these are his son's lodgings, and he will come up

Mrs. P. His son's lodgings! *[stairs.]*

Nancy. There is a young lady with him, madam.

Mrs. P. Oh! the sister of my new lodger, undoubtedly. Shew them up immediately.

Nancy. They are shewing themselves up, madam; here they are. *[Exit.]*

Enter WHIMSEY and CHARLOTTE.

Whim. Madam, your most obedient. I find my son has taken lodgings here. I presume, you are Mrs. Pattypan?

Mrs. P. At your service, sir.

Whim. Then, we are all right; and so, you are welcome to your brother's lodgings, Charlotte.

Mrs. P. That you are, madam, I'll be sworn. Your brother seemed very anxious for your arrival, he will be home soon.

Enter SIMON, with a portmanteau.

Whim. There, sirrah, put the portmanteau in the corner; one should always have an eye to one's property. *(To Mrs. P.)* Well, Mrs. Pattypan, what do you think of my son? how d'ye like him for a lodger?

Mrs. P. Indeed, sir, he seems to be a mighty civil, agreeable, young gentleman! quite the reverse of my late lodger; a dissipated, good-for-nothing—but give me leave to shew you the apartments, madam.

Whim. Mrs. Pattypan, let us have tea as soon as you can. I am rather fatigued with my journey. *[Exeunt Mrs. P. and Charlotte.]* I faith! I like Jack's lodgings mightily! here are all the pictures I gave him, and the library of books; he has taken great care of them, I see; all look as good as new; and not a volume displaced; he is a careful reader, I dare say: I shall fancy myself quite at home among my old acquaintance. But who have we here?

Enter MONFORD, speaking as he enters.

Mon. Let me know the moment the lady comes.

Whim. *(Aside.)* Some friend of my son's, I suppose. Sir, your most obedient: very pretty apartments, sir.

Mon. Yes, sir; I don't dislike them.

Whim. I beg, sir, you will be seated.

Mon. Sir, I—I—*(aside)*—I see you don't wait for the same invitation.

Whim. What d'ye think of those pictures, sir? they are reckoned pretty good.

Mon. They seem to be very fine, indeed, sir.

Whim. Very glad you like them; I bought them. Indeed, I partly furnished this room. *(Rings the bell.)* *[sterer, egad!]*

Mon. Furnished the room! *(Aside.)* Some uphol-

Enter FRANK.

Whim. Let me have a pair of slippers, my lad, directly. I long to be out of my boots. *[Exit Frank.]* Nothing so pleasant as to be perfectly at one's ease; that's my opinion.

Mon. So I perceive, sir.

Re-enter FRANK.

Whim. I expect my son presently. You'll stay to tea, sir? *(Pulls off his boots.)*

Mon. Ha, ha, ha! I believe I shall, sir. A most impudent old fellow this seems to be. *(Aside.)*

Whim. *(Aside.)* Believe I shall! He might as well have said, thank ye.

Frank. *(Aside.)* A curious acquaintance my master seems to have picked up. *[Exit.]*

Mon. Sir, I should be extremely sorry to be guilty of any rudeness to you, but I apprehend you are not apprized who has taken these lodgings.

Whim. Oh! yes, I am, sir.

Mon. In short, I expect, my sister from the country every moment; and, perhaps, the presence of a third person might not be quite agreeable to her.

Whim. Oh! as to that, I expect my daughter every moment, too, and we may all drink tea together. *(Tea brought in by NANCY.)* Do tell my daughter to make haste. *(Aside to Nancy.)* There can be no harm to invite him, as he is a friend of Jack's. May I ask your name, sir? *[Exit Nancy.]*

Mon. Monford, sir.

Whim. (Aside.) Monford! the very fellow who wants to run away with Charlotte!

Enter FRANK.

Frank. (Aside to Mon.) Miss Whimsey is now in the house, sir.

Mon. In the house! Here, Frank, kick this d—d portmanteau down stairs. (Frank offers to take it, but Whimsey prevents him.) You must really pardon me, sir; any other time I shall be glad to see you. *(Attempting to force Whimsey out.)*

Whim. Zounds, sir! what d'ye mean by that?

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Mon. (Catches Charlotte in his arms.) My Charlotte! am I indeed so blest as to hold you in my arms again! *(To Whimsey.)* Give me leave sir, to introduce you to my sister.

Char. (Aside.) Good heavens! what an adventure! *Whim. A fine girl, Mr. Monford. Pray, are you both by the same father?*

Mon. Sir!

Whim. I am sure, till this moment, I did not know I could boast of such an hopeful offspring as you. *[Exit Frank.]*

Char. Hear me, my dear father.

Mon. (Aside.) His daughter! a curse on my unlucky stars!

Whim. Don't be disappointed, young man! you have had a devilish lucky escape in missing my daughter, I assure you; for not a shilling would I have given her, had she thrown herself away on you.

Mon. (Aside.) What the devil shall I say?

Whim. I suppose you are muttering curses against the old fellow, because he won't suffer you to hum him? Come, use no ceremony; let me hear what I am. *[a friend.]*

Mon. (Aside.) I have it. You are, sir, indeed,

Whim. For depriving you of your wife! that is, indeed, the part of a modern friend.

Mon. I thank you for your candour; you have discovered to me my mistake.

Whim. You expected, then, that the old codger would have whimpered a little, joined your hands, and have given you half his fortune, for making a fool of him?

Mon. I own it; but I see I was in an error. Miss Charlotte, I thought you were a woman of fortune; your father has convinced me that you will no longer be such, if you marry me; I should, therefore, be guilty of the greatest injustice in wishing to sacrifice your happiness to the gratification of my passion.

Char. Sir, you— you are perfectly in the right. I feel the delicacy of your conduct, and—you may be sure I approve it. *[Exit.]*

Whim. Give me your hand, Monford. Egad! I begin to think you are a devilish sensible fellow.

Mon. Between you and I, Mr. Whimsey, it won't do for younger brothers, like me, to fall in love.

Whim. Certainly not. It may well be called falling in love. 'Tis, in truth, a false step, and many a man, who has once met with the accident, has found the ill effects of it afterwards.

Mon. Right, sir; suppose, now, you were to recommend me to a wife; a rich widow, for instance.

Whim. Eh! why, what say you to the lady of this mansion, Mrs. Pattypan? My son Jack tells me, in his letters, she is worth a round sum.

Mon. A good thought, sir; with your permission, I'll step to Miss Whimsey, and tell her my resolution of courting the old lady directly.

Whim. Don't trouble yourself; I'll step to Miss Whimsey myself; and return immediately, to have a little more talk with you on the subject. Odso! but while I am looking after my daughter, I may lose my portmanteau. *[Exit.]*

Enter FRANK.

Frank. So, sir, you are in a fine hobble here; this old man is the father of your mistress.

Mon. Even so, Frank: luckily, a thought occurred to me, which, I flatter myself, has put him off his guard: I have pretended to give up his daughter, and pay my addresses to the old pastry-cook below stairs.

Frank. Lord! sir, this scheme is too absurd to pass on any man, however credulous he may be.

Mon. To be sure; but, if I can make him believe this absurdity but for a few hours, all may yet be well. I think I can easily find means to convey my dear girl out of the reach of her father's power this evening. Go instantly, Frank, and order a chaise to be at the corner of the street, exactly at twelve o'clock. *[Exit Frank.]*

Enter MRS. PATTYPAN.

Mrs. P. Sir, your most obedient, humble servant. I did not understand that you expected your father in town.

Mon. Nor I neither, madam. So, I must pass for the old fellow's son, I find. *(Aside.)*

Mrs. P. I hope, sir, you like the lodgings, and don't think them dear at three guineas a week.

Mon. Certainly not.

Enter WHIMSEY.

Mrs. P. Ay; I knew we should agree, sir. Ha, ha, ha!

Whim. Egad! he has put the question to her. (Aside.) Monford, I perceive you have begun the attack.

Mon. And have conquered, too; only don't interrupt me in my victory. *[me.]*

Whim. Not I: you may say what you will before Mon. Ay; but the lady won't care to speak before you. Pray, now, sir, leave us to ourselves.

Mrs. P. (To Whim.) Your servant, sir: we had come to terms before you came in.

Whim. Oh! you had? *[thing.]*

Mrs. P. Yes; we were proceeding to settle every-

Whim. Then, I am sure I won't interrupt you; and so, good b'ye. (Aside.) I'll take the liberty of listening to their conversation, however: nothing but the evidence of my own ears can remove my suspicions. *[Exit.]*

Mon. Don't mind my father, Mrs. Pattypan; old folks have their peculiarities.

Mrs. P. True, sir; I dare say it will be the same with you and I when we grow old. [Enter WHIMSEY, and retires.] But, however, to return to business; right reckoning makes long friends, as I used to tell my first husband.

Mon. Ay, I dare say we shall be very happy together.

Whim. (Aside.) Happy together!

Mrs. P. I presume, sir, you generally dine out?

Mon. Constantly.

Whim. (Aside.) Zounds! that's odd enough! not to dine at home during the honeymoon, at least.

Mrs. P. And you keep good hours, I hope, sir.

Mon. Oh! yes; you'll always find me in bed by twelve o'clock.

Whim. (Aside.) That's a material article.

Mon. I think you have no family, Mrs. Pattypan?

Mrs. P. No, sir, I never had any yet; but as I think of altering my situation, it may happen that—

Mon. I understand you; but that will make no sort of difference to me.

Mrs. P. Indeed! I am very happy to hear it; for you know, sir, some gentlemen have an objection to children.

Whim. (Aside.) Egad! there can be no deceit in all this; it will be a match, I see that. *(Coming forward.)* I wish you both joy with all my soul! don't be confused, Mrs. Pattypan; you know this isn't the first bargain of the sort you have struck.

Mrs. P. Oh! dear, no, sir; nor I hope it will not be the last.

Whim. (Aside.) D—d good encouragement for a man to venture on her! I suppose she expects to bury two or three husbands yet.

Mon. (Aside to Whim.) Well, sir, what do you say to all this?

Whim. (Aside.) Why—why—why—you are a bold man, that's all. Come, as it is a bargain, take hands on it; take hands—nay, salute her; come, kiss her, my boy.

Mrs. P. (Aside.) My boy! The old gentleman seems mighty fond of his son.

Mon. (Aside.) Egad! I wish this ceremony were well over; I shall never be able to carry on the farce. (*Salutes Mrs. P.*)

Whim. (Joining their hands.) May you live long together, and may no domestic quarrels obtrude on your happiness! may you, Mrs. Pattypan, be surrounded by a numerous offspring!

Mrs. P. (Aside.) A numerous offspring!

Mon. Pray, my dear sir, drop the subject; you see it distresses her; and, you know, one must consult a woman's feelings on some occasions.

Whim. Certainly, certainly!

Mon. I am sure I should be sorry to hurt Mrs. Pattypan's delicacy.

Whim. So should I: when a woman has but just enough left for her immediate use, it would be cruel indeed to damage that. I'll change the subject, Monford, depend upon it. (*Converses with Mrs. P. in dumb shew.*)

Enter FRANK.

Frank. (Aside to Mon.) Sir, it is an impossibility for you to procure an interview with Miss Char-

Mon. Impossible, Frank? [*lotte.*]

Frank. Absolutely so! she is so closely watched: but I've engaged one in your interest, who will take any message to her for you. No less a person than Mr. Timothy Tartlett.

Mon. But how can he assist me?

Frank. By communicating to your mistress any message you wish; he will never be suspected.

Mon. Not a bad thought, i'faith!

Frank. He is waiting to speak to you below stairs: slip away from the old gentleman directly.

Whim. Now, what the devil can they be whispering about? I always suspect a man to be a rogue when I see him whisper. (*Interrupts, and looks anxiously at them.*) Eh! why, you have not changed your mind as to matrimony, have you?

[*Exit Frank.*]

Mon. Not in the least, I promise you, sir. I am now going on some business which, I flatter myself, will hasten the match, and a few hours will, I hope, cure all your suspicions. [*Exit.*]

Whim. Egad! though, I'll ask the old woman some questions about him; there can be no harm in that. Pray, Mrs. Pattypan, if I don't hurt your delicacy by the question, how long may you have been acquainted with this young man whom you are going to marry?

Mrs. P. (Aside.) Young man whom I am going to marry! how the deuce could he hear of my intending to marry Tim Tartlett?

Whim. You'll excuse my curiosity—but, pray, is not he rather wild?

Mrs. P. (Aside.) Yes, yes; he means Tim. Why, sir, I believe he is rather flighty; he has his little gallantries.

Whim. Lookye! Mrs. Pattypan, as to his little gallantries, as you call them, perhaps I know more of the matter than you do.

Mrs. P. Dear sir, you awaken my curiosity.

Whim. But, really, when I consider how disagreeable a task it is to interfere between man and wife—for such I consider you to be—

Mrs. P. 'Tis very true, sir; in all the quarrels that I had with my poor dear soul that's dead and gone, (and many they were,) we never permitted anybody to interfere, but fought them out by ourselves.

Whim. However, on this occasion, my friendship for you overcomes every other consideration.

In a word, your intended husband has made love to my daughter.

Mrs. P. What do I hear? I shall certainly faint.

Whim. For heaven's sake! don't faint yet, for I can't support you, upon my soul!

Mrs. P. An ungrateful fellow! who owes all he has in the world to me.

Whim. Then, of course, all he has in the world ought to be at your disposal: but he did not own to me that he was even acquainted with you.

Mrs. P. I have been a mother to him.

Whim. Perhaps, he thought you fitter to be his mother than his wife.

Mrs. P. Oh! sir, it is not to be repeated what I have done for that young man.

Whim. If it is not to be repeated, I am sure I don't wish to hear it, Mrs. Pattypan. But, between you and me, I suspect the girl is fond of him.

Mrs. P. Fond of him!

Whim. Indeed, I don't wonder at it; he is a handsome dog.

Mrs. P. He is, to be sure, a likely young fellow; not that I consider his person—the mind is my choice: what are fine eyes, flowing locks, brilliant complexions—

Whim. Mighty pretty things to look at, Mrs. Pattypan—(*aside*)—though you never found them in your glass.

Mrs. P. But what are they, compared to the beauties of the mind?

Whim. Faith! I don't know; comparisons are odious, and therefore I sha'n't attempt them.

Mrs. P. Beauty is but skin deep—

Whim. (Aside.) Then i'faith! your skin conceals it more effectually than any skin I ever saw in my life.

Mrs. P. But pray, sir, how did you first discover this affair? tell me all the particulars.

Whim. I would, if I had thought of it a little sooner; but, for aught I know, at this moment, your scape-grace may be explaining to my daughter some particulars, of which I should wish her at present to remain ignorant; so it behoves me to look about me. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. P. Why, here they come! yes, to be sure! Madam ogles and simpers; how ugly she looks when she smiles. (*Retires.*)

Enter CHARLOTTE and TIM.

Char. And what time is the chaise to be ready?

Tim. At twelve o'clock, miss; that was the time 'Squire Monford fixed. Ah! how he'll be in the fidgets! I know what it is to be a true lover myself, as our Nancy can witness.

Char. Oh! Mr. Timothy, I own to you my courage fails me, now I come to the point.

Mrs. P. (Aside.) I think your ladyship seems to have a pretty good share of courage, to come to the point so soon.

Tim. As to the matter of that, miss, as I told you before, I am as much in love as you are—

Mrs. P. (Aside.) A mutual declaration of love!

Tim. Never mind; by this time to-morrow you'll be out of your father's reach.

Mrs. P. (Aside.) Gracious me! he is going to elope with her!

Tim. How the old gentleman will storm.

Char. You know, as people grow in years, their sentiments of love affairs naturally change.

Tim. Ecod! though, that is not the case with old mistress.

Mrs. P. Old mistress, indeed!

Tim. By all accounts, she is just as loving now, as she was thirty years ago.

Mrs. P. (Aside.) His ears shall pay for this.

Tim. If the old girl was to hear me, now, what would she say to it? Ha, ha, ha! Well, miss, I'll take my leave of you till twelve o'clock. I'm just a going to make merry with a few friends for an

hour or two; I'll take care that you shall have an excellent chaise, and as good a pair of horses as ever passed Hyde-park Corner.

Char. Many thanks to you, kind Mr. Timothy.

Tim. Courage, miss; true love endures to the end, as the song says. And so a fig for your father and old mother PATTYMAN.

[*Exeunt Char. and Tim.*]

Mrs. P. (Coming forward.) Old mother PATTYMAN! Old! I shall run mad. What a plot! 'Tis lucky, however, I have discovered it; I'll take care there shall be no elopement. Old, indeed! and too loving! I don't know what the deuce the fellows would have; when we are young, we are not half loving enough, forsooth! and when a few years have taught us how to remedy the defect, they treat our improvement with contempt. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in Mrs. Pattypan's house.

Enter YOUNG WHIMSEY and NANCY.

Young W. Ah! my dear little Nancy; how lucky I am, to meet with you alone.

Nancy. I wish, then, sir, you would leave me alone as you found me; upon my word, Mr. Whimsey, I'll tell my mistress how rude you behave.

Young W. Pray don't, my dear! she will want to try my rudeness herself. By-the-by, where is the old woman?

Nancy. At a neighbour's, over the way; you know she is as jealous as old Scratch of poor Mr. Timothy, and so she means to watch his coming home.

Young W. Oh, ho! then she is out; (*aside*) so much the better. Nancy, I want to give you a little good advice; step into my room with me, and—

Nancy. Into your room! you have no room in this house, Mr. Whimsey; we have let the lodgings.

Young W. Let the lodgings! with all my furniture in them!

Nancy. Pay what you owe, and you may have your furniture.

Young W. Death and—but I can't stay to be in a passion: and so the lodgings are let?

Nancy. Ay; there is an old gentleman, and one of the sweetest young ladies—

Young W. A young lady! Egad! I must see her. [*eh?*]

Nancy. And give her a little good advice, too.

Young W. To be sure, nobody better qualified than myself, to give good advice. I have received a great deal more than I make use of; and as I scorn to be a miser, am ready to give it away to any one who will take it.

Nancy. Bless me, here comes Mr. Furnish, the upholsterer, who has been so often after you with his bill, and our neighbour, Mr. Snap, the bailiff, with him, I vow.

Young W. Furnish! that is the man to whom you have denied me so often. What shall I do? he never saw me, I believe?

Nancy. Never.

Young W. Then I fear nothing. However, a little disguise of my dress may not be amiss—here is an old laced hat and a morning-gown, which I guess, from its antique appearance, belongs to your old lodger.

Nancy. Yes; his servant has just been unpacking his portmanteau.

Young W. Then on they go; in cases of necessity, one cannot stand upon punctilio. (*Putting on the hat and morning gown.*)

Enter FURNISH.

Nancy. Your servant, Mr. Furnish; I suppose you want Mr. Whimsey?

Furn. Yes, my dear, I own a part of my business is with him.

Nancy. I'll go and see if he's at home. [*Exit.*]

Furn. You may save yourself that trouble, my dear: I am pretty sure he is within.

Young W. I think, sir, Mr. Whimsey is indebted to you for the furniture of a house taken by a very fine girl, who referred you to him for payment. I have read many of your letters to him.

Furn. Yes, sir; a number of letters passed between us. I suppose I have received a quire of paper from him at different times; and, egad! that is all I ever received from him. You are his friend, I presume, sir?

Young W. I am partial to him, I own; though I confess he has been duped by women.

Furn. That I can pardon, sir. Gallantry has always been a part of my business.

Young W. Rather a small part of your business at present, I should think, Mr. Furnish.

Furn. But you were speaking of Mr. Whimsey, sir; I fear the poor gentleman is much distressed. Ah! sir, there is no putting an old head on young shoulders.

Young W. And, really, if that could be done, I don't think it would be any great addition to a man's appearance.

Furn. I dare say you would take pleasure in affording him relief.

Young W. That I would, I assure you.

Furn. Mine is not a large bill, (*giving him the bill,*) and, I believe, I could afford to make a small abatement in it; a trifling sum will save an unhappy youth from disgrace. Consider the exquisite luxury of a feeling mind in relieving distress; consider, that generosity is part of the business of man. Consider compassion—(*Young W. shakes his head*) You won't pay the bill—then come in, Mr. Snap, and do your duty. Follow me, and arrest him directly.

Enter SNAP.

Young W. Heyday! what's become of the exquisite luxury of a feeling mind in relieving distress?

Furn. It may do very well for people of fortune; but a tradesman should never indulge in luxury.

Young W. Consider, generosity is part of the business of a man.

Furn. And a d—d losing trade it is; therefore, it sha'n't be a part of my business.

Young W. Ha, ha, ha! egad! Furnish, you are very right not to engage in a business where you have no stock in trade to begin with.

Enter NANCY.

Nancy. (*Aside to Young W.*) Lud! Mr. Whimsey, here's the old gentleman, our lodger, coming this way in a confounded huff about something.

Young W. (*Aside to Nancy.*) I'm very glad of it; I'll have a little sport with the old boy, and engage him with Furnish, whilst I get a peep at the young lass. (*To Furn.*) My dear Furnish, I would advise you to arrest him by all means.

Nancy. (*Aside.*) What can he mean now?

Young W. Let your friend, Mr. Snap, retire for a minute, and I'll explain myself. [*Exit Snap.*] Between you and me, he is now here in disguise.

Furn. Here! where?

Young W. You will see the old fellow presently; Nancy tells me he is coming this way.

Nancy. Ha, ha, ha! I wish I dared laugh out.

Furn. Old fellow! Why I thought he was not above two-and-twenty.

Young W. Very true; but in his present disguise he appears thrice that age.

Furn. His present disguise!

Young W. To deceive his creditors, is, as you call it, a part of his business. He wears as many different sorts of wigs in a month, as a barber's

block; and all Monmouth-street can scarcely supply him with a sufficient change of wardrobe.

Furn. Egad! he must be a comical dog! I shall be ready to laugh in his face.

Nancy. Here he comes, I vow.

Young W. Ay, here he is. (*Aside.*) Eh! what the devil—my father, by all that's whimsical!

Furn. What's the matter, sir? You are not going?

Young W. No, no, sir; only, if Mr. Whimsey should discover that I have told you this; a disagreeable altercation might ensue.

Enter OLD WHIMSEY, with open letters in his hand.

Whim. What an extravagant dog is this son of mine!

Furn. (*Aside to Young W.*) His son! so he pretends to have a son: that's a devilish good thought, i'faith.

Whim. Egad! it is lucky I broke open his letters and discovered his tricks. But I'll make him pay for all this when he comes home. (*Turns and sees Nancy.*) Ah! my little blossom of beauty, are you there? (*Aside.*) To spend two hundred pounds upon a painted doll in three months! (*To Nancy.*) Why, you look mighty pretty to-night, child! but what the devil are you tittering about?

Nancy. Dear sir, I don't know; I'm in a merry humour, that's all.

Whim. Ah! you dear little—Egad! I'm in a merry humour, too. No, I lie, I am not merry. (*Aside.*) That scoundrel Jack—I'll disinherit him. (*To Nancy.*) Well, my little dear, and how d'ye do? the slut fires me; but then, again, that dog Jack fires me, so that I'm in a manner between two fires.

Nancy. You seem in a fluster, sir.

Whim. Yes, my love, I am in a fluster. (*Aside.*) That spendthrift! What eyes she has! He must have his wench, forsooth! the dog has no excuse for his fault. There is no resisting that girl, i'faith!

Young W. (*Aside.*) Well said, philosophy at three-score. (*Just as old Whimsey is going to take Nancy's hand, Furnish comes forward.*)

Furn. (*Aside.*) Ay, ay, his young blood begins to boil. Mr. Whimsey, I kiss your hand.

Nancy. A lucky release. (*Exit with Young W.*)

Whim. Sir, your humble servant; you really have the advantage of me, in knowing me.

Furn. Yes, sir, I really deem it an advantage, and hope to avail myself of it; my name, sir, is Furnish. (*Aside.*) Who the deuce would think he is but two-and-twenty years old. I hope you have had your health lately, sir?

Whim. Very well, I thank ye; I have not been better for these forty years past.

Furn. (*Aside.*) Forty years past! And then his coat, a devilish smart coat, to come from Monmouth-street.

Whim. Why, you seem to be mighty well acquainted with me, Mr. Furnish.

Furn. Ha, ha, ha! I know you, sir, by name, to be sure; and I believe I can form a nearer guess at your age than any one would do, merely from your appearance.

Whim. Eh! well, sir, and how old do you suppose I am, then? D—e, d'ye take me for three-score, you blockhead?

Furn. Not I, upon my soul, sir.

Whim. Then I suppose you think me near fifty.

Furn. Nothing like it, I assure you.

Whim. Perhaps, then, my good friend, you imagine me to be about forty.

Furn. Indeed I do not, Mr. Whimsey.

Whim. (*Shaking hands with him.*) Nay, nay, my dear fellow, 'tis impossible you can suppose me to be much under fifty. Ha, ha, ha!

Furn. Egad! but I do though. Ha, ha, ha! (*Aside.*) How well he counterfeits the laugh of an old man.

Whim. Upon my soul, Furnish, you are a mighty pleasant fellow.

Furn. I believe I am; I make it a part of my business to be pleasant; but there is another part of my business which I must not forget: I have a small bit of paper here, a little slip, which I must trouble you to look over. (*Giving him a bill.*)

Whim. Certainly; I am always ready to look over the little slips of my friends, Mr. Furnish. Let me put on my spectacles.

Furn. (*Aside.*) Spectacles, too! he carries on the joke rarely.

Whim. (*Reading.*) "John Whimsey, esq. debtor, for furnishing Miss Fanny Flighty's house in Newman-street!" Why, what the devil's all this? I know nothing of Miss Flighty's house in Newman-street. [there.

Furn. I believe you have passed many a night

Whim. I pass the night at Miss Fanny Flighty's!

Furn.—Don't think to deceive me, young gentleman; don't I know that you have not paid for the three last gigs you had? that you have as many tricks as a juggler to chouse your creditors? that you keep women in every corner of the town, and change them as often as your horses?

Whim. I can't tell what you may know; but curse me if I know a word of the matter.

Furn. This I know, that I will have my money.

Whim. So you may, but d—n me if you shall have any of mine.

Furn. Why, you brazen young dog! you'll break your poor parent's heart.

Whim. I'll break your head first, however. (*Attempting to strike him.*)

Enter SNAP.

Furn. Mr. Snap, there's your prisoner.

Snap. I ax your pardon, Master Furnish, he shall be no prisoner of mine; why I find you have mistaken the father for the son; 'tis lucky the business stopt here—false imprisonment is a dangerous mistake in this land of liberty. [Exit.

Furn. False imprisonment! Bless me, why I met a fellow here, who told me a cock-and-a-bull story about you; and yet, as gentleman-like a man, with a red morning-gown and a gold-laced hat.

Whim. (*Aside.*) Eh! i'faith there is some trick in all this; my hat and gown have not been borrowed for nothing. But what a cursed fool must you be to trust to appearances!

Furn. If I had trusted to your appearance, I should not have mistaken a gouty old rake of three-score, for a young rake of two-and-twenty.

Whim. Why, your abusive dirty plebeian; you rascally vamped of crazy moveables—out of the house directly!

Furn. With all my heart; I'm sure I've no reason to like my company, only don't threaten me; if you dare to lay one of your rheumatic old bones upon my person, I'll knock you down, I will, egad! remember, I'm an auctioneer, and to knock down a lot of old lumber is often a part of my business. [Exit.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Whim. Oh! I am glad you are come; you must set off for home to-night.

Char. To-night, sir!

Whim. Ay, ma'am, to-night: I have been plundered, abused, laughed at, and nearly arrested, all in the course of half an hour. I have lost my morning-gown and my best hat; but I'll find my property, if it is in the house.

Char. Dear sir, what can they mean by a trick of that sort?

Whim. Mean! why, to be witty, to be sure; I suppose there is some clever creature in the house, who, having no room for wit in his skull, has learnt to jest with his fingers; I am always treated thus whenever I visit this cursed town; thank

heaven, however, I shall be off in an hour. Let all the things be packed up again; I'll just stay to recover my hat and gown, leave a letter to tell Jack he is disinherited, and then trundle into the country, where the people are not sufficiently well bred to laugh at the follies of their betters. *[Exit.]*

Char. To-night, did my father say, we were to set off? Perhaps he may order the chaise even before the hour I've appointed to elope with Monford. Surely, this is about the time Monford was to meet me here—but this unlucky accident—

Enter NANCY, in tears.

Nancy. Ah! madam, I think there is nothing but unlucky accidents in this house; I know you're in love, ma'am, as well as me, Tim told me all: we are such true lovers, that we never hide anything from each other.

Char. Am I then betrayed?

Nancy. I hope not, ma'am; I'm sure your sweet-heart must be a vile fellow to betray such a pretty lady; and yet there is no answering for youth, when they get into company.

Char. What d'y'e mean, child?

Nancy. Young men will be young men; but I didn't think Tim would have served me so, when he knew the consequences.

Char. *(Aside.)* Serve her so, when he knew the consequences!

Nancy. Oh! ma'am, if you did but know my situation. I tremble to think what a noise old mistress will make; I am sure the whole story will come out. Tim has got—got—got—

Char. What? Poor girl, I pity her distress. *(Aside.)*

Nancy. But, perhaps, ma'am, your gentleman has sometimes served you just the same—I beg pardon.

Char. My dear, you really—confuse me—so—What has he got?

Nancy. He has got—tipsy, ma'am—and when he is tipsy he does not care what he does; I know old mistress will find out that he and I are fallen in love together, and here he comes, I vow.

Char. How unlucky! But he won't stay in this room, will he?

Nancy. Indeed, ma'am, I can't answer for him.

Char. To say the truth, my dear girl, I engaged to meet my lover, as you call him, in this very room, presently: pray, contrive that I may not be disappointed.

Nancy. I will, indeed, ma'am, if I possibly can; but Tim sometimes is so boisterous, I'm obliged to let him do as he pleases. *[Exit Charlotte.]* Bless me, when this love gets into one's head—I shall be scolded for not putting this room to rights. *(Lets down one of the window curtains; as she begins to let down the other,)*

TIM TARTLETT enters, tipsy.

Tim. Oh! Nancy, my dear, sweet, pretty, little Nancy! Tol d rol. *(Singing and dancing.)*

Nancy. Oh! Tim, how can you be so merry in such a situation?

Tim. V'y every body is merry; and all is merry round me: the very tables and chairs dance. And you know the old saying, ven one is at Rome, one must do as Rome does.

Nancy. Pray, sit down.

Tim. I will, since you ax me so civilly. *(Sits down.)* Oh! Nancy, how I do love you!

Nancy. Consider, Tim—

Tim. I can't consider; I can do nothing but be in love; and one can do that without considering at all.

Nancy. I wish you would go to bed, my dear Tim: do, take my advice.

Tim. I will, Nancy, my dear! I will take your advice.

Nancy. Come, then.

Tim. I am going, I am going.

Nancy. But you don't stir. Hark! I hear somebody on the stairs. Make haste!

Tim. I will: I tell you I am going.

Nancy. Lord! if the old woman should catch me here—I am so frightened—Here somebody comes, I vow. What shall I do? I must e'en leave him to himself. *[Exit.]*

Tim. Don't be in a hurry, my love! you see I am going—going—going—*(Falls asleep.)*

Enter MONFORD.

Mon. I can't conceive where Charlotte can be; she ought to have been punctual at this time, when the crisis of our fate approaches; when—*(Tim snores)*—Heyday! what have we here? my friend Timothy stopped short on his journey to bed, and fallen asleep by the way.—Hush! I hear a noise on the stairs: let me listen. *(Retires.)*

Enter YOUNG WHIMSEY.

Young W. Egad! I have had a hard chace of it! the old gentleman could not have been warmer in the pursuit, if he had been hunting a petticoat. What the deuce is this? Old mother Pattypan's husband elect! My father's voice again! I should like to see the end of the joke; but where can I hide myself? I'faith, this window-curtain would keep me out of sight; and, at the same time, give me an opportunity of hearing what passes; and lest Mr. Timothy should catch cold, I'll lend him my spoils to cover him, as I have no further use for them. *(Lays the gown over Tim Tartlett, and puts the hat on his head.)* But the sound seems to retire; I'll follow it. *[Exit.]*

Mon. *(Comes forward.)* There are voices on the stairs, sure enough. I must not be seen here; and yet if I quit the spot, I shall miss the opportunity of seeing Charlotte—but, hold! a bustle again! If a convenient closet could be found now—not one in the room by all that's unlucky! However, here is a curtain will do just as well—*(Seems to listen.)*

Enter YOUNG WHIMSEY.

Young W. *(Aside.)* And now, having set all my puppets in motion, I retire behind the curtain, like a cunning statesman, from the storm I have raised. *(Young Whimsey and Monford steal softly from opposite sides of the stage, towards the curtain; and do not perceive each other till they are both on the point of concealing themselves behind it.)*—Zounds! who is this? *(Aside.)*

Mon. Really, sir, this is an extraordinary—a most unexpected visit. I expect a person here presently, from whom I must be concealed.

Young W. So do I.

Mon. And I have chosen this place for my retreat.

Young W. There we agree, my dear sir.

Mon. Zounds! this impertinence—

Young W. Piano, my dear sir, piano! If you must swear, let it be in a whisper: consider, you will discover yourself.

Mon. *(Aside.)* Egad! that's very true.

Whim. *(Without.)* I'll warrant you I'll ferret the dog out at last.

Young W. There, sir—you have no time to lose. We must pursue the old English policy—forget our private disputes, when the common enemy is at the door: and so, sir, in we go. *(They go behind the curtain.)*

Enter OLD WHIMSEY.

Whim. Where can this thief be hid? I am sure I have searched the house from the cellar to the garret, as narrowly as if I had been bred an exciseman. *(Seeing Tim.)* Oh! here is the facetious gentleman: asleep too! Ha, ha! Come, my lad,

you may as well open your eyes! it don't signify your sitting there, and snoring like a damaged organ-pipe. Hallo!

Tim. (Waking.) Nancy, my dear Nancy! I am going.

Whim. Indeed you are not going. What are you, sirrah?

Tim. A little tipsy, your honour.

Whim. How did you come by this hat and morning gown?

Tim. I came by 'em! You should rather ask, how they came by me.

Whim. What made you sit down here?

Tim. Because I could not stand.

Whim. Quite intoxicated. A thorough-bred rogue, I'll warrant him. How have you managed so long to escape hanging, sirrah?

Tim. Your honour seems to have lived many years longer than me in the world, without any accident, and why should not I have as good luck as my neighbours?

Whim. Ha, ha! he has a budget of jokes, too: all second-hand, I suppose. Stick to that, my boy; you'll find it much safer to steal jokes than gold-faced hats.

Tim. Well, your honour, I suppose you have no commands for me. I'll e'en finish my nap.

Whim. By all means, my lad! and when you are sober, I would have you exchange your wit for a little honesty, if you can find any at market. Good bye. [*Exit Tim.*]

Young W. (Peeping from behind the curtain.) One of them is gone.

Whim. (Aside.) Eh! what's that?

Mon. (Peeping from the other side of the curtain.) Which of them is it?

Whim. (Aside.) Another voice! There is more mischief going forward in this house. I'll listen. [*Lays himself back in the chair, puts on the hat, and covers himself with the gown.*]

Young W. The old gentleman is off; I don't hear his tongue. [*Coming forward with Monford.*]

Whim. (Aside.) It is my plague—it is Jack, as I live.

Young W. Yes, yes; here lies Tim, taking a second nap. I perceive you are surprised at his appearance; you must know, I was his dresser.

Mon. You!

Young W. In imitation of dame Fortune, I have deprived one man of what he really wanted, to lavish it on another, who had no use for it.

Mon. Well, sir, as the circumstances under which we met prove that each of us have some reasons to be concealed at present—

Young W. I'll e'en take my leave—but before I go, upon my soul, I long to have one knock at that rascal, who lies sleeping there. You must know, he has had the impudence to be my rival, with a devilish pretty little black-eyed wench, who twirls a mop in this house.

Whim. (Aside.) Zounds! I believe the dog has discovered me.

Young W. Do, let me fetch a horse-whip. I ask but for three cuts at him—only three cuts.—Zounds! here comes Mrs. Pattypan; then I'm off, and Tim may sleep on in whole bones. [*Exit.*]

Enter MRS. PATTYPAN.

Mon. (To Mrs. Patt.) Ah! Mrs. Pattypan, I suppose you are in search of your apprentice: there he sits, in a kind of double disguise, both of dress and liquor.

Mrs. P. Yes, yes, sir, I have heard it all; and shall give him a lecture on the subject.

[*Exit Monford.*]

Whim. (Aside.) The devil! it will be a fine joke against me to be discovered in this situation. I'll e'en feign to be asleep.

Mrs. P. Oh! Tim Tartlett, I did mean to scold

you; but your presence softens all my resentment. Come, you must not be too bashful? you have to be sure taken a liberty, by your conduct this evening; but when a woman loves a man, she can pardon little liberties in him. [*Taking his hand.*]

Enter CHARLOTTE and MONFORD, with his arm round her waist, as if talking to her. Mrs. Pattypan starts, and Old Whimsey discovers himself.

Mrs. P. Upon my word, ma'am, this intrusion—

Whim. Is a very agreeable intrusion, Mrs. Pattypan: I really began to be afraid of you.

Mrs. P. Afraid of me—but I won't be out of temper.

Char. I declare I thought it was Mr. Timothy.

Mrs. P. Yes, ma'am; I thought it was Mr. Timothy, too. The old gentleman could never suppose I meant to make love to him. Ha, ha, ha!

Whim. Faith, I don't know, Mrs. Pattypan; the love of some ladies is a kind of universal philanthropy—it extends to all mankind. [*Exit Mrs. P.*] And pray, sir, did you think it was Mr. Timothy, too?—In short, Monford, we have all passed a mighty agreeable evening, and it is now time to go to bed. One word at parting: if you marry Mrs. Pattypan, you had better continue to keep a sharp look out after Mr. Timothy. So good night 'ye. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The doors of four Rooms are seen.

Enter YOUNG WHIMSEY and SIMON.

Young W. Let me see: you say the gentleman who took shelter with me behind the window-curtain, is Mr. Monford, my sister Charlotte's lover.

Simon. Yes, sir; and he is going to run away with her this evening. I know where they ordered the chaise.

Young W. Then run back instantly to the inn, and countermand Mr. Monford's chaise, in his name: I'll take the consequences. When the other comes, tell the post-boy to let me know. I'll step into the room which I find was intended for my father: the old gentleman will hardly go into it, as he does not mean to sleep there. Be quick! don't lose a moment.

[*Exit Simon. Young W. goes into the first room.*]

Enter MONFORD and CHARLOTTE, meeting.

Char. Oh! Monford, my father has ordered me to meet him in his own room directly; the moment your chaise is ready, come to me in my chamber. Remember, that the farthest door is mine, and don't venture to speak above a whisper. [*Points to the door.*]

Mon. My charmer! my Charlotte!

Char. Hush! this is not a time for fine speeches—I'm sure I hear my father's footsteps. I must begone. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter OLD WHIMSEY.

Whim. Ha, ha, ha! Well done, old Whimsey! who will pretend to deny that I am an excellent politician? to set off, at a moment's notice, without giving Monford the most distant inkling of my intentions! Egad! I shall jockey them all, and leave Jack to pay for the lodgings as well as he can! And now I'll e'en retire to my own room, and wait for Charlotte. [*Goes into the room where Young W. is concealed.*]

Enter MRS. PATTYPAN.

Mrs. P. My young madam's door open! that's the signal, I suppose, for Mr. Timothy to wait on her; but she is mistaken: at these years, I think I know the value of a lover too well to lose him so easily—but I hear somebody coming, and I must

not be seen here: I'll e'en step into my new lodger's room for a minute, till they are gone.

[Exit into the second room.]

Enter MONFORD.

Mon. That must be Charlotte by her tiptoe tread, and the rustling of her gown; but, then, why retire into my room instead of her own: I'll follow her, however. The devil take the people, will they never be in bed in this house!

[Exit into the room where Mrs. Pattypan is gone.]

Enter TIM TARTLETT.

Tim. What shall I do? I fear I am not quite sober yet; the plaguy old woman haunts me like a ghost! By jingo! I believe here she comes.—Where shall I hide myself? Here is a door open, i'faith! Any port in a storm, they say.

[Exit into the third room.]

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. I think the whole house is now at rest, except our faithful Nancy. My father is undoubtedly in his own chamber. My door is shut; so Monford is certainly gone into my room. Lud! I am so frightened! I wish I were safe out of the house. [Exit into the room where Tim Tart. is gone.]

Enter SIMON and the Post-boy.

Simon. I'll bring you to my master, my lad; he'll give you his orders here.

Postboy. I suppose his honour pays handsomely; travels with a silver spur, eh! I've all my paces, from eighteen pence to five shillings a stage.—But where is the gentleman?

Simon. I'faith, that's more than I can tell; perhaps he is in his bed-chamber: but which it is of those rooms, I'm sure I don't know.—Stay here a moment, while I step down stairs and inquire.

[Exit.]

Postboy. And so I'm to kick my heels here while he is looking for his master, and my horses standing in the street all the while. I'll e'en try all the doors—I shall find the right one at last. (*Knocking at each of the doors.*) Nobody answers. Rot me! if I don't believe the people are all asleep. Hallo! gentlefolks, the chaise is ready. (*Cracking his whip; all the doors fly open at once, and the several persons who had concealed themselves in the rooms, come out.*)

Whim. (*Taking Young Whimsey's hand.*) Come along, Charlotte, come along!—Heyday! how did you come here, you dog? (*looking round*) and you? and you?—

Char. Heavens! we are discovered! (*Seeing Tim.*) Bless me, Mr. Timothy!

Mrs. P. Yes, ma'am, you are discovered indeed.

Mon. Mr. Whimsey, I'm really all confusion!

Whim. Yes, faith! so the rest of the company seem to be. Here we are, fat and lean, old and young, paired as badly as the city train-bands at a lord mayor's shew!—But how the devil we came here in couples, seems as yet to remain a secret.

Mrs. P. I can explain it: your shameless daughter seduced the affections of my intended husband, and has attempted to tear him from my arms.

Whim. Tear him from your arms! Egad! I should think that no easy matter, Mrs. Pattypan, if you were resolved to hold him fast.

Mon. I believe, sir, my confession will explain everything to you: I own I did intend to elope with Miss Charlotte this evening.

Whim. Very obliging of you, indeed, to make a confession, when your scheme is discovered: I have seen a highwayman do as much just before his execution.

Young W. Then, sir, as execution follows confession, let them be tied up directly, with benefit of clergy.

Tim. Suppose you and I follow the example, mistress. I believe my hour is come; and so the sooner I am out of my pain, the better.

Mrs. P. Then, Tim is constant after all.

Tim. Ah! mistress, that I am. (*Sighing.*)

Char. My dear father will not let me petition in vain.

Young W. Nay, Nancy will join her entreaties; and then, sir, you will a second time be between two fires.

Whim. Ah! rot your two fires! The dog has me fast; I dare not refuse my consent; and so, Monford, take my daughter; but curse me if I intended you should have had her. As for you, Mrs. Pattypan, may you find marriage like one of your own tarts, with no more acid in it, than is just enough to render the sweets more poignant. To crown your satisfaction, may your lodgings never remain empty; and may every friend, who takes a peep at the First Floor, honour it with his approbation.

[Exeunt.]

THE VIRGIN UNMASKED;

A MUSICAL FARCE, IN ONE ACT.—BY HENRY FIELDING.



Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

GOODWILL
BLISTER

COUPEE
QUAVER

THOMAS
LUCY

SCENE I.—A Hall in Goodwill's house.

Enter GOODWILL.

Good. Well, it is to me surprising, that out of the multitudes who feel a pleasure in getting an estate, few or none should taste a satisfaction in bestowing it. I am, at present, I thank heaven and my own industry, worth a good ten thousand pounds and an only daughter; both of which I have determined to give to the most worthy of my poor relations. I have sent to summon them. The girl I have bred up under my own eye; she has seen nothing, knows nothing, and has, consequently, no will but mine. Here she comes!

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Did you send for me, papa?

Good. Yes; come hither, child. I have sent for you to mention an affair to you, which you, I believe, have not yet thought of.

Lucy. I hope it is not to send me to a boarding-school, papa.

Good. Be not frightened, my dear child, you have done nothing to offend me. But answer me one question: what does my little dear think of a husband?

Lucy. A husband, papa? Oh, la!

Good. Come, it is a question a girl in her sixteenth year may answer. Should you like to have a husband, Lucy?

Lucy. And am I to have a coach?

Good. A coach! No, no. What has that to do with a husband?

Lucy. Why, you know, papa, Sir John Wealthy's daughter was carried away in a coach by her husband; and I have been told by several of our neighbours that I was to have a coach when I was married. Indeed I have dreamt of it a hundred times.

I never dreamt of a husband in my whole life, that I did not dream of a coach. I have rid about in one all night in my sleep, and methought it was the purest thing in the world!

Good. Lock up a girl as you will, I find you cannot keep her from evil counsellors. (*Aside.*) I tell you, child, you must have no coach with a husband.

Lucy. Then let me have a coach without a husband.

Good. What! had you rather have a coach than a husband?

Lucy. Hum! I don't know that. But, if you'll get me a coach, let me alone, I'll warrant I'll get me a husband.

AIR.—LUCY.

*Do you, papa, but find a coach,
And leave the other to me, sir;
For that will make the lover approach,
And I warrant we sha'n't disagree, sir.*

*No sparks will take to girls that walk,
I've heard it, and confide in't:
Do you, then, fix my coach and six,
I warrant I'll get one to ride in't.*

Good. The girl is out of her wits, sure! (*Aside.*) Hussy! who put these thoughts into your head? You shall have a good sober husband, that will teach you better things.

Lucy. Ay, but I won't though, if I can help it; for Miss Jenny Flant-it says, a sober husband is the worst sort of husband in the world.

Good. I have a mind to sound the girl's inclinations. (*Aside.*) Come hither, Lucy; tell me now, of all the men you ever saw, whom should you like best for a husband?

Lucy. Oh, fie! papa; I must not tell.

Good. Yes, you may tell your father.

Lucy. No; Miss Jenny says I must not tell my mind to any man whatever. She never tells a word of truth to her father.

Good. Miss Jenny is a wicked girl, and you must not regard her. Come, tell me the truth, or I shall be angry. Tell me, I insist upon it!

Lucy. Why, then, of all the men I ever saw in my whole life time, I like Mr. Thomas, my Lord Bounce's footman, the best, a hundred thousand times.

Good. Oh! fie upon you! like a footman!

Lucy. A footman! he looks a thousand times more like a gentleman, than either Squire Foxchase or Squire Tankard; and talks more like one; ay, and smells more like one, too; and he always carries a great swingeing stick in his hand, as big as himself, that he would knock any dog down with who was to offer to bite me. A footman, indeed! Why, Miss Jenny likes him as well as I do; and she says, all the fine young gentlemen, that the ladies in London are so fond of, are just such persons as he is. Ecod! I should have had him before now, but that folks told me I should have a man with a coach; and that, methinks, I had rather have a great deal.

Good. I am amazed; but I abhor the mercenary temper in the girl worse than all. (*Aside.*) What, child, would you have any one with a coach? Would you have Mr. Achum?

Lucy. Yes, indeed, would I, for a coach.

Good. Why, he is a cripple, and can scarce walk across the room.

Lucy. What signifies that?

AIR.—LUCY.

When he in a coach can be carried,

What need has a man to go?

That women for coaches are married,

I'm not such a child but I know.

But if the poor crippled elf

In coach be not able to roam,

Why, then, I can go by myself,

And he may e'en stay at home.

Enter BLISTER.

Blister. Mr. Goodwill, your humble servant. I have rode twelve long miles in little more than an hour. I am glad to see you so well; I was afraid by your message—

Good. That I had wanted your advice, I suppose: truly, coz, I send for you on a better account. Lucy, this is a relation of your's you have not seen a great while; my cousin Blister, the apothecary. (*Blister salutes her.*)

Lucy. Oh, la! I hope that great huge man is not to be my husband. (*Aside.*)

Blister. My cousin is well grown, and looks healthy. What apothecary do you employ? He deals in good drugs, I warrant him!

Good. Plain wholesome food and exercise are what she deals in.

Blister. Plain wholesome food is very proper at some time of the year.

Good. Leave us a little, my dear Lucy, I must talk with your cousin.

Lucy. Yes, papa, with all my heart. I hope I shall never see that great thing again.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Good. I believe, you begin to wonder at my message; and will, perhaps, more when you know the occasion of it. In short, without more preface, I begin to find myself going out of the world, and my daughter very eager to come into it. I have, therefore, resolved to see her settled without further delay. Wherefore, as I can give her a sufficient competency, I have determined to marry her to one of my own relations; and have sent to several of my kinsmen, of whom she shall take her choice;

and, as you are the first here, if you like my proposal, you shall make the first application.

Blister. With all my heart, cousin; and I am very much obliged to you. Your daughter seems an agreeable young woman, and I have no aversion to marriage. But, pray, why do you think yourself going out of the world? Proper care might continue you in it a considerable while. Let me feel your pulse.

Good. To oblige you; though I am in very good health.

Blister. A little feverish. I would advise you to lose a little blood, and take an emulsion, with a gentle emetic and cathartic.

Good. No, no; I will send my daughter to you; but, pray, keep your physic to yourself, dear cousin.

[*Exit.*]

Blister. This man is near seventy, and, I have heard, never took any physic in his life; and yet, he looks as well as if he had been under the doctor's hands all his life time. 'Tis strange! but if I marry his daughter, the sooner he dies the better. It is an odd whim of his to marry her in this manner; but he is very rich, and so, so much the better. What a strange girl it is! No matter; her fortune is never the worse. Oh! here comes my mistress!

Enter LUCY.

What a plague shall I say to her? I never made love in my life. (*Aside.*)

Lucy. Papa has sent me hither; but if it was not for fear of a boarding-school, I am sure I would not have come; but they say I shall be whipped there, and a husband can't whip me, let me do what I will; that's one good thing. (*Aside.*)

Blister. Won't you please to sit down, cousin?

Lucy. Yes, thank you, sir. Since I must stay with you, I may as well sit down as not. (*Aside.*)

Blister. Pray, cousin, how do you find yourself?

Lucy. Find myself! my papa finds me—

Blister. Yes: how do you do? Let me feel your pulse. How do you sleep o'nights?

Lucy. How? why, sometimes one way, sometimes another.

Blister. But I mean, do you sleep without interruption? Are you not restless?

Lucy. I tumble and toss a good deal sometimes.

Blister. Hum! Pray, how long do you usually sleep?

Lucy. About ten or eleven hours.

Blister. Is your stomach good? Do you eat with an appetite?

Lucy. No; I eat with a knife and fork.

Blister. How often do you find in a day any inclination to eat?

Lucy. Not often; unless it be at breakfast, dinner, and supper, and afternoon's nuncheon.

Blister. Hum! I find you have, at present, no absolute need of an apothecary.

Lucy. I am glad to hear that. I wish he was gone, with all my heart. (*Aside.*)

Blister. I suppose, cousin, your father has mentioned to you the affair I am come upon; may I hope you will comply with him in making me the happiest man upon earth?

Lucy. You need not ask me, you know I must do what he bids me.

Blister. May I, then, hope you will make me your husband?

Lucy. I must do what he'll have me.

Blister. What makes you cry, miss? Pray, tell me what is the matter?

Lucy. No, you will be angry with me if I tell you.

Blister. I angry! it is not in my power, I can't be angry with you; I am to be afraid of your anger, not you of mine; I must not be angry with you whatever you do.

Lucy. What, must not you be angry, let me do what I will?

Blist. No, my dear.

Lucy. Why, then, by goles! I will tell you. I hate you, and I can't abide you.

Blist. What have I done to deserve your hate?

Lucy. You have done nothing; but you are such a great ugly thing, I can't bear to look at you; and if my papa was to lock me up for a twelvemonth, I should hate you still.

Blist. Did you not tell me just now you would make me your husband?

Lucy. Yes, so I will for all that.

AIR.—LUCY.

Ah! be not angry, good dear sir,

Nor do not tell papa;

For though I can't abide you, sir,

I'll marry you—Oh, la!

Blist. Well, my dear, if you can't abide me I can't help that, nor you can't help it; and if you will not tell your father, I assure you I will not; besides, my dear, as for liking me, do not give yourself any trouble about that, it is the very best reason for marrying me; no lady now marries any one but whom she hates; hating one another is the chief end of matrimony. It is what most couples do before they are married, and all after it. I fancy you have not a right notion of a married life. I suppose, you imagine we are to be fond, and kiss, and hug one another as long as we live.

Lucy. Why, a'n't we?

Blist. Ha, ha, ha! A'n't we! no. How ignorant it is! (*Aside.*) Marrying is nothing but living in the same house together, and going by the same name; while I am following my business, you will be following your pleasure; so that we shall rarely meet but at meals, and then we are to sit at opposite ends of the table, and make faces at each other.

Lucy. I shall like that prodigiously. Ah! but there is one thing, though—a'n't we to sleep together?

Blist. A fortnight, no longer.

Lucy. A fortnight! that's a long time: but it will soon be over.

Blist. Ay, and then you may have any one else.

Lucy. May I? then, I'll have Mr. Thomas, by goles! Why, this is pure! La! they told me other stories. I thought when I had been married, I must have never liked any one but my husband, and that if I should, he would kill me; but I thought one thing though with myself, that I could like another man without letting him know it, and then, a fig for him.

Blist. Ay, ay; they tell children strange stories; I warrant, they have told you, you must be governed by your husband.

Lucy. My papa tells me so.

Blist. But all the married women in England will tell you another story.

Lucy. So they have already; for they say I must not be governed by a husband; and they say another thing, too, that you will tell me one story before marriage and another afterwards; for that marriage alters a man prodigiously.

Blist. No, child; I shall be just the same creature I am now, unless in one circumstance, I shall have a huge pair of horns on my head.

Lucy. Shall you! that's pure! Ha, ha! What a comical figure you will make! But how will you make them grow?

Blist. It is you that will make them grow.

Lucy. Shall I! by goles! then, I'll do't as soon as ever I can, for I long to see them. Do tell me how I shall do it.

Blist. Every other man you kiss, I shall have a pair of horns grow.

Lucy. By goles! then, you shall have horns enow; but I fancy you are joking me now.

DUETT.—BLISTER and LUCY.

Lucy. Ah! sir, I guess

You are a fibbing creature.

Blist. Because, dear miss,

You know not human nature.

Lucy. Married men, I'll be sworn,

I have seen without a horn.

Blist. Ah! child, you want art to unlock it:

The secret here lies,

The men are so wise,

They carry their horns in their pocket.

Lucy. But you shall wear your's on your head, for I shall like them better than any other thing about you.

Blist. Well, then, miss, I may depend upon you.

Lucy. And may I depend upon you?

Blist. Yes, my dear.

Lucy. Ah! but don't call me so; I hate you should call me so.

Blist. Oh! child, all married people call one another my dear, let them hate one another as much as they will.

Lucy. Do they? Well, then, my dear—hum! I think there is not any great matter in the word neither.

Blist. Why, amongst your fine gentry there is scarce any meaning in anything they say. Well, I'll go to your papa, and tell him we have agreed upon matters, and have the wedding instantly.

Lucy. The sooner the better.

Blist. Your servant, my pretty dear. [*Exit.*]

Lucy. Your servant, my dear. Nasty, greasy, ugly fellow! Well, marriage is a charming thing though; I long to be married more than ever I did for anything in my life! since I am to govern, I'll warrant I'll do it purely. By goles! I'll make him know who is at home. Let me see, I'll practise a little. Suppose that chair was my husband; and, eood! by all I can find, a chair is as proper for a husband as anything else; now says my husband to me, "How do you do, my dear?" "Lard! my dear, I don't know how I do; not the better for you." "Pray, my dear, let us dine early to-day." "Indeed, my dear, I can't." "Do you intend to go abroad to-day?" "No, my dear." "Then you will stay at home." "No, my dear." "Shall we ride out?" "No, my dear." "Shall we go a visiting?" "No, my dear." I will never do anything I am bid, that I am resolved; and then, Mr. Thomas!—Oh, good! I am out of my wits.

Enter COUPEE.

Heyday! what fine gentleman is this?

Coup. Cousin, your most obedient and devoted humble servant.

Lucy. I find this is one of your fine gentry, by his not having any meaning in his words. (*Aside.*)

Coup. I have not the honour to be known to you, cousin; but your father has been so kind as to give me admission to your fair hands.

Lucy. Oh, gemini cancer! what a fine charming man this is! (*Aside.*)

Coup. My name, madam, is Coupee, and I have the honour to be a dancing-master.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to dance?

Coup. Yes, my dear, I am come to teach you a very pretty dance. Did you never learn to dance?

Lucy. No, sir, not I; only Mr. Thomas taught me one, two, three.

Coup. That is a very great fault in your education, and it will be a great happiness for you to amend it, by having a dancing-master for your husband.

Lucy. Yes, sir; but I am not to have a dancing-

master; my papa says I am to have a nasty stinking apothecary.

Coup. Your papa says! What signifies what your papa says?

Lucy. What, must I not mind what my papa says?

Coup. No, no; you are to follow your own inclinations. I think, if she has any eyes, I may venture to trust them. (*Aside.*) Your father is a very comical, queer, old fellow; a very odd kind of a silly fellow, and you ought to laugh at him.—I ask pardon though for my freedom.

Lucy. You need not ask my pardon, for I am not at all angry; for, between you and I, I think him as odd queer a fellow as you can do for your life. I hope you won't tell him what I say.

Coup. I tell him! I hate him for his barbarous usage of you; to lock up a young lady of beauty, wit, and spirit, without ever suffering her to learn to dance! Why, madam, not learning to dance is absolute ruin to a young lady. I suppose he took care enough you should learn to read?

Lucy. Yes, I can read very well, and write a letter, too.

Coup. Ay, there it is; why, now, that's more than I can do. All parents take care to instruct their children in low mechanical things, while the genteel sciences are neglected. Forgive me, madam, at least, if I throw myself at your feet, and vow never to rise till lifted up with the elevated fire of your smiles.

Lucy. Lard, sir! I don't know what to say to these fine things. He's a pure man. (*Aside.*)

Coup. Might I hope to obtain the least spark of your love; the least spark, madam, would blow up a flame in me that nothing ever could quench. Oh! hide those lovely eyes, nor dart their fiery rays upon me, lest I am consumed. Shall I hope you will think on me?

Lucy. I shall think of you more than I will let you know. (*Aside.*)

Coup. Will you not answer me?

Lucy. La! you make me blush so, I know not what to say.

Coup. Ay, that is from not having learnt to dance. A dancing-master would have cured you of that. Let me teach you what to say, that I may hope you will condescend to make me your husband.

Lucy. No, I won't say that; but, if you'll wait a fortnight—

Coup. A fortnight! bid me live to the age of—of—Mr. What's-his-name, the oldest man that ever lived!

Lucy. Mr. Methusalem.

Coup. Ay, you are right, Mr. Jerusalem! Live a fortnight after you are married? No; unless you resolve to have me, I will resolve to put an end to myself.

Lucy. Oh! do not do that; but, indeed, I never can have you: and the apothecary says, no woman marries any man she does not hate.

Coup. Ha, ha, ha! Such mean fellows as those every fine lady must hate; but when they marry fine gentlemen, they love them as long as they live.

Lucy. Oh! but I would not have you think I love you. I assure you, I don't love you; I have been told I must not tell any man I love him; I don't love you, indeed I don't.

Coup. But may I not hope you will?

Lucy. Lard! sir, I can't help what you hope; it is equal to me what you hope. Miss Jenny says I must always give myself airs to a man I like. (*Aside.*)

Coup. Hope, madam, at least, you may allow me; the cruellest of your sex, the greatest tyrants, deny not hope.

Lucy. No, I won't give you the least crumb of hope. Hope, indeed! what do you take me for? I'll assure you!—No, I would not give you the

least bit of hope, though I was to see you die before my face. It is a pure thing to give one's self airs. (*Aside.*)

Coup. Since nothing but my death will content you, you shall be satisfied even at that price. (*Pulls out his kitt.*) Ah! cursed kitt! I have no other instrument of death about me than a sword, which won't draw. But I have thought of a way; within the orchard there is an apple-tree; there, there, madam, you shall see me hanging by the neck, dingle dangle.

*There shall you see your dancing-master die;
As Bateman hang'd for love—e'en so will I.*

Lucy. Oh! stay. La! sir, you're so hasty: must I tell you the first time I see you? Miss Jenny Flant-it has been courted these two years by half-a-dozen men, and nobody knows which she'll have yet; and must not I be courted at all? I will be courted; indeed, so I will.

Coup. And so you shall; I will court you after we are married.

Lucy. But will you, indeed?

Coup. Yes, indeed; but, if I should not, there are others enough that will.

Lucy. But I did not think married women had ever been courted though.

Coup. That's all owing to your not learning to dance! why, there are abundance of women who marry for no other reason, as there are several men who never court any but married women.

Lucy. Well, then, I don't much care if I do marry you; but, hold! there is one thing—but that does not much signify.

Coup. What is it, my dear?

Lucy. Only I promised the apothecary just now, that's all.

Coup. Well, shall I fly, then, and put everything in readiness?

Lucy. Ay, do; I'm ready.

Coup. One kiss before I go, my dearest angel! and now, one, two, three, and away.

[*Exit, dancing.*]

Lucy. Oh! dear, sweet man! he's as handsome as an angel, and as fine as a lord: he is handsomer than Mr. Thomas, and, eod! almost as well dressed. I see now why my father would never let me learn to dance. For, by goles! if all dancing-masters be such fine men as this, I wonder every woman does not dance away with one.

AIR.—LUCY.

*Oh! how charming my life will be,
When marriage has made me a fine lady!
In chariot, six horses, and diamonds bright,
In Flanders lace, and' broidery clothes,
Oh! how I'll flame it among the beaux!
In bed all the day, at cards all the night,
Oh! how I'll revel the hours away!
Sing it, and dance it, coquet it, and play;
With feasting, toasting, jesting, roasting,
Ranting, scantum, flaunting, jaunting;
Laughing at all the world can say.*

Oh, la! what's here? another beau!

Enter QUAVER.

Quav. Madam, your servant. I suppose my cousin Goodwill has told you of the happiness he designs me.

Lucy. No, sir, my papa has not told me anything about you. Who are you, pray?

Quav. I have the honour of being a distant relation of your's, and I hope to be a nearer one: my name is Quaver, madam; I have the honour to teach some of the first quality to sing.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to sing?

Quav. I like her desire to learn to sing; it is a proof of an excellent understanding. (*Aside.*) Yes, madam, I will be proud to teach you anything in

my power; and do believe I shall not yield to any one in the science of singing.

Lucy. Well, and I shall be glad to learn; for I have been told I have a tolerable voice, only I don't know the notes.

Quav. That, madam, may be acquired, a voice cannot: a voice must be the gift of nature, and it is the greatest gift nature can bestow. All other perfections, without a voice, are nothing at all. Music is allowed by all wise men to be the noblest of the sciences: whoever knows music, knows everything.

Lucy. Come, then, begin to teach me, for I long to learn.

Quav. But, at present, I have something of a different nature to say to you.

Lucy. What have you to say?

AIR.—QUAVER.

Dearest charmer!

Will you, then, bid me tell,

What you discern so well,

By my expiring sighs,

My doating eyes,

My doating eyes?

Look through the instructive grove,

Each object prompts to love;

All nature tells you what I'd say.

Lucy. Oh! charming, delightful!

Quav. May I hope you'll grant—

Lucy. Now you shall hear my song.

AIR.—LUCY.

*As I was a walking one morning in May,
I heard a young damsel to sigh and to say,
My true love has left me, 'twas but yesterday
He took his leave of me, and so went away.*

*The very next time that I did him see,
He vow'd to be constant, be constant to me;
I ask'd him his name, and he made this reply,
It is T, I, M, O, T, H, Y.*

*Says he, if you'll wed me, pray, tell me your mind,
A husband I'll make you both loving and kind;
And now to the church, my dear, let us repair,
Ne'er mind your F, A, T, H, E, R.*

*My father's possess'd of nine hundred a-year,
And I am his daughter and only heir.
Not a farthing of fortune he'll give me, I fear,
If I marry with Y, O, U, my dear.*

*They went to the church, and were married, they say,
And went to the father the very same day;
Saying, honour'd father, we tell unto thee,
That we're M, A, R, R, I, E, D.*

*With that the old codger began for to stare;
You've married my daughter and only heir;
But, since it is so, to it I comply,
With T, I, M, O, T, H, Y.*

Another song, and I'll I'll do anything.

AIR.—QUAVER.

Dearest creature!

Pride of nature!

All your glances

Give me trances.

Dearest, &c.

May I hope you'll be mine?

Lucy. Will you charm me so every day?

Quav. And every night, too, my angel.

Re-enter COUPEE.

Coup. Heyday! what do I see? my mistress in another man's arms? (*Aside.*) Sir, will you do me the favour to tell me what business you have with th' at lady?

Quav. Pray, sir, be so good as to tell me what business you have to ask?

Coup. Sir!

Quav. Sir!

Coup. Sir, this lady is my mistress.

Quav. I beg to be excused for that, sir.

Coup. Sir!

Quav. Sir!

DUETT.—COUPEE' and QUAVER.

Coup. Excuse me, sir! *Zounds!* what d'ye mean?
I hope you don't give me the lie.

Quav. Sir, you mistake me quite and clean;
Indeed, good sir, not I.

Coup. *Zounds!* sir, if you had, I'd been mad,
But I'm very glad that you don't.

Quav. Do you challenge me, sir?

Coup. Not I, indeed, sir.

Quav. Indeed, sir, I'm very glad on't.

Lucy. Pray, gentlemen, what's the matter? I beseech you, speak to me, one of you.

Coup. Have I not reason? Did I not find you in his arms?

Quav. And have I not reason? Did he not say you was his mistress to my face?

AIR.—LUCY.

*Did mortal e'er see two such fools?
For nothing they're going to fight;
I begin to find men are but tools,
And both with a whisper I'll bite.*

*With you I am ready to go, sir,
I'll give t'other fool a rebuff; (To Coup.)
Stay you but a fortnight, or so, sir,
I warrant I'll grant you enough. (To Quav.)*

Quav. D——n!

Coup. Hell and confusion! (*They draw.*)
[*Lucy runs out*

Re-enter BLISTER.

Blis. For heaven's sake! gentlemen, what's the matter? I profess, I am afraid you are both disordered. Pray, sir, give me leave to feel your pulse; I wish you are not light-headed.

Re-enter GOODWILL.

Good. Heyday! what, are you fencing here, gentlemen?

Blis. Fencing, quotha! they have almost fenced me out of my senses, I am sure.

Coup. I shall take another time.

Quav. And so shall I.

Good. I hope there is no anger between you. You are nearer relations than you imagine to each other. Mr. Quaver, you was sent out of England young; and you, Mr. Coupee, have lived all your life-time in London; but I assure you, you are cousin-germans; let me introduce you to each other.

Quav. Dear cousin Coupee!

Blis. It's but a blow and a kiss with these sparks. I find. (*Aside.*)

Coup. I thought there was something about him. I could not hurt.

Good. Here's another relation, too, whom you do not know. This is Mr. Blister, son to your uncle Blister, the apothecary.

Coup. I hope you will excuse our ignorance.

Blis. Yes, cousin, with all my heart, since there is no harm come on't. But, if you will take my advice, you shall both immediately lose some blood, and I will order each of you a little gentle physic.

Good. Gentlemen, I sent for you on a very particular affair. In short, I have resolved to dispose of my daughter to one of my relations; and if you should happen to be her choice—(*To Quaver.*)

Blist. That's impossible, for she has promised me already.

Coup. And me!

Quav. And me!

Good. Her own choice must determine; and if that falls on you, Mr. Blist, I must insist on your leaving off your trade and living here with me.

Blist. No, sir, I cannot consent to leaving off my trade.

Good. Pray, gentlemen, is not the request reasonable?

Quav. & Coup. Oh! certainly, certainly!

Coup. Ten thousand pounds to an apothecary, indeed!

Quav. Not to leave off his trade!

Coup. If I had been an apothecary, I believe I should not have made many words.

Good. I dare swear you will not, cousin, if she should make choice of you.

Coup. There is some difference, though, between us; mine is a genteel profession, and I shall not leave it off on any account.

Good. I'll be judged by Mr. Quaver here, who has been abroad and seen the world.

Quav. Very reasonable, very reasonable! This man, I see, has excellent sense, and can distinguish between arts and sciences.

Good. I am confident it would not be easy to prevail on you to continue the ridiculous art of teaching people to sing.

Quav. Ridiculous art of teaching to sing! Do you call music an art, which is the noblest of all sciences? I thought you a man of sense, but I find—

Coup. And I find, too—

Blist. And so do I. No man need be ashamed of marrying his daughter to a practitioner of physic. Without physicians, who would know when he was well?

Coup. If it were not for dancing-masters, men might as well walk upon their heads as their heels.

Quav. And if it were not for singing-masters, they might as well all have been born dumb.

Good. Ah! Confusion! What do I see? My daughter in the hands of that fellow.

Re-enter LUCY, with THOMAS.

Lucy. Pray, papa; give me your blessing: I hope you won't be angry with me, but I am married to Mr. Thomas.

Good. Oh! Lucy, Lucy! is this the return you make to my fatherly fondness?

Lucy. Dear papa, forgive me; I won't do so any more. Indeed, I should have been perjured if I had not had him. And I had not had him neither, but that he met me when I was frightened, and I did not know what I did.

Good. To marry a footman!

Tho. Why, lookye! sir, I am a footman, 'tis true, but I have good acquaintance in life; and when I have other clothes on, and money in my pocket, I trust that, by my future conduct, I shall not prove myself totally unworthy your regard.

Good. Ah! thou talkest like a pretty sensible fellow; and I don't know whether my daughter has not made a better choice than she could have done among her booby relations; for I am now convinced 'tis less difficult to raise a fortune, than to find one worthy to inherit it.

FINALE.—BLISTER, COUPEE, QUAV, and LUCY.

Blist. Had your daughter been physic'd well, sir,
as she ought,
With bleeding and blister, emetic and draught,
This footman had never been once in her thought,
With his down, down, &c.

Coup. Had pretty miss been at a dancing-school
bred,
Had her feet but been taught the right manner to
tread,
I'm sure 'twould have put better things in her head,
Than his down, down, &c.

Quav. Had she learn'd, like fine ladies, instead of
her prayers,
To languish and die at Italian soft airs,
A footman had thus never tickled her ears,
With his down, down, &c.

Lucy. You may physic, and music, and dancing
enhance;
In one I have got them all three by good chance;
My doctor he'll be, and he'll teach me to dance,
With his down, down, &c.

Let not a poor farce, then, nice critics pursue,
But like honest-hearted good-natur'd men do,
And clap to please us, who have toil'd to please you,
With our down, down, &c.

Chorus. Let not a poor farce, then, &c.

[Exeunt.]

THE PROVOKED WIFE;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.



[Act IV.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

LORD RAKE
SIR JOHN BRUTE
COLONEL BULLY

HEARTFREE
CONSTANT
RAZOR

LADY BRUTE
LADY FANCIFUL
BELINDA

MADemoisELLE
CORNET
SERVANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sir John Brute's House.*

Enter SIR JOHN BRUTE.

Sir J. What cloying meat is love, when matrimony's the sauce to it! Two years' marriage has debauched my five senses. Everything I see, everything I hear, everything I feel, everything I smell, and everything I taste, methinks, has wife in't. No boy was ever so weary of his tutor, no girl of her bib, no nun of doing penance, or old maid of being chaste, as I am of being married. Sure, there's a secret curse entailed upon the very name of wife. My lady is a young lady, a fine lady, a witty lady, a virtuous lady, and yet, I hate her. There is but one thing on earth I loath beyond her, that's fighting. Would my courage come up to a fourth part of my ill-nature, I'd stand buff to her relations, and thrust her out of doors. But marriage has sunk me down to such an ebb of resolution, I dare not draw my sword, though even to get rid of my wife. But here she comes.

Enter LADY BRUTE.

Lady B. Do you dine at home to-day, Sir John?

Sir J. Why? Do you expect I should tell you what I don't know myself?

Lady B. I thought there was no harm in asking you.

Sir J. If thinking wrong were an excuse for impertinence, women might be justified in most things they say or do.

Lady B. I am sorry I have said anything to displease you.

Sir J. Sorrow for things past, is of as little importance to me, as my dining at home or abroad ought to be to you.

Lady B. My inquiry was only that I might have provided what you liked.

Sir J. Six to four you had been in the wrong there again; for what I liked yesterday I don't like to-day, and what I like to-day, 'tis odds I mayn't like to-morrow.

Lady B. But if I had asked you what you liked?

Sir J. Why, then, there would be more asking about it than the thing is worth.

Lady B. I wish I did but know how I might please you.

Sir J. Ay, but that sort of knowledge is not a wife's talent.

Lady B. Whatever my talent is, I'm sure my will has ever been to make you easy.

Sir J. If women were to have their wills, the world would be finely governed.

Lady B. What reason have I given you to use me as you do of late? It once was otherwise: you married me for love.

Sir J. And you me for money: so you have your reward, and I have mine.

Lady B. What is it that disturbs you?

Sir J. A parson.

Lady B. Why, what has he done to you?

Sir J. He has married me, and be d—d to him!

[Exit.]

Lady B. The devil's in the fellow, I think. I was told before I married him, that thus 'twould be. The surly puppy! Yet, he's a fool for it: for hitherto, he has been no monster: but who knows

how far he may provoke me? Or, who can tell? perhaps, a good part of what I suffer from my husband, may be a judgment upon me for my cruelty to my lover. But, hold! let me go no further: I think I have a right to alarm this surly brute of mine; but, if I know my heart, it will never let me go so far as to injure him.

Enter BELINDA.

Good-morrow, dear cousin.

Bel. Good morrow, madam; you look pleased this morning.

Lady B. I am so.

Bel. With what, pray?

Lady B. With my husband.

Bel. Drown husbands! for your's is a provoking fellow: as he went out just now, I prayed him to tell me what time of day 'twas; and he asked me if I took him for the church clock, that was obliged to tell all the parish.

Lady B. He has been saying some good obliging things to me, too. In short, Belinda, he has used me so barbarously of late, that I could almost resolve to play the downright wife, and cuckold him.

Bel. That would be downright, indeed.

Lady B. Why, after all, there's more to be said for't than you'd imagine, child. He is the first aggressor, not I.

Bel. Ah! but, you know, we must return good for evil.

Lady B. That may be a mistake in the translation. Pr'ythee, be of my opinion, Belinda; for I'm positive I'm in the right; and if you'll keep up the prerogative of a woman, you'll likewise be positive you are in the right, whenever you do any thing you have a mind to. But I shall play the fool, and jest on, till I make you begin to think I am in earnest.

Bel. I sha'n't take the liberty, madam, to think of anything that you desire to keep a secret from me.

Lady B. Alas! my dear, I have no secrets. My heart could never yet confine my tongue.

Bel. Your eyes, you mean; for I am sure I have seen them gadding, when your tongue has been locked up safe enough.

Lady B. My eyes gadding! Pr'ythee, after who, child?

Bel. Why, after one that thinks you hate him, as much as I know you love him.

Lady B. Constant, you mean?

Bel. I do so.

Lady B. Lord! what should put such a thing into your head?

Bel. That which puts things into most people's heads,—observation.

Lady B. Why, what have you observed, in the name of wonder?

Bel. I have observed you blush when you met him; force yourself away from him; and then be out of humour with everything about you: in a word, never was a poor creature so spurred on by desire, or so reined in with fear.

Lady B. How strong is fancy!

Bel. How weak is woman!

Lady B. Pr'ythee, niece, have a better opinion of your aunt's inclination.

Bel. Dear aunt, have a better opinion of your niece's understanding.

Lady B. You'll make me angry.

Bel. You'll make me laugh.

Lady B. Then you are resolved to persist?

Bel. Positively.

Lady B. And all I can say—

Bel. Will signify nothing.

Lady B. Though I should swear 'twere false—

Bel. I should think it true.

Lady B. Then let us forgive; (*kissing her*) for we have both offended: I, in making a secret; you in discovering it.

Bel. Good-nature may do much: but you have more reason to forgive one, than I have to pardon t'other.

Lady B. 'Tis true, Belinda, you have given me so many proofs of your friendship, that my reserve has been, indeed, a crime; and, as a proof of my repentance, I own, Belinda, I am in danger. But whatever you may have observed, I have dissembled so well as to keep him ignorant. So, you see, I'm no coquet, Belinda. For 'tis an unreasonable thing to engage a man in a disease, which we beforehand resolve we will never apply a cure to.

Bel. 'Tis true; but, then, a woman must abandon one of the supreme blessings of her life. For I am fully convinced, no man has half that pleasure in gallanting a mistress, as a woman has in jilting a gallant.

Lady B. The happiest woman, then, on earth must be our neighbour.

Bel. Oh! the impertinent composition! She has vanity and affection enough to make her a ridiculous original.

Lady B. She concludes all men her captives; and whatever course they take, it serves to confirm her in that opinion.

Bel. If they shun her, she thinks 'tis modesty, and takes it for a proof of their passion.

Lady B. And if they are rude to her, 'tis conduct, and done to prevent town-talk.

Bel. All their actions and their words, she takes for granted, aim at her.

Lady B. And pities all other women, because she thinks they envy her.

Bel. Pray, out of pity to ourselves, let us find a better subject, for I'm weary of this. Do you think your husband inclined to jealousy?

Lady B. Oh! no; he does not love me well enough for that. Lord! how wrong men's maxims are! They are seldom jealous of their wives, unless they are very fond of them: whereas, they ought to consider the women's inclinations, for there depends their fate. Well, men may talk; but they are not so wise as we: that's certain.

Bel. At least in our affairs.

Lady B. Nay, I believe we should outdo them in the business of the state, too: for, methinks, they do and undo, and make but bad work on't.

Bel. Why, then, don't we get into the intrigues of government, as well as they?

Lady B. Because we have intrigues of our own, that make us more sport, child. And so, let's in and consider of them. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Dressing Room.

LADY FANCIFUL, MADemoisELLE, and CORNET, discovered.

Lady F. How do I look this morning?

Cor. Your ladyship looks very ill, truly.

Lady F. Lard! how ill-natured thou art, Cornet, to tell me so, though the thing should be true. don't you know, that I have humility enough to be but too easily out of conceit with myself? Hold the glass: I dare say that will have more manners than you have. Mademoiselle, let me have your opinion, too.

Madem. My opinion pe, matam, dat your ladyship never look so well in your life.

Lady F. Well, the French are the prettiest, obliging people! they say the most acceptable, well-mannered things—and never flatter.

Madem. Your ladyship say great justice, indeed.

Lady F. Nay, everything is just in my house, but Cornet. The very looking-glass gives her the dementi. But I'm almost afraid it flatters me, it

makes me look so engaging. (*Looking affectedly in the glass.*)

Madem. Inteed, matam, your face pe handsome den all de looking-glass in de world, croyez moi.

Lady F. But is it possible my eyes can be so languishing, and so very full of fire?

Madem. Matam, if de glass was burning-glass, I believe your eyes set de fire in de house.

Lady F. You may take that night-gown, mademoiselle. Get out of the room, Cornet. I can't endure you. [*Exit Cornet.*] This wench, methinks, does look so insufferably ugly!

Madem. Everyting look ugly, matam, dat stand by your latship.

Lady F. No, really, mademoiselle, methinks you look mighty pretty.

Madem. Ah! matam, de moon have no eclat, ven de sun appear.

Lady F. Oh! pretty expression! Have you ever been in love, mademoiselle?

Madem. Oui, matam. (*Sighing.*)

Lady F. And were you beloved again?

Madem. No, matam.

Lady F. Oh! ye gods! what an unfortunate creature should I be in such a case! But nature has made me nice, for my own defence; I am nice, strangely nice, mademoiselle: I believe, were the merit of whole mankind bestowed upon one single person, I should still think the fellow wanted something to make it worth my while to take notice of him; and yet, I could love, nay, fondly love, were it possible to have a thing made on purpose for me, for I am not cruel, mademoiselle; I am only nice.

Madem. Ah! matam, I wish I was fine gentleman, for your sake. I do all de ting in de world to get a little way into your heart. I make song, I make verse, I give you de serenade, I give great many present to mademoiselle; I no eat, I no sleep, I be lean, I be mad, I hang myself, I drown myself. Ah! ma chère dame, que je vous aimerois! (*Embracing her.*)

Lady F. Well, the French have strange, obliging ways with them; you may take those two pair of gloves, mademoiselle.

Madem. Me humbly tank my sweet lady.

Enter a Servant with a letter.

Serv. Madam, here's a letter for your ladyship.

[*Exit.*]

Lady F. 'Tis thus I am importuned every morning, mademoiselle. Pray, how do the French ladies, when they are thus accablées?

Madem. Matam, dey never complain. Au contraire, when one Frense laty have got a hundred lover, den she do all she can to get a hundred more.

Lady F. Well, let me die, I think they have le bon goût. For 'tis an unutterable pleasure to be adored by all the men, and envied by all the women. Yet, I'll swear, I'm concerned at the torture I give them. Lard! why was I formed to make the whole creation uneasy? But let me read my letter. (*Reads.*) "*If you have a mind to hear of your faults, instead of being praised for your virtues, take the pains to walk in the Green Walk in St. James's Park, with your woman, an hour hence. You'll there meet one, who hates you for some things, as he could love you for others; and, therefore, is willing to endeavour your reformation. If you come to the place I mention, you'll know who I am; if you don't, you never shall: so take your choice.*" This is strangely familiar, mademoiselle! now have I a provoking fancy to know who this impudent fellow is.

Madem. Den take your scarf and your mask, and go to de rendezvous. De Frense laty do justement comme ça.

Lady F. Rendezvous! What, rendezvous with a man, mademoiselle?

Madem. Eh! pourquoi non?

Lady F. What, and a man, perhaps, I never saw in my life!

Madem. Tant mieux: c'est, donc, quelque chose de nouveau.

Lady F. Why, how do I know what designs he may have? He may intend to ravish me, for aught I know.

Madem. Ravish! Bagatelle! I would fain see one impudent rogue ravish mademoiselle. Oui, je le voudrois.

Lady F. Oh! but my reputation, mademoiselle, my reputation: ah! ma chère reputation!

Madem. Matam, quand on l'a une fois perdu, on n'en est plus embarrassée.

Lady F. Fie! mademoiselle, fie! reputation is a jewel.

Madem. Qui coute bien chère, matam.

Lady F. Why, sure, you would not sacrifice your honour to your pleasure?

Madem. Je suis philosophe.

Lady F. Bless me, how you talk! Why, what if honour be a burden, mademoiselle, must it not be borne?

Madem. Chacun a sa façon. Quand quelque chose m'incommode moi, je m'en defais vite.

Lady F. Get you gone, you little naughty Frenchwoman, you! I vow and swear I must turn you out of doors, if you talk thus.

Madem. Turn me out of doors! turn yourself out of doors, and go see what de gentleman have to say to you. Tenez! Voila (*giving her her things hastily*) votre esharp, votre coiffe, votre masque, voilà tout. Hey! mercure, coquin! call one chair for matam, and one oder (*calling within*) for me. Va-t-en vite. (*Turning to her lady, and helping her on hastily with her things.*) Allons, matam! dépêchez vous, donc. Mon dieu! quelles scruples!

Lady F. Well, for once, mademoiselle, I'll follow your advice, out of the intemperate desire I have to know who this ill-bred fellow is. But I have too much delicatessé to make a practice on't.

Madem. Belle chose, vraiment, que la delicatessé, lorsqu'il s'agit de divertir—a ça. Vous voilà équipée, partons. Hé bien! qu'avez vous, donc?

Lady F. J'ai peur.

Madem. Je n'en ai point moi.

Lady F. I dare not go.

Madem. Demeurez donc.

Lady F. Je suis poltrone.

Madem. Tant pis pour vous.

Lady F. Curiosity's a wicked devil.

Madem. C'est une charmante sainte.

Lady F. It ruined our first parents.

Madem. Elle a bien diverti leurs enfans.

Lady F. L'honneur est contre.

Madem. Le plaisir est pour.

Lady F. Must I then go?

Madem. Must you go? Must you eat, must you drink, must you sleep, must you live? De nature bid you do one, de nature bid you do toder. Vous me ferez enragé.

Lady F. But when reason corrects nature, mademoiselle—

Madem. Elle est, donc, bien insolente, c'est sa sœur aînée.

Lady F. Do you, then, prefer your nature to your reason, mademoiselle?

Madem. Oui da.

Lady F. Pourquoi?

Madem. Because my nature make me merry, my reason make me mad.

Lady F. Ah! la méchante Française!

Madem. Ah! la belle Angloise!

[*Exit, forcing Lady F. off.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*St. James's Park.*

Enter LADY FANCIFUL and MADEMOISELLE.

Lady F. Well, I vow, mademoiselle, I am strangely impatient to know who this confident fellow is.

Enter HEARTFREE.

Look! there's Heartfree. But, sure, it can't be him; he's a professed woman-hater. Yet who knows what my wicked eyes may have done?

Madem. Il nous approche, matam.

Lady F. Yes, 'tis he; now will he be most intol-erably cavalier, though he should be in love with me.

Heart. Madam, I'm your humble servant. I perceive you have more humility and good-nature than I thought you had.

Lady F. What you attribute to humility and good-nature, sir, may, perhaps, be only due to curiosity. I had a mind to know who 'twas had ill manners enough to write that letter. (*Throwing him the letter.*)

Heart. Well, and now I hope you are satisfied?

Lady F. I am so, sir; good b'ye.

Heart. Nay, hold there! though you have done your business, I haven't done mine: by your ladyship's leave, we must have one moment's prattle together. Have you a mind to be the prettiest woman about town or not? How she stares upon me! What, this passes for an impertinent question with you now, because you think you are so already?

Lady F. Pray, sir, let me ask you a question in my turn: by what right do you pretend to examine me?

Heart. By the same right that the strong govern the weak, because I have you in my power; for you cannot get so quickly to your coach, but I shall have time enough to make you hear everything I have to say to you.

Lady F. These are strange liberties you take, Mr. Heartfree.

Heart. They are so, madam, but there's no help for it; for, know, that I have a design upon you.

Lady F. Upon me, sir?

Heart. Yes, and one that will turn to your glory and my comfort, if you will be but a little wiser than you use to be.

Lady F. Very well, sir.

Heart. Let me see: your vanity, madam, I take to be about some eight degrees higher than any woman's in the town, let 't'other be who she will; and my indifference is naturally about the same pitch. Now, could you find the way to turn this indifference into fire and flame, methinks, your vanity ought to be satisfied: and this, perhaps, you might bring about upon pretty reasonable terms.

Lady F. And, pray, at what rate would this indifference be bought off, if one should have so depraved an appetite to desire it?

Heart. Why, madam, to drive a quaker's bargain, and make but one word with you, if I do part with it, you must lay down your affectation.

Lady F. My affectation, sir!

Heart. Why, I ask you nothing but what you may very well spare.

Lady F. You grow rude, sir. Come, mademoiselle, it is high time to be gone.

Madem. Allons, allons, allons!

Heart. (*Stopping them.*) Nay, you may as well stand still: for hear me you shall, walk which way you please.

Lady F. What mean you, sir?

Heart. I mean to tell you, that you are the most ungrateful woman upon earth.

Lady F. Ungrateful! To whom?

Heart. To nature.

Lady F. Why, what has nature done for me?

Heart. What you have undone by art. It made you handsome; it gave you beauty to a miracle, a shape without a fault, wit enough to make them relish, and so turned you loose to your own discretion, which has made such work with you, that you are become the pity of our sex, and the jest of your own. There is not a feature in your face, but you have found the way to teach it some affected convulsion; your feet, your hands, your very fingers' ends, are directed never to move without some ridiculous air or other; and your language is a suitable trumpet, to draw people's eyes upon the raree-shew.

Madem. (*Aside.*) Est ce qu'on fait l'amour en Angleterre comme ça?

Lady F. (*Aside.*) Now could I cry for madness, but that I know he'd laugh at me for it.

Heart. Now do you hate me for telling you the truth, but that's because you don't believe 'tis so; for were you once convinced of that, you'd reform for your own sake.

Lady F. Every circumstance of nice breeding must needs appear ridiculous, to one who has so natural an antipathy to good manners.

Heart. But suppose I could find the means to convince you, that the whole world is of my opinion?

Lady F. Sir, though you, and all the world you talk of, should be so impertinently officious, as to think to persuade me I don't know how to behave myself; I should still have charity enough for my own understanding to believe myself in the right, and all you in the wrong.

Madem. Le voilà mort.

[*Exit with Lady F.*

Heart. (*Gazing at her.*) There her single clapper has published the sense of the whole sex. Well, this once I have endeavoured to wash the black-moor white, but, henceforward, I'll sooner undertake to teach sincerity to a courtier, generosity to a usurer, honesty to a lawyer, than discretion to a woman, I see has once set her heart upon playing the fool.

Enter CONSTANT.

'Morrow, Constant.

Con. Good-morrow, Jack. What are you doing here this morning?

Heart. Doing! guess, if you can. Why, I have been endeavouring to persuade my Lady Fanciful that she's the most foolish woman about town.

Con. A pretty endeavour, truly!

Heart. I have told her, in as plain English as I could speak, both what the town says of her, and what I think of her. In short, I have used her as an absolute king would do magna charta.

Con. And how does she take it?

Heart. As children do pills; bite them, but can't swallow them.

Con. But, pr'ythee, what has put it into your head, of all mankind, to turn reformer?

Heart. Why, one thing was, the morning hung upon my hands; I did not know what to do with myself; and another was, that as little as I care for women, I could not see with patience one, that heaven had taken such wondrous pains about, be so very industrious to make herself the Jack-pudding of the creation.

Con. Well, now I could almost wish to see my cruel mistress make the self-same use of what heaven has done for her; that so I might be cured of the same disease that makes me so very uneasy; for love, love is the devil, Heartfree.

Heart. And why do you let the devil govern you?

Con. Because I have more flesh and blood than grace and self-denial. My dear, dear mistress—

'Sdeath! that so genteel a woman should be a saint, when religion's out of fashion!

Heart. Nay, she's much in the wrong, truly; but who knows how far time and good example may prevail?

Con. Oh! they have played their parts in vain already; 'tis now two years since the fellow her husband invited me to his wedding; and there was the first time I saw that charming woman, whom I have loved ever since; but she is cold, my friend, still cold as the northern star.

Heart. So are all women by nature, which maketh them so willing to be warmed.

Con. Oh! don't profane the sex: pr'ythee, think them all angels for her sake; for she's virtuous even to a fault.

Heart. A lover's head is a good accountable thing, truly! he adores his mistress for being virtuous, and yet, is very angry with her, because she won't be kind.

Con. Well, the only relief I expect in my misery is to see thee some day or other as deeply engaged as myself, which will force me to be merry in the midst of all my misfortunes.

Heart. That day will never come, be assured, Ned. But, pr'ythee, let me tell you how I avoid falling in love; that which serves me for prevention may chance to serve you for a cure.

Con. Well, use the ladies moderately, then, and I'll hear you.

Heart. That using them moderately undoes us all: but I'll use them justly, and that you ought to be satisfied with. I always consider a woman, not as the tailor, the shoe-maker, the tire-woman, the sempstress, and (which is more than all that,) the poet makes her; but I consider her as pure nature has contrived her, and that more strictly than I should have done our old grandmother Eve, had I seen her naked in the garden; for I consider her turned inside out. Her heart well examined, I find there pride, vanity, covetousness, indiscretion; but, above all things, malice: plots eternally forging to destroy one another's reputations, and as honestly to charge the levity of men's tongues with the scandal; hourly debates how to make poor gentlemen in love with them, with no other intent but to use them like dogs when they have done; a constant desire of doing more mischief, and an everlasting war waged against truth and good-nature. [truly!]

Con. Very well, sir, an admirable composition,

Heart. Then for her outside, I consider it merely as an outside: she has a thin, tiffany covering; just over such stuff as you and I are made of. As for her motion, her mien, her airs, and all those tricks, I know they affect you mightily. If you should see your mistress at a coronation, dragging her peacock's train, with all her state and insolence about her, 'twould strike you with all the awful thoughts that heaven itself could pretend to form you: whereas, I turn the whole matter into a jest, and suppose her strutting, in the self-same stately manner, with nothing on but her stays, and her scanty quilted under-petticoat.

Con. Hold thy profane tongue; for I'll hear no more.

Heart. What, you'll love on, then?

Con. Yes.

Heart. Yet have no hopes at all.

Con. None.

Heart. Nay, the resolution may be discreet enough: perhaps, you have found out some new philosophy; that love, like virtue, is its own reward: so you and your mistress will be at less content at a distance, as others, that have less learning, are in coming together.

Con. No; but if she should prove kind at last, my dear Heartfree—(Embracing him.)

Heart. Nay, pr'ythee, don't take me for your mistress; for lovers are very troublesome.

Con. Well, who knows what time may do?

Heart. And just now he was sure that time could do nothing.

Con. Yet not one kind glance in two years is somewhat strange.

Heart. Not strange at all; she don't like you, that's all the business.

Con. Pr'ythee, don't distract me.

Heart. Nay, you are a good, handsome, young fellow, she might use you better. Come, will you go see her? perhaps, she may have changed her mind; there's some hopes, as long as she's a woman.

Con. Oh! 'tis in vain to visit her: sometimes, to get a sight of her, I visit that beast her husband; but she certainly finds some pretence to quit the room as soon as I enter.

Heart. It's much she don't tell him you have made love to her, too; for that's another good-natured thing usual amongst women, in which they have several ends. Sometimes 'tis to recommend their virtue, that they may be kind with the greater security. Sometimes 'tis to make their husbands fight, in hopes they may be killed, when their affairs require it should be so: but, most commonly, 'tis to engage two men in a quarrel, that they may have the credit of being fought for; and if the lover's killed in the business, they cry, "Poor fellow, he had ill-luck;" and so they go to cards.

Con. Thy injuries to women are not to be forgiven. Look to't, if ever you fall into their hands—

Heart. They can't use me worse than they do you, that speak well of them. Oho! here comes the knight!

Enter SIR JOHN BRUTE.

Your humble servant, Sir John.

Sir J. Servant, sir.

Heart. How does all your family?

Sir J. Plague o' my family!

Con. How does your lady? I haven't seen her abroad a good while.

Sir J. Do! I don't know how she does, not I: she was well enough yesterday; I haven't been at home to-night.

Con. What, were you out of town?

Sir J. Out of town! No; I was drinking.

Con. You are a true Englishman; don't know your own happiness. If I were married to such a woman, I would not be from her a night, for all the wine in France.

Sir J. Not from her! Oons! what a time should a man have of that!

Heart. Why, there's no division, I hope?

Sir J. No; but there's a conjunction, and that's worse: a pox of the parson! Why the plague don't you two marry? I fancy I look like the devil to you.

Heart. Why, you don't think you have horns, do you?

Sir J. No; I believe my wife's religion will keep her honest.

Heart. And what will make her keep her religion?

Sir J. Persecution; and, therefore, she shall have it.

Heart. Have a care, knight, women are tender things.

Sir J. And yet, methinks, 'tis a hard matter to break their hearts.

Con. Fie, fie! you have one of the best wives in the world, and yet you seem the most uneasy husband.

Sir J. Best wives! the woman's well enough;

she has no vice that I know of; but, she's a wife: and d—n a wife! if I were married to a hoghead of claret, matrimony would make me hate it.

Heart. Why did you marry, then? you were old enough to know your own mind.

Sir J. Why did I marry! What, you would have me intrigue, I suppose, and so have hedged myself into forty quarrels with her relations; besides buying my pardon; but more than all that, you must know I was afraid of being d—d in those days: for I kept sneaking, cowardly company, fellows that went to church, said grace to their meat, and had not the least tincture of quality about them.

Heart. But I think you have got into a better gang now.

Sir J. Zoons! sir, my Lord Rake and I are hand and glove: I believe we may get our bones broken together to-night. Have you a mind to share a frolic?

Con. Not I, truly; my talent lies in softer exercises.

Sir J. What, a down bed and a strumpet? A pox of venery, I say. Will you come and drink with me this afternoon?

Con. I can't drink to-day; but we'll come and sit an hour with you if you will.

Sir J. Pooh! pox! sit an hour! Why can't you drink?

Con. Because I'm to see my mistress.

Sir J. Who's that?

Con. Why, do you use to tell?

Sir J. Yes.

Con. So won't I.

Sir J. Why?

Con. Because it is a secret.

Sir J. Would my wife knew it! 'twould be no secret long.

Con. Why, do you think she can't keep a secret?

Sir J. No more than she could keep Lent.

Heart. Pr'ythee, tell it her, to try, Constant.

Sir J. No, pr'ythee, don't, that I mayn't be plagued with it.

Con. I'll hold you a guinea you don't make her tell it you.

Sir J. I'll hold you a guinea I do.

Con. Which way?

Sir J. Why, I'll beg her not to tell it me.

Heart. Nay, if anything does it, that will.

Con. But do you think, sir—

Sir J. Oons! sir, I think a woman and a secret are the two impertinentest themes in the universe; therefore, pray, let's hear no more of my wife nor your mistress. D—n them both, with all my heart, and everything else that daggles a petticoat, except four generous whores who are drunk with my Lord Rake and I ten times in a fortnight. *[Exit.]*

Con. Here's a dainty fellow for you! and the veriest coward, too. But his usage of his wife makes me ready to stab the villain.

Heart. Lovers are short-sighted: all their senses run into that of feeling. This proceeding of his is the only thing on earth can make you fortunate. If anything can prevail with her to accept a gallant, 'tis his usage of her. Pr'ythee, take heart; I have great hopes for you: and, since I can't bring you quite off her, I'll endeavour to bring you quite on; for a whining lover is the d—dest companion upon earth.

Con. My dear friend, flatter me a little more with these hopes; for whilst they prevail, I have Elysium within me, and could melt with joy.

Heart. Pray, no melting yet. This afternoon, perhaps, we shall make some advance. In the meanwhile, let's go dine at Locket's, and let hope get you a stomach. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Lady Fanciful's House.

Enter LADY FANCIFUL and MADEMOISELLE.

Lady F. Did you ever see anything so impertune, mademoiselle?

Madem. Inteed, matam, to say de trute, he want leetel good breeding.

Lady F. Good breeding! He wants to be caned, mademoiselle. An insolent fellow! And yet, let me expose my weakness, 'tis the only man on earth I could resolve to dispense my favours on, were he but a fine gentleman. Well, did men but know how deep an impression a fine gentleman makes in a lady's heart, they would reduce all their studies to that of good-breeding alone.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Will your ladyship please to dine yet?

Lady F. Yes, let them serve. *[Exit Servant.]* Sure, this Heartfree has bewitched me, mademoiselle. I vow, 'tis a thousand pities he is not more polished; don't you think so?

Madem. Matam, I think it so great pity, that if I was in your ladyship's place, I take him home in my house, I lock him up in my closet, and I never let him go till I teach him everyting dat fine laty expect from fine gentleman.

Lady F. Why, truly, I believe I should soon subdue his brutality; for, without doubt, he has a strange penchant to grow fond of me, in spite of his aversion to the sex, else he would never have taken so much pains about me. Lord! how proud would some poor creatures be of such a conquest! but I, alas! I don't know how to receive as a favour, what I take to be so infinitely my due. But what shall I do to new mould him, mademoiselle? for till then, he's my utter aversion?

Madem. Matam, you must laugh at him in all de places dat you meet him, and turn into de ridicule all he say, and all he do.

Lady F. Why, truly, satire has ever been of wondrous use to reform ill-manners. Besides, 'tis my particular talent to ridicule folks. I can be severe, strangely severe, when I will, mademoiselle. Give me the pen and ink, I find myself whimsical: I'll write to him—or, I'll let it alone, and be severe upon him that way. *(Sitting down to write and rising up again.)* Yet, active severity is better than passive. *(Sitting down.)* 'Tis as good to let it alone, too; for every lash I give him, perhaps, he'll take for a favour. *(Rising.)* Yet, 'tis a thousand pities so much satire should be lost. *(Sitting.)* But if it should have a wrong effect upon him, 'twould distract me. *(Rising.)* Well, I must write, though, after all. *(Sitting.)* Or, I'll let it alone, which is the same thing. *(Rising.)*

Madem. La voilà déterminée. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Sir John Brute's House.

SIR JOHN BRUTE, LADY BRUTE, and BELINDA
discovered, rising from the table.

Sir J. Here, take away the things: I expect company. But, first, bring me a pipe; I'll smoke. *(To a Servant.)*

Lady B. Lord! Sir John, I wonder you won't leave that nasty custom.

Sir J. Pr'ythee, don't be impertinent.

Bel. *(To Lady B.)* I wonder who those are he expects this afternoon.

Lady B. I'd give the world to know. Perhaps, 'tis Constant; he comes here sometimes: if it does prove him, I'm resolved I'll share the visit.

Bel. We'll send for our work, and sit here.

Lady B. He'll choke us with his tobacco.

Bel. Nothing will choke us, when we are doing what we have a mind to. Lovewell!

Enter LOVEWELL.

Love. Madam.

Lady B. Here, bring my cousin's work and mine hither.

[Exit Lovewell, and re-enters with their work.]

Sir J. Why, pox! can't you work somewhere else?

Lady B. We shall be careful not to disturb you, sir.

Bel. Your pipe would make you too thoughtful, uncle, if you were left alone; our prittle prattle will cure your spleen.

Sir J. Will it so, Mrs. Pert? Now I believe it will so increase it, *(sitting and smoking)* I shall take my own house for a paper-mill.

Lady B. (Aside to Bel.) Don't let's mind him; let him say what he will.

Sir J. A woman's tongue a cure for the spleen! Oons! if a man had got the head-ache, they'd be for applying the same remedy. *(Aside.)*

Lady B. You have done a good deal, Belinda, since yesterday.

Bel. Yes, I have worked very hard; how do you like it?

Lady B. Oh! 'tis the prettiest fringe in the world! Well, cousin, you have the happiest fancy! pr'ythee, advise me about altering my crimson petticoat.

Sir J. D—n your petticoat! here's such a prating, a man can't digest his own thoughts for you.

Lady B. Don't answer him. *(Aside.)* Well, what do you advise me?

Bel. Why, really, I would not alter it at all. Methinks, 'tis very pretty as it is.

Lady B. Ay, that's true; but you know one grows weary of the prettiest things in the world, when one has had them long.

Sir J. Yes, I have taught her that.

Bel. Shall we provoke him a little? *(Apart to Lady B.)*

Lady B. With all my heart. Belinda, don't you long to be married?

Bel. Why, there are some things in it which I could like well enough.

Lady B. What do you think you should dislike?

Bel. My husband: a hundred to one else.

Lady B. Oh! you wicked wretch! sure, you don't speak as you think?

Bel. Yes, I do: especially if he smoked tobacco. *(Sir J. looks earnestly at them.)*

Lady B. Why, that, many times, takes off worse smells.

Bel. Then he must smell very ill, indeed.

Lady B. So some men will, to keep their wives from coming near them.

Bel. Then those wives should cuckold them at a distance. *[Sir J. runs in a fury, throws his pipe at them, and drives them out. As they run off, enter CONSTANT and HEARTFREE; Lady Brute runs against Constant.]*

Sir J. Oons! get you gone up stairs, you confederating strumpets you, or I'll cuckold you, with a vengeance!

Lady B. Oh, lord! he'll beat us, he'll beat us! Dear Mr. Constant, save us! *[Exit with Belinda.]*

Sir J. I'll cuckold you, with a pox!

Con. Heaven! Sir John, what's the matter?

Sir J. Sure, if women had been ready created, the devil, instead of being kicked down into hell, had been married.

Heart. Why, what new plagues have you found now?

Sir J. Why, these two gentlewomen did but hear me say I expected you here this afternoon;

upon which they presently resolved to take up the room on purpose to plague me and my friends.

Con. Was that all? Why, we should have been glad of their company.

Sir J. Then I should have been weary of your's; for I can't relish both together. They found fault with my smoking tobacco, too, and said men stunk; but I had a good mind to say something.

Con. Oh! nothing against the ladies, I hope?

Sir J. The ladies! Come, will you sit down? Give us some wine, fellow. You won't smoke?

Con. No, nor drink neither, at this time; I must ask your pardon.

Sir J. What, this mistress of your's runs in your head? I'll warrant, it's some such squeamish minx as my wife, that's grown so dainty of late, she finds fault even with a dirty shirt.

Heart. That a woman may do, and not be very dainty neither.

Sir J. Come, you shall take one glass, though I send for a box of lozenges, to sweeten your mouth after it.

Con. Nay, if one glass will satisfy you, I'll drink it, without putting you to that expense.

Sir J. Why, that's honest. So, here's to you, gentlemen. A wife's the devil. To your both being married. *(They drink.)*

Heart. Oh! your most humble servant, sir.

Sir J. Well, how do you like my wine?

Con. 'Tis very good, indeed.

Heart. 'Tis admirable.

Sir J. Then take t'other glass.

Con. No, pray, excuse us now: we'll come another time, and then we won't spare it.

Sir J. This one glass, and no more. Come, it shall be your mistress's health; and that's a great compliment from me, I assure you.

Con. And 'tis a very obliging one to me; so give us the glasses.

Sir J. So, let her live.—*(Coughs in the glass.)*

Heart. And be kind.

Con. What's the matter? Does it go the wrong way?

Sir J. If I had love enough to be jealous, I should take this for an ill omen; for I never drunk my wife's health in my life, but I puked in my glass.

Con. Oh! she's too virtuous to make any reasonable man jealous.

Sir J. Pox of her virtue. If I could catch her adulterating, I might be divorced from her by law.

Heart. And so pay her a yearly pension, to be a distinguished cuckold.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's my Lord Rake, Colonel Bully, and some other gentlemen at the Blue Posts, desire your company.

Sir J. Gadso! we are to consult about playing the devil to-night.

Heart. Well, we won't hinder business.

Sir J. Methinks, I don't know how to leave you two; but, for once, I must make bold. Or, look you! may be, the conference mayn't last long. So, if you'll wait here half-an-hour, or an hour; if I don't come then, why, then, I won't come at all.

Heart. *(Apart to Con.)* A good modest proposition, truly!

Con. *(Apart to Heart.)* But let's accept on't, however. Who knows what may happen?

Heart. Well, sir, to shew you how fond we are of your company, we'll expect your return as long as we can.

Sir J. Nay, may be I mayn't stay at all; but business, you know, must be done: so, your servant. Or, hark you! if you have a mind to take a frisk with us, I have an interest with my lord; I can easily introduce you.

Con. We are much beholden to you; but, for my part, I'm engaged another way,

Sir J. What, to your mistress, I'll warrant. Pr'ythee, leave her to her own thoughts, and make one with us to-night.

Con. Sir, 'tis business that is to employ me.

Heart. And me; and business must be done, you know.

Sir J. Ay, women's business, though the world were consumed for't. [Exit.]

Con. Farewell, beast! and now, my dear friend, would my mistress be but as complaisant as some men's wives, who think it a piece of good-breeding to receive the visits of their husband's friends in his absence—

Heart. Why, for your sake, I could forgive her. But what way shall we invent to see her?

Con. Oh! never hope it: invention will prove as vain as wishes.

Enter LADY BRUTE and BELINDA.

Heart. What do you think now, friend? (*Apart to Con.*)

Con. I think I shall swoon. (*Apart to Heart.*)

Heart. I'll speak first, then, while you fetch breath. (*Apart to Con.*)

Lady B. We think ourselves obliged, gentlemen, to come and return you thanks for your knight-errantry. We were just upon being devoured by the fiery dragon.

Bel. Did not his fumes almost knock you down, gentlemen?

Heart. Truly, ladies, we did undergo some hardships; and should have done more, if some greater heroes than ourselves had by had not diverted him.

Con. Though I am glad of the service you are pleased to say we have done you, yet I'm sorry we could do it in no other way, than by making ourselves privy to what you would, perhaps, have kept a secret.

Lady B. For Sir John's part, I suppose he designed it no secret, since he made so much noise. And for myself, truly, I am not much concerned, since 'tis fallen only into this gentleman's hand and your's, who, I have many reasons to believe, will neither interpret nor report anything to my disadvantage.

Con. Your good opinion, madam, was what I feared I never could have merited.

Lady B. Your fears were vain, then, sir, for I'm just to everybody.

Heart. Pr'ythee, Constant, what is it you do to get the ladies' good opinions? for I'm a novice at it.

Bel. Sir, will you give me leave to instruct you?

Heart. Yes, that I will, with all my soul, madam.

Bel. Why, then, you must never be a sloven; never be out of humour; never smoke tobacco; nor drink, but when you are dry.

Heart. That's hard.

Con. Nay, if you take his bottle from him, you break his heart, madam.

Bel. Why, is it possible the gentleman can love drinking?

Heart. Only by way of antidote.

Bel. Against what, pray?

Heart. Against love, madam.

Lady B. Are you afraid of being in love, sir?

Heart. I should, if there were any danger of it.

Lady B. Pray, why so?

Heart. Because I always had an aversion to being used like a dog.

Bel. Why, truly, men in love are seldom used better.

Lady B. But were you never in love, sir?

Heart. No, I thank heaven, madam.

Bel. Pray, where got you your learning, then?

Heart. From other people's experience.

Bel. That's being a spunger, sir, which is scarce honest; if you'd buy some experience with your own money, as 'twould be fairlier got, so 'twould stick longer by you.

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Madam, here's my Lady Fanciful, to wait upon your ladyship. [Exit.]

Lady B. Shield me, kind heaven! What an inundation of impertinence is here coming upon us!

Enter LADY FANCIFUL, who runs first to Lady Brute, then to Belinda, kissing them.

Lady F. My dear Lady Brute, and sweet Belinda, methinks, 'tis an age since I saw you.

Lady B. Yet 'tis but three days; sure, you have passed your time very ill, it seems so long to you!

Lady F. Why, really, to confess the truth to you, I am so everlastingly fatigued with the addresses of unfortunate gentlemen, that were it not for the extravagancy of the example, I should e'en tear out these wicked eyes with my own fingers, to make both myself and mankind easy. What think you on't, Mr. Heartfree, for I take you to be my faithful adviser?

Heart. Why, truly, madam, I think every project that is for the good of mankind ought to be encouraged.

Lady F. Then I have your consent, sir?

Heart. To do whatever you please, madam.

Lady F. You had a much more limited complaisance this morning, sir. Would you believe it, ladies? this gentleman has been so exceeding generous, to tell me of above fifty faults, in less time than it was well possible for me to commit two of them.

Con. Why, truly, madam, my friend there is apt to be something familiar with the ladies.

Lady F. He is, indeed, sir; but he's wondrous charitable with it; he has had the goodness to design a reformation, e'en down to my fingers' ends. 'Twas thus, I think, sir, (*opening her fingers in an awkward manner*) you'd have them stand? My eyes, too, he did not like. How was it you would have directed them? thus, I think. (*Staring at him.*) Then, there was something amiss in my gait, too; I don't know well how 'twas, but, as I take it, he would have me walk like him. Pray, sir, do me the favour to take a turn or two about the room, that the company may see you. He's sullen, ladies, and won't. But, to make short, and give you as true an idea as I can of the matter, I think 'twas much about this figure in general, he would have moulded me to—but I was an obstinate woman, and could not resolve to make myself mistress of his heart, by growing as awkward as his fancy. (*She walks awkwardly about, staring and looking ungainly; then changes on a sudden to the extremity of her usual affectation.*)

Heart. Just thus women do, when they think we are in love with them, or when they are so with us. (*Constant and Lady B. talk together apart.*)

Lady F. 'Twould, however, be less vanity for me to conclude the former, than you the latter, sir.

Heart. Madam, all I shall presume to conclude is, that if I were in love, you'd find the means to make me soon weary on't.

Lady F. Not by over fondness, upon my word, sir. But, pr'ythee, let's stop here; for you are so much governed by instinct, I know you'll grow brutish at last.

Bel. (*Aside.*) Now am I sure she's fond of him.

I'll try to make her jealous. Well, for my part, I should be glad to find somebody would be so free with me, that I might know my faults, and mend them.

Lady F. Then, pray, let me recommend this gentleman to you; I have known him some time, and will be surety for him, that upon a very limited encouragement on your side, you shall find an extended impudence on his.

Heart. I thank you, madam, for your recommendation; but, hating idleness, I'm unwilling to enter into a place where, I believe, there would be nothing to do. I was fond of serving your ladyship, because I knew you'd find me constant employment.

Lady F. I told you he'd be rude, Belinda.

Bel. Oh! a little bluntness is a sign of honesty, which makes me always ready to pardon it. So, sir, if you have no other objection to my service, but the fear of being idle in it, you may venture to list yourself: I shall find you work, I warrant you.

Heart. Upon those terms I engage, madam; and thus, with your leave, I take for earnest. (*Offers to kiss her hand.*)

Bel. Hold there, sir! I'm none of your earnest-givers. But, if I'm well served, I give good wages, and pay punctually. (*Heartfree and Belinda seem to continue talking familiarly together.*)

Lady F. (*Aside.*) I don't like this jesting between them. Methinks, the fool begins to look as if he were in earnest; but then, he must be a fool, indeed. Lard! what a difference there is between me and her! (*Looking at Belinda scornfully.*) How I should despise such a thing, if I were a man! What a nose she has! what a chin! what a neck! Then her eyes—and the worst kissing lips in the universe! No, no, he can never like her, that's positive; yet I can't suffer them together any longer. Mr. Heartfree, do you know that you and I must have no quarrel, for all this? I can't forbear being a little severe, now and then; but women, you know, may be allowed anything.

Heart. Up to a certain age, madam.

Lady F. Which I'm not yet past, I hope.

Heart. (*Aside.*) Nor ever will, I dare swear.

Lady F. (*To Lady B.*) Come, madam, will your ladyship be witness to our reconciliation?

Lady B. You are agreed, then, at last?

Heart. (*Slightly.*) We forgive.

Lady F. (*Aside.*) That was a cold, ill-natured reply.

Lady B. Then there are no challenges sent between you?

Heart. Not from me, I promise. (*Aside to Constant.*) But that's more than I'll do for her; for I know she can as well be hanged as forbear writing to me.

Con. That I believe. But I think we had best be going, lest she should suspect something, and be malicious.

Heart. With all my heart.

Con. Ladies, we are your humble servants. I see Sir John is quite engaged, 'twould be in vain to expect him. Come, Heartfree. [*Exit.*]

Heart. Ladies, your servant. (*To Bel.*) I hope, madam, you won't forget our bargain; I'm to say what I please to you. [*Exit.*]

Bel. Liberty of speech entire, sir.

Lady F. (*Aside.*) Very pretty, truly! But how the blockhead went out languishing at her; and not a look towards me! Well, people may talk, but miracles are not ceased. For, 'tis more than natural, such a rude fellow as he is, and such a little impertinent as she should be capable of making a woman of my sphere uneasy. But I can bear her sight no longer, methinks she's grown ten times uglier than Cornet. I must home and study re-

venge. (*To Lady B.*) Madam, your humble servant; I must take my leave.

Lady B. What, going already, madam?

Lady F. I must beg you'll excuse me this once; for, really, I have eighteen visits to return this afternoon; so, you see, I'm importuned by the women, as well as the men. (*Going.*) Nay, you sha'n't go one step out of the room.

Lady B. Indeed, I'll wait upon you down.

Lady F. No, sweet Lady Brute, you know I swoon at ceremony.

Lady B. Pray, give me leave.

Lady F. You know I won't.

Lady B. Indeed I must.

Lady F. Indeed you sha'n't.

Lady B. Indeed I will.

Lady F. Indeed you sha'n't.

Lady B. Indeed I will.

Lady F. Indeed you sha'n't. Indeed, indeed, indeed you sha'n't. [*Exit running; they follow.*]

Re-enter LADY BRUTE.

Lady B. This impertinent woman has put me out of humour for a fortnight. What an agreeable moment has her foolish visit interrupted! Lord! what a pleasure there is in doing what we should not do!

Enter CONSTANT.

Ah! here again!

Con. Though the renewing my visit may seem a little irregular, I hope, I shall obtain your pardon for it, madam, when you know I only left the room, lest the lady who was here should have been as malicious in her remarks, as she is foolish in her conduct.

Lady B. He who has discretion enough to be tender of a woman's reputation, carries a virtue about him that may atone for a great many faults.

Con. If it has a title to atone for any, its pretensions must needs be strongest, where the crime is love. But I hope it cannot be reckoned an offence to love, where it is a duty to adore.

Lady B. 'Tis an offence, a great one, where it would rob a woman of all she ought to be adored for—her virtue.

Con. Virtue! that phantom of honour, which men in every age have so condemned, they have thrown it amongst the women to scramble for.

Lady B. If it be a thing of so very little value, why do you so earnestly recommend it to your wives and daughters?

Con. We recommend it to our wives, madam, because we would keep them to ourselves; and to our daughters because we would dispose of them to others.

Lady B. 'Tis, then, of some importance, it seems, since you can't dispose of them without it.

Con. I beg you will believe I did but rally, madam. I know you judge too well of right and wrong to be deceived by arguments like those. And I hope you will have so favourable an opinion of my understanding, too, to believe the thing called virtue has worth enough with me to pass for an eternal obligation wherever 'tis sacrificed.

Lady B. It is, I think, so great a one, as nothing can repay.

Con. Yes, the making the man you love your everlasting debtor.

Lady B. When debtors once have borrowed all we have to lend, they are very apt to grow shy of their creditors' company.

Con. That, madam, is only when they are forced to borrow of usurers, and not of a generous friend. Let us choose our creditors, and we are seldom so ungrateful as to shun them.

Lady B. What think you of Sir John, sir? I was his free choice.

Con. I think he's married, madam.

Lady B. Does marriage, then, exclude men from your rule of constancy?

Con. It does. Constancy's a brave, free, haughty, generous agent, that cannot buckle to the chains of wedlock. (*Following her.*) But, madam—

Lady B. But, sir, 'tis my turn to be discreet now, and not suffer too long a visit.

Con. (*Catching her hand.*) By heaven, you shall not stir, till you give me hopes that I shall see you again at some more convenient time and place.

Lady B. I give you just hopes enough (*breaking from him*) to get loose from you; and that's all I can afford you at this time. [*Exit, running.*]

Con. Now, by all that's great and good, she's a charming woman! In what an ecstasy of joy she has left me! for she gave me hope. Did she not say she gave me hope? Hope! Ay, what hope? Enough to make me let her go! Why, that's enough in conscience. Or, no matter how 'twas spoke, hope was the word, it came from her, and it was said to me.

Enter HEARTFREE.

Ah! Heartfree, thou hast done me noble service in prattling to the young gentlewoman without there. Come to my arms, thou venerable bawd, and let me squeeze thee (*embracing him eagerly*) as a new pair of stays does a fat country girl, when she's carried to court, to stand for a maid of honour.

Heart. Why, what the devil's all this rapture for?

Con. Rapture! There's ground for rapture, man! There's hopes, my Heartfree—hopes, my friend.

Heart. Hopes! of what?

Con. Why, hopes that my lady and I together, (for 'tis more than one body's work,) should make Sir John a cuckold.

Heart. Pr'ythee, what did she say to thee?

Con. Say! What did she not say! She said that—says she—she said—Zoons! I don't know what she said; but she looked as if she said everything I'd have her: and so, if thou'lt go to the tavern, I'll treat thee with anything that gold can buy; I'll give all my silver among the drawers, make a bonfire before the doors; swear that the Pope's turned protestant, and that all the politicians in England are of one mind. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Tavern.*

LORD RAKE, SIR JOHN BRUTE, &c. discovered at a table, drinking.

All. Huzza!

Lord R. Come, boys, charge again: so—confusion to all order. Here's liberty of conscience.

All. Huzza!

Lord R. Come, sing the song I made this morning, to this purpose.

Sir J. 'Tis wicked, I hope.

Lord R. Don't I tell you that I made it?

Sir J. My lord, I beg your pardon for doubting your taste. Come, begin.

SONG.—COLONEL BULLY.

*We're gayly yet, we're gayly yet,
And we're not very fow, but we're gayly yet;
Then sit ye awhile, and tittle a bit,
For we's not very fow, but we're gayly yet,
And we're gayly yet, &c.*

*There were three lads, and they were clad,
There were three lasses, and them they had.
Three trees in the orchard are newly sprung,
And we's a git geer enough, we're but young.
And we're gayly yet, &c.*

*Then up went Ailey, Ailey, up went Ailey now;
Then up with Ailey, quo' Crumma, we's get a roaring fow.*

And one was kiss'd in the barn, another was kiss'd on the green,

And t'other behind the pease-stack, till the mow flew up to her eyn.

Then up went Ailey, Ailey, &c.

Now, fie! John Thompson, run,

Gin ever you run in your life,

De'il get ye! but, hie, my dear Jack,

There's a mon got to bed with your wife.

Then up went Ailey, &c.

Then away John Thompson run,

And, egad! he run with speed,

But before he had run his length

The false loon had done the deed.

Then up went Ailey, &c.

Lord R. Well, how do you like it, gentlemen?

All. Oh! admirable!

Sir J. I would not give a fig for a song that is not full of sin and impudence.

Lord R. Then my muse is to your taste. But drink away; the night steals upon us; we shall want time to be lewd in. Hey! sally out, sirrah, and see what's doing in the camp; we'll beat up the quarters presently.

Wait. I'll bring your lordship an exact account.

[*Exit.*]

Lord R. Courage, knight! victory attends you!

Sir J. And laurels shall crown me. Drink away, and be d—d!

Lord R. Again, boys! t'other glass, and no morality.

Sir J. (*Drunk.*) Ay, no morality—and d—n the watch! And let the constable be married.

All. Huzza!

Enter Waiter.

Lord R. How are the streets inhabited, sirrah?

Wait. My lord, it's Sunday night, they are full of drunken citizens. [*Exit.*]

Lord R. Along, then, boys, we shall have a feast.

Col. Along, noble knight!

Sir J. Ay, along, Bully! and he that says Sir John Brute is not as drunk, and as religious as the drunkenest citizen of them all, is a liar, and the son of a whore.

Col. Why, that was bravely spoken, and like a free-born Englishman.

Sir J. What's that to you, sir, whether I am an Englishman or a Frenchman?

Col. Zoons! you are not angry, sir?

Sir J. Zoons! I am angry, sir; for, if I am a free-born Englishman, what have you to do, even to talk of my privileges?

Lord R. Why, pr'ythee, knight, don't quarrel here; leave private animosities to be decided by daylight; let the night be employed against the public enemy.

Sir J. My lord, I respect you, because you are a man of quality. But I'll make that fellow know I'm within a hair's breadth as absolute by my privileges, as the king of France is by his prerogative. He, by his prerogative, takes money where it is not his due; I, by my privilege, refuse paying it where I owe it. Liberty and property, and old England! Huzza!

All. Huzza!

[*Exit Sir John, reeling, the rest following.*]

ACT IV.

—SCENE I.—*Covent Garden.*

Enter LORD RAKE and COLONEL BULLY, with their swords drawn.

Lord R. Is the dog dead?

Col. No, d—n him! I heard him wheeze.

Lord R. How the witch his wife howled!

Col. Ay, she'll alarm the watch presently.

Lord R. Appear, knight, then ; come, you have a good cause to fight for ; there's a man murdered.

Enter SIR JOHN BRUTE.

Sir J. Is there? then let his ghost be satisfied ; for I'll sacrifice a constable to it presently, and burn his body upon his wooden chair.

Enter a Tailor, with a bundle under his arm.

Col. How now! What have we got here? a thief?

Tai. No, an't please you, I'm no thief.

Lord R. That we'll see presently. Here, let the general examine him.

Sir J. Ay, ay; let me examine him, and I'll lay a hundred pounds I find him guilty, in spite of his teeth; for he looks like a sneaking rascal. Come, sirrah, without equivocation, or mental reservation, tell me of what opinion you are, and what calling; for by them I shall guess at your morals.

Tai. An't please you, I'm a dissenting journeyman woman's tailor.

Sir J. Then, sirrah, you love lying by your religion, and theft by your trade: and so, that your punishments may be suitable to your crimes, I'll have you first gagged, and then hanged.

Tai. Pray, good worthy gentlemen, don't abuse me: indeed, I am an honest man, and a good workman, though I say it, that should not say it.

Sir J. No words, sirrah, but attend your fate.

Lord R. Let me see what's in that bundle.

Tai. An't please you, it's my lady's morning dress and hat.

Sir J. What lady, you reptile, you?

Tai. My Lady Brute, an't please your honour.

Sir J. My Lady Brute! my wife! the robe of my wife! With reverence let me approach it. The dear angel is always taking care of me in danger, and has sent me this suit of armour, to protect me in this day of battle: on they go.

All. Oh, brave knight!

Lord R. Live, Don Quixote the second!

Sir J. Sancho, my 'squire, help me on with my armour.

Tai. Oh! dear gentleman! I shall be quite undone, if you take the sack.

Sir J. Retire, sirrah! and, since you carry off your skin, go home, and be happy. [*Exit Tailor. They dress Sir J.*] So! how do you like my shapes now?

Lord R. To a miracle! he looks like a queen of the Amazons. But, to your arms, gentlemen! the enemy's upon their march; here's the watch.

Sir J. Oons! if it were Alexander the Great, at the head of his army, I would drive him into a horsepond.

All. Huzza! Oh, brave knight!

Enter Watchmen.

Sir J. See! here he comes, with all his Greeks about him: follow me, boys.

1 Watch. Heyday! Who have we got here? stand!

Sir J. Mayhap not.

1 Watch. What are you all doing here in the streets at this time of night? And who are you, madam, that seems to be at the head of this noble crew?

Sir J. Sirrah, I am Bonduca, queen of the Welshmen; and, with a leek as long as my pedigree, I will destroy your Roman legions in an instant. Britons, strike home! (*Snatches a Watchman's staff, strikes at the Watch, drives them off, and returns in custody.*)

1 Watch. So! we have got the queen, however. We'll make her pay well for her ransom. Come, madam, will your majesty please to walk before the constable?

Sir J. The constable's a rascal, and you are a son of a whore!

1 Watch. A most noble reply, truly! If this be her royal style, I'll warrant her maids of honour prattle prettily: but we'll teach you some of our court dialect before we part with you, princess. Away with her to the round-house.

Sir J. Hands off, you ruffians! My honour's dearer to me than my life; I hope you won't be so uncivil.

1 Watch. Away with her.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Chamber.

Enter HEARTFREE.

Heart. What the plague ails me? Love! No, I thank you for that; my heart's rock still. Yet, 'tis Belinda that disturbs me, that's positive. Well, what of all that? Must I love her for being troublesome? At that rate, I might love all the women I meet, egad! But, hold! though I don't love her for disturbing me, yet she may disturb me, because I love her. Ay, that may be, faith. I have dreamt of her, that's certain. Well, so I have of my mother; therefore, what's that to the purpose? Ay, but Belinda runs in my mind waking—and so does many a d—d thing, that I don't care a farthing for. Methinks, though, I would fain be talking to her, and yet I have no business. Well, am I the first man that has had a mind to do an impertinent thing?

Enter CONSTANT.

Con. How now, Heartfree! What makes you up and dressed so soon? I thought none but lovers quarrelled with their beds; I expected to have found you snoring, as I used to do.

Heart. Why, faith! friend, 'tis the care I have of your affairs that makes me so thoughtful; I have been studying all night how to bring your matter about with Belinda.

Con. With Belinda?

Heart. With my lady, I mean: and, faith! I have mighty hopes on't. Sure, you must be very well satisfied with her behaviour to you yesterday?

Con. So well, that nothing but a lover's fears can make me doubt of success. But what can this sudden change proceed from?

Heart. Why, you saw her husband beat her, did you not?

Con. That's true: a husband is scarce to be borne upon any terms, much less when he fights with his wife. Methinks she should e'en have cuckolded him upon the spot, to shew, that after the battle she was master of the field.

Heart. A council of war of women would infallibly have advised her to it. But, I confess, so agreeable a woman as Belinda deserves better usage.

Con. Belinda again!

Heart. My lady, I mean. What a plague makes me blunder so to-day? (*Aside.*) A plague of this treacherous tongue.

Con. Pr'ythee, look upon me seriously, Heartfree. Now answer me directly: is it my lady, or Belinda, employs your careful thoughts thus?

Heart. My lady, or Belinda!

Con. In love, by this light! in love!

Heart. In love!

Con. Nay, never deny it; for thou'lt do it so awkwardly, 'twill but make the jest sit heavier about thee. My dear friend, I give you much joy.

Heart. Why, pr'ythee, you won't persuade me to it, will you?

Con. That she's mistress of your tongue, that's plain; and I know you are so honest a fellow, your tongue and heart always go together. But how—but how the devil—psha! Ha, ha, ha!

Heart. Heyday! Why, sure, you don't believe it in earnest?

Con. Yes, I do, because I see you deny it in jest.

Heart. Nay, but, look you! Ned—a—deny in jest—a—gadzoos! you know, I say—a—when a man denies a thing in jest—a—

Con. Ha, ha, ha!

Heart. Nay, then we shall have it: what, because a man stumbles at a word? Did you never make a blunder?

Con. Yes, for I am in love; I own it.

Heart. Then so am I:—now laugh till thy soul's gluttured with mirth. But, dear Constant, don't tell the town on't.

Con. Nay, then, 'twere almost a pity to laugh at thee, after so honest a confession.

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, there's a porter without, with a letter; he desires to give it into your own hands.

Con. Call him in.

Enter Porter.

What, Joe, is it thee?

Port. An't please you, sir, I was ordered to deliver this into your hands, by two well-shaped ladies, at the New Exchange. I was at your honour's lodgings, and your servants sent me hither.

Con. 'Tis well: are you to carry any answer?

Port. No, my noble master. They gave me my orders, and whip, they are gone.

Con. Very well: there. *(Gives him money.)*

Port. Heaven bless your honour! *[Exit.*

Con. Now let's see what honest, trusty Joe has brought us. *(Reads.)* "If you and your playfellow can spare time from your business and devotions, don't fail to be at Spring Garden, about eight in the evening. You'll find nothing there but women, so you need bring no other arms than what you usually carry about you." So, playfellow, here's something to stay your stomach, till your mistress's dish is ready for you.

Heart. Some of our old battered acquaintance. I won't go, not I.

Con. Nay, that you can't avoid: there's honour in the case; 'tis a challenge, and I want a second.

Heart. I doubt I shall be but a very useless one to you; for I'm so disheartened by this wound Belinda has given me, I do not think I shall have courage enough to draw my sword.

Con. Oh! if that be all, come along; I'll warrant you'll find sword enough for such enemies as we have to deal withal. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the Justice's house.*

Enter Constable and Watchmen with SIR JOHN BRUTE.

Con. Come, forsooth, come along, if you please. I once, in compassion, thought to have seen you safe home this morning; but you have been so rampant and abusive all night, I shall see what the justice of peace will say to you.

Sir J. And you shall see what I'll say to the justice of peace, sirrah. *(Watchman knocks at the door.)*

Enter Servant.

Con. Is Mr. Justice at home?

Serv. Yes.

Con. Pray, acquaint his worship we have got an unruly woman here, and desire to know what he'll please to have done with her.

Serv. I'll acquaint my master. *[Exit.*

Sir J. Hark you! constable, what cuckoldry justice is this?

Con. One that knows how to deal with such romps as you are, I'll warrant you.

Enter Justice.

Just. Well, Mr. Constable, what is the matter here?

Con. An't please your worship, this here comical sort of a gentlewoman has committed great outrages to-night. She has been frolicking with my Lord Rake and his gang; they attacked the watch, and I hear there has been a man killed. I believe 'tis they have done it.

Sir J. Sir, there may have been murder, for aught I know; and 'tis a great mercy there has not been a rape, too; that fellow would have ravished me.

1 Watch. Ravish, ravish! Oh, lud! oh, lud! oh, lud! Do I look like a ravisher?

Just. Why, truly, she does seem a little masculine about the mouth.

2 Watch. Yes, and about the hands, too, an't please your worship. I did but offer, in mere civility, to help her up the steps into our apartment, and with her gripen fists—*(Sir J. knocks him down.)*

Sir J. I felled him to the ground, like an ox.

Just. Out upon this boisterous woman! out upon her!

Sir J. Mr. Justice, he would have been uncivil; it was in defence of my honour, and I demand satisfaction.

2 Watch. I hope your worship will satisfy her honour in Bridewell; that fist of her's will make an admirable hemp-beater.

Sir J. Sir, I hope you will protect me against that libidinous rascal. I am a woman of quality, and virtue, too, for all I am in an undress this morning.

Just. Why, she really has the air of a sort of a woman a little somethingish out of the common. Madam, if you expect I should be favourable to you, I desire I may know who you are.

Sir J. Sir, I am anybody, at your service.

Just. I desire to know your name.

Sir J. Sir, my name's Mary.

Just. Ay, but your surname, madam.

Sir J. Sir, my surname's the very same with my husband's.

Just. A strange woman this! Who is your husband, pray?

Sir J. Sir John—

Just. Sir John who?

Sir J. Sir John Brute.

Just. Is it possible, madam, you can be my Lady Brute?

Sir J. That happy woman, sir, am I; only a little in my merriment to-night.

Just. I am concerned for Sir John.

Sir J. Truly, so am I.

Just. I have heard he is an honest gentleman.

Sir J. As ever drank.

Just. Good lack! Indeed, lady, I'm sorry he has such a wife.

Sir J. I am sorry he has any wife at all.

Just. And so, perhaps, may he. I doubt you have not given him a very good taste of matrimony.

Sir J. Taste, sir! Sir, I have scorned to stint him to a taste; I have given him a full meal of it.

Just. Indeed, I believe so. But, pray, fair lady, may he have given you any occasion for this extraordinary conduct? does he not use you well?

Sir J. A little upon the rough sometimes.

Just. Ay, any man may be out of humour now and then.

Sir J. Sir, I love peace and quiet; and when a woman don't find that at home, she's apt, sometimes, to comfort herself with a few innocent diversions abroad.

Just. A strange woman this! Does he spend a reasonable portion of his time at home, to the comfort of his wife and children?

Sir J. He never gave his wife cause to repine at his being abroad in his life.

Just. Pray, madam, how may he be in the grand matrimonial point. Is he true to your bed?

Sir J. Sir!

Just. Is he true to your bed?

Sir J. Chaste! Oons! this fellow asks so many impertinent questions! Egad! I believe it is the justice's wife in the justice's clothes. (*Aside.*)

Just. 'Tis a great pity she should have been thus disposed of. Pray, madam, (and then I have done,) what may be your ladyship's common method of life? if I may presume so far.

Sir J. Why, sir, much that of a woman of quality.

Just. Pray, how may you generally pass your time, madam? Your morning, for example.

Sir J. Sir, like a woman of quality, I wake about two o'clock in the afternoon; I stretch, and make a sign for my chocolate; when I have drunk three cups, I slide down again upon my back, with my arms over my head, while my two maids put on my stockings; then, hanging upon their shoulders, I am trailed to my great chair, where I sit and yawn for my breakfast; if it don't come presently, I lie down upon my couch to say my prayers, while my maid reads me the play-bills.

Just. Very well, madam!

Sir J. When the tea is brought in, I drink twelve regular dishes, with eight slices of bread and butter; and, half-an-hour after, I send to the cook, to know if the dinner is almost ready.

Just. So, madam!

Sir J. By that time my head is half-dressed, I hear my husband swearing himself into a state of perdition that the meat's all cold upon the table; to amend which, I come down in an hour more, and have it sent back to the kitchen, to be all dressed over again.

Just. Poor man!

Sir J. When I have dined, and my idle servants are presumptuously set down at their ease to do so too, I call for my coach, to go visit fifty dear friends, of whom I hope I never shall find one at home while I shall live.

Just. So! there's the morning and afternoon pretty well disposed of. Pray, how, madam, do you pass your evenings?

Sir J. Like a woman of spirit, sir; a great spirit. Give me a box and dice—seven's the main! Oons! sir, I set you a hundred pounds! Why, do you think women are married now-a-days, to sit at home and mend napkins! Oh! the lord help your head!

Just. Mercy on us! Mr. Constable, what will this age come to?

Con. What will it come to, indeed, if such women as these are not set in the stocks!

Sir J. Mr. Justice!

Just. Madam!

Sir J. Sir, I have a little urgent business calls upon me; and, therefore, I desire the favour of you to bring matters to a conclusion.

Just. Madam, if I were sure that business were not to commit more disorders, I would release you.

Sir J. None—by my virtue. [*her.*]

Just. Then, Mr. Constable, you may discharge *Sir J.* Sir, your very humble servant. Will you please to accept of a bottle?

Just. I thank you kindly, madam: but I never drink in a morning. Good b'ye, madam! good b'ye!

Sir J. Mr. Justice, will you be so kind and obliging as to grant me one favour?

Just. Ay: what is it?

Sir J. That your worship would be so very obliging as to let me have the honour of a chaste salute. Won't you?

Just. Good b'ye, madam!

Sir J. Good b'ye, good sir! [*Exit Justice.*] So now, Mr. Constable, shall you and I go pick up a whore together?

Con. No, thank you, madam: my wife's enough to satisfy any reasonable man.

Sir J. (*Aside.*) He, he, he! The fool is married, then. Well, you won't go?

Con. Not I, truly!

Sir J. Then I'll go by myself; and you and your wife may go to the devil. [*Exit.*]

Con. (*Gazing after him.*) Why, God-a-mercy, lady. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Spring Garden.

CONSTANT and HEARTFREE cross the stage. As they go off, enter LADY FANCIFUL and MADEMOISELLE, masked, and dogging them.

Con. So! I think we are about the time appointed: let us walk up this way.

[*Exit with Heartfree.*]

Lady F. Good! thus far I have dogged them without being discovered. 'Tis infallibly some intrigue that brings them to Spring Garden. How my poor heart is torn and racked with fear and jealousy! Let it be anything but that flirt Belinda, and I'll try to hear it. But, if it proves her, all that's woman in me shall be employed to destroy her. [*Exit after Constant and Heartfree.*]

Re-enter CONSTANT and HEARTFREE. LADY FANCIFUL and MADEMOISELLE still following at a distance.

Con. I see no females yet, that have anything to say to us. I'm afraid we are hanted.

Heart. I wish we were, for I'm in no humour to make either them or myself merry.

Enter LADY BRUTE and BELINDA, masked, and poorly dressed.

Con. How now! Who are these? Not our game, I hope.

Heart. If they are, we are e'en well enough served, to come a hunting here when we had so much better game in chase elsewhere.

Lady F. (*To Mademoiselle.*) So, those are their ladies, without doubt. But I'm afraid that doily stuff is not worn for want of better clothes. They are the very shape and size of Belinda and her aunt.

Madem. So dey be, indeed, matam.

Lady F. We'll slip into this close armour, where we may hear all they say. [*Exit with Madem.*]

Lady B. What, are you afraid of us, gentlemen?

Heart. Why, truly, I think we may, if appearances don't lie.

Bel. Do you always find women what they appear to be, sir?

Heart. No, forsooth! but I seldom find them better than they appear to be.

Bel. Then the outside's best, you think.

Heart. 'Tis the honestest.

Con. Have a care, Heartfree! you are relapsing again.

Lady B. Why, does the gentleman use to rail at women?

Con. He has done formerly.

Bel. I suppose he had very good call for't. They did not use you so well as you thought you deserved, sir?

Lady B. They made themselves merry at your expense, sir?

Bel. Laughed when you sighed?

Lady B. Slept while you were waking?

Bel. Had your porter beat?

Lady B. And threw your billet-doux in the fire?
Heart. Heyday! I shall do more than rail, presently.

Bel. Why, you won't beat us, will you?

Heart. I don't know but I may.

Con. What the devil's coming here? Sir John, and drunk, i' faith!

Enter SIR JOHN BRUTE.

Sir J. What, a pox! here's Constant, Heartfree, and two whores, egad! Oh! you covetous rogues! What, have you never a spare punk for your friend? But I'll share with you. *(Seizes both the women.)*

Heart. Why, what the plague have you been doing, knight?

Sir J. Why, I have been beating the watch, and scandalizing the women of quality.

Heart. A very good account, truly!

Sir J. And what do you think I'll do next?

Con. Nay, that no man can guess.

Sir J. Why, if you'll let me sup with you, I'll treat both your strumpets.

Lady B. (Aside.) Oh, lord! we are undone.

Heart. No, we can't sup together, because we have some affairs elsewhere. But if you'll accept of these two ladies, we'll be so complaisant to you to resign our right in them.

Bel. (Aside.) Lord! what shall we do?

Sir J. Let me see; their clothes are such d—d clothes, they won't pawn for the reckoning.

Heart. Sir John, your servant. Raptures attend you.

Con. Adieu, ladies; make much of the gentleman.

Lady B. Why, sure, you won't leave us in the hands of a drunken fellow, to abuse us?

Sir J. Who do you call a drunken fellow, you slut you! I'm a man of quality: the king has made me a knight.

Heart. Ay, ay, you are in good hands; adieu, adieu! *[Runs off.]*

Lady B. The devil's hands! let me go, or I'll—for heaven's sake protect us! *(Breaks from Sir J. runs to Constant, twitching off her mask, and clapping it on again.)*

Sir J. I'll devil you, you jade, you! I'll demolish your ugly face.

Re-enter HEARTFREE, Belinda runs to him, and shews her face.

Heart. Hold, thou mighty man! Lookye! sir, we did but jest with you. These are ladies of our acquaintance, that we had a mind to frighten a little; but now you must leave us.

Sir J. Oons! I won't leave you, not I.

Heart. Nay, but you must, though; and, therefore, make no words on't.

Sir J. Then you are a couple of d—d uncivil fellows; and I hope your punks will give you sauce to your mutton. *[Exit.]*

Lady B. Oh! I shall never come to myself again, I'm so frightened!

Con. 'Tis a narrow escape, indeed.

Bel. Women must have frolics, you see, whatever they cost them.

Heart. This might have proved a dear one, though.

Lady B. You are the more obliged to us for the risk we run upon your accounts.

Con. And I hope you'll acknowledge something due to our knight errantry, ladies. This is the second time we have delivered you.

Lady B. 'Tis true; and since we see fate has

destined you for our guardians, 'twill make us the more willing to trust ourselves in your hands. But you must not have the worse opinion of us for our innocent frolic.

Heart. Ladies, you may command our opinion in everything that is to your advantage.

Bel. Then, sir, I command you to be of opinion, that women are sometimes better than they appear to be. *(Lady B. and Constant talk apart.)*

Heart. Madam, you have made a convert of me in everything. I'm grown a fool. I could be fond of a woman.

Bel. I thank you, sir, in the name of the whole sex.

Heart. Which sex nothing but yourself could ever have atoned for.

Bel. Now has my vanity a devilish itch to know in what my merit consists.

Heart. In your humility, madam, that keeps you ignorant it consists at all.

Bel. One other compliment, with that serious face, and I hate you for ever after.

Heart. Some women love to be abused; is that it you would be at?

Bel. No, not that neither; but I'd have men talk plainly what's fit for women to hear, without putting them to a real or an affected blush.

Heart. Why, then, in as plain terms as I can find to express myself, I could love you even to matrimony itself—almost, egad!

Bel. Just as Sir John did her ladyship there—

Heart. Dear creature! do but try me.

Bel. That's the surest way, indeed, to know; but not the safest.—*(To Lady B.)* Madam, are you not for taking a turn in the great walk? It's almost dark; nobody will know us.

Lady B. Really, I find myself something idle, Belinda: besides, I dote upon this little, odd, private corner. But don't let my lazy fancy confine you.

Con. (Aside.) So, she would be left alone with me! that's well.

Bel. Well, we'll take one turn, and come to you again.—*(To Heartfree.)* Come, sir, shall we go pry into the secrets of the garden? Who knows what discoveries we may make?

Heart. Madam, I am at your service.

Con. (Aside to Heartfree.) Don't make too much haste back; for, d'ye hear?—I may be busy.

Heart. Enough! *[Exit Bel. with Heartfree.]*

Lady B. Sure, you think me scandalously free, Mr. Constant; I'm afraid I shall lose your good opinion of me.

Con. My good opinion, madam, is like your cruelty—never to be removed.

Lady B. Indeed I doubt you much. Why, suppose you had a wife, and she should entertain a gallant?

Con. If I gave her just cause, how should I justly condemn her?

Lady B. Ah! but you differ widely about just causes.

Con. But blows can bear no dispute.

Lady B. Nor ill manners much, truly.

Con. Then no woman on earth has so just a cause as you have. But, for heaven's sake! (for now I must be serious,) if pity, or if gratitude can move you; *(taking her hand)* if constancy and truth have power to tempt you; if love, if adoration, can affect you, give me at least some hopes, that time may do, what you, perhaps, mean never to perform: 'twill ease my sufferings, though not quench my flame.

Lady B. Your sufferings eased, your flame would soon abate; and that I would preserve, not quench it, sir.

Con. Would you preserve it, nourish it with favours; for that's the food it naturally requires.

Lady B. Yet on that natural food 'twould surfeit soon, should I resolve to grant all you would ask.

Con. And in refusing all, you starve it. Forgive me, therefore, (since my hunger rages,) if I at last grow wild; and, in my phrenzy, force at least this from you. (*Kissing her hand.*) Or if you'd have my flame soar higher still, then grant me this, and this, and thousands more. (*Kissing first her hand, and then her neck.—Aside.*) For now's the time she melts into compassion.

Lady B. Oh, heavens! let me go.

Con. Ay, go, ay! where shall we go, my charming angel—into this private arbour? Nay, let's lose no time—moments are precious—

Lady B. And lovers wild. Pray, let us stop here; at least for this time.

Con. 'Tis impossible! he that has power over you, can have none over himself. (*As he is forcing her into the arbour, LADY FANCIFUL and MADEMOISELLE rush out upon them, and run across the stage.*)

Lady B. Ah! I'm lost!

Lady F. & Madam. Fe, fe, fe! [*Exeunt.*]

Con. Death and furies! who are those?

Lady B. Oh, heavens! I'm out of my wits. If they know me, I'm ruined.

Con. Don't be frightened; ten thousand to one they are strangers to you.

Lady B. Whatever they are, I won't stay here a moment longer.

Con. Whither will you go?

Lady B. Home, as if the devil were in me! Lord! where's this Belinda now?

Enter BELINDA and HEARTFREE.

Oh! 'tis well you are come; I'm so frightened! Let's begone, for heaven's sake!

Bel. Lord! what's the matter?

Lady B. The devil's the matter! Here's a couple of women have done the most impertinent thing—Away, away, away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Lady Fanciful's House.*

Enter LADY FANCIFUL and MADEMOISELLE.

Lady F. Well, mademoiselle, did you dodge the filthy things?

Madem. O qu'oui, madame.

Lady F. And where are they?

Madem. Au logis.

Lady F. What, men and all?

Madem. Tous ensemble.

Lady F. Oh, confidence! What, carry their fellows to their own house?

Madem. C'est que le mari n'y est pas.

Lady F. No, so I believe, truly. But he shall be there, and quickly, too, if I can find him out. Well, 'tis a prodigious thing to see, when men and women get together, how they fortify one another in their impudence. But if that drunken fool, her husband, be to be found in e'er a tavern in town, I'll send him amongst them: I'll spoil their sport.

Madem. En vérité, madame, ce seroit dommage.

Lady F. 'Tis in vain to oppose it, mademoiselle; therefore, never go about it: for I am the steadiest creature in the world—when I am determined to do mischief. So, come along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Sir John Brute's House.*

Enter CONSTANT, HEARTFREE, LADY BRUTE, BELINDA, and LOVEWELL.

Lady B. But are you sure you don't mistake, Lovewell?

Lov. Madam, I saw them all go into the tavern together; and my master so drunk, he could scarce stand.

Lady B. Then, gentlemen, I believe we may venture to let you stay, and play at cards with us an hour or two; for they'll scarce part till morning.

Bel. I think it's a pity they should ever part—

Con. The company that's here, madam.

Lady B. Then, sir, the company that's here must remember to part itself in time.

Con. Madam, we don't intend to forfeit your future favours, by an indiscreet usage of this. The moment you give us the signal, we sha'n't fail to make our retreat.

Lady B. Upon those conditions, then, let us sit down to cards.

Enter LOVEWELL.

Lov. Oh, lord! madam, here's my master just staggering in upon you: he has been quarrelsome yonder, and they have kicked him out of the company. [*Exit.*]

Lady B. Into the closet, gentlemen, for heaven's sake! (*Constant and Heartfree run into the closet.*)

Enter SIR JOHN BRUTE, covered with dirt and blood.

Lady B. Ah! ah! he's all over blood!

Sir J. What the plague does the woman squall for? Did you never see a man in a pickle before?

Lady B. Lord! where have you been?

Sir J. I have been at—cuffs.

Lady B. I fear that is not all. I hope you are not wounded?

Sir J. Sound as a roach, wife.

Lady B. I'm mighty glad to hear it.

Sir J. You know—I think you lie.

Lady B. 'Tis a hard fate, I should not be believed.

Sir J. 'Tis a d—d atheistical age, wife.

Lady B. I am sure I have given you a thousand tender proofs how great my care is of you. But, spite of all your cruel thoughts, I still persist; and, at this moment, if I can, persuade you to lie down, and sleep a little.

Sir J. Why, do you think I am drunk, you slut you?

Lady B. Heaven forbid I should! But I'm afraid you are feverish. Pray, let me feel your pulse.

Sir J. Stand off, and be d—d.

Lady B. Why, I see your distemper in your eyes: you are all on fire. Pray, go to bed; let me entreat you.

Sir J. Come, kiss me, then.

Lady B. (*Kissing him.*) There! now go.—(*Aside.*) He stinks like poison.

Sir J. I see it goes d—y against your stomach; and, therefore,—kiss me again.

Lady B. Nay, now you fool me.

Sir J. Do it, I say.

Lady B. (*Aside.*) Ah! lord have mercy upon me! Well—there! Now will you go?

Sir J. Now, wife, you shall see my gratitude: you gave me two kisses; I'll give you—two hundred. (*Kisses and tumbles her.*)

Lady B. Oh, lord! pray, Sir John, be quiet! Heavens! what a pickle I am in.

Sir J. So, now, you being as dirty and as nasty as myself, we may go pig together. But, first, I must have a cup of your cold tea, wife. (*Going to the closet.*)

Lady B. (*Aside.*) Oh! I am ruined! There's none there, my dear.

Sir J. I'll warrant you I'll find some, my dear.

Lady B. You can't open the door; the lock's

spoiled: I have been turning and turning the key this half-hour, to no purpose. I'll send for the smith to-morrow.

Sir J. There's ne'er a smith in Europe can open a door with more expedition than I can do. As for example:—*(He bursts open the door.)* How now! What the devil have we got here? Constant, Heartfree,—and two w—again, egad! This is the worst cold tea that ever I met with in my life! “I have been turning and turning—”

Enter CONSTANT and HEARTFREE from the closet.

Lady B. (Aside.) Oh, lord! what will become of us!

Sir J. Gentlemen, I am your very humble servant. I give you many thanks. I see you take care of my family: I shall do all I can to return the obligation.

Con. Sir, how oddly soever this business may appear to you, you'd have no cause to be uneasy, if you knew the truth of all things. Your lady is the most virtuous woman in the world, and nothing has passed but an innocent frolic.

Heart. Nothing else, upon my honour, sir.

Sir J. You are both very civil gentlemen; and my wife, there, is a very civil gentlewoman; therefore, I don't doubt but many civil things have passed between you. Your very humble servant.

Lady B. (Aside to Constant.) Pray, begone; he's so drunk, he can't hurt us to-night, and to-morrow morning you shall hear from us.

Con. I'll obey you, madam. Sir, when you are cool, you'll understand reason better: so, then, I shall take the pains to inform you; if not, I wear a sword, sir, and so good b'ye. Come along, Heartfree.

Sir J. Wear a sword, sir! And what, then, sir? He comes to my house, eats my meat, lies with my wife, dishonours my family, gets a bastard to inherit my estate; and when I ask a civil account of all this,—“Sir,” says he, “I wear a sword.” Wear a sword, sir?—“Yes, sir,” says he, “I wear a sword.” It may be a good answer at cross purposes; but 'tis a d—d one to a man in my whimsical circumstances. “Sir,” says he, “I wear a sword.” *(To Lady B.)* And what do you wear now? Eh! tell me. *(Sitting down.)* What, you are modest, and can't! why, then, I'll tell you, you slut, you:—you wear an impudent, lewd face; a d—d designing heart; and a tail—and a tail full of—*(Falls fast asleep.)*

Lady B. So, thanks to kind heaven, he's fast for some hours!

Bel. 'Tis well he is so, that we may have time to lay our story handsomely; for we must lie like the devil to bring ourselves off.

Lady B. What shall we say, Belinda?

Bel. (Musing.) I'll tell you; it must all light upon Heartfree and me.

Lady B. I'm beholden to you, cousin; but that would be carrying the jest a little too far. But it's late: let's, out of an excess of charity, take a small care of that nasty drunken thing there. Do but look at him, Belinda.

Bel. Ah! it's a savoury dish.

Lady B. As savoury as it is, I'm cloyed with it. Pr'ythee, call the butler to take away.

Bel. Call the butler! Call the scavenger. *(To a Servant within.)* Who's there? Call Razor; let him take away his master; scour him clean, with a little soap and sand, and so put him to bed.

Lady B. Come, Belinda, I'll e'en lie with you to-night, and, in the morning, we'll send for our gentlemen, to set this matter even.

Bel. With all my heart.

Lady B. Good night, my dear. *(Making a low courtesy to Sir John.)*

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

[Exeunt.]

Enter RAZOR.

Razor. My lady, there, is a wag; my master, there, is a cuckold. Marriage is a slippery thing! Women have depraved appetites—My lady's a wag. I have heard all; I have seen all; I understand all; and I'll tell all: for my little French-woman loves news dearly. This story will gain her heart, or nothing will.—*(To Sir J.)* Come, sir, your head's too full of fumes at present, to make room for your jealousy; but I reckon we shall have rare work with you, when your pate's empty. Come to your kennel, you cuckoldy, drunken sot, you! *(Takes him on his back.)*

My master's asleep in his chair, and a snoring, My lady's abroad, and—Oh! rare matrimony. *[Exit.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Lady Fanciful's House.*

Enter LADY FANCIFUL and MADEMOISELLE.

Lady F. But why did you not tell me before mademoiselle, that Razor and you were fond?

Madem. De modesty hinder me, matam.

Lady F. Why, truly, modesty does often hinder us from doing things we have an extravagant mind to. But does he love you well enough yet, to do anything you bid him? Do you think, to oblige you, he would speak scandal?

Madem. Matam, to oblige your ladyship, he shall speak anything.

Lady F. Why, then, mademoiselle, I'll tell you what you shall do: you shall engage him to tell his master all that passed at Spring Gardens. I have a mind he shall know what a wife and a niece he has got.

Madem. Il le fera, madame.

Enter CORNET, who speaks apart to Mademoiselle.

Corn. Mademoiselle, yonder's Mr. Razor desires to speak with you.

Madem. Tell him I come presently. *[Exit Cornet.]* Razor be dere, madame.

Lady F. That's fortunate! Well, I'll leave you together; and, if you find him stubborn, mademoiselle—harkye!—don't refuse him a few reasonable little liberties, to put him in humour.

Madem. Laissez moi faire. *[Exit Lady F.]*

RAZOR peeps in; and, seeing Lady Fanciful gone, turns to Mademoiselle, and kisses her.

Madem. How now, confidence!

Razor. How now, modesty!

Madem. Who makes you so familiar, sirrah?

Razor. My impudence, bussy.

Madem. Stand off, rogue-face!

Razor. Ah! mademoiselle, great news at our house.

Madem. Why, vat be de matter?

Razor. The matter! why, uptails all's the matter.

Madem. Tu te mocque de moi.

Razor. Now do you long to know the particulars—the time when—the place where—the manner how—but I won't tell you a word more.

Madem. Nay, den dou kill me Razor.

Razor. Come, kiss me, then. *(Putting his hands behind.)*

Madem. Nay, pridee, tell me.

Razor. Good b'ye. *(Going.)*

Madem. Hold, hold! I will kiss dee. *(Kissing him.)*

Razor. So, that's civil! Why, now, my pretty

Poll, my goldfinch, my little water-wagtail, you must know that—Come, kiss me again.

Madem. I won't kiss de no more.

Razor. Good b'ye.

Madem. Doucement! dere! es tu content? (*Kissing him.*)

Razor. So, now I'll tell thee all. Why, the news is, that cuckoldom in folio is just going into the press. Will you buy any books, mademoiselle?

Madem. Tu parle comme un libraire; de devil, no understand dee!

Razor. Why, then, that I may make myself intelligible to a waiting-woman, I'll speak like a valet-de-chambre: my lady has cuckolded my master.

Madem. Bon.

Razor. Which we take very ill from her hands, I can tell her that. We can't yet prove matter of fact upon her.

Madem. N'importe.

Razor. But we can prove, that matter of fact had like to have been upon her.

Madem. Ouy-da.

Razor. For we have such terrible circumstances—

Madem. Sans doute.

Razor. That any man of parts may draw tickling conclusions from them.

Madem. Fort bien.

Razor. We found a couple of tight, well-built gentlemen stuffed into her ladyship's closet.

Madem. Le diable!

Razor. And I, in my particular person, have discovered a most d—e plot, how to persuade my poor master, that all this hide and seek, this will-in-the-wisp, has no other meaning than a christian marriage for sweet Mrs. Belinda.

Madem. Un mariage? Ah, les droles!

Razor. Don't you interrupt me, hussy!—'Tis agreed, I say; and my innocent lady, to wriggle herself out at the back door of the business, turns marriage bawd to her niece, and resolves to deliver up her fair body to be tumbled and mumbled by that young liquorish whipster, Heartfree. Now are you satisfied?

Madem. No.

Razor. Right woman! always gaping for more.

Madem. Dis be all den, dat you know?

Razor. All! ay, and a great deal too, I think.

Madem. Dou be fool, dou know nothings. Ecoute, mon pauvre Razor! Dou see des two eyes? Des two eyes have see de devil.

Razor. The woman's mad!

Madem. In Spring Garden, dat rogue Constant meet dy lady.

Razor. Bon.

Madem. I'll tell dee no more.

Razor. Nay, pr'ythee, my swan!

Madem. Come, kiss me, den. (*Clapping her hands behind her, as he did before.*)

Razor. I won't kiss you, not I.

Madem. Adieu! (*Going.*)

Razor. Hold! (*Gives her a hearty kiss.*) Now proceed.

Madem. A çà—I hide myself in one cunning place, where I hear all and see all. First, dy drunken master come mal-à-propos; but de sot, no know his own dear wife, so he leave her to her sport: den de game begin. De lover say soft ting; de lady look upon de ground. (*As she speaks, Razor still acts the man, and she the woman.*) He takes her by de hand; she turn her head on oder way. Den he squeeze very hard; den she pull—very softly. Den he take her in his arms; den she give him little pat. Den he tremble; den she sigh. Den he pull her into the arbour; den she pinch him.—

Razor. Ay, but not so hard, you baggage, you.

Madem. Den he grow bold; she grow weak. He tro her down, il tombe dessus, le diable assist, il emport tout—(*Razor struggles with her, as if he would throw her down.*)—Stand off, sirrah!

Razor. You have set me afire, you jade, you!

Madem. Den go to de river and quench dyself.

Razor. What an unnatural harlot this is!

Madem. Razor! (*Looking languishingly on him.*)

Razor. Mademoiselle!

Madem. Dou no love me?

Razor. Not love thee! More than a Frenchman does soup.

Madem. Den you will refuse nothing dat I bid dee?

Razor. Don't bid me hang myself, then.

Madem. No; only tell dy master all I have tell dee of dy lady.

Razor. Why, you little malicious strumpet, you! should you like to be served so?

Madem. Don dispute, den?—Adieu!

Razor. Hold!—But why wilt thou make be such a rogue, my dear?

Madem. Voilà un vrai Anglois! il est amoureux, et cependant il veut raisonner. Va t'en au diable!

Razor. Hold, once more! in hopes thou'll give me up thy body, I'll make a present of my honesty.

Madem. Bon écoute donc; if dou fail me, I never see dee more. If dou obey me, je m'abandonne à toi à toi. (*She kisses him, and exit.*)

Razor. (*Licking his lips.*) Not be a rogue!—*Amor vincit omnia.* [*Exit.*]

Enter LADY FANCIFUL and MADEMOISELLE.

Lady F. Marry, say ye? Will the two things marry?

Madem. On le va faire, madame.

Lady F. Look you, mademoiselle—in short, I can't bear it—no, I find I can't. Therefore, run and call Razor back immediately; for something must be done to stop this impertinent wedding. If I can but defer it four and twenty hours, I'll make such work about town, with that little pert slut's reputation, he shall as soon marry a witch.

Madem. (*Aside.*) La voilà bien intentionnée.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Constant's Lodgings.*

Enter CONSTANT and HEARTFREE.

Con. But what dost think will become of this business?

Heart. 'Tis easier to think what will not become on't.

Con. What's that?

Heart. A challenge. I know the knight too well for that; his dear body will always prevail upon his noble soul to be quiet.

Con. But though he dare not challenge me, perhaps he may venture to challenge his wife.

Heart. Not if you whisper him in the ear, you won't have him do't; and there's no other way left that I see. For, as drunk as he was, he'll remember you and I were where we should not be; and I don't think him quite blockhead enough yet, to be persuaded we were got into his wife's closet only to peep into her prayer-book.

Enter a Servant, with a letter.

Serv. Sir, here's a letter: a porter brought it.

Con. Oh, ho! here's instructions for us. (*Reads*) "The accident that has happened has touched our invention to the quick. We would fain come off without your help, but find that's impossible. In a word, the whole business must be thrown upon a matrimonial in-

trigue between your friend and mine; but if the parties are not fond enough to go quite through with the matter, 'tis sufficient for our turn, they own the design. We'll find pretences enough to break the match. Adieu!"—Well, women for invention! How long would my block head have been producing this, eh! Heartfree? What, musing, man? Pr'ythee, be cheerful. What sayest thou, friend, to this matrimonial remedy?

Heart. Why, I say, it's worse than the disease.

Con. Here's a fellow for you! There's beauty and money on her side, and love up to the ears on his; and yet—

Heart. And yet, I think, I may reasonably be allowed to boggle at marrying the niece, in the very moment that you are deluding the aunt.

Con. Why, truly, there may be something in that. But have not you a good opinion enough of your own parts, to believe you could keep a wife to yourself?

Heart. I should have, if I had a good opinion enough of hers, to believe she could do as much by me. But, pr'ythee, advise me in this good and evil, this life and death, this blessing and curse, that is set before me. Shall I marry, or die a maid?

Con. Why, 'faith, Heartfree, matrimony is like an army going to engage: love's the forlorn hope, which is soon cut off; the marriage knot is the main body, which may stand buff a long time; and repentance is the rear guard, which rarely gives ground as long as the main body has a being.

Heart. Conclusion, then; you advise me to rake on as you do.

Con. That's not concluded yet: for, though marriage be a lottery, in which there are wondrous many blanks, yet there is one inestimable lot in which the only heaven on earth is written. Would your kind fate but guide your hand to that, though I were wrapped in all that luxury itself could clothe me with, I should envy you.

Heart. And justly, too; for to be capable of loving one, doubtless, is better than to possess a thousand; but how far that capacity's in me, alas! I know not.

Con. But you would know?

Heart. I would so.

Con. Matrimony will inform you. Come, one flight of resolution carries you to the land of experience; where, in a very moderate time, you'll know the capacity of your soul and your body both, or I'm mistaken. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Sir John Brute's.*

Enter LADY BRUTE and BELINDA.

Bel. Well, madam, what answer have you from them?

Lady B. That they'll be here this moment. I fancy 'twill end in a wedding: I'm sure he's a fool if it don't. Ten thousand pounds, and such a lass as you are, is no contemptible offer to a younger brother.

Enter CONSTANT and HEARTFREE.

Good morrow, gentlemen; how have you slept after your adventure?

Heart. Some careful thoughts, ladies, on your accounts, have kept us waking.

Bel. And some careful thoughts on your own, I believe, have hindered you from sleeping. Pray, how does this matrimonial project relish with you?

Heart. Why, 'faith, e'en as storming towns does with soldiers, where the hopes of delicious plunder banishes the fear of being knocked on the head.

Bel. Is it, then, possible, after all, that you dare think of downright lawful wedlock?

Heart. Madam, you have made me so fool-hardy, I dare do anything.

Bel. Then, sir, I challenge you, and matrimony's the spot where I expect you.

Heart. 'Tis enough; I'll not fail. *(Aside.)* So, now I am in for Hobbes's voyage; a great leap in the dark.

Lady B. Well, gentlemen, this matter being concluded, then, have you got your lessons ready? for Sir John is grown such an atheist of late, he'll believe nothing upon easy terms.

Con. We'll find means to extend his faith, madam. But, pray, how do you find him this morning?

Lady B. Most lamentably morose; chewing the cud after last night's discovery; of which, however, he has but a confused notion, even now. But I'm afraid the valet de chambre has told him all; for they are very busy together at this moment. When I told him of Belinda's marriage, I had no other answer but a grunt; from which you may draw what conclusion you think fit.—But to your notes, gentlemen; he's here.

Enter SIR JOHN BRUTE and RAZOR.

Con. Good morrow, sir.

Heart. Good morrow, Sir John; I'm very sorry my indiscretion should cause so much disorder in your family.

Sir J. Disorders generally come from indiscretion, sir; 'tis no strange thing at all.

Lady B. I hope, my dear, you are satisfied there was no wrong intended you.

Sir J. None, my dove.

Bel. If not, I hope my consent to marry Mr. Heartfree will convince you; for, as little as I know of amours, sir, I can assure you, one intrigue is enough to bring four people together, without further mischief.

Sir J. And I know too, that intrigues tend to procreation of more kinds than one. One intrigue will beget another, as soon as beget a son or a daughter.

Con. I am very sorry, sir, to see you still seem unsatisfied with a lady, whose more than common virtue, I am sure, were she my wife, should meet a better usage.

Sir J. Sir, if her conduct has put a trick upon her virtue, her virtue's the bubble, but her husband's the loser.

Con. Sir, you have received a sufficient answer already, to justify both her conduct and mine. You'll pardon me for meddling in your family affairs; but I perceive I am the man you are jealous of, and therefore it concerns me.

Sir J. Would it did not concern me, and then I should not care who it concerned.

Con. Well, sir, if truth and reason won't content you, I know but one way more, which, if you think fit, you may take.

Sir J. Lord, sir, you are very hasty: if I had been found at prayers in your wife's closet, I should have allowed you twice as much time to come to yourself in.

Con. Nay, sir, if time be all you want, we have no quarrel.

Heart. I told you how the sword would work upon him. *(Sir John muses.)*

Con. Let him muse; however, I'll lay fifty pounds our foreman brings us in, not guilty.

Sir J. *(Aside.)* 'Tis very well—'tis very well. In spite of that young jade's matrimonial intrigue, I am a downright stinking cuckold. Here they are. Boo—*(Putting his hand to his forehead.)* Methinks, I could butt with a bull. What the

plague did I marry for? I know she did not like me; but that's past. And now what shall I do with her? If I put my horns into my pocket, she'll grow insolent—if I don't, that goat there, that stallion, is ready to whip me through the guts. The debate then is reduced to this; shall I die a hero, or live a rascal? Why, wiser men than I have long since concluded, that a living dog is better than a dead lion. (*To Constant and Heartfree.*) Gentlemen, now my wine and my passion are governable, I must own, I have never observed any thing in my wife's course of life, to back me in my jealousy of her; but jealousy's a mark of love; so she need not trouble her head about it, as long as I make no more words on't.

Enter LADY FANCIFUL disguised, and addresses Belinda apart.

Con. I'm glad to see your reason rule at last. Give me your hand: I hope you'll look upon me as you used to do.

Sir J. Your humble servant. (*Aside.*) A wheeling son of a whore?

Heart. And that I may be sure you are friends with me, too, pray give me your consent to wed your niece.

Sir J. Sir, you have it with all my heart; d—n me if you haven't. (*Aside.*) 'Tis time to get rid of her; a young pert pimp; she'll make an incomparable bawd in a little time.

Enter a Servant who gives Heartfree a letter.

Bel. Heartfree your husband, say you? 'Tis impossible!

Lady F. Would to kind heaven it were! but 'tis too true; and in the world there lives not such a wretch. I'm young; and either I have been flattered by my friends, as well as my glass, or nature has been kind and generous to me. I had a fortune too was greater far than he could ever hope for; but with my heart I am robbed of all the rest. I am slighted and I'm beggared both at once; I have scarcely a bare subsistence from the villain, yet dare complain to none; for he has sworn, if ever 'tis known I am his wife, he'll murder me. (*Weeping.*)

Bel. The traitor!

Lady F. I accidentally was told he courted you; charity soon prevailed upon me to prevent your misery; and, as you see, I'm still so generous even to him, as not to suffer he should do anything, for which the law might take away his life. (*Weeping.*)

Bel. Poor creature! How I pity her! (*They continue talking aside.*)

Heart. (*Aside.*) Death and the devil!—Let me read it again. (*Reads.*) "*Though I have a particular reason not to let you know who I am till I see you, yet you'll easily believe 'tis a faithful friend that gives you this advice. (Good!) I have a child by Belinda—(Better and better)—which is now out at nurse—(Heaven be praised!)—and I think the foundation laid for another—(Ha! old true-peuny!)—no rack could have tortured this story from me; but friendship has done it. I heard of your design to marry her, and could not see you abused. Make use of my advice, but keep my secret till I ask you for it again.*" [*Exit Lady Fanciful.*]

Con. (*To Belinda.*) Come, madam, shall we send for the parson? I doubt here's no business for the lawyers; younger brothers have nothing to settle but their hearts, and that I believe my friend here has already done very faithfully.

Bel. (*Scornfully.*) Are you sure, sir, there are no old mortgages upon it?

Heart. (*Coldly.*) If you think there are, madam, it mayn't be amiss to defer the mortgage till you are sure they are paid off.

Bel. We'll defer it as long as you please, sir.

Heart. The more time we take to consider on't, madam, the less apt we shall be to commit oversight: therefore, if you please, we will put it off for just nine months.

Bel. Guilty consciences make men cowards.

Heart. And they make women desperate.

Bel. I don't wonder you want time to resolve.

Heart. I don't wonder you are so quickly determined.

Bel. What does the fellow mean?

Heart. What does the lady mean?

Sir J. Zoons! what do you both mean? (*Heartfree and Belinda walk about.*)

Razor. (*Aside.*) Here is so much sport going to be spoiled, it makes me ready to weep again. A pox o' this impertinent Fanciful, and her plots, and her Frenchwoman too; I hear them tittering without still. Ecod, I'll e'en go lug them both by the ears, and discover the plot, to secure my pardon. [*Exit.*]

Con. Pr'ythee, explain, Heartfree.

Heart. A fair deliverance; thank my stars and my friend!

Bel. 'Tis well it went no farther; a base fellow!

Lady B. What can be the meaning of all this?

Bel. What's his meaning, I don't know; but mine is, that if I had married him, I had had no husband.

Heart. And what's her meaning, I don't know; but mine is, that if I had married her, I had had wife enough.

Sir J. Your people of wit have got such cramp ways of expressing themselves, they seldom comprehend one another. Pox take you both, will you speak in the language of common sense, that you may be understood?

Enter RAZOR, pulling in LADY FANCIFUL and MADEMOISELLE.

Razor. If they won't, here comes an interpreter.

Lady B. Heavens! What have we here?

Razor. A villain—but a repenting villain.

Lady B. What means this?

Razor. Nothing without my pardon.

Lady B. What pardon do you want?

Razor. Imprimis, your ladyship's, for a d—e lie made upon your spotless virtue, and set to the tune of Spring Garden. (*To Sir John.*) Next at my generous master's feet I bend, for interrupting his more noble thoughts with phantoms of disgraceful cuckoldom. (*To Constant.*) Thirdly, I to this gentleman apply, for making him the hero of my romance. (*To Heartfree.*) Fourthly, your pardon, noble sir, I ask, for clandestinely marrying you, without either bidding of bans, bishop's license, friends' consent, or your own knowledge. (*To Belinda.*) And lastly, to my good young lady's clemency I come, for pretending the corn was sowed in the ground, before ever the plough had been in the field.

Sir J. (*Aside.*) So that, after all, 'tis a moot point whether I am a cuckold or not.

Bel. Well, sir, upon condition you confess all, I'll pardon you myself, and try to obtain as much from the rest of the company. But I must know then who 'tis has put you upon all this mischief.

Razor. Satan and his equipage; woman tempted me, vice weakened me—and so the devil overcame me; as fell Adam, so fell I.

Bel. Then pray, Mr. Adam, will you make us acquainted with your Eve?

Razor. (*To Mademoiselle.*) Unmask, for the honour of France.

All. Mademoiselle!

Madem. Me ask ten thousand pardon of all de good company.

Sir J. Why, this mystery thickens instead of clearing up. (*To Razor.*) You son of a whore you, put us out of our pain.

Razor. One moment brings sunshine. (*Shewing Mademoiselle.*) 'Tis true, this is the woman that tempted me, but this is the serpent that tempted the woman; and if my prayers might be heard, her punishment for so doing should be like the serpents of old—(*Pulls off Lady Fanciful's mask*) she should lie upon her face all the days of her life.

All. Lady Fanciful!

Bel. Impertinent!

Lady B. Ridiculous!

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Bel. I hope your ladyship will give me leave to wish you joy, since you have owned your marriage yourself. (*To Heartfree.*) I vow 'twas strangely wicked in you to think of another wife, when you have one already so charming as her ladyship.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady F. (*Aside.*) Confusion seize them, as it seizes me. Your mirth's as nauseous as yourself. Belinda, you think you triumph over a rival now; *belas!* *ma pauvre fille.* Where'er I'm a rival, there's no cause for mirth. No, my poor wretch,

'tis from another principle I have acted. I knew that thing there would make so perverse a husband, and you so impertinent a wife, that, lest your mutual plagues should make you run both mad, I charitably would have broken the match. He, he, he!

Madem. He, he, he!

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir J. (*Aside.*) Why now, this woman will be married to somebody, too.

Bel. Poor creature! what a passion she is in! but I forgive her.

Heart. Since you have so much goodness for her, I hope you'll pardon my offence too, madam?

Bel. There will be no great difficulty in that, since I am guilty of an equal fault.

Heart. Then let's to church;

And if it be our chance to disagree—

Bel. Take heed! the surly husband's fate you see.

Sir J. So'ly I may be, stubborn I am not.

For I have both forgiven and forgot;

If so, be these our judges, Mrs. Pert,

If they approve,

'Tis more their goodness, than our desert. [*Exeunt.*]

THE ROMAN FATHER;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.



Act V.—Scene I.

CHARACTERS.

TULLUS HOSTILIUS
HORATIUS
VALERIUS

PUBLIUS
VOLSCINIUS
CITIZENS

SOLDIERS
VALERIA
HORATIA

SCENE I.—A Room in Horatius's house.

VOLSCINIUS crosses the stage, HORATIA following.

Horatia. Stay, soldier. As you parted from my father,
Something I overheard of near concern,
But all imperfectly. Said you not, Alba
Was on the brink of fate, and Rome determin'd
This day to crush her haughty rival's power,
Or perish in th' attempt?

Vol. 'Twas so resolved,
This morning, lady, ere I left the camp.
Our heroes are tired out with ling'ring war,
And half-unmeaning fight.

Horatia. Then this day
Is fix'd for death or conquest? (*He bows.*) To me
death,

Whoever conquers! (*Aside.*) I detain you, sir.
Commend me to my brothers; say, I wish—
But wherefore should I wish? The gods will crown
Their virtues with the just success they merit—
Yet let me ask you, sir—

Vol. My duty, lady,
Commands me hence. Ere this, they have engag'd;
And conquest's self would lose its charms to me,
Should I not share the danger.

(*As Volscinius goes out, enter VALERIA,
who looks first on him, and then on
Horatia.*)

Valeria. My dear Horatia, wherefore wilt thou
court

The means to be unhappy? Still inquiring,
Still more to be undone. I heard it too;
And flew to find thee, ere the fatal news

Had hurt thy quiet, that thou might'st have learnt it
From a friend's tongue, and dress'd in gentler
terms.

Horatia. Oh, I am lost, Valeria! lost to virtue.
Ev'n while my country's fate, the fate of Rome,
Hangs on the conqueror's sword, this breast can
feel

A softer passion, and divide its cares.
Alba to me is Rome. Wouldst thou believe it?
I would have sent by him, thou saw'st departing,
Kind wishes to my brothers; but my tongue
Denied its office, and this rebel heart
Ev'n dreaded their success. Oh! Curiatius,
Why art thou there, or why an enemy?

Valeria. Forbear this self-reproach; he is thy
husband,
And who can blame thy fears? If fortune make
him

Awhile thy country's foe, she cannot cancel
Vows register'd above. What, though the priest
Had not confirm'd it at the sacred altar,
Yet were your hearts united, and that union
Approv'd by each consenting parent's choice.
Your brothers lov'd him as a friend, a brother;
And all the ties of kindred pleaded for him,
And still must plead, whate'er our heroes teach us,
Of patriot strength. Our country may demand
We should be wretched, and we must obey;
But never can require us not to feel
That we are miserable: nature there
Will give the lie to virtue.

Horatia. True; yet sure
A Roman virgin should be more than woman.
Are we not early taught to mock at pain,

And look on danger with undaunted eyes?
But what are dangers, what the ghastliest form
Of death itself?—Oh! were I only bid
To rush into the Tiber's foaming wave,
Or from the height
Of yon Tarpeian rock, whose giddy steep
Has turn'd me pale with horror at the sight,
I'd thank the task were nothing! but to bear
These strange vicissitudes of torturing pain,
To fear, to doubt, and to despair as I do—
Valeria. And why despair? Have we so idly
learn'd

The noblest lessons of our infant days,
Our trust above? Does there not still remain
The wretch's last retreat, the gods, *Horatia*?
'Tis from their awful wills our evils spring,
And at their altars may we find relief.
Say, shall we thither?—Look not thus dejected,
But answer me. A confidence in them,
Ev'n in this crisis of our fate, will calm
Thy troubled soul, and fill thy breast with hope.

Horatia. Talk not of hope! What should I hope?
That Alba conquer?—Cursed be every thought
Which looks that way!

Valeria. Forbear, forbear, *Horatia*;
Nor fright me with the thought. Rome cannot fall.
Think on the glorious battles she has fought;
Has she once fail'd, though oft exposed to danger?
And has not her immortal founder promis'd
That she should rise the mistress of the world?

Horatia. And if Rome conquers, then *Horatia*
dies.

Valeria. Why wilt thou form vain images of
horror,

Industrious to be wretched? Is it then
Become impossible that Rome should triumph,
And *Curatius* live? He must, he shall;
Protecting gods shall spread their shields around
him,

And love shall combat in *Horatia's* cause.

Horatia. Think'st thou so meanly of him?—No,
Valeria;

His soul's too great to give me such a trial;
Or could it ever come, I think, myself,
Thus lost in love, thus abject as I am,
I should despise the slave, who dar'd survive
His country's ruin. Ye immortal powers!
I love his fame too well, his spotless honour,
At least I hope I do, to wish him mine
On any terms which he must blush to own.

(*Shout.*)

What means that shout?—Might we not ask,
Valeria?

Didst thou not wish me to the temple!—Come,
I will attend thee thither; the kind gods
Perhaps may ease this throbbing heart, and spread
At least a temporary calm within.

Valeria. Alas, *Horatia*! 'tis not to the temple
That thou wouldst fly; the shout alone alarms
thee.

But do not thus anticipate thy fate;
Why shouldst thou learn each chance of varying
war?

Stay but an hour, perhaps, and thou shalt know
The whole at once. I'll send—I'll fly myself
To ease thy doubts, and bring thee news of joy.

Horatius. (*Without.*) What ho! *Vindicius*.

Valeria. Hark! 'tis thy father's voice, he comes
to cheer thee.

Enter HORATIUS and VALERIUS.

Horatius. (*Entering.*) News from the camp, my
child!—

Save you, sweet maid! (*Seeing Valeria.*)
Your brother brings the tidings, for, alas!
I am no warrior now; my useless age,
Far from the paths of honour, loiters here
In sluggish inactivity at home.
Yet I remember—

Horatia. You'll forgive us, sir,
If with impatience we expect the tidings.

Horatius. I had forgot; the thoughts of what I
was

Engross'd my whole attention. Pray, young soldier,
Relate it for me; you beheld the scene,
And can report it justly.

Valerius. Gentle lady,
The scene was piteous, though its end be peace.

Horatia. Peace! O, my fluttering heart! by
what kind means?

Valerius. 'Twere tedious, lady, and unnecessary
To paint the disposition of the field;
Suffice it, we were arm'd, and front to front
The adverse legions heard the trumpet's sound:
But vain was the alarm, for motionless,
And wrapt in thought, they stopp'd; the kindred
ranks

Had caught each other's eyes, nor dar'd to lift
The faultering spear against the breast they lov'd.
Again the alarm was given, and now they seem'd
Preparing to engage, when once again
They hung their drooping heads, and inward
mourn'd;

Then nearer drew, and at the third alarm,
Casting their swords and useless shields aside,
Rush'd to each other's arms.

Horatius. 'Twas so, just so,
(Though I was then a child, yet I have heard
My mother, weeping, oft relate the story)
Soft pity touch'd the breast of mighty chiefs,
Romans and Sabines, when the matrons rush'd
Between their meeting armies, and oppos'd
Their helpless infants, and their heaving breasts,
To their advancing swords, and bade them there
Sheathe all their vengeance. But I interrupt you—
Proceed, *Valerius*; they would hear the event.

And yet, methinks, the Albans—pray go on.

Valerius. Our king *Hostilius* from a rising
mound

Beheld the tender interview, and join'd
His friendly tears with theirs; then swift advanc'd,
Ev'n to the thickest press, and cried, My friends,
If thus we love, why are we enemies?
Shall stern ambition, rivalry of power,
Subdue the soft humanity within us?
Are we not join'd by every tie of kindred?
And can we find no method to compose
These jars of honour, these nice principles
Of virtue, which infect the noblest mind?

Horatius. There spoke his country's father! this
transcends

The flight of earth-born kings, whose low ambition
But tends to lay the face of nature waste,
And blast creation!—How was it receiv'd?

Valerius. As he himself could wish, with eager
transport.

In short, the Roman and the Alban chiefs
In council have determin'd, that since glory
Must have her victims, and each rival state,
Aspiring to dominion, scorns to yield,
From either army shall be chose three champions,
To fight the cause alone, and whate'er state
Shall prove superior, their acknowledged power
Shall fix the imperial seat, and both unite
Beneath one common head.

Horatia. Kind heaven, I thank thee!

Bless'd be the friendly grief, that touch'd their
souls!

And bless'd the tongue,
Which brings the gentle tidings!

Valeria. Now, *Horatia*,
Your idle fears are o'er.

Horatia. Yet one remains.
Who are the champions? are they yet elected?
Has Rome—

Valerius. The Roman chiefs now meet in council,
And ask the presence of the sage *Horatius*.

Horatius. (After a pause.) But still, methinks,
I like not this, to trust

The Roman cause to such a slender hazard—
Three combatants!—'tis dangerous—

Horatia. (In a fright.) My father!

Horatius. I might, perhaps, prevent it—

Horatia. Do not, sir,

Oppose the kind decree.

Valerius. Rest satisfied,

Sweet lady, 'tis so solemnly agreed to,

Not even *Horatius's* advice can shake it.

Horatius. And yet, 'twere well to end these civil
broils:

The neighb'ring states might take advantage of
them.

'Would I were young again! how glorious

Were death in such a cause!—And yet, who
knows,

Some of my boys may be selected for it—

Perhaps may conquer—Grant me that, kind gods,

And close my eyes in transport!—Come, *Valerius*,

I'll but despatch some necessary orders,

And straight attend thee. Daughter, if thou lov'st

Thy brothers, let thy prayers be pour'd to heav'n,

That one at least may share the glorious task. [*Exit.*]

Valerius. Rome cannot trust her cause to wor-
thier hands.

They bade me greet you, lady. (*To Horatia.*)

Horatia. (With some hesitation.) My brothers,

gentle sir, you said were well.

Saw you their noble friends, the *Curii*?

The truce, perhaps, permitted it.

Valerius. Yes, lady,

I left them jocund in your brothers' tent,

Like friends, whom envious storms awhile had
parted,

Joying to meet again.

Horatia. Sent they no message?

Valerius. None, fair one, but such general salu-
tation

As friends would bring unbid.

Horatia. Said *Caius* nothing?

Valerius. *Caius*?

Horatia. Ay, *Caius*: did he mention me?

Valerius. 'Twas slightly, if he did, and 'scapes
me now—

O yes, I do remember, when your brother

Ask'd, him, in jest, if he had aught to send,

To sooth a love-sick maid (your pardon, lady)

He smil'd, and cried, *Glory's* the soldier's mistress.

Horatia. Sir, you'll excuse me—something of
importance—

My father may have business—Oh, *Valeria*!

(*Aside to Valeria.*)

Talk to thy brother, know the fatal truth

I dread to hear, and let me learn to die,

If *Curatius* has indeed forgot me.

Valerius. She seems disorder'd?

Valeria. Has she not cause?

Can you administer the baneful potion,

And wonder at the effect?

Valerius. You talk in riddles!

Valeria. They're riddles, brother, which your
heart unfolds,

Though you affect surprise. Was *Curatius*

Indeed so cold? Poor shallow artifice,

The trick of hopeless love! I saw it plainly.

Yet what could you propose? An hour's uneasiness

To poor *Horatia*; for be sure by that time

She sees him, and your deep-wrought schemes are
air.

Valerius. What could I do? this peace has
ruin'd me;

While war continued, I had gleams of hope,

Some lucky chance might rid me of my rival,

And time efface his image in her breast.

But now—

Valeria. Yes, now you must resolve to follow

The advice I gave you first, and root this passion
Entirely from your heart; for know, she dotes,
Ev'n to distraction dotes on *Curatius*;
And every fear she felt, while danger threaten'd,
Will now endear him more.

Valerius. Cruel *Valeria*,

You triumph in my pain!

Valeria. By heaven, I do not!

I only would extirpate every thought

Which gives you pain, nor leave one foolish wish

For hope to dally with.

Valerius. Yet once more assist me—

Nay, turn not from me, by my soul I meant not

To interrupt their loves.—Yet, should some acci-
dent,

'Tis not impossible, divide their hearts,

I might, perhaps, have hope: therefore, till mar-
riage

Cuts off all commerce, and confirms me wretched,

Be it thy task, my sister, with fond stories,

Such as our ties of blood may countenance,

To paint thy brother's worth, his power in arms,

His favour with the king; then mention many a
fair,

No matter whom, that sighs to call you sister.

Valeria. Well, well, away—Yet tell me, ere
you go,

How did this lover talk of his *Horatia*?

Valerius. Why will you mention that ungrateful
subject?

Think what you've heard me breathe a thousand

times,

When my whole soul dissolv'd in tenderness;

'Twas rapture all; what lovers only feel,

Or can express when felt. He had been here,

But sudden orders from the camp detain'd him.

Farewell; *Horatius* waits me—but remember,

My life, nay, more than life, depends on you. [*Exit.*]

Valeria. Poor youth! he knows not how I feel
his anguish,

Yet dare not seem to pity what I feel.

How shall I act betwixt this friend and brother!

Should she suspect his passion, she may doubt

My friendship too; and yet to tell it her

Were to betray his cause. No, let my heart

With the same blameless caution still proceed;

To each inclining most as most distrust:

Be just to both, and leave to heav'n the rest!

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in the house of *Horatius*.

Enter *HORATIA* and *VALERIA*.

Horatia. *Valeria*,

This seeming negligence of *Curatius*

Betrays a secret coldness at the heart.

May not long absence, or the charms of war,

Have damp'd, at least, if not effac'd, his passion?

I know not what to think.

Valeria. Think, my *Horatia*,

That you're a lover, and have learn'd the art

To raise vain scruples, and torment yourself

With every distant hint of fancied ill.

Your *Curatius* still remains the same.

My brother idly trifled with your passion,

Or might, perhaps, unheedingly relate

What you too nearly feel. But see, your father!

Horatia. He seems transported! sure some
happy news

Has brought him back thus early. Oh, my heart!

I long, yet dread, to ask him. Speak, *Valeria*.

Enter *HORATIUS*.

Valeria. You're soon return'd, my lord.

Horatius. Return'd, *Valeria*!

My life, my youth's return'd: I read in air!

I cannot speak; my joy's too great for utterance.

Oh, I could weep!—my sons, my sons are chosen
Their country's combatants; not one, but all!

Horatia. My brothers, said you, sir?

Horatius. All three, my child,

All three are champions in the cause of Rome.
Oh, happy state of fathers! thus to feel
New warmth revive, and springing life renew'd
Even on the margin of the grave!

Valeria. The time
Of combat, is it fix'd?

Horatius. This day, this hour
Perhaps, decides our doom.

Valeria. And is it known
With whom they must engage?

Horatius. Not yet, *Valeria*;
But with impatience we expect each moment
The resolutions of the Alban senate.
And soon may they arrive, that ere we quit
Our hostile field, the chiefs who dar'd oppose
Rome's rising glories, may with shame confess
The gods protect the empire they have rais'd.—
Where are thy smiles, *Horatia*? Whence proceeds
This sullen silence, when my thronging joys
Want words to speak them? Pr'ythee, talk of
empire,

Talk of those darlings of my soul, thy brothers.
Call them whate'er wild fancy can suggest,
Their country's pride, the boast of future times,
The dear defence, the guardian gods of Rome!—
By heav'n, thou stand'st unmov'd, nor feels thy
breast

The charms of glory, the extatic warmth
Which beams new life, and lifts us nearer heaven!

Horatia. My gracious father, with surprise and
transport

I heard the tidings, as becomes your daughter.
And like your daughter, were our sex allow'd
The noble privilege which man usurps,
Could die with pleasure in my country's cause.
But yet, permit a sister's weakness, sir,
To feel the pangs of nature, and to dread
The fate of those she loves, however glorious.
And sure they cannot all survive a conflict
So desperate as this.

Horatius. Survive! By heaven,
I could not hope that they should all survive.
No; let them fall. If from their glorious deaths
Rome's freedom spring, I shall be nobly paid
For every sharpest pang the parent feels.
Had I a thousand sons, in such a cause
I could behold them bleeding at my feet,
And thank the gods with tears!

Enter PUBLIUS HORATIUS.

Pub. My father! (*Offering to kneel.*)

Horatius. Hence!

Kneel not to me—stand off; and let me view
At distance, and with reverential awe,
The champion of my country! Oh, my boy!
That I should live to this—my soul's too full;
Let this, and this speak for me—Bless thee, bless
thee! (*Embracing him.*)

But wherefore art thou absent from the camp?
Where are thy brothers? Has the Alban state
Determin'd? Is the time of combat fix'd?

Pub. Think not, my lord, that filial reverence,
However due, had drawn me from the field,
Where nobler duty calls; a patriot's soul
Can feel no humbler ties, nor knows the voice
Of kindred, when his country claims his aid.
It was the king's command I should attend you,
Else had I stay'd till wreaths immortal graced
My brows, and made thee proud indeed to see
Beneath thy roof, and bending for thy blessing
Not thine, *Horatius*, but the son of Rome!

Horatius. Oh, virtuous pride!—'tis bliss too ex-
quisite

For human sense!—thus let me answer thee,
(*Embracing him again.*)

Where are my other boys?

Pub. They only wait
Till Alba's loit'ring chiefs declare her champions,
Our future victims, sir, and with the news
Will greet their father's ear.

Horatius. It shall not need.

Myself will to the field. Come, let us haste,
My old blood boils, and my tumultuous spirits
Pant for the onset. Oh! for one short hour
Of vigorous youth, that I might share the toil
Now with my boys, and be the next my last!

Horatia. My brother!

Pub. My *Horatia*! ere the dews
Of evening fall, thou shalt with transport own me;
Shalt own thy country's saviour in thy arms,
Or bathe his honest bier with tears of joy.
Thy lover greets thee, and complains of absence
With many a sigh, and many a longing look
Sent tow'rd the towers of Rome.

Horatia. Methinks, a lover
Might take th' advantage of the truce, and bear
His kind complaints himself, not trust his vows
To other tongues, or be obliged to tell
The passing winds his passion.

Pub. Dearest sister,
He with impatience waits the lucky moment
That may with honour bear him to your arms.
Didst thou but hear how tenderly he talks,
How blames the dull delay of Alban councils,
And chides the ling'ring minutes as they pass,
Till fate determines, and the tedious chiefs
Permit his absence, thou wouldst pity him.
But soon, my sister, soon shall every bar
Which thwarts thy happiness be far away.
We are no longer enemies to Alba,
This day unites us, and to-morrow's sun
May hear thy vows, and make my friend, my brother.

Horatius. (*Having talked apart with Valeria.*)
'Tis truly Roman! Here's a maid, *Horatia*,
Laments her brother lost the glorious proof
Of dying for his country. Come, my son,
Her softness will infect thee; pr'ythee, leave her.

Horatia. (*Looking first to her father, and then
tenderly on her brother.*)
Not till my soul has pour'd its wishes for him.
Hear me, dread god of war, protect and save him!
(*Kneeling.*)

For thee, and thy immortal Rome, he fights!
Dash the proud spear from every hostile hand
That dares oppose him; may each Alban chief
Fly from his presence, or his vengeance feel!
And when in triumph he returns to Rome, (*Rising.*)
Hail him, ye maids, with grateful songs of praise,
And scatter all the blooming spring before him;
Curs'd be the envious brow that smiles not then,
Curs'd be the wretch that wears one mark of
sorrow,
Or flies not thus with open arms to greet him!

*Enter TULLUS HOSTILIUS, VALERIUS, and
Guards.*

Valerius. The king, my lord, approaches.

Horatius. Gracious sir,
Whence comes this condescension?

Tullus. Could I have found a nobler messenger,
I would have spar'd myself th' ungrateful task
Of this day's embassy, for much I fear
My news will want a welcome.

Horatius. Mighty king!
Forgive an old man's warmth—they have not sure
Made choice of other combatants! My sons,
Must they not fight for Rome?

Tullus. Too sure they must.

Horatius. Then I am blest.

Tullus. But that they must engage

Will hurt thee most, when thou shalt know with whom.

Horatius. I care not whom.

Tullus. Suppose your nearest friends,

The *Curiatii*, were the Alban choice,

Could you bear that? Could you, young man, support

A conflict there?

Pub. I could perform my duty,

Great sir; though even a brother should oppose me.

Tullus. Thou art a Roman! Let thy king embrace thee.

Horatius. And let thy father catch thee from his arms!

Tullus. Know then, that trial must be thine. The Albans

With envy saw one family produce

Three chiefs to whom their country dar'd entrust

The Roman cause, and scorn'd to be undone.

Horatia. Then I am lost indeed! (*Swoons.*)

Pub. My sister!

Valeria. My *Horatia*!

Horatius. Oh, foolish girl, to shame thy father thus!

Here, bear her in.

(*Horatia is carried in, Valerius and Valeria follow.*)

I am concern'd, my sovereign,

That even the meanest part of me should blast

With impious grief a cause of so much glory.

But let the virtue of my boy excuse it.

Tullus. It does most amply. She has cause for sorrow.

The shock was sudden, and might well alarm
A firmer bosom.

We leave her to her tears. For you, young soldier,

You must prepare for combat. Some few hours

Are all that are allow'd you. But I charge you

Try well your heart, and strengthen every thought

Of patriot in you. Think how dreadful 'tis

To plant a dagger in the breast you love;

To spurn the ties of nature, and forget

In one short hour whole years of virtuous friendship.

Think well on that.

Pub. I do, my gracious sovereign;

And think, the more I dare subdue affection,

The more my glory.

Tullus. True; but yet consider,

Is it an easy task to change affections?

In the dread onset can your meeting eyes

Forget their usual intercourse, and wear

At once the frown of war, and stern defiance?

Will not each look recall the fond remembrance

Of childhood past, when the whole open soul

Breath'd cordial love, and plighted many a vow

Of tend'rest import! Think on that, young soldier,

And tell me if thy breast be still unmov'd?

Pub. Think not, oh king! howe'er resolv'd on combat,

I sit so loosely to the bonds of nature,

As not to feel their force. I feel it strongly.

I love the *Curiatii*, and would serve them

At life's expense: but here a nobler cause

Demands my sword: for all connexions else,

All private duties are subordinate

To what we owe the public. Partial ties,

Of son and father, husband, friend, or brother,

Owe their enjoyments to the public safety,

And without that were vain. Nor need we, sir,

Cast off humanity, and to be heroes

Cease to be men. As in our earliest days,

While yet we learn'd the exercise of war,

We strove together, not as enemies,

Yet conscious each of his peculiar worth,

And scorning each to yield; so will we now

Engage with ardent, not with hostile minds,
Not fir'd with rage, but emulous of fame.

Tullus. Now I dare trust thee; go and teach thy brothers

To think like thee, and conquest is your own.

This is true courage, not the brutal force

Of vulgar heroes, but the firm resolve

Of virtue and of reason. Come, *Horatius*,

Thy other sons shall meet thee at the camp;

For now I do bethink me, 'tis not fit

They should behold their sister thus alarm'd.

Haste, soldier, and detain them.

(*To one of the Guards.*)

Horatius. Gracious sir,

We'll follow on the instant.

Tullus. Then farewell.

When next we meet, 'tis Rome and liberty!

[*Exit with Guards.*]

Horatius. Come, let me arm thee for the glorious toil.

I have a sword, whose lightning oft has blaz'd

Dreadfully fatal to my country's foes;

This shalt thou bear; myself will gird it on,

And lead thee forth to death or victory. (*Going.*)

And yet, my *Publius*, shall I own my weakness?

Though I detest the cause from whence they spring,

I feel thy sister's sorrows like a father.

She was my soul's delight.

Pub. And may remain so.

This sudden shock has but alarm'd her virtue,

Not quite subdued its force. At least, my father,

Time's lenient hand will teach her to endure

The ills of chance, and reason conquer love.

Horatius. Should we not see her?

Pub. By no means, my lord;

You heard the king's commands about my brothers,

And we have hearts as tender sure as they.

Might I advise, you should confine her closely,

Least she infect the matrons with her grief,

And bring a stain we should not wish to fix

On the *Horatian* name.

Horatius. It shall be so.

We'll think no more of her. 'Tis glory calls,

And humbler passions beat alarms in vain. [*Exit.*]

As *Horatius* goes off, *HORATIA* enters at another door.

Horatia. Where is my brother? Oh! my dearest

Publius,

If e'er you loved *Horatia*, ever felt

That tenderness which you have seemed to feel,

Oh, hear her now!

Pub. What wouldst thou, my *Horatia*?

Horatia. I know not what I would—I'm on the rack,

Despair and madness tear my lab'ring soul.

And yet, my brother, sure you might relieve me.

Pub. How? by what means? By heaven, I'll die to do it.

Horatia. You might decline the combat.

Pub. Ha!

Horatia. I do not

Expect it from thee. Pr'ythee, look more kindly.

And yet, is the request so very hard?

I only ask thee not to plunge thy sword

Into the breast thou lovest, not kill thy friend;

Is that so hard? I might have said thy brother.

Pub. What canst thou mean? Beware, beware, *Horatia*;

Thou know'st I dearly love thee, nay, thou know'st

I love the man with whom I must engage;

Yet hast thou faintly read thy brother's soul,

If thou canst think entreaties have the power,

Though urged with all the tenderness of tears,

To shake his settled purpose: they may make

My task more hard, and my soul bleed within me,

But cannot touch my virtue.

Horatia. 'Tis not virtue

Which contradicts our nature, 'tis the rage
Of over-weening pride. Has Rome no champions
She could oppose but you? Are there not thou-
sands

As warm for glory, and as tried in arms,
Who might without a crime aspire to conquest,
Or die with honest fame?

Pub. Away, away!

Talk to thy lover thus. But 'tis not Caius
Thou wouldst have infamous.

Horatia. Oh! kill me not

With such unkind reproaches. Yes, I own
I love him, more—

Pub. Than a chaste Roman maid
Should dare confess.

Horatia. Should dare! What means my brother?
I had my father's sanction on my love,
And duty taught me first to feel its power.
Should dare confess! Is that the dreadful crime!
Alas! but spare him, spare thy friend, Horatius,
And I will cast him from my breast for ever.
Will that oblige thee? Only let him die
By other hands, and I will learn to hate him.

Pub. Why wilt thou talk thus madly? Love him
still!

And if we fall the victims of our country,
(Which heav'n avert!) wed, and enjoy him freely.

Horatia. Oh, never, never. What, my country's
bane!

The murder of my brother! may the gods
First tear me, blast me, scatter me on winds,
And pour out each unheard-of vengeance on me!

Pub. Do not torment thyself thus idly—Go,
Compose thyself, and be again my sister.

Enter HORATIUS with the sword.

Horatius. This sword in Veii's field—What dost
thou here?

Leave him, I charge thee, girl—Come, come, my
Publius,

Let's haste where duty calls.

Horatia. What! to the field?

He must not, shall not go;

Oh, if you have not quite cast off affection!

If you detest not your distracted sister—

Horatius. Shame of thy race, why dost thou hang
upon him?

Wouldst thou entail eternal infamy

On him, on me, and all?

Horatia. Indeed I would not:

I know I ask impossibilities;

Yet pity me, my father!

Pub. Pity thee!

Begone, fond wretch, nor urge my temper thus.

By heaven, I love thee as a brother ought.

Then hear my last resolve; if Fate, adverse

To Rome and us, determine my destruction,

I charge thee wed thy lover; he will then

Deserve thee nobly. Or, if kinder gods

Propitious hear the prayers of suppliant Rome,

And he should fall by me, I then expect

No weak upbraidings for a lover's death,

But such returns as shall become thy birth,

A sister's thanks for having sav'd her country.
[Exit.]

Horatia. Yet stay—yet hear me, Publius—

Horatius. Forbear, rash girl, thou'lt tempt thy
father

To do an outrage might perhaps distract him.

Horatia. Alas! forgive me, sir, I'm very wretched,

Indeed I am—yet I will strive to stop

This swelling grief, and bear it like your daughter.

Do but forgive me, sir.

Horatius. I do, I do—

Go in, my child, the gods may find a way

To make thee happy yet. But on thy duty,

Whate'er reports may reach, or fears alarm thee,

I charge thee come not to the field.

Horatia. I will not,

If you command it, sir. But will you then,

As far as cruel honour may permit,

Remember that your poor Horatia's life

Hangs on this dreadful contest! [Exit.]

Horatius. (Looking after her.) Spite of my
boasted strength, her grief unmans me.

But let her from my thoughts! The patriot's
breast

No hopes, no fears, but for his country knows,
And in her danger loses private woes. [Exit.]

VALERIUS and VALERIA meeting.

Valerius. Now, my Valeria, where's the charm-
ing she

That calls me to her? with a lover's haste

I fly to execute the dear command.

Valeria. 'Tis not the lover, but the friend she
wants.

If thou dar'st own that name.

Valerius. The friend, my sister!

There's more than friendship in a lover's breast,

More warm, more tender is the flame he feels—

Valeria. Alas! these raptures suit not her
distress:

She seeks th' indulgent friend, whose sober sense,

Free from the mists of passion, might direct

Her jarring thoughts, and plead her doubtful cause.

Valerius. Am I that friend? Oh! did she turn
her thought

On me for that kind office?

Valeria. Yes, Valerius.

She chose you out to be her advocate

To Curatius; 'tis the only hope

She now dares cherish; her relentless brother

With scorn rejects her tears, her father flies her,

And only you remain to soothe her cares,

And save her ere she sinks.

Valerius. Her advocate

To Curatius!

Valeria. 'Tis to him she sends you,

To urge her suit, and win him from the field.

But come, her sorrows will more strongly plead

Than all my grief can utter.

Valerius. To my rival!

To Curatius plead her cause, and teach

My tongue a lesson which my heart abhors!

Impossible! Valeria, pr'ythee, say

Thou saw'st me not; the business of the camp

Confined me there. Farewell. (Going.)

Valeria. What means my brother!

You cannot leave her now; for shame, turn back,

Is this the virtue of a Roman youth?

Oh, by these tears!—

Valerius. They flow in vain, Valeria;

Nay, and thou know'st they do. Oh, earth and
heav'n!

This combat was the means my happier stars

Found out to save me from the brink of ruin;

And can I plead against it, turn assassin

On my own life?

Valeria. Yet thou canst murder her

Thou dost pretend to love; away, deceive!

I'll seek some worthier messenger to plead

In beauty's cause; but first inform Horatia,

How much Valerius is the friend she thought him.
(Going.)

Valerius. Oh, heavens! stay, sister; 'tis an ar-
duous task.

Valeria. I know the task is hard, and thought I
knew

Thy virtue, too.

Valerius. I must, I will obey thee.

Lead on—yet, pr'ythee, for a moment leave me,

Till I can recollect my scatter'd thoughts,

And dare to be unhappy.

Valeria. My Valerius!

I fly to tell her you but wait her pleasure. [Exit.]

Valerius. Yes, - I will undertake this hateful office;
It never can succeed. Yet, at this instant,
It may be dang'rous, while the people melt
With fond compassion. No, it cannot be:
His resolution's fix'd, and virtuous pride
Forbids an alteration. To attempt it
Makes her my friend, and may afford hereafter
A thousand tender hours to move my suit.
That hope determines all. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter HORATIA and VALERIA. Horatia with a scarf in her hand.

Horatia. Where is thy brother? Wherefore stays he thus?

Did you conjure him? did he say he'd come?
I have no brothers now, and fly to him
As my last refuge. Did he seem averse
To thy entreaties? Are all brothers so?

Valeria. Dear maid,
Restrain your sorrows; I've already told you
My brother will, with transport, execute
Whatever you command.

Horatia. Oh! wherefore, then,
Is he away? Each moment now is precious;
If lost, 'tis lost for ever, and if gain'd,
Long scenes of lasting peace, and smiling years
Of happiness unhop'd-for wait upon it.

Valeria. He will anon be here; pray, be calm;
Success is thine if it depends on him. [Exit.

Horatia. Success! alas, perhaps, even now too late

I labour to preserve him; the dread arm
Of vengeance is already stretch'd against him,
And he must fall. Yet, let me strive to save him.
Yes, thou dear pledge, design'd for happier hours,
(To the scarf.)

The gift of nuptial love, thou shalt, at least,
Essay thy power.
Oft as I framed thy web,
He sat beside me, and would say, in sport,
This present, which thy love designs for me,
Shall be the future bond of peace betwixt us:
By this we'll swear a lasting love; by this,
Through the sweet round of all our days to come,
Ask what thou wilt, and Curiatius grants it.
Oh! I shall try thee nearly now, dear youth!
Glory and I are rivals for thy heart,
And one must conquer.

Enter VALERIUS.

Valerius. Save you, gracious lady!
On the first message which my sister sent me
I had been here, but was oblig'd by office,
Ere to their champions each resign'd her charge,
To ratify the league 'twixt Rome and Alba.

Horatia. Are they engaged, then?

Valerius. No, not yet engaged;
Soft pity for awhile suspends the onset;
The sight of near relations, arm'd in fight
Against each other, touch'd the gazers' hearts;
And senators on each side have proposed
To change the combatants.

Horatia. My blessings on them!
Think you they will succeed?

Valerius. The chiefs themselves
Are resolute to fight.

Horatia. Insatiate virtue!
I must not to the field; I am confin'd
A prisoner here: or, sure, these tears would move
Their flinty breasts. Oh! sir, forgive a maid,
Who dares, in spite of modesty, confess
Too soft a passion. Will you pardon me,
If I entreat you to the field again,

An humble suitor from the veriest wretch
That ever knew distress?

Valerius. Dear lady, speak!

What would you I should do?

Horatia. Oh! bear this to him.

Valerius. To whom?

Horatia. To Curiatius bear this scarf:

And tell him, if he ever truly lov'd,
If all the vows he breath'd were not false lures
To catch th' unwary mind, (and, sure, they were not!)

Oh! tell him how he may with honour cease
To urge his cruel right; the senators
Of Rome and Alba will approve such mildness.

Tell him his wife, if he will own that name,
Entreats him from the field; his lost Horatia
Begs on her trembling knees he would not tempt
A certain fate, and murder her he loves.

Tell him, if he consents, she fondly swears,
By every god the varying world adores,
To know no brother and no sire but him;
With him, if honour's harsh commands require it,
She'll wander forth, and seek some distant home,
Nor ever think of Rome or Alba more.

Valerius. Could I, sweet lady,
But paint your grief with half the force I feel it,
I need but tell it him, and he must yield.

Horatia. It may be so. Stay, stay; be sure you
tell him,

If he rejects my suit, no power on earth
Shall force me to his arms.

Valeria. Away, my brother!

But, oh! for pity, do your office justly.
(Aside to Valerius.)

Let not your passion blind your reason now;
But urge your cause with ardour.

Valerius. By my soul,
I will, Valeria. Her distress alarms me;
And I have now no interest but her's. [Exit.

Horatia. He's gone. I had a thousand things—
And, yet, I'm glad he's gone. Think you, Valeria,
Your brother will delay? They may engage
Before he reaches them.

Valeria. The field's so near,
That a few minutes brings him to the place.
My dear Horatia, success is your's already.

Horatia. And yet, should I succeed, the hard-
gain'd strife

May chance to rob me of my future peace.
He may not always with the eyes of love
Look on that fondness which has stabb'd his fame.
He may regret too late the sacrifice
He made to love, and a fond woman's weakness;
And think the milder joys of social life
But ill repay him for the mighty loss
Of patriot reputation.

Valeria. Pray, forbear;
And search not thus into eventful time
For ills to come.

Like some distemper'd wretch, your wayward
mind

Rejects all nourishment, or turns to gall
The very balm that should relieve its anguish.
He will admire thy love, which could persuade him
To give up glory, for the milder triumph,
Of heartfelt ease, and soft humanity.

Horatia. I fain would hope so. Yet we hear not
of him.

Your brother, much I fear, has sued in vain.
Could we not send to urge this slow express?
This dread uncertainty! I long to know
My life or death at once.

Valeria. Shall I to the walls?
I may from thence with ease survey the field,
And can despatch a messenger each moment,
To tell thee all goes well.

Horatia. My best Valeria!
Fly, then;

Thou art a Roman maid; and, though thy friendship
 Detains thee here with one who scarce deserves
 That sacred name, art anxious for thy country.
 But yet, for charity, think kindly of me;
 For thou shalt find by the event, Valeria,
 I am a Roman, too, however wretched.

[Exit Valeria.]

Am I a Roman, then? Ye powers! I dare not
 Resolve the fatal question I propose.
 If dying would suffice, I were a Roman:
 But to stand up against this storm of passions,
 Transcends a woman's weakness. Hark! what
 noise?
 'Tis news from Curiatius! Love, I thank thee!

Enter VOLSCINIUS.

Well, does he yield? Distract me not with silence.
 Say, in one word—
Vol. Your father—
Horatia. What of him?
 Would he not let him yield? Oh! cruel father!
Vol. Madam, he's here—
Horatia. Who?
Vol. Borne by his attendants.
Horatia. What mean'st thou?

Enter HORATIUS, led in by his Servants.

Horatius. Lead me yet a little onward;
 I shall recover straight.
Horatia. My gracious sire!
Horatius. Lend me thy arm, Horatia. So, my
 child,
 Be not surpris'd; an old man must expect
 These little shocks of nature; they are hints
 To warn us of our end.
Horatia. How are you, sir?
Horatius. Better, much better. My frail body
 could not
 Support the swelling tumult of my soul.
Horatia. No accident, I hope, alarm'd you, sir.
 My brothers—
Horatius. Here, go to the field again,
 You, Cautus and Vindicius, and observe
 Each circumstance. I shall be glad to hear
 The manner of the fight.
Horatia. Are they engag'd?
Horatius. They are, Horatia. But, first, let me
 thank thee
 For staying from the field. I would have seen
 The fight myself, but this unlucky illness
 Has forced me to retire? Where is thy friend?

Enter a Servant, who gives a paper to Horatia, and
 retires.

What paper's that? Why dost thou tremble so?
 Here, let me open it. (*Takes the paper, and reads
 it.*) From Curiatius!

Horatia. Oh! keep me not in this suspense, my
 father!

Relieve me from the rack.
Horatius. He tells thee here,
 He dares not do an action that would make him
 Unworthy of thy love; and, therefore—

Horatia. Dies!

Well, I am satisfied.

Horatius. I see by this
 Thou hast endeavour'd to persuade thy lover
 To quit the combat. Couldst thou think, Horatia,
 He'd sacrifice his country to a woman?

Horatia. I know not what I thought. He proves
 too plainly,

Whate'er it was, I was deceiv'd in him
 Whom I applied to.

Horatius. Do not think so, daughter:
 Could he with honour have declin'd the fight,
 I should myself have join'd in thy request,

And forc'd him from the field. But think, my
 child,

Had he consented, and had Alba's cause,
 Supported by another arm, been baffled,
 What, then, couldst thou expect? Would he not
 curse

His foolish love, and hate thee for thy fondness?
 Nay, think, perhaps, 'twas artifice in thee
 To aggrandize thy race, and lift their fame
 Triumphant o'er his ruin and his country's.
 Think well on that, and reason must convince
 thee.

Horatia. (*Wildly.*) Alas! had reason ever yet
 the power

To talk down grief, or bid the tortur'd wretch
 Not feel his anguish? 'Tis impossible.
 Could reason govern, I should now rejoice
 They were engaged, and count the tedious mo-
 ments

Till conquest smiled, and Rome again was free.
 Could reason govern, I should beg of heaven
 To guide my brother's sword, and plunge it deep
 Ev'n in the bosom of the man I love;
 I should forget he ever won my soul,
 Forget 'twas your command that bade me love
 him,

Nay, fly, perhaps, to yon detested field,
 And spurn with scorn his mangled body from me.

Horatius. Why, wilt thou talk thus? Pr'ythee,
 be more calm.

I can forgive thy tears; they flow from nature;
 And could have gladly wish'd the Alban state
 Had found us other enemies to vanquish.
 But heaven has will'd it, and heaven's will be
 done!

The glorious expectation of success
 Buys up my soul, nor lets a thought intrude
 To dash my promis'd joys. What steady valour
 Beam'd from their eyes! just so, if fancy's power
 May form conjecture from his after-age,
 Rome's founder must have look'd, when, warm in
 youth

And flush'd with future conquest, forth he march'd
 Against proud Acron, with whose bleeding spoils
 He graced the altar of Feretrian Jove.
 Methinks I feel recover'd: I might venture
 Forth to the field again. What, ho! Volscinius!
 Attend me to the camp.

Horatia. My dearest father,
 Let me entreat you stay; the tumult there
 Will decompose you, and a quick relapse
 May prove most dangerous. I'll restrain my tears,
 If they offend you.

Horatius. Well, I'll be advis'd.
 'Twere now too late; ere this they must have con-
 quer'd.
 And here's the happy messenger of glory.

Enter VALERIA,

Valeria. All's lost, all's ruin'd! freedom is no
 more!

Horatius. What dost thou say?

Valeria. That Rome's subdued by Alba.

Horatius. It cannot be. Where are my sons?
 All dead?

Valeria. Publius is still alive; the other two
 Have paid the fatal debt they ow'd their country.

Horatius. Publius alive! You must mistake,
 Valeria.

He knows his duty better.

He must be dead, or Rome victorious.

Valeria. Thousands as well as I beheld the
 combat.

After his brother's death he stood alone,
 And acted wonders against three assailants;
 Till forced, at last, to save himself by flight—

Horatius. By flight! And did the soldiers let
 him pass?

Oh! I am ill again! The coward villain!
(*Throwing himself into his chair.*)

Horatia. Alas! my brothers!

Horatius. Weep not for them, girl.
They've died a death which kings themselves might
envy;

And whilst they lived, they saw their country free.
Oh! had I perish'd with them! But for him
Whose impious flight dishonours all his race,
Tears a fond father's heart, and tamely barter
For poor precarious life his country's glory,
Weep, weep for him, and let me join my tears!

Valeria. What could he do, my lord, when three
opposed him?

Horatius. He might have died.
Oh! villain, villain, villain!
And he shall die; this arm shall sacrifice
The life he dared preserve with infamy.

(*Endeavouring to rise.*)

What means this weakness? 'Tis untimely now,
When I should punish an ungrateful boy.
Was this his boasted virtue, which could charm
His cheated sovereign, and brought tears of joy
To my old eyes? So young a hypocrite!
Oh! shame, shame, shame!

Valeria. Have patience, sir; all Rome
Beheld his valour, and approv'd his flight,
Against such opposition.

Horatius. Tell not me!
What's Rome to me? Rome may excuse her
traitor;

But I'm the guardian of my house's honour,
And I will punish. Pray ye, lead me forth;
I would have air.' But grant me strength, kind
gods,

To do this act of justice, and I'll own,
Whate'er 'gainst Rome your awful wills decree,
You still are just and merciful to me. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room in Horatius's house.

Enter HORATIUS, VALERIA following.

Horatius. Away, away! I feel my strength re-
new'd,

And I will hunt the villain through the world;
No deserts shall conceal, nor darkness hide him.
He is well skill'd in flight: but he shall find
'Tis not so easy to elude the vengeance
Of a wrong'd father's arm, as to escape
His adversary's sword.

Valeria. Restrain your rage
But for a moment, sir. When you shall hear
The whole unravell'd, you will find he's innocent.

Horatius. It cannot be.

Valeria. And see, my brother comes!

He may, perhaps, relate—

Horatius. I will not hear him;
I will not listen to my shame again.

Enter VALERIUS.

Valerius. I come with kind condolence from the
king,

To sooth a father's grief, and to express—

Horatius. I've heard it all; I pray you, spare
my blushes.

I want not consolation; 'tis enough
They've perish'd for their country. But the third—

Valerius. True; he, indeed, may well supply
your loss,

And calls for all your fondness.

Horatius. All my vengeance:

And he shall have it, sir.

Valerius. My lord, what fault has he committed?

Horatius. Why will you double my confusion
thus?

Is flight no fault?

Valerius. In such a cause as his
'Twas glorious.

Horatius. Glorious! Oh! rare sophistry!
To find a way through infamy to glory!

Valerius. Infamy!

What, was it infamous to save his country?
Is art a crime? Is it the name of flight
We can't forgive, though its ador'd effect
Restor'd us all to freedom, fame, and empire?

Horatius. What fame, what freedom? Who has
sav'd his country?

Valerius. Your son, my lord, has done it.

Horatius. How—when—where?

Valerius. Is't possible! Did not you say you
knew?

Horatius. I care not what I knew. Oh! tell me
all!

Is Rome still free? Has Alba—has my son—
Tell me—

Valerius. Your son, my lord, has slain her cham-
pions.

Horatius. What, Publius?

Valerius. He.

Horatius. Were there not three remaining?

Valerius. True, there were,

But wounded all.

Horatius. Your sister here had told us
That Rome was vanquish'd, that my son was fled—

Valerius. And he did fly; but 'twas that flight
preserv'd us.

All Rome, as well as she, has been deceiv'd.

Horatius. Come, relate it.

Did I not say, Valeria, that my boy
Must needs be dead, or Rome victorious?

I long to hear the manner—Well, Valerius—

Valerius. Your other sons, my lord, had paid
the debt

They ow'd to Rome, and he alone remain'd
'Gainst three opponents, whose united strength,
Though wounded each, and robb'd of half their
force,

Was still too great for his. Awhile he stood
Their fierce assaults, and then, pretended flight
Only to tire his wounded adversaries.

Horatius. Pretended flight, and this succeeded,
ha?

Oh! glorious boy!

Valerius. 'Twas better still, my lord;

For all pursued, but not with equal speed.
Each, eager for the conquest, press'd to reach
him;

Nor did the first, till 'twas too late, perceive
His fainter brothers panting far behind.

Horatius. He took them singly, then? An easy
conquest;

'Twas boy's play only!

Valerius. Never did I see

Such universal joy, as when the last
Sunk on the ground beneath Horatius' sword;
Who seem'd awhile to parley as a friend,
And would have given him life, but Caius scorn'd
it.

Valeria. Caius! Oh! poor Horatia!

Horatius. Peace. I charge thee!

Go, dress thy face in smiles, and bid thy friend
Wake to new transports. Let ambition fire her.
What is a lover lost? There's not a youth
In Rome but will adore her. Kings will seek
For her alliance now, and mightiest chiefs
Be honour'd by her smiles. Will they not, youth?

[*Exit Valeria.*]

Valerius. Most sure, my lord, this day has added
worth

To her whose merit was before unequall'd.

Horatius. How could I doubt his virtue? Mighty
gods!

This is true glory, to preserve his country,
And bid, by one brave act, th' Horatian name

In fame's eternal volumes be enroll'd.

Gracious heaven!

Where is he? Let me fly, and, at his feet,

Forget the father, and implore a pardon

For such injustice.

Valerius. The king, ere this,

Has from the field despatched him;

But, hark! that shout

Which sounds from far, and seems the mingled
voice

Of thousands, speaks him onward on his way.

Horatius. How my heart dances! Yet I blush
to meet him.

But I will on. Come, come, Horatia; leave

Thy sorrow far behind, and let us fly

With open arms to greet our common glory.

[*Exit.*]

Enter HORATIA and VALERIUS.

Horatia. Yes, I will go; this father's hard command

Shall be obey'd; and I will meet the conqueror:
But not in smiles.

Valerius. Oh! go not, gentle lady!

Might I advise—

Valeria. Your griefs are yet too fresh,

And may offend him. Do not, my Horatia.

Valerius. Indeed 'twere better to avoid his presence;

It will revive your sorrows, and recall—

Horatia. Sir, when I saw you last, I was a woman,

The fool of nature, a fond prey to grief,

Made up of sighs and tears. But now, my soul

Disdains the very thought of what I was;

'Tis grown too callous to be mov'd with toys.

Observe me well: am I not nobly chang'd?

Stream my sad eyes, or heaves my breast one
groan?

No: for I doubt no longer. 'Tis not grief;

'Tis resolution now, and fix'd despair.

Valeria. My dear Horatia, you strike terrors
through me;

What dreadful purpose hast thou form'd? Oh!
speak!

Valerius. Hear me yet, sweet lady.

You must not go; whatever you resolve,
There is a sight, will pierce you to the soul.

Horatia. What sight?

Valerius. Alas! I should be glad to hide it;
But it is—

Horatia. What?

Valerius. Your brother wears in triumph

The very scarf I bore to Curiatius.

Horatia. (Wildly.) Ye gods, I thank ye! 'tis
with joy I hear it.

If I should falter now, that sight would rouse

My drooping rage, and swell the tempest louder.

But, soft! they may prevent me; my wild passion
Betrays my purpose. I'll dissemble with them.

(*Sits down.*)

Valeria. How do you, my Horatia?

Horatia. Alas! my friend, 'tis madness which I
utter.

Since you persuade me, then, I will not go.

But leave me to myself; I would sit here;

Alone in silent sadness pour my tears,

And meditate on my unheard-of woes.

Valerius. (To *Valeria.*) 'Twere well to humour
this. But may she not,

If left alone, do outrage on herself?

Valeria. I have prevented that; she has not near
her

One instrument of death.

Valerius. Retire we, then.

[*Exit with Valeria. After a short silence,*

Horatia rises and comes forward.

Horatia. Yes, they are gone; and now, be firm
my soul!

This way I can elude their search. The heart,
Which dotes like mine, must break to be at ease.

Just now I thought, had Curiatius lived,

I could have driven him from my breast for ever.

But death has cancell'd all my wrongs at once.

They were not wrongs; 'twas virtue which undid
us,

And virtue shall unite us in the grave.

I heard them say, as they departed hence,

That they had robb'd me of all means of death.

Vain thought! they knew not half Horatia's pur-
pose.

Be resolute, my brother; let not weak

Unmanly fondness mingle with thy virtue,

And I will touch thee nearly. Oh! come on,

'Tis thou alone canst give Horatia peace. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Street in Rome.

*Chorus of Youths and Virgins, singing, and scatter-
ing branches of oak, flowers, &c.*

*Enter HORATIUS, leaning on the arm of PUBLIUS
HORATIUS.*

Chorus. Thus, for freedom nobly won,
Rome her hasty tribute pours;
And on one victorious son
Half exhausts her blooming stores.

A Youth. Scatter here the laurel crown,
Emblem of immortal praise.
Wondrous youth! to thy renown
Future times shall altars raise.

A Virgin. Scatter here the myrtle wreath,
Though the bloodless victor's due;
Grateful thousands sav'd from death
Shall devote that wreath to you.

A Youth. Scatter here the oaken bough;
Ev'n for one averted fate;
We that civic meed bestow:
He saved all who sav'd the state.

Chorus. Thus for freedom, &c.

Horatius. Thou dost forgive me, then; my dear-
est boy,

I cannot tell thee half my ecstasy.

The day which gave thee first to my glad hopes

Was misery to this. I'm mad with transport!

Why are ye silent there? Again renew

Your songs of praise, and, in a louder strain,

Pour forth your joy, and tell the list'ning spheres,

That Rome is freed by my Horatius' hand.

Pub. No more, my friends. You must permit
me, sir,

To contradict you here. Not but my soul,

Like your's, is open to the charms of praise:

There is no joy beyond it, when the mind

Of him who hears it can, with honest pride,

Confess it just, and listen to its music.

But now the toils I have sustain'd require

The interval of rest, and every sense

Is deaf to pleasure. Let me leave you, friends;

We're near our home, and would be private now:

To-morrow we'll expect your kind attendance

To share our joys, and waft our thanks to heaven.

As they are going off, HORATIA rushes in.

Horatia. Where is this mighty chief?

Horatius. My daughter's voice!

I bade her come; she has forgot her sorrows,

And is again my child.

Horatia. Is this the hero,

That tramples nature's ties, and nobly soars

Above the dictates of humanity?

Let me observe him well.

Pub. What means my sister?

Horatia. Thy sister! I disclaim the impious title;

Base and inhuman! Give me back my husband, My life, my soul, my murder'd Curiatus!

Pub. He perish'd for his country.

Horatia. Gracious gods!

Was't not enough that thou hadst murder'd him, But thou must triumph in thy guilt, and wear His bleeding spoils? Oh! let me tear them from thee;

Drink the dear drops that issued from his wounds, More dear to me than the whole tide that swells, With impious pride, a hostile brother's heart.

Horatius. Am I awake, or is it all illusion?

Pub. *Horatia*, hear me:

Yet I am calm, and can forgive thy folly; Would I could call it by no harsher name. But do not tempt me farther. Go, my sister, Go hide thee from the world, nor let a Roman Know with what insolence thou dar'st avow Thy infamy, or what is more, my shame, How tamely I forgave it. Go, *Horatia*.

Horatia. I will not go. What, have I touch'd thee, then?

And canst thou feel? Oh! think not thou shalt lose Thy share of anguish. I'll pursue thee still, I'll be the fury, that shall haunt thy dreams; Wake thee with shrieks, and place before thy sight

Thy mangled friends in all their pomp of horror.

Pub. Away with her! 'tis womanish complaining.

Think'st thou such trifles can alarm the man, Whose noblest passion is his country's love?

Horatia. Curse on my country's love! the trick ye teach us

To make us slaves beneath the mask of virtue; To rob us of each soft endearing sense, And violate the first great law within us. I scorn the impious passion.

Pub. Have a care;

Thou'st touch'd a string which may awake my vengeance.

Horatia. (*Aside.*) Then it shall.

Pub. Oh! if thou dar'st prophane

That sacred tie which winds about my heart, By heaven I swear, by the great gods, who rule The fate of empires, 'tis not this fond weakness Which hangs upon me, and retards my justice Nor even thy sex, which shall protect thee from me. (*Clapping his hand on his sword.*)

Horatius. Drag her away: thou'lt make me curse thee, girl.

Indeed, she's mad. (*To Publius.*)

Horatia. Stand off! I am not mad.

Nay, draw thy sword; I do defy thee, murderer, Barbarian, Roman! Mad! The name of Rome Makes madmen of you all; my curses on it! Rise, rise, ye states, (oh! that my voice could fire Your tardy wrath!) confound its selfish greatness, Raise its proud walls, and lay its towers in ashes!

Pub. I'll bear no more— (*Drawing his sword.*)

Horatius. Distraction! Force her off!

Horatia. (*Struggling.*) Could I but prove the Helen to destroy
This curs'd unsocial state, I'd die with transport: Gaze on the spreading fires, till the lost pile Sunk in the blaze, then mingle with its ruins.

[*Exit.*

Pub. Thou shalt not live to that.

[*Exit.*

Thus perish all the enemies of Rome. (*Without.*)

Valerius. (*Within.*) Oh! horror, horror! execrable act!

By Rome, and all its gods, thou shalt not 'scape!

Enter PUBLIUS.

Pub. My whole soul's moved, And Rome's immortal genius stirs within me.

Yes, ye dread powers, whose everlasting fires Blaze on our altars, and whose sacred shields, From heav'n descending, guard imperial Rome, I feel, I feel your wrongs; for you I bear the sword.

Enter HORATIA, wounded.

Horatia. Now thou'st indeed been kind, and I forgive you

The death of Curiatus; this last blow Has cancell'd all, and thou'rt again my brother.

Horatius. Heavens! what a sight!

A daughter bleeding by a brother's hand! My child, my child!

Horatia. What means this tenderness? I thought to see you

Inflam'd with rage against a worthless wretch, Who has dishonour'd your illustrious race, And stain'd its brightest fame: in pity look not Thus kindly on me, for I have injur'd you.

Horatius. Thou hast not, girl;

I said 'twas madness, but he would not hear me.

Horatia. Alas! my father,

All but my love was false; what that inspir'd I utter'd freely,

But for the rest, the curses which I pour'd On heaven-defended Rome, were merely lures To tempt his rage, and perfect my destruction. Heaven! with what transport I beheld him mov'd! How my heart leap'd to meet the welcome point, Stain'd with the life-blood of my Curiatus, Cementing thus our union ev'n in death.

Pub. My sister, live! I charge thee live, *Horatia*! Oh! thou hast planted daggers here!

Horatia. My brother!

Can you forgive me, too? then I am happy. I dared not hope for that. Ye gentle ghosts, That rove Elysium, hear the sacred sound! My father and my brother both forgive me! I have again their sanction on my love.

Oh! let me hasten to those happier climes, Where, unmolested, we may share our joys, Nor Rome, nor Alba, shall disturb us more.

(*She dies.*)

Horatius. 'Tis gone, the prop, the comfort of my age.

Let me reflect: this morn I had three children, No happier father hail'd the sun's uprising: Now I have none; for, *Publius*, thou must die: Blood calls for blood; to expiate one parricide, Justice demands another. Art thou ready?

Pub. Strike! 'tis the consummation of my wishes To die, and by your hand.

Horatius. Oh! blind old man!

Wouldst thou lift up thy sacrilegious hand Against the chief, the god that sav'd thy country? There's something in that face that awes my soul Like a divinity. Hence, thou vile weapon, Disgrace my hand no more.

(*A cry without, Justice, justice!*)

What noise is that?

Enter VOLSCINIUS.

Vol. All Rome, my lord, has taken the alarm, and crowds

Of citizens enraged, are posting hither, To call for justice on the head of *Publius*.

Horatius. Ungrateful men! how are they? Let them come.

Enter TULLUS, VALERIUS, and Citizens.

Valerius. See, fellow-citizens, see where she lies,

The bleeding victim.

Tullus. Stop, unmanner'd youth!

Think'st thou we know not wherefore we are here? Seest thou yon drooping sire?

Horatius. Permit them, sir.

Tullus. What would you, Romans?

Valerius. We are come, dread sir,
In the behalf of murder'd innocence;
Murder'd by him, the man—

Horatius. Whose conquering arm
Has sav'd you all from ruin. Oh! shame, shame!
Has Rome no gratitude? Do ye not blush
To think whom your insatiate rage pursues?
Down, down, and worship him.

1 Citizen. Does he plead for him?
Does he forgive his daughter's death?

Horatius. He does,
And glories in it; glories in the thought
That there's one Roman left who dares be grateful.
If you are wrong'd, then what am I? Must I
Be taught my duty by the affected tears
Of strangers to my blood? Had I been wrong'd,
I know a father's right, and had not ask'd
This ready-talking sir, to bellow for me,
And mouth my wrongs in Rome.

Valerius. Friends, countrymen, regard not what
he says;

Stop, stop your ears, nor hear a frantic father
Thus plead against his child.

Horatius. He does belie me.
What child have I? Alas! I have but one,
And him you would tear from me.

1 Citizen. Hear him, hear him!

Pub. No: let me speak. Think'st thou, un-
grateful youth,

To hurt my quiet? I am hurt beyond
Thy power to harm me. Death's extremest tor-
tures

Were happiness to what I feel. Yet know,
My injur'd honour bids me live; nay, more,
It bids me even descend to plead for life.
But wherefore waste I words? 'Tis not to him,
But you, my countrymen, to you, I speak;
He lov'd the maid.

1 Citizen. How? lov'd her!

Pub. Fondly lov'd her;
And, under shew of public justice, screens
A private passion, and a mean revenge.

Think you I lov'd her not? High heav'n's my
witness

How tenderly I lov'd her; and the pangs
I feel this moment, could you see my heart,
Would prove too plainly I am still her brother

1 Citizen. He shall be sav'd.
Valerius has misled us.

Save him, save him!

Tullus. If yet a doubt remains,
Behold that virtuous father, who could boast,
This very morn, a numerous progeny,
The dear supports of his declining age;
Then read the sad reverse with pitying eyes,
And tell your conscious hearts they fell for you.

Horatius. I am o'erpaid by that, nor claim I
aught

On their accounts; by high heaven I swear,
I'd rather see him added to the heap,
Than Rome enslav'd.

1 Citizen. Oh! excellent *Horatius*!
Save him, save him!

Tullus. Then I pronounce him free. And now,
Horatius,

The evening of thy stormy day at last
Shall close in peace. Here, take him to thy breast.

Horatius. My son, my conqueror! 'twas a fatal
stroke,

But shall not wound our peace. This kind embrace
Shall spread a sweet oblivion o'er our sorrows;
Or, if in after times, though 'tis not long
That I shall trouble you, some sad remembrance
Should steal a sigh, and peevish age forget
Its revolution, only boldly say
Thou sav'd the state, and I'll entreat forgive-
ness.

Learn hence, ye Romans, on how sure a base
The patriot builds his happiness.
Grief may to grief in endless round succeed,
And nature suffer when our children bleed;
But still superior must that hero prove,
Whose first, best passion is his country's love.

[*Exeunt.*]

LOVE MAKES A MAN;

OR, THE FOP'S FORTUNE:

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY COLLEY CIBBER.



Act III.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

THE GOVERNOR
DON DUART
DON ANTONIO
DON CHARINO
DON LEWIS

CARLOS
CLODIO
SANTO
MONSIEUR
JAQUES

PEDRO
GUSMAN
ISIDOR
GUISEPPE
SERVANTS

ANGELINA
ELVIRA
LOUISA
HONORIA
ISABELLA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Hall.

Enter DON ANTONIO and DON CHARINO.

Ant. Without compliment, my old friend, I shall think myself much honoured in your alliance.

Cha. Sir, you offer fair and nobly; but, since I have but one girl in the world, you won't think me a troublesome old fool, if I endeavour to bestow her to her worth; therefore, if you please, before we shake hands, a word or two by-the-by; for I have some considerable questions to ask you.

Ant. Ask them. [two sons?]

Cha. Well, in the first place, you say you have

Ant. Exactly.

Cha. And you are willing that one of them shall marry my daughter Angelina?

Ant. Willing.

Cha. And you are likewise content that the said Angelina shall survey them both, and (with my allowance,) take to her lawful husband which of them

Ant. Content. [she pleases.]

Cha. And you farther promise that the person by her and me so chosen, be it elder or younger, shall be your sole heir; that is to say, shall be in a conditional possession of at least three parts of your estate. This you positively promise—

Ant. To perform.

Cha. Why, then, as the last token of my full consent and approbation, I give you my hand.

Ant. There's mine.

Cha. Is it a match?

Ant. A match.

Cha. That's enough: Carlos, the elder, you say, is a great scholar, spends his whole life in the university, and loves his study?

Ant. Nothing more, sir.

Cha. But Clodio, the younger, has seen the world, and is very well known in the court of France; a sprightly fellow, eh?

Ant. Mettle to the back, sir.

Cha. Well, how far either of them may go with my daughter, I can't tell; she'll be easily pleased where I am. (*Knocking.*) Hark! what noise without?

Ant. Odsso! 'tis they—they're come. I have expected them these two hours. Well, sirrah, who's without? [*Enter a Servant.*]

Serv. 'Tis Sancho, sir, with a waggon-load of my master's books. [study?]

Cha. What, does he always travel with his whole

Ant. Never without them, sir; 'tis his humour.

Enter SANCHO, laden with books.

San. Pedro, unload part of the library; bid the porter open the great gates, and make room for 't'other dozen of carts: I'll be with you presently.

Ant. Ah! Sancho, where's my Carlos? Speak, boy, where didst thou leave thy master?

San. Jogging on, sir, in the highway to knowledge, both hands employed, in his book, and his bridle, sir; but he has sent his duty before him in this letter, sir. (*Gives Ant. the letter.*)

Cha. Pray, sir, what sort of life may your master lead?

San. Life, sir! no prince fares like him; he breaks his fast with Aristotle, dines with Tully, drinks tea at Helicon, sups with Seneca; then walks a turn or two in the milky way, and, after six hours' conference with the stars, sleeps with old Erra Pater.

Cha. Wonderful!

Ant. So, Carlos will be heré presently. Here, take the knave in, and let him eat.

San. And drink, too, sir?

Ant. And drink too, sir; and, pray, see your master's chamber ready. (*Knocking.*) Well, sir, who's at the gate?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Monsieur, sir, from my young master, Clodio.

Enter MONSIEUR.

Ant. Well, Monsieur, what says your master? when will he be here?

Mons. Sire, he will be here in de less time dan von quarter of de hour; he is not quite tirty mile off.

Ant. And what came you before for?

Mons. Sire, me come to provide de pulville, and de essence for his hair, dat he may approche to your vorsepipe vid de reverence, and de belle air.

Ant. What, is he unprovided, then?

Mons. Sire, he was enragé, and did break his bottel d'orangerie, because it vas not de same dat is prepare for Monseigneur le Dauphin.

Ant. Well, sir, if you'll go to the butler, he'll help you to some oil for his hair.

Mons. Sire, me tank you. [*Exit.*]

Cha. A very notable spark, this Clodio. What noise is that without?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my young masters are both come.

Ant. That's well! Now, sir, now; now observe their several dispositions.—

Enter CARLOS.

Car. My father! sir, your blessing.

Ant. Thon hast it, Carlos; and now, pray, know this gentleman, Charino, sir, my old friend, and one in whom you may have a particular interest.

Car. I'll study to deserve his love, sir.

Cha. Sir, as for that matter, you need not study at all.

Clo. (*Within.*) La Valiere! bid the groom take care our hunters be well rubbed and clothed; they're hot, and have out-stripped the wind.

Cha. Ay, marry, sir, there's mettle in this young fellow.

Enter CLODIO.

Clo. Where's my father? Ah! my dear dad—

Ant. Ah! my dear Clody, thou'rt welcome!

Clo. Sir, being my father's friend, I am your most obliged, faithful, humble servant. (*To Cha.*)

Cha. Sir, I—I—I like you.

Clo. Thy hand: I'm your eternal friend.

Cha. Faith! thou art a pretty-humoured fellow.

Clo. Who's that? Pray, sir, who's that?

Ant. Your brother, Clody.

Clo. Odso! I beg his pardon with all my heart. Ha, ha, ha! Did ever mortal see such a book-worm? Brother, how is't?

Car. I'm glad you are well, brother. (*Reads.*)

Clo. What, does he draw his book upon me? Then I will draw my wit upon him. Gad! I'll puzzle him. Hark you! brother; pray, what's Latin for a sword-knot?

Car. The Romans wore none, brother.

Clo. No ornaments upon their swords, sir?

Car. Oh! yes, several; conquest, peace, and honour: an old unfashionable wear.

Clo. Sir, no man in Europe wears a more fashionable sword than I do; he cost me fifty louis-d'ors in Paris. There, sir! feel him—try him, sir.

Car. I have no skill, sir.

Clo. No skill, sir! why, this sword would make a coward fight. Aha! sa, sa! rip—ha! there I had him! (*Fencing.*)

Car. Take heed, you'll cut my clothes, brother.

Clo. Cut them! Ah, ah! No, no; they are cut already, brother, to the grammar rules exactly. Psha! pr'ythee, man, leave off this college air.

Car. No, brother, I think it wholesome, the soil and situation pleasant.

Clo. A put, by Jupiter! he don't know the air of a gentleman, from the air of the country. (*Aside.*) Sir, I mean the air of your clothes; I would have you change your tailor, and dress a little more *en cavalier*: lay by your book, and take out your snuff-box; cock, and look smart, eh?

Cha. Faith! a pretty fellow!

Enter MONSIEUR.

Mons. Sire, here be de several sort of de jessamine d'orangerie vidout, if you please to make your choice.

Clo. Mum! sir: I must beg pardon for a moment; a most important business calls me aside, which I will despatch with all imaginable celerity, and return to the repetition of my desire to continue, sir, your most obliged, and faithful humble servant. [*Exit.*]

Cha. Faith! he's a pretty fellow!

Ant. Now, sir, if you please, since we have got the other alone, we'll put the matter a little closer to him.

Cha. 'Tis to little purpose, I'm afraid: but use your pleasure, sir.

Car. Plato differs from Socrates in this. (*Musing*)

Ant. Come, come, pr'ythee, Carlos, lay them by; let them agree at leisure. What, no hour of interruption?

Car. Man's life, sir, being so short, and then, the way that leads us to the knowledge of ourselves, so hard and tedious, each minute should be precious.

Ant. Ay, but to thrive in this world, Carlos, you must part a little with this bookish contemplation, and prepare yourself for action. If you will study, let it be to know what part of my land's fit for the plough; what for pasture; to buy and sell my stock to the best advantage, and cure my cattle when they are over-grown with labour. This, now, would turn to some account.

Car. This, sir, may be done from what I've read; for what concerns tillage, who can better deliver it, than Virgil in his Georgicks? And for the cure of herds, his Bucolicks are a master-piece; but when his art describes the commonwealth of bees, their industry, their order in going forth, and coming laden home, their strict obedience to their king, his just rewards to such as labour, his punishment, inflicted only on the slothful drone; I'm ravished with it: then I reap, indeed, my harvest, receive the grain my cattle bring me, and there find wax and honey.

Ant. Heyday! Georges, and Blue-sticks, and bees'-wax! What, art thou mad?

Cha. Raving, raving! [*from it.*]

Car. No, sir, the knowledge of this guards me.

Ant. But can you find, amongst all your musty manuscripts, what pleasure he enjoys that lies in the arms of a young, rich, well-shaped, healthy bride? Answer me that, eh, sir?

Car. 'Tis frequent, sir, in story; there I read of all kinds of virtuous, and of vicious women; the ancient Spartan dames, the Roman ladies, their beauties, their deformities; and when I light upon a Portia, or a Cornelia, crowned with ever-blooming truth and virtue, with such a feeling I peruse their fortunes, as if I then had lived, and tasted of their lawful, envied love. But when I meet a Messalina, tired and unsated in her foul desires; a Clytemnestra, bathed in her husband's blood; an impious Tullia, whirling her chariot over her father's breathless body, horror invades my faculties. Comparing, then, the numerous guilty with the easy count o

those that die in innocence, I detest and loath them as ignorance or atheism.

Ant. And you do resolve, then, not to make payment of the debt you owe me?

Car. What debt, good sir?

Ant. Why, the debt I paid my father, when I got you, sir, and made him a grandsire; which I expect from you. I won't have my name die.

Car. Nor would I: my laboured studies, sir, may prove, in time, a living issue.

Ant. Very well, sir; and so, I shall have a general collection of all the quiddits from Adam till this time, to be my grand-child.

Car. I'll take my best care, sir, that what I leave mayn't shame the family.

Cha. A sad fellow, this! this is a very sad fellow! (*Aside.*)

Ant. So, in short, you would not marry an empress?

Car. Oh! sir, the closet that contains my chosen books, to me's a glorious court; can I then part with solid constant pleasures, to clasp uncertain vanities? No, sir; be it your care to swell your heap of wealth, marry my brother, and let him get you bodies of your name; I rather would inform it with a soul. I tire you, sir: your pardon and your leave. Lights there! for my study. (*Exit.*)

Ant. Was ever man thus transported from the common sense of his own happiness! a stupid wise rogue! I could beat him. Now, if it were not for my hopes in young Clody, I might fairly conclude my name were at a period.

Cha. Ay, ay; he's the match for my money, and my girl's, too, I warrant her. What say you, sir, shall we tell them a piece of our mind?

Ant. This minute, sir; and here comes my young rogue, in the very nick of his fortune.

Enter CLODIO.

Clody, a word—

Clo. To the wise is enough. Your pleasure, sir?

Ant. In the meantime, sir, if you please to send your daughter notice of our intended visit. (*To Cha.*)

Cha. I'll do't. Hark you! friend—(*Whispers a Servant.*)

Enter SANCHE, behind.

San. I doubt my master has found but rough welcome; he's gone supperless into his study; I'd fain know the reason. I must find it out. (*Stands aside.*)

Clo. Sir, you could not have stated anything more agreeable to my inclination; and for the young lady's, sir, if this old gentleman will please to give me a sight of her, you shall see me whip into her's in the cutting of a caper.

Cha. Well, pursue and conquer; though let me tell you, sir, my girl has wit, and will give you as good as you bring; she has a smart way, sir.

Clo. Sir, I will be as smart as she: I have my share of courage; I fear no woman alive, sir, having always found that love and assurance ought to be as inseparable companions as a beau and a snuff-box, or a curate and a tobacco-stopper.

Cha. Faith! thou art a pleasant rogue! Egad! she must like thee.

Clo. I know how to tickle the ladies, sir. In Paris, I had constantly two challenges every morning came up with my chocolate, only for being pleasant company the night before with the first ladies of quality.

Cha. Ah! silly, envious rogues! Pr'ythee, what do you do to the ladies?

San. Positively, nothing. (*Aside.*)

Clo. Why, the truth is, I did make the jades drink a little too smartly; for which, the poor dogs, the princes, could not endure me.

Cha. Why, hast thou really conversed with princes?

Clo. Conversed with them! Why, you shall judge now, you shall judge. Let me see: there was I and

Prince Grandmont, Duke de Bongrace, Duke de Bellegrade, (Bellegrade—yes, yes, Jack was there,) Count de l'Esprit, Marshal Bombard, and that pleasant dog, the Prince de Hautenbas. We six, now, were all at supper, all in good humour; champagne was the word, and wit flew about the room, like a pack of losing cards. Now, sir, there happened to be the self-same number of ladies, (after the fatigue of a ballet, diverting themselves with ratafia and the spleen,) so dull, they were not able to talk, though it were scandalously, even of their best friends. So, sir, after a profound silence, at last, one of them gaped. "Oh, gad!" says she, "would that pleasant dog, Clody, were here, to badiner a little." "Eh?" says a second, and stretched. "Ah! mon Dieu!" says a third, and waked. "Could not one find him!" says a fourth, and leered. "Oh! burn him!" says a fifth, "I saw him go out with the nasty rakes of the blood again," in a pet. "Did you so?" says a sixth, "Pardie! we'll spoil that gang presently," in a passion. Whereupon, sir, in two minutes, I received a billet in four words: "*Chien, nous vous demandons*," subscribed "Grandmont, Bongrace, Bellegrade, L'Esprit, Bombard, Hautenbas."

Cha. Why, these are the very names of the princes you supped with.

Clo. Every soul of them the individual wife, or sister of every man in the company, split me! Ha, *Cha.* and *Ant.* Ha, ha, ha! [*ha, ha!*]

San. Did ever two old gudgeous swallow so greedily! (*Aside.*) [*boy?*]

Ant. Well, and didst thou make a night out?

Clo. Yes, egad! and morning, too, sir; for about eight o'clock the next day, slap they all soused upon their knees, kissed round, burned their com-modes, drank my health, broke their glasses, and so parted.

Ant. Gad-a-mercy, Clody! Nay, 'twas always a wild young rogue.

Cha. I like him the better for't. You remember the conditions, sir; three parts of your estate to him and his heirs.

Ant. Sir, he deserves it all; 'tis not a trifle shall part them. You see Carlos has given over the world: I'll undertake to buy his birth-right for a shelf of new books.

Cha. Ay, ay; get you the writings ready, with your other son's hand to them: for, unless he signs, the conveyance is of no validity.

Ant. I know it, sir: they shall be ready with his hand in two hours.

Cha. Why, then, come along, my lad; and now I'll shew thee to my daughter.

Clo. I dare be shewn, sir. *Allons! Hey! suivons l'amour. (Sings.)* [*Exeunt all but Sancho.*]

San. How! my poor master to be disinherited, for Monsieur Sa-sa there; and I a looker-on, too! If we have studied our majors and our minors, our antecedents and consequences, to be concluded coxcombs at last, we have made a fair hand out! I'm glad I know of this roguery, however; I'll take care my master's uncle, old Don Lewis, shall hear of it; for though he can hardly read a proclamation, yet he dotes upon his learning; and if he be that old, rough, testy blade he used to be, we may chance to have a rubber with them first. Here he comes, *profecto*.

Enter DON LEWIS.

Lewis. Sancho, where's my boy Carlos? What, is he at it? Is he at it? Deep, deep, I warrant him. Sancho, a little peep now—one peep at him, through the key-hole: I must have a peep.

San. Have a care, sir, he's upon a magical point.

Lewis. What, has he lost anything?

San. Yes, sir, he has lost with a vengeance!

Lewis. But what, what, what sirrah! what is't?

San. Why, his birth-right, sir; he is di—di—dis—disinherited. (*Sobbing.*)

Lewis. Ha! how, when, what, where, who, what dost thou mean?

San. His brother, sir, is to marry Angelina, the great heiress, to enjoy three parts of his father's estate; and my master is to have a whole acre of new books, for setting his hand to the conveyance.

Lewis. This must be a lie, sirrah; I will have it a lie.

San. With all my heart, sir; but here comes my old master and the pickpocket the lawyer; they'll tell you more.

Enter DON ANTONIO, and a Lawyer.

Ant. Here, sir, this paper has your full instructions: pray, be speedy, sir; I don't know but we may couple them to-morrow; be sure you make it firm.

Law. Do you secure his hand, sir, I defy the law to give him his title again. [*Exit.*]

San. What think you now, sir?

Lewis. Why, now, methinks, I'm pleased. This is right—I'm pleased—must cut that lawyer's throat, though; must bone him; ay, I'll have him boned and potted.

Ant. Brother, how is't?

Lewis. Oh! mighty well, mighty well! Let's feel your pulse: feverish! (*Whistles.*)

Ant. You are merry, brother.

Lewis. It's a lie.

Ant. How, brother?

Lewis. A d—d lie! I am not merry. (*Smiling.*)

Ant. What are you, then?

Lewis. Very angry.

Ant. Hi, hi, hi! at what, brother?

Lewis. Why, at a very wise settlement I have made lately.

Ant. What settlement, good brother? I find he has heard of it. (*Aside.*)

Lewis. What do you think I have done? I have—this deep head of mine has disinherited my eldest son, because his understanding's an honour to my family, and given it all to my younger, because he's a puppy—a puppy.

Ant. Come, I guess at your meaning, brother.

Lewis. Do you so, sir? Why, then, I must tell you, flat and plain, my boy Carlos must and shall inherit it.

Ant. I say no, unless Carlos had a soul to value his fortune. Harkye! brother, do you know what learning is?

Lewis. What if I don't, sir; I believe it's a fine thing, and that's enough. Though I can speak no Greek, I love and honour the sound of it, and Carlos speaks it loftily; egad! he thunders it out, sir: and let me tell you, sir, if you had ever the grace to have heard but six lines of Hesiod, or Iliad, or any of the Greek poets, ods-heart! it would have made your hair stand an end: sir, he has read such things in my hearing—

Ant. But did you understand them, brother?

Lewis. I tell you, no. What does that signify? The very sound's sufficient comfort to an honest man.

Ant. Fie, fie! I wonder you talk so; you that are old, and should understand.

Lewis. Should, sir! Yes, and do, sir. Sir, I'd have you to know, I have studied; I have run over history, poetry, philosophy.

Ant. Yes, like a cat over a harpsichord; rare music! You have read catalogues, I believe. Come, come, brother, my younger boy is a fine gentleman.

Lewis. A sad dog! I'll buy a prettier fellow in a penny-worth of gingerbread.

Ant. What I propose, I'll do, sir, say you your pleasure. Here comes one I must talk with. Well, brother, what news?

Enter DON CHARINO.

Cha. Oh! to our wishes, sir; Clody's a right bait for a girl, sir. Noble Don Lewis, I am your humble servant. Come, what say you? Shall I prevail with

you to settle some part of your estate upon young Clody?

Lewis. Clody!

Cha. Ay, your nephew, Clody.

Lewis. Settle upon him!

Cha. Ay.

Lewis. Why, look you! I haven't much land to spare, but I have an admirable horse-pond; I'll settle that upon him, if you will.

Ant. Come, let him have his way, sir; he's old and hasty; my estate's sufficient. How does your daughter, sir?

Cha. Ripe and ready, sir; get you the writings ready, my girl shall be here in the morning.

Lewis. Hark you! sir, do you suppose my Carlos shall—

Cha. Sir, I suppose nothing; what I'll do, I'll justify; what your brother does, let him answer.

Ant. That I have already, sir; and so, good-morrow to your patience, brother. [*Exit with Cha.*]

Lewis. Sancho!

San. Sir?

Lewis. Fetch me some gunpowder; quick, quick.

San. Sir!

Lewis. Some gunpowder, I say; a barrel—quickly. And, d'ye hear? three-pennyworth of ratsbane. Eh! ay, I'll blow up one, and poison the other.

San. Come, sir, I see what you would be at, and if you dare take my advice, (I don't want wit at a pinch, sir,) e'en let me try if I can fire my master enough with the praises of the young lady, to make him rival his brother; that would blow them up indeed, sir.

Lewis. Psha! impossible! he never spoke six words to any woman in his life, but his bed-maker.

San. So much the better, sir; therefore, if he speaks at all, it's the more likely to be out of the road. Hark! he rings: I must wait upon him. [*Exit.*]

Lewis. I can't look my poor boy in the face; but come, Carlos, let them go on, thou shalt not want money to buy these books yet. That old fool, thy father, and his young puppy, shall not share a groat of mine between them; nay, to plague them, I could find in my heart to fall sick in a pet, give thee my estate in a passion, and leave the world in a fury. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.—SCENE I.—A Hall.

Enter DON ANTONIO and SANCHE.

Ant. Sir, he shall have what's fit for him.

San. No inheritance, sir?

Ant. Enough to give him books, and a moderate maintenance: that's as much as he cares for. You talk like a fool, a coxcomb! trouble him with land!

San. Must master Clodio have all, sir?

Ant. All, all: he knows how to use it: he's a man bred in this world; t'other in the skies; his business is altogether above stairs. (*Bell rings.*) Go, see what he wants.

San. A father, I'm sure! [*Exit.*]

Ant. What, will none of my rogues come near me now? Oh! here they are. [*Enter Servants and the Cook.*] Well, sir, in the first place, can you procure me a plentiful dinner for about fifty, within two hours? Your young master is to be married this morning; will that spur you, sir?

Cook. Young master, sir! I wish your honour had given me a little more warning.

Ant. Sir, you have as much as I had: I was not sure of it half-an-hour ago.

Cook. Sir, I will try what I can do. Hey! Pedro, Gusman! Come, stir, ho! [*Exit.*]

Ant. Butler, open the cellar to all good fellows; if any man offers to sneak away sober, knock him down. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Library.—CARLOS discovered.

Car. (*Noise within.*) What a perpetual noise these people make! I have forgotten to eat and sleep, with reading; all my faculties turn into study.

What a misfortune 'tis in human nature, that the body will not live on that which feeds the mind! How unprofitable a pleasure is eating! Sancho!

Enter SANCHO.

San. Did you call, sir?

Car. Pr'ythee, what noise is this?

San. The cooks are hard at work, sir, chopping herbs, and mincing meat, and breaking marrow-bones.

Car. And is it thus at every dinner?

San. No, sir; but we have high doings to-day.

Car. Well, set this folio in its place again; then make me a little fire, and get a manchet; I'll dine alone. Does my younger brother speak any Greek yet, Sancho?

San. No, sir; but he spits French like a magpie, and that's more in fashion.

Car. He steps before me there; I think I read it well enough to understand it, but when I am to give it utterance, it quarrels with my tongue. Again that noise! Pr'ythee, tell me, Sancho, are there any princes to dine here?

San. Some there are as happy as princes, sir: your brother's married to-day. All the country round is invited; not a dog that knows the house, but comes, too: all open, sir.

Car. Pr'ythee, who is it my brother marries?

San. Old Charino's daughter, sir, the great heiress: a delicate creature; young, soft, smooth, fair, plump, and ripe as a cherry!

Car. Is she so fine a creature?

San. Such eyes! such looks! such a pair of pretty plump pouting lips! such softness in her voice! such music, too! and when she smiles, such roguish dimples in her cheeks! such a clear skin! white neck—Ah!

Car. Why, thou art in love, Sancho.

San. Ay, so would you be, if you saw her, sir.

Car. I don't think so.

San. Ods me! sir, sir! here comes the very lady, the bride, your sister that must be, and her father.

Enter DON CHARINO and ANGELINA.

Stand close, you'll both see and hear, sir.

Car. I ne'er saw any yet so fair; such sweetness in her look, such modesty! If we may think the eye the window to the heart, she has a thousand treasured virtues there.

San. So, the book's gone! (*Aside.*)

Cha. Come, pr'ythee, put on a brisker look. Odsheart! dost thou think, in conscience, that's fit for thy wedding-day?

Ang. Sir, I wish it were not quite so sudden; a little time for farther thought, perhaps, had made it easier to me: to change for ever, is no trifle, sir.

Car. A wonder!

Cha. Look you! his fortune I have taken care of, and his person you have no exceptions to. What, in the name of Venus, would the girl have?

Ang. I never said, of all the world, I made him, sir, my choice: nay, though he be your's, I cannot say I am highly pleased with him, nor yet am averse; but I had rather welcome your commands and him than disobedience.

Cha. Oh! if that be all, madam, to make you easy, my commands are at your service.

Ang. I have done with my objections, sir.

Car. Such understanding in so soft a form! Happy, happy brother! I have gazed too much. Reach me an Ovid! (*Exit with San.*)

Cha. I say, put on your best looks, hussy! for here he comes, faith!

Enter CLODIO.

Ah! my dear Clody!

Clo. My dear, dear dad! (*Embracing.*) Ha! ma princesse! êtes vous là donc? Ah! Non, non. Je ne n'y connois gueres, &c. (*Sings.*) Look, look, look o'slyboots! what, she knows nothing of the matter! But you will, child.

Enter DON ANTONIO and Lawyer.

Ant. Well said, Clody! my noble brother, welcome; my fair daughter, I give you joy.

Clo. And so will I too, sir. *Allons! Vivons! Chantons, dansons! Hey! L'autre jour.* (*Sings and dances.*)

Ant. Well said again, boy. Sir, you and your writings are welcome.

Enter DON LEWIS.

What, my angry brother! nay, you must have your welcome, too, or we shall make but a flat feast on't.

Lewis. Sir, I am not welcome, nor I won't be welcome, nor nobody's welcome, and you are all a

Cha. What, sir? [*parcel of—*]

Lewis. Miserable wretches! sad dogs!

Ant. Come, pray, sir, bear with him, he's old and hasty: but he'll dine and be good company for *Lewis.* A strange lie, that. [*all this.*]

Clo. Ha, ha, ha! Poor Testy! Ha, ha!

Lewis. Don't laugh, my dear rogue! pr'ythee, don't laugh, now; faith! I shall break thy head, if thou dost. [*me, dear uncle!*]

Clo. Gadso! why, then, I find you are angry at *Lewis.* Angry at thee, eh, puppy! Why, what, what dost thou see in that lovely hatchet face of thine, that's worth my being out of humour at? Blood and fire, ye dog! get out of my sight, or—

Ant. Nay, brother, this is too far. [*w—!*]

Lewis. Angry at him! a son of a—son's son of a *Cha.* Ha, ha! poor, peevish—

Lewis. I'd fain have somebody poison him. (*To himself.*) Ah! that sweet creature! Must this fair flower be cropped to stick up in a piece of rascally earthen-ware? I must speak to her. Puppy, stand out of my way.

Clo. Ha, ha! ay, now for't.

Lewis. (*To Ang.*) Ah—ah—ah! madam—I pity you; you're a lovely young creature, and ought to have a handsome man yoked to you; one of understanding, too. I am sorry to say it, but this fellow's skull's extremely thick; and if he should have a thing shaped like a child, you can make nothing of it but a tailor.

Clo. Ods me! why, you are testy, my dear uncle.

Lewis. Will nobody take that troublesome dog out of my sight? I can't stay where he is. I'll go see my poor boy Carlos. I've disturbed you, madam; your humble servant.

Ant. You'll come again, and drink the bride's health, brother?

Lewis. That lady's health, I may; and, if she'll give me leave, perhaps, sit by her at table, too.

Clo. Ha, ha! b'ye, nuncle.

Lewis. Puppy, good b'ye. [*Exit.*]

Ang. An odd-humoured gentleman.

Ant. Very odd, indeed, child; I suppose, in pure spite, he'll make my son Carlos his heir.

Ang. Methinks I would not have a light head, nor one laden with too much learning, as my father says Carlos is; sure, there's something hid in that gentleman's concern for him, that speaks him not so mere a log.

Ant. Come, shall we go and seal, brother? The priest stays for us. When Carlos has signed the conveyance, as he shall presently, we'll then to the wedding, and so to dinner.

Cha. With all my heart, sir.

Clo. Allons, ma chère princesse. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Study.

CARLOS, DON LEWIS, AND SANCHO, *discovered.*

Lewis. Nay, you are undone.

Car. Then, I must study, sir, to bear my fortune.

Lewis. Have you no greater feeling?

San. You were sensible of the great book, sir, when it fell upon your head; and won't the ruin of your fortune stir you?

Car. Will he have my books, too?

Lewis. No, no; he has a book, a fine one, too;

called the Gentleman's Recreation; or, the Secret Art of getting Sons and Daughters: such a creature! a beauty in folio! Would thou hadst her in thy study, Carlos, though it were but to new-clasp

San. He has seen her, sir.

[*her.*

Lewis. Well, and—and—

San. He flung away his book, sir.

Lewis. Did he, faith? Would he had flung away his humour, too, and spoken to her.

Car. Must my brother, then, have all?

Lewis. All, all.

San. All that your father has, sir.

Car. And that fair creature, too?

San. Ay, sir.

Lewis. Eh!

Car. He has enough, then. (*Sighing.*)

Lewis. He have her, Carlos! Why, would—would—that is—eh?

Car. May not I see her, sometimes, and call her sister? I'll do her no wrong.

Lewis. I can't bear this. Sheart! I could cry for madness! Flesh and fire! do but speak to her, man.

Car. I cannot, sir, her look requires something of that distant awe, words of that soft respect, and yet such force and meaning, too, that I should stand confounded to approach her, and yet, I long to wish her joy. Oh! were I born to give it, too!

Lewis. Why, thou shalt wish her joy, boy; faith! she is a good-humoured creature, she'll take it

Car. Do you think so, uncle? [kindly.

Lewis. I'll to her, and tell you.

Car. Do, sir. Stay, uncle; will she not think me rude? I would not for the world offend her.

Lewis. 'Fend a fiddle-stick! Let me alone; I'll

Car. Nay, but, sir—dear uncle! [—I'll—

Lewis. A hum, a hum! [Exit.

Enter DON ANTONIO and Lawyer with a writing.

Ant. Where's my son?

San. There, sir, casting a figure what chopping children his brother shall have, and where he shall find a new father for himself.

Ant. I shall find a stick for you, rogue, I shall. Carlos, how dost thou do? Come hither, boy.

Car. Your pleasure, sir?

Ant. Nay, no great matter, child; only to put your name here a little, to this bit of parchment. I think you write a reasonable good hand, Carlos.

Car. Pray, sir, to what use may it be?

Ant. Only to pass your title in the land I have, to your brother Clodio.

Car. Is it no more, sir?

Law. That's all, sir.

Ant. No, no, 'tis nothing else. Look you, you shall be provided for, you shall have what books you please, and your means shall come in without your care, and you always shall have a servant to wait on you.

Car. Sir, I thank you; but, if you please, I had rather sign it before the good company below; it being, sir, so frank a gift, 'twill be some small compliment to have it done before the lady, too: there I shall sign it cheerfully, and wish my brother fortune. [thing to me.

Ant. With all my heart, child; it's the same

Car. You'll excuse me, sir, if I make no great stay with you.

Ant. Do as thou wilt, thou shalt do anything thou hast a mind to. [Exit with Car. and Lawyer.

San. Now has he undone himself for ever. Ods-heart! I'll down into the cellar, and be stark drunk for anger. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Dining-room.

Enter DON CHARINO with ANGELINA, CLODIO, DON LEWIS, Ladies, and Priest.

Cha. Come, let him bring his son's hand, and all's done. Are you ready, sir?

Priest. Sir, I shall despatch them presently, immediately; for, in truth, I am hungry.

Clo. Egad! I warrant you, the priest and I could both fall to without saying grace. Ha! you little rogue! what, you think it long, too?

Ang. I find no fault, sir; better things were well done, than done too hastily. Sir, you look melancholy. (*To Don L.*)

Lewis. Sweet swelling blossom! Ah! that I had the gathering of thee; I would stick thee in the bosom of a pretty young fellow. Ah! thou hast missed a man (but that he is so bewitched to his study, and knows no other mistress than his mind) so far above this feather-headed puppy—

Ant. Can he talk, sir?

[to a woman.

Lewis. Like an angel—to himself; the devil a word

Ang. But a little conversation, methinks—

Lewis. Why, so I think, too; but the boy's bewitched, and the devil can't bring him to't: shall I try if I can get him to wish you joy?

Ang. I shall receive it as becomes his sister, sir.

Clo. Look, look! old testy will fall in love by-and-by; he's hard at it, split me!

Cha. Let him alone, she'll fetch him about, I warrant you!

Clo. So, here my father comes? Eh! my brother, too! that's a wonder: broke like a spirit from his cell.

Enter DON ANTONIO, CARLOS, and the Lawyer.

Lewis. Odso! here he is; that's he; a little inclining to the lean or so, but his understanding's the fatter for't.

Ant. Come, Carlos, 'twas your desire to see my fair daughter and the good company, and to seal before them all, and give your brother joy.

Cha. He does well; I shall think the better of him as long as I live.

Car. Is this the lady, sir?

Ant. Ay, that's your sister, Carlos.

Car. Forbid it, love! (*Aside.*) Do you not think she'll grace our family?

Ant. No doubt on't, sir.

[grace?

Car. Should I not thank her for so unmerited a

Ant. Ay, and welcome, Carlos.

Lewis. Now, my boy; give her a gentle twist by the finger; lay your lips softly, softly, close and plump to her. (*Apart to Car.*)

Car. Pardon a stranger's freedom, lady. (*Salutes*

Ang. Dissolving softness! Oh! the drowning joy! Happy, happy he that sips eternally such nectar down. But you, fair creature, share by far the higher joy; if, as I've read, (nay, now am sure) the sole delight of love lies only in the power to give.

Ang. How near his thoughts agree with mine! this the mere scholar I was told of! (*Aside.*) I find, sir, you have experienced love; you seem acquainted with the passion.

Car. I've had, indeed, a dead pale glimpse in theory, but never saw the enlivening light before.

Ang. Ha! before! (*Aside.*)

Ant. Well, these are very fine compliments, Carlos; but you say nothing to your brother yet.

Car. Oh! yes, and wish him, sir, with any other beauty, (if possible,) more lasting joy than I could taste with her.

Ang. He speaks unhappily.

Clo. Ha! What do you say, brother?

Ant. Nay, for my part, I don't understand him.

Cha. Nor I.

Lewis. Stand clear, I do; and that sweet creature, too, I hope.

Ang. Too well, I fear.

Ant. Come, come, to the writing, Carlos; pr'y-thee, leave thy studying, man.

Car. I leave my life first; I study now to be a man; before, what man was, was but my argument; I am now on the proof; I find, I feel myself a man—

Lewis. He has it, he has it! my boy's in for't.

Clo. Come, come, will you—

Lewis. Stand out of the way, puppy.

Car. Whence is it, fair, that while I offer speech

to you, my thoughts want words, my words their free and honest utterance? Why is it thus I tremble at your touch, and fear your frown? Yet should my dearest friend or brother dare to check my vain deluded wishes, oh! I should turn and tear him like an offended lion.

Clo. Come, come, will you sign, brother?

Lewis. Time enough, puppy.

Clo. I say, will you sign, brother?

Car. Away, I have no time for trifles! Room for an elder brother. [way now?

Lewis. Why, did not I bid thee stand out of the

Ant. Ay, but this is trifling, Carlos. Come, come, your hand, man.

Car. Your pardon, sir, I cannot seal yet; had you only shewn me land, I had resigned it free, and proud to have bestowed it to your pleasure; but you have opened to me such a treasure, such unimagined mines of solid joy, that I perceive my temper stubborn now, even to a churlish avarice of love.

Ant. And so you won't part with your title, sir? *Car.* Sooner with my soul of reason, be a plant, a beast, a fish, a fly, than yield one foot of land—if she be tied to't.

Lewis. Ah! Carlos. What say you to the scholar now, chicken?

Ang. A wonder! Is this gentleman your brother, sir? (*To Clodio.*)

Clo. Eh! No, my—madam, not quite—that is, he is a little akin by the—Plague on him! would he were buried! I can't tell what to say to him, split

Ant. Positively, you will not seal then, eh? [me!]

Car. Neither: I should not blindly say I will not seal. Let me entreat a moment's pause; for, even yet, perhaps, I may. (*Sighing.*)

Ang. Forbid it, fortune!

Ant. Oh! may you so, sir?

Clo. Ay, sir, eh! What, you are come to yourself, I find, 'sheart!

Cha. Ay, ay, give him a little time; he'll think better on't, I warrant you.

Car. Perhaps, fair creature, I have done you wrong, whose plighted love and hope went hand in hand together; but, I conjure you, think my life were hateful after so base, so barbarous an act as parting them: I have no land, no fortune, life, or being, while your necessity of peace requires them.

Clo. Why, ay, there's some civility in this.

Cha. The fellow really talks very prettily.

Car. But if in bare compliance to a father's will, you now but suffer marriage, or what's worse, give it as an extorted bond, imposed on the simplicity of your youth, and dare confess you wish some honest friend would save, or free you from its hard conditions; I then again have land, have life, and resolution, waiting still upon your happier fortune.

Clo. Ha, ha! pert enough, that. Egad! I long to see what this will come to!

Priest. In truth, unless somebody is married presently, the dinner will be spoiled; and, then, nobody will be able to eat it.

Car. Consider, fair one, now's the very crisis of our fate: you cannot have it, sure, to ask, if honour be the parent of my love. If you can love for love, and think your heart rewarded there—

Ang. Need I then speak? To say, I am far from hating you—I would say more, but there is nothing fit for me to say.

Cha. I'll bear it no longer.

Ang. On this you may depend, I cannot like that marriage was proposed me.

Car. How shall my soul requite this goodness?

Cha. Beyond patience! This is downright insolence, roguery, villany, treachery! Part them!

Ang. Part them!

Clo. Ay, ay; part them, part them!

Lewis. Doll, dum, dum! (*Sings, and draws in 'their defence.*)

Cha. Call an officer! I'll have them forced asunder.

Ang. Nay, then, I'm reduced to take protection here. (*Goes to Carlos.*)

Car. Oh! ecstacy of heart! transporting joy!

Lewis. Lorro, dorrol, lol! (*Sings and dances.*)

Cha. A plot! a plot against my honour! Murder, treason, gunpowder! I'll be revenged. [*Exit.*]

Ant. Carlos, I say, forego the lady.

Car. Never, while I have sense of being, life, or motion.

Clo. You won't! Gadso! What, then, I find I must lug out upon this business. *Allons!* the lady, sir.

Lewis. Lorro, dorrol, lol! (*Presenting his point to Clodio.*)

Car. Hold, uncle! Come, brother, sheath your anger. I'll do my best to satisfy you all: but, first, I would entreat a blessing here.

Ant. Out of my doors! thou art no son of mine. [*Exit.*]

Car. I am sorry I have lost a father, sir. For you, brother, since once you had a seeming hope, in lieu of what you've lost, half of my birthright—

Clo. No halves; no halves, sir; the whole lady.

Car. Why, then, the whole, if you like the terms. [*quick.*]

Clo. What terms? what terms? Come, quick,

Car. The first is this: (*snatches Don L.'s sword*) win her, and wear her; for, on my soul, unless my body fail, my mind shall never yield thee up a thought in love.

Lewis. Gramercy! Carlos, to him, boy! Egad! this love has made a man of him.

Car. This is the first good sword I ever poised in anger yet; 'tis sharp, I'm sure; if it but hold my putting home, I shall so hunt your insolence! I feel the fire of ten strong spirits in me: wert thou a native fencer, in so fair a cause, I thus should hold thee at the worst defiance.

Clo. Look you! brother, take care of yourself, I shall certainly be in you the first thrust; but if you had rather, dy'e see, we'll talk a little calmly about this business. [*a coward, too.*]

Car. Away, triller! I would be loth to prove thee *Clo.* Coward! why then really, sir, if you please, midriff's the word, brother; you are a son of a w—. *Allons!* (*They fight, and Clodio is disarmed.*)

Car. There, sir, take your life, and mend it.

Ang. Are you wounded, sir?

Car. Only in my fears for you; how shall we bestow us, uncle?

Lewis. Positively, we are not safe here, this lady being an heiress. Follow me.

Car. Good angels guard us. [*Exeunt with Angelina.*]

Clo. Gadso! I never fenced so ill in all my life; never in my life, split me!

Enter MONSIEUR.

Mons. Sir, here be de trompette, de hauteboy, de musique, de maiter danser, dat deseer to know if you sal be please to have de masque begin.

Clo. Ha! What does this puppy say now?

Mons. Sir, de musique.

Clo. Why ay—that's true—but tell them—plague on them, tell them, they are not ready tuned.

Mons. Sir, dare is all tune, all prepare.

Clo. Ay! Why then, tell them that my brother's wise again, and has spoiled all, and I am bubbled, and so I sha'n't be married till next time: but I have fought with him, and he has disarmed me; and so he won't release the land, nor give me my mistress again; and I—I am done, that's all. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter DON CHARINO, DON ANTONIO, Officers, and Servants.

Cha. Officer, do your duty: I say, seize them all.

Ant. Carry them this minute before a ——. How now! What all fled?

Cha. Ha! my girl! my child! my heiress! I am abused! I am cheated! I am robbed! I am ravished, murdered, and flung into a ditch!

Ant. Who let them out? Which way went they, villains?

Serv. Sir, we had no order to stop them; but they went out at the door not six minutes ago.

Cha. I'll pursue them with bills, warrants, actions, writs, and malice: I'm a lawyer, sir; they shall find I understand ruin.

Ant. Nay, they shall be found, sir. Run you to the port, sirrah, see if any ships are going off, and bring us notice immediately.

[*Exeunt Officers and Servants.*]

Enter SANCHO, drunk.

San. Ban, ban, Ca-caliban. (*Sings.*)

Ant. Here comes a rogue, I'll warrant, knows the bottom of all! Where's my son, villain?

San. Son, sir!

Cha. Where's my daughter, sirrah?

San. Daughter, sir!

Cha. Ay, my daughter, rascal!

San. Why, sir, they told me just now, sir—that she's—she's run away.

Ant. Dog, where's your master?

San. My master! why, they say he is—

Ant. Where, sirrah?

San. Why, he is—he is—gone along with her.

Ant. Death! you dog, discover him, or—

San. Sir, I will—I will.

Ant. Where is he, villain?

San. Where, sir? Why, to be sure he is—he is—upon my soul, I don't know, sir.

Ant. No more trifling, rascal!

San. If I do, sir, I wish this may be my poison. (*Drinks.*)

Ant. Death! you dog, get out of my house, or I'll—So sir, have you found him?

Re-enter Servant with CLODIO, and MONSIEUR.

Clo. Ay, sir, have you found them?

Serv. Yes, sir, I had a sight of them; but they were just got on board a small vessel before I could overtake them.

Cha. Death and furies!

Ant. Whither were they bound, sirrah?

Serv. Sir, I could not discover that: but they were full before the wind, with a very smart gale.

Ant. What shall we do, brother? [*them.*]

Clo. Be as smart as they, sir; follow them, follow

Cha. Send to the port this moment, and secure a ship; I'll pursue them through all the elements.

Clo. I'll follow you by the northern star.

Ant. Run to the port again, rogue; hire a ship, and tell them they must hoist sail immediately.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Clo. And you rogue, run to my chamber, fill up my snuff-box—cram it hard, you dog, and be here again before you get thither. [*Exit Monsieur.*]

Ant. What, will you take nothing else, boy?

Clo. Nothing, sir, but snuff and opportunity—we're in haste. *Allons! hey! Je vole.* [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.—SCENE I.—*Lisbon.*

Enter ELVIRA, DON DUART, and Governor.

Elv. Dear brother, let me entreat you, stay; why will you provoke your danger?

Duart. Madam, my honour must be satisfied.

Elv. That's done already, by the degrading blow you gave him.

Gov. Pray, niece, what is it has incensed him?

Elv. Nothing but a needless quarrel.

Gov. I am sorry for him. To whom is all this fury, nephew? [*pose me.*]

Duart. To you, sir, or any man that dares op-

Gov. Come, you are too boisterous, sir; and this vain opinion of your courage, taken on your late success in duelling, makes you daily shunned by men of civil conversation. For shame, leave off these senseless brawls; if you are valiant, as you

would be thought, turn out your courage to the wars; let your king and country be the better for't.

Duart. Yes, so I might be a general. Sir, no man living shall command me.

Gov. Sir, you shall find that here in Lisbon I will: I'm every hour followed with complaints of your behaviour from men of almost all conditions; and my authority, which you presume will bear you out, because you are my nephew, no longer shall protect you now: expect your next disorder to be punished with as much severity as his, that is a stranger to my blood.

Duart. Punish me! You, nor your office, dare not do't. Fire and furies! I'm tutored here like a mere school-boy! Women shall judge of injuries in honour. For you, sir—I was born free, and will not curb my spirit, nor is it for your authority to tempt it: give me the usage of a man of honour, or 'tis not your government shall protect you. [*Exit.*]

Gov. I am sorry to see this, niece, for your sake.

Elv. 'Would he were not my brother. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter DON MANUEL, ANGELINA, and Sailors.

Man. Divide the spoil amongst you: this fair captive I only challenge for myself.

Sail. Sir, she's yours; you fought, and well deserve her. [*Exeunt Sailors.*]

Enter Governor.

Gov. Noble Don Manuel! welcome to Lisbon. I see you are fortunate: for I presume that's some uncommon prize.

Man. She is, indeed, lord governor: these ten years I have known the seas, and many rough engagements there; but never saw so small a bark so long defended with such incredible valour; and by two men scarcely armed too.

Gov. Is't possible!

Man. Nay, and scarcely had we secured our hard-won prize, before an Algerine grappled us; when the same two, dreading to see this lovely creature made a prize to infidels, gallantly boarded her; but instantly—

Ang. Alas!

Gov. What then, sir?

Man. She quitted us, and crowding all the sail she could, escaped our slower vessel.

Gov. And carried those brave gentlemen away—

Man. No, my lord; for as they stood upon the deck disarmed and ready to be fettered, on a sudden (the younger taking first from this fair maid a farewell only with his eyes) both leaped into the sea.

Gov. 'Tis wonderful, indeed.

Man. Had not our own safety hindered (at that time another ship pursuing us) I would have taken them up, and with their lives they should have had their liberty.

Ang. Too late, alas! they're lost! I am now friendless, miserable, and a slave.

Man. Take comfort, fair one; perhaps you yet again may see them; they were not quite a league from shore, and with such strength and courage broke through the rolling waves, they could not fail of life and safety.

Ang. In that last hope, I brook a wretched being; but if they're dead, my woes will find so many doors to let out life, I shall not long survive them; but—

Gov. Alas! poor lady! misery but weeps the more when she is gazed on.—I leave you—your servant, sir.— [*Exit.*]

Man. Now, my fair captive, though I confess you beautiful, yet give me leave to own my heart has long been in another's keeping; therefore, the favour I am about to ask, you may at least hear with safety.

Ang. This has engaged me, sir, to hear.

Man. These three years have I honourably loved a noble lady; her name Louisa, the beauteous

niece of great Ferrara's Duke: sole mistress of herself and me, who long have languished in a hopeless constancy. Now, I would a while entreat your leave to recommend you, as her companion, to this lady's favour; and (as I'm sure you'll soon be near her closest thoughts) if you can think upon the honest courtesies I hitherto have shewn your modesty, and, in your happy talk, but name with any mark of favour, me, or my unwearied love, 't would be a generous act would fix me ever grateful to its memory.

Ang. Such poor assistance, sir, as one distressed like me can give, shall willingly be paid.

Man. I can study to deserve this goodness: for the present, think my poor house your own; at night I'll wait upon you to the lady, till when I am your guard.

Ang. You have bound me to your service.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Church.—The Vespers supposed to be just ended, several walking out, CARLOS and DON LEWIS rising near LOUISA and HONORIA. Louisa observing Carlos.*

Hon. Come, madam, shall we walk out? The crowd's pretty well over now.

Lou. But then that melancholy softness in his look! [*Aside.*]

Hon. Cousin! Donna Louisa!

Lou. Even in his devotions too, such graceful adorations—so sweet a—[*Aside.*]

Hon. Cousin, will you go?

Lou. Psha! time enough. Pr'ythee, let's walk a little this way.

Car. To what are we reserved?

Lewis. For no good, I'm afraid. My ill luck don't use to give over when her hand's in. One misfortune generally comes galloping in upon the back of another. Drowning we have escaped miraculously; would the fear of hanging were over too; our being so strangely saved from one, smells d—y rank of the other. Though I am obliged to thee, Carlos, for what life I have, and I'll thank thee for't, if ever I set foot upon my estate again: 'faith, I were just gone; if thou hadst not taken me upon thy back the last hundred yards, by this time I had been food for herrings and mackerel. But 'tis pretty well as it is; for there is not much difference between starving and drowning.

Car. These are light wants to me. Oh! I could wish the fate that saved us from the ocean's fury, in kinder pity of our love's distress, had buried us in one wave embracing.

Lou. How tenderly he talks! This were indeed a lover! I'll have him dogged. *Jagues!* [*Whispers Jagues.*]

Lewis. A most unhappy loss, indeed! But come, don't despair, boys; the ship that took us was a Portuguese, of Lisbon too, I believe; who knows but some way or other we may hear of her yet?

Car. Have I not cause? Were not my force of faith superior to my hopeless reason, I could not bear the insults of my fortune.

Lewis. Why, now, would not this make any one weep, to hear a young man talk so finely, when he is almost famished?

Lou. Did you observe those strangers that have walked by us!

Hon. Not much; but what of them?

Lou. Did you hear nothing of their talk?

Hon. I think I did; one of them, the younger, seemed concerned for a lost mistress.

Lou. Ay, but so near, so tenderly concerned; his looks as well as words, speaking an inward grief, that could not flow from every common passion. I must know more of him.

Hon. What do you mean?

Lou. Must speak to him.

Hon. By no means.

Lou. Why, you see they are strangers, I believe in some necessity.

Hon. Consider.

Lou. I hate it—sir—sir—

Lewis. Would you speak with me, madam?

Lou. If you please, with your friend—not to in-

Car. Your pleasure, lady? [*Interrupt you, sir.*]

Lou. You seem a stranger, sir.

Car. A most unfortunate one.

Lou. If I am not deceived, in want: pardon my freedom. If I have erred, as freely tell me so; if not, as earnest of your better fortune, this trifle sues for your acceptance. [*Gives him money.*]

Lewis. Take it, boy.

Car. A bounty so unmerited, and from a hand unknown, fills me with surprise and wonder. But give me leave, in honesty, to warn you, lady, of a too heedless purchase; for if you mean it as a bribe to any evil you would have me practice, be not offended, if I dare not take it.

Lou. You are too scrupulous; I have no hard designs upon your honesty—only thus: be wise and cautious, if you should follow me; I am observed; farewell. *Jagues!* Will you walk, cousin?

[*Exit with Honoria.*]

Lewis. Let's see:—Odsheart! follow her, man. Why, 'tis all gold!

Car. Dispose it as you please.

Lewis. I'll first have a better title to't—no, 'tis all thine, boy. I hold a hundred pistoles she's some great fortune in love with you. I say, follow her; since you have lost one wife before you had her, I'd have you make sure of another before you lose her.

Car. Fortune, indeed, has dispossessed her of my person; but her firm title to my heart, not all the subtle arts or laws of love can shake or violate.

Lewis. Pr'ythee, follow her now; methinks I'd fain see thee in bed with somebody before I die.

Car. Be not so poor in thought; let me entreat you rather to employ them, sir, with mine, in search of Angelina's fortune.

Lewis. Well, dear Charles, don't chide me now; I do love thee, and will follow thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Street.*

Enter DON ANTONIO and DON CHARINO.

Ant. You heard what the sailor said, brother; such a ship has put in here, and such persons were taken in it. Therefore, my advice is, immediately to get a warrant from the government, to search and take them up, wherever we can find them.

Cha. Sir, you must not tell me—I won't be choused out of my daughter; I shall expect her sir; if not, I'll take my course; I know the law—[*Walks about.*]

Ant. You really have a great deal of dark wit, brother; but if you know any course better than a warrant to search for her, in the name of wisdom, take it; if not, here's my oath, and your's, and—how now, where's Clody? Oh! here he comes—

Enter CLODIO, searching his pockets.

Hon. Now? what's the matter, boy?

Clo. Ay, it's gone, split me!

Ant. What's the matter? [*Louder.*]

Clo. The best joint in Christendom.

Ant. Clody!

Clo. Sir, I have lost my snuff-box.

Ant. Psha! a trifle; get thee another, man.

Clo. Sir, 'tis not to be had—besides, I dare not shew my face at Paris without it. What do you think her grace will say to me?

Cha. Well, upon second thoughts, I am content to search.

Clo. I have searched all my pockets fifty times over, to no purpose.

Cha. Pockets!

Clo. It's impossible to fellow it, but in Paris: I'll go to Paris, split me! [*Aside.*]

Cha. Paris! Why, you don't suppose my daughter's there, sir?

Clo. I don't know but she may, sir: but I am sure they make the best joints in Europe there.

Cha. Joints! My son-in-law, that should have been, seems strangely altered for the worse. But come, let's to the governor.

Ant. Come along, Clody. [*Exit with Charino.*]

Clo. Sir, I must look a little; I'll follow you presently. My poor, pretty box! Ah! plague o' my sea voyage!

Enter a Page hastily, with a flambeau.

Page. By your leave, sir, my master's coming; pray, sir, clear the way.

Clo. Ha! why, thou art pert, my love; pr'ythee, who is thy master, child?

Page. The valiant Don Duart, sir, nephew to the governor of Lisbon.

Clo. Well, child; and what, does he eat every man he meets?

Page. No, sir; but he challenges every man that takes the wall of him, and always sends me before to clear the way.

Clo. Ha! a pretty harmless humour that! Is this he, child? You may look as terrible as you please; I must banter you, split me! [*Aside.*]

Enter DON DUART, stalking up to Clodio.

Duart. Do you know me, sir!

Clo. Heigho! [*Looks carelessly on him.*]

Duart. Do you know me, sir?

Clo. You did not see my snuff-box, sir, did you?

Duart. Sir, in Lisbon, no man asks me a question covered. [*Strikes off Clodio's hat.*] Now, you know me.

Clo. Perfectly well, sir—Hi, hi! I like you mightily.—You are not a bully, sir?

Duart. You are saucy, friend.

Clo. Ay, it's a way I have, after I'm affronted. Thou art really the most extraordinary—humph!—that ever I met with. Now, sir, do you know me? split me!

Duart. Know thee! take that, peasant! [*Strikes him, and both draw.*]

Clo. I can't, upon my soul, sir. *Allons!* now we shall come to a right understanding. [*They fight.*] *Allons!* to our better acquaintance, sir—Ha, ha! [*Don D. falls.*] he has it! never pushed better in my life, never in my life, split me!

Page. Oh! my master's killed! help, ho! murder! help!

Clo. Eh! why, faith, child, that's very true, as thou sayest; and so, the devil take the hindmost. [*Exit.*]

Enter Officers.

1 *Off.* How now! Who's that cries murder?

Page. Oh! my master's murdered! some of you follow me: this way he took; let's after him. Help! murder! help! [*Exit.*]

2 *Off.* 'Tis Don Duart.

1 *Off.* So, pride has got a fall; he has paid for't now; you have met with your match, 'faith, sir. Come, let's carry the body to the surgeon's: you pursue the murderer; I'll warrant him some civil gentleman. Ye need not make too much haste; for if he does escape, 'tis no great matter. Come along. [*Exeunt with the body.*]

Enter CARLOS and DON LEWIS.

Lewis. Come along, Carlos; I'm sure 'tis she, by their description; and if that brawny dog, the captain has played her no foul play, she shan't want ransom, if all my estate can purchase it.

Car. Now, fortune guide us! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter JAKUES and BRAVOES.

Jagues. That's he, the tallest: be sure you spare his person; only force him into this chair, and carry him as directed.

1 *Brav.* What must be done with the old fellow?

Jagues. We must have him too, lest he should dog the other, and be troublesome. If he won't come quietly, bring him any how. Follow softly; we shall snap them as they turn the corner. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CLODIO, hastily.

Clo. Ah, pox of their noses! the dogs have smelt me out! What shall I do? If they take me, I shall be hanged, split me. Ha! a door open! 'faith I'll in at a venture. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter BRAVOES, with CARLOS in a chair; some hauling in DON LEWIS.

Lewis. Oh, my poor boy, Carlos! Carlos! help! murder! [*used.*]

1 *Brav.* Hold your peace, fool, if you'd be well

Lewis. Sir, I will not hold my peace. Dogs, rogues, villains, help, murder!

1 *Brav.* Nay, then, by your leave, old gentleman. So, bring him along.

Lewis. Aw, aw, aw! [*They gag him.*] [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A Chamber.—ELVIRA and ISABELLA.

Elv. Is not my brother come home yet?

Isa. I have not seen him, madam.

Elv. Go, send and seek him; go all of ye every where: I'll not rest till your return; take away your lights too; for my devotions are written in my heart, and I shall read them without a taper. [*Exit Isabella.*]

Enter CLODIO, stealing in.

Clo. Ah, poor Clody! what will become of thee? Thy condition, I'm afraid, is but very indifferent. Followed behind, stopped before, and beset on both sides! Ah, pox o' my wit! I must be bantering, must I? But let me see—where am I? An odd sort of a house, this; all the doors open, and nobody in't; no noise, no whisper, no dog stirring!

Elv. Who's that?

Clo. Ha! a woman's voice! [*Julia!*]

Elv. Who are you? Who waits there? Stephano!

Clo. Gads! 'tis the lady of the house: she can't see my unfortunate face, however. 'Faith, I'll e'en make a grave speech, tell her my case, and beg her protection.

Elv. Speak! what are you?

Clo. Madam, a most unfortunate young gentleman.

Elv. I am sure you are a man of most ill manners, to press thus boldly to my private chamber. Whither would you? What want you?

Clo. Gracious madam, hear me; I am a stranger most unfortunate, and my distress has made me rudely press for your protection: if you refuse it, madam, I am undone for ever, by—I say, madam, I am utterly undone—'Twas coming, faith! [*Aside.*]

Elv. Alas! his fear confounds him. What is't pursues you, sir?

Clo. An outcry of officers; the law's at my heels, madam, though justice I'm not afraid of.

Elv. How could you offend the one and not the other?

Clo. Being provoked, madam, by the insolence of my enemy, in my own defence, I just now left him dead in the street. I am a very young man, madam, and I would not willingly be hanged in a strange country, methinks; which I certainly shall be, unless your tender charity protects me. Egad! I have a rare tongue! I have a rare tongue, 'faith! [*Aside.*]

Elv. Poor wretch, I pity him!

Clo. Madam, your house is now my only sanctuary, my altar; therefore, I beg you, upon my knees, madam, take pity of a poor bleeding victim.

Elv. Are you a Castilian?

Clo. No, madam, I was born in—in—in—what d'ye call 'um—in—

Elv. Nay, I ask not with purpose to betray you; were you ten thousand times a Spaniard, the nation we Portuguese most hate, in such distress, I yet would give you my protection.

Clo. May I depend upon you, madam? Am I safe?

Elv. Safe as my power, my word, or vow can make you. Enter that door, which leads you to a closet; should the officers come, as you expect, they owe such reverence to my lodgings, they'll search no further than my leave invites them.

Clo. D'y'e think, madam, you can persuade them?

Elv. Fear not; I'll warrant you; away!

Clo. The breath of gods, and eloquence of angels, go along with you. (*Retires.*)

Elv. Alas! who knows but that the charity I afford this stranger, perhaps, my brother, elsewhere, may stand in need of? How he trembles! I hear his breath come short, hither. Be of comfort, sir, once more I give you my solemn promise for your safety.

Enter Officers, ISABELLA, Page, and PEDRO.

Page. Oh! madam, madam! my master's killed.

Elv. What sayest thou?

Pedro. Your brother, madam, my master, young Don Duart's dead; he just now quarrelled with a gentleman, who unfortunately killed him in the

Elv. Ah, me! [street.]

1 Off. We are informed, madam, that the murderer was seen to enter this house, which made us press into it, to apprehend him.

Clo. Eh! Why, what the devil! Am I safer than I would be now? Exactly: I have nicked the house to a hair: just so I did at Paris, too, when I took a lodging at a bailiff's, that had three writs against me. This d—d closet, too, has ne'er a chimney to creep out at. Ah, poor Clody! (*Retires.*)

Elv. Oh, my unhappy brother! such an end as this, thy laughty mind did long since prophecy; and to increase my misery, thy wretched sister wilfully must make a breach of what she has vowed, or thou wilt fall unrevenge'd. (*Aside.*)

Enter Governor and Servants.

Gov. Where's my unhappy niece? Alas! your brother lies at a surgeon's yonder, past all recovery. Reproof comes now too late—he's dead! he's dead!

Elv. It shall be so; I'll take the lighter evil of the two, and keep the solemn vow to which just heaven was witness: the wounds of perjury never can be cured; but justice may again overtake the murderer, when no rash vows protect him. (*Aside.*)

Gov. Take comfort, niece.

Elv. Oh, forbear! Search for the murderer, and take order for my brother's funeral, while I shut out the offensive day, and here in solitude indulge my sorrow; therefore, I beg my nearest friends, and you, my lord, for some few days, to spare your charitable visits.

Gov. I grieve for your misfortune, niece; but since you'll have it so, we take our leave. Farewell.

[*Exit with Servants, &c.*]

Clo. Eh! what, are they gone away without me; and by her contrivance too? Gadso!

Elv. Whoever thou art, to whom I've given means of life, to let thee see with what religion I have kept my vow, come fearless forth, while night's thy friend, and pass unknown.

Clo. If this is not love, the devil's in't! (*Aside.*)

Elv. Fly with the utmost speed, where I may never see thee more.

Clo. Ay, that's her modesty. (*Aside.*)

Elv. And let that charitable faith thou hast found in me, persuade thee to atone thy crime by penitence.

Clo. Poor soul! I may find a better way to thank thee for't.

Elv. You are at the door now; farewell for ever.

Clo. Which is as much as to say, what would I give to see you again. All in good time, child. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—*Louisa's House.*

Enter LOUISA and JAKUES.

Lou. Were they both seized?

Jaq. Both, madam, and will be here immediately. I ran before, to give your ladyship notice.

Lou. You know my orders; when they are entered, bar all the doors; and, on your lives, let every one be mute, as I directed. I must retire a while. [*Exit.*]

Enter Bravoes, who let CARLOS out of the chair, while others throw down DON LEWIS, gagged and bound.

Car. So, gentlemen, you find I've not resisted you; but now, pray, let me know my crime? Why have you brought me hither? Where am I? if in prison, look in my face, perhaps you have mistaken me for another. [*Jakues holds up his lantern, nods, and exit with the rest.*] You seen not to know me, sir. All dumb, and vanished! My fortune's humorous; she sports with me.

Lewis. Aw, aw! [you?]

Car. What's here? a fellow prisoner! Who are *Lewis.* Aw, aw!

Car. Do you speak no other language?

Lewis. Aw, aw, aw! [*Louder.*]

Car. Nay, that's the same.

Lewis. Oh! [*Sighing.*]

Car. Poor wretch! I am afraid he would speak if he could.—[*Enter JAKUES, who releases DON LEWIS.*—Sure they think I walk in my sleep, and won't speak, for fear of waking me.

Lewis. Sir, your humble servant; and now my tongue's at liberty, pray, will you do me the favour to shew me the way home again? What a plague, are you all dumb? [*Exit Jakues.*] Well, sir, and pray what are—Carlos! ah! my dear boy!

Car. My uncle! Nay then my fortune has not quite forsaken me! How came you hither, sir?

Lewis. Faith, like a corpse into a church, boy, with my heels foremost; but, pr'ythee, how didst thou come?

Car. You saw the man that seized us: they forced me into a chair, and brought me.

Lewis. Well, but what is all this for? What would they have? [formed of.]

Car. That we must wait their pleasure to be in—*Lewis.* The sons of w— won't speak neither. Heyday! what's to be done now?

Enter JAKUES and Servants, with a banquet.

Car. More riddles yet; I dream, sure. [*Jakues invites Don Lewis to take his chair.*]

Lewis. For me? Sir, your most humble servant. [*Sits.*] Carlos, sit down, boy. Ha, ha, ha! a parcel of silly dumb dogs! Is this all the business? Puppies! did they think I would not come to supper, without being brought neck and heels to't.

Car. Amazement all! What can it end in?

Lewis. Never trouble thy head, pr'ythee: fall to, man. Delicate food, truly. Here—Dumb! pr'ythee, give us a glass of wine, to wet the way a little. Come, Carlos, here's, here's—honest Dumb's health to thee. [*Drinks.*] Dumb's a very honest fellow, 'faith.

Car. What harmony's this? [*A flourish.*]

Lewis. Rare music indeed; let's eat and hear it. Mighty fine, truly—I have not made a heartier meal a great while. [*Jakues offers a night-cap and gown to Don Lewis.*] Well, and what's to do now, lad? For me, boy? Odsó! we lie, here, do we?—mighty well that again, 'faith; (for I was just thinking to go home, but that I had ne'er a lodging; nay, I always said honest Dumb knew how to make his friends welcome. Well, but it's time enough yet; sha'n't we crack a bottle first? Carlos is melancholy. [*Jakues shakes his head.*] What, that's as much as to say, if I won't go, I shall be carried. Sir, your humble servant. [*Puts on the gown.*] Well, Carlos, good night, since they won't

let me have a mind to stay any longer. I'll give a pistole, though, to know what this will come to! Dumb, come along. [*Exit with Jaques.*]

Car. I'm buried in amazement. (*Music is heard.*) Ha! more music! (*DON LEWIS appears above.*)

Lewis. So, at last, I have groped out a window, that will let me into the secret; now if any foul play should happen, I am pretty near the street too, and can bawl out murder! to the watch. But, mum, the door opens.—[*Enter LOUISA.*]—Eh! ah! what dull rogues were we not to suspect this before? Dumb's a sly dog: 'tis she, 'faith—tum, dum, dum. Here will be fine work presently! toll, dum, di, dum. Now I shall see what mettle my boy's made of; tum, dum, dum.

Lou. You seem amazed, sir.

Car. Your pardon, lady, if I confess it raises much my wonder, why a stranger, friendless, and unknown, should meet, unmerited, such floods of courtesy: for, if I mistake not, once this day before, I've tasted of your beauty. [*you, sir.*]

Lou. I have forgotten that; but I confess I saw *Car.* Why then was I forced hither? If you relieve me only from a soft compassion of my fortune, you could not think but such humanity might, on the slightest hint, have drawn me to be grateful.

Lou. I own I could not trust you to my fortune; I knew not but some other might have seen you—besides, methought you spoke less kind to me before.

Car. If my poor thanks were offered in too plain a dress, (as I confess I'm little practised in the rules of graced behaviour,) rather think me ignorant than rude, and pity what you cannot pardon.

Lou. How could you charge yourself with such a thought? I scarce can think 'tis in your nature to be rude—at least to our sex.

Car. 'Twere more unpardonable there.

Lou. Nay, now you are too strict on the other side; for there may happen times, when what the world calls rudeness, a woman might be brought to pardon; seasons, when even modesty were ignorance—Pray be seated, sir; nay, I'll have it so. Suppose yourself the man so loved, where could you find, at such a time, excuses for your modesty?

Car. If I could love again, my eyes would tell her; if not, I would not seem to understand her.

Lou. Alas! you have too poor a sense of woman's love. Think you we have no invention? You would not understand her! how would you avoid it? When even her slightest look would speak too plain for that excuse; if not, she'd press you still with plainer, stronger proofs; her life, her fortune, should be your's: for where a woman loves, such gifts as these are trifles. (*Gives him jewels.*)

Car. Is't possible! can there be such a woman?

Lou. Fie, I could chide you now; you would not sure be thought so slow of apprehension.

Car. I would not willingly be thought so vain, or so uncharitable, to suppose there could be such an one.

Lou. Nay, now you force me to forsake my sex, and tell you plain—I cannot speak it—yet you must know, I am this creature so reduced for you.

Car. Monstrous! (*Aside, and rising.*)

Lou. What is't you start at?

Car. Not for your beauty; though I confess you fair to a perfection; but when that beauty fades, (as time leaves none unvisited) what charm shall then secure my love? Your riches? No, an honest mind's above the bribes of fortune: for though distressed, a stranger, and in want, I thus return them thankless. Be modest, and be virtuous, I'll admire you; all good men will adore you, and when your beauty and your fortune are no more, will still deliver down your name revered to ages.

Lou. Oh! say you will be mine, and make your own conditions. If you suspect my temper, bind me by the most sacred tie, and let my love, my person, and my fortune, lawfully be your's.

Car. Madam, I'll be at once sincere, and tell you, 'tis impossible that we should ever meet in love.

Lou. Impossible! Oh! why?

Car. Because my love, my vows, my faith, are given to another: therefore, since you find I dare be honest, be early wise, and now release me to my *Lou.* I cannot part with you. [*fortune.*]

Car. You must! I cannot with my reason.

Lou. Ungrateful! Will you go! Take heed! for you have proved I am not mistress of my temper.

Car. I see it, and am sorry, but needed not this threat to drive me; for still I dare be just, and force myself away. [*Exit.*]

Lou. Oh, torture! left! refused! despised! Have I thrown off my pride for this! Oh, insupportable! If I am not revenged, may all the—well.

Lewis. What a plague, are all these fine things come to nothing, then! Poor soul! she's in great heat truly. Ah, silly rogue! Now could I find in my heart to put her into good humour again; I have a great mind, 'faith—Od! she's a hummer. A strange mind, I haven't had such a mind a great while—Eh!—ay; I'll do't, faith—if she does but stay now; ah! if she does but stay! (*As he is getting from the balcony, Louisa is speaking to Jaques.*)

Lou. Who waits there?—[*Enter JAQUES.*]—Where's the stranger?

Jaq. Madam, I met him just now walking hastily about the gallery.

Lou. Are all the doors fast?

Jaq. All barred, madam.

Lou. Put out all your lights too, and on your lives let no one ask or answer him any question: but be you still near to observe him. [*Exit Jaques.* Ah! (*Don Lewis drops down.*)

Lewis. Osdo, my back!

Lou. Bless me, who's this? what are you?

Lewis. Not above fifty, madam.

Lou. Whence come you? what's your business?

Lewis. Finishing.

Lou. Who shewed, who brought you hither?

Lewis. Dumb, honest Dumb. [*away.*]

Lou. Will you begone, sir? I have no time to fool *Lewis.* Yes, but you have! what, don't I know?

Lou. Pray, sir, who? What is't you take me for?

Lewis. A delicate piece of work, truly, but not finished; you understand me.

Lou. You are mad, sir!

Lewis. I say, don't you be so modest; for there are times, do you see, when even modesty is ignorance. Pray be seated, madam—nay, I'll have it so.—Ah! (*Mimics her behaviour to Carlos.*)

Lou. Confusion! have I exposed myself to this wretch, too!—had witness to my folly—nay, I deserve it.

Lewis. So, so, I shall bring her to terms presently. (*Aside.*) You have a world of pretty jewels here, madam; but where a woman loves, such gifts as these are trifles. (*Mimics again.*)

Lou. Insupportable! within there!

Enter Bravoes and JAQUES.

Lewis. Eh! (*Rising.*)

Jaq. Did your ladyship call, madam?

Lewis. I don't like her looks, 'faith. (*Aside.*)

Lou. Here, take this fool, let him be gagged, tied neck and heels, and locked into a garret; away with him!

Lewis. Dumb, Dumb! Help, Dumb, Dumb! stand by me, Dumb! A pox of my finishing, aw, aw! (*They gag him, and carry him off.*)

Lou. The insolence of this fool was more provoking than the other's scorn; but I shall yet find ways to measure my revenge. [*Exit.*]

Enter CARLOS in the dark.

Car. What can this woman mean? The doors all barred; the lights put out; the servants mute: would the worst would shew itself. Ha! yonder's a light; I'll follow it, and provoke my fortune. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room.*

Enter ANGELINA, with a light.

Ang. I cannot like this house; for now, as going to my rest, my ears were alarmed with the cries of one that called for help; I've seen strange faces too, that carry guilt and terror in their looks; and yet the officer that placed me here, appeared of honest thought. What can this mean? No matter what, since nothing but the loss of him I love, can worse befall me! Hark, what noise? Is the door fast? Ah! [*Going to shut the door.*]

Enter CARLOS and JAKUES, listening.

Car. Ha, another lady! and alone!

Ang. Ha, that voice! My Carlos—Oh!

Car. 'Tis she! my long lost love, my living Angelina! [*Embraces her.*]

Ang. Say you so, sir! this shall to my lady. [*Exit.*]

Ang. Oh! let me hold you ever thus, lest fate again should part us.

Car. 'Twere death indeed to part; but from so hard a separation, thus again to meet, is life restored.

Ang. Oh! I were happy, blessed above my sex, could but my plain simplicity of love deserve your kind endearments.

Enter JAKUES and LOUISA at a distance.

Ang. They are there.

Lou. Leave me. [*Exit Jaques, and Louisa listens.*]

Ang. I cannot bear to see you thus: for my sake don't despond: for while you seem in hope, I shall easily be cheerful.

Car. Oh! thou engaging softness! thy courage has revived me; no, we'll not despair; the guardian power that hitherto has saved us, may now protect and fix us happy.

Lou. Ha! so near acquainted. [*Aside.*]

Car. And yet our safety bids us part this moment. How came you hither?

Ang. The officer, that made me captive, proved a worthy man, and placed me here, as a companion to the lady of this dwelling.

Car. Ha! to what end?

Ang. He said, to be the advocate of his successful love; for he confessed he wooed her honourably. [*tale.*]

Car. Is't possible? Oh! I could tell thee such a

Ang. You amaze me; pray what is it?

Car. This is no time: let it suffice, the doors are barred against me; this moment I am a prisoner to her fury; if thou canst help me to any means of safety, or escape, ask me no questions, but be quick, and tell me.

Ang. Now you frighten me; but here, through my apartment, leads a passage to the garden, at the lower end you'll find a mount; if you dare drop from thence, I'll shew you; but can't you say when I may hope again to see you?

Car. About an hour hence walking in the garden, ready for your escape; for if I live, I'll come provided with the means to make it sure.

Ang. You will not fail.

Car. If I survive, depend on me; till when, may heaven support thy innocence!

Ang. Follow me. [*Exeunt hastily.*]

Lou. Are you so nimble, sir? Who waits there?—
[*Enter JAKUES.*—Run, take help, and stop the stranger; he is now making his escape through the garden;—fly.—*Exit Jaques.*—Revenge, like a viper, gnaws upon my quiet, and I must change its food, or leave my being; no, if I forego a second time that dear support, my pride, may I become as miserable as that wretch, that destined fool he dotes

on. Ha! she is returned; yonder she passes; with what assured contentment in her looks!—

Re-enter JAKUES.

Now, have you brought him?

Ang. Madam, we made what haste we could, but the gentleman reached the mount before us, and escaped over the garden wall.

Lou. Escaped, villain! Durst thou tell me so?

Ang. If your ladyship had called me a little sooner, we had taken him. Who the devil is this stranger? [*Aside.*]

Lou. Fool that I am, I betray myself to my own servants! Well, 'tis no matter; go. [*Exit Jaques.*]
He has not left me hopeless yet; an hour hence he promised to be here again; and if he keep his word, he yet, at least in my revenge, shall prove me woman. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter DON DUART, disguised, with a Servant.

Duart. Where did you find him?

Serv. Hard by, sir, at a house of entertainment; he's now coming forth; that's he.

Enter CLODIO.

Duart. I scarce remember him; I would not willingly mistake. I'll observe him.

Clo. So! now if I can but pick up an honest fellow, to crack one bottle, I think I shall finish the day as smartly as the Grand Signior—Hold! let me see, what has my hasty refreshment cost me here;—umb—umb—umb—(*Counts his money.*) Seven pistoles, by Jupiter.

Duart. 'Tis the same. Leave me. [*Exit Servant.*]

Clo. Sir, your humble servant.

Duart. Pardon a stranger's freedom, sir; but when you know my business—

Clo. Sir, if you'll take a bottle, I shall be proud of your acquaintance; and if I don't do your business before we part, I'll knock under the table.

Duart. Sir, I shall be glad to drink with you; but at present, am incapable of sitting to it.

Clo. Why then, sir, you shall only drink as long as you can stand; we'll have a bottle here, sir. Hey, Madona! (*Calls.*)

Duart. A very frank humoured gentleman; I'll know him farther. (*Aside.*) I presume, sir, you are not of Portugal?

Clo. No, sir; I am a kind of a—what d'ye call'em—a sort of a here—and—there; I am a stranger no where.

Duart. Have you travelled far, sir?

Clo. My tour of Europe, or so, sir; I came this summer from Rome.—[*Enter a Servant with wine.*—] So, so! here's the wine! Come, sir, to our better acquaintance. 'Faith, I like you mightily. *Allons!*

Duart. I find, sir, you have taken a taste of all the countries you have travelled through; but I presume your chief amusement has lain among the ladies. You fared well in France, I hope?

Clo. Yes, 'faith, as far as my pocket would go: but no money, no mademoiselle; no ducat, no dutchess; no pistole, no princess. By the way, let me tell you, your Lisbonites are held up at a pretty smart rate, too.

Duart. But, pray, sir, among all your adventures, has no particular lady's merit encouraged you to advance your own fortune by marriage?

Clo. Sir, I have been so near marriage, that my wedding-day has been come, but it was never over yet; split me!

Duart. How so, sir?

Clo. Why, the priest, the bride, and the dinner, were all ready dressed, 'faith; but before I could fall to, my elder brother, sir, comes me in, with a d—d long stride, and a sharp stomach, says a short grace, and whipped her up like an oyster.

Duart. You had ill fortune, sir.

Clo. Sir, fortune is not much in my debt; for you

must know, sir, though I lost my wife, I have escaped hanging here in Lisbon. [sir.]

Duart. That I know you have; be not amazed,

Clo. Eh! what the devil! have I been all this while treating an officer, that has a warrant against me. Pray, sir, if it be no offence—may I beg the favour to know who you are?

Duart. Let it suffice, I own myself your friend: I am your debtor, sir. You fought a gentleman they call Don Duart—I knew him well; he was a proud insulting fellow, and my mortal foe: but you killed him, and I thank you; nay, I saw you do it fairly too; and for the action, I desire you will command my sword or fortune.

Clo. Pray, sir, is there no joke in all this?

Duart. Sir, you may trust to my sincerity; I ask for no return, but to be informed how I may do you service. (*Offers him a purse.*)

Clo. Sir, your health; I take your word, though I decline your money. I'll give you information presently. (*Drinks.*) Pray, sir, do you know the gentleman's sister that I fought with? That is, do you know what reputation, what fortune she has?

Duart. I know her fortune to be worth above twelve thousand pistoles; her reputation yet unsullied; but, pray sir, why may you ask this?

Clo. Now, I'll tell you, sir—twelve thousand pistoles, you say?

Duart. I speak the least, sir.

Clo. Why, this very lady, after I had killed her brother, gave me the protection of her house; hid me in her closet, while the officers came to search for me; and, as soon as their backs were turned, poor soul! hurried me out at a private door, with tears in her eyes, 'faith! Now, sir, what think you? Is not this hint broad enough for a man to make love upon?

Duart. Confusion! (*Aside.*)

Clo. Look you, sir, now, if you dare, give me a proof of your friendship; will you do me the favour to carry a letter to her?

Duart. Let me consider, sir—Death and fire! is all her height of sorrow but dissembled then? but this requires my farther search. (*Aside.*) May I depend on this for truth, sir?

Clo. Why, sir, you don't suppose I banter a lady of her quality!

Duart. D—n! (*Aside.*) Well, sir, I'll take your letter; but first let me be well acquainted with my errand.

Clo. Sir, I'll write this moment; if you please, we'll step into this house here, and finish the business over another bottle.

Duart. With all my heart.

Clo. Allons! *Entrez.*

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.—SCENE I.—*Louisa's House.*

LOUISA AND JAKUES discovered.

Lou. Is the lady seized?

Jaq. Yes, madam, and half dead with the fright.

Lou. Let them be ready to produce her, as I directed. When the stranger's taken, bring me immediate notice: 'tis near his time: away! [*Exit Jaques.*] Had he not loved another, methinks I could have borne this usage—Hark, what noise! they have him sure! How now!—

Enter JAKUES.

Jaq. Madam, the gentleman is taken.

Lou. Bring him in. Revenge, I thank thee now.— [*Enter CARLOS.*]—So, sir, you are returned, it seems; you can love, then! You have a heart, I find, though not for me! Perhaps you came to seek a worthy mistress here; 'twould be uncharitable to disappoint your love. I'll help your search: if she be here, be sure she's safe. Open that door there. (*Door opens, and discovers two Bravoes with ANGELINA; a handkerchief on her neck, which they hold ready to strangle her.*) Now, sir, is this

Car. My Angelina!

[*the lady?*]

Lou. If you approach, she dies.

Ang. Oh, miserable meeting!

Lou. Now let me see you smile, and rudely throw me from your arms; now scorn my love, my passion, and my fortune. [*Innocence.*]

Car. Oh, cruelty of fate! that could betray such

Lou. What, not a word to soften yet thy obstinate aversion! thou wretched fool! thus to provoke thy ruin. End her. (*To the Bravoes.*)

Car. Oh, hold! for pity hold, and hear me.

Lou. I've learned from you to use my pity. On one condition yet she lives an hour, but if refused—

Car. Name not a refusal, be it danger, death, or tortures, anything that life can do to save her.

Lou. Presuming fool! were I inclined to save her life, (which, by my hopes of peace, I do not mean,) canst thou believe this insolent concern for her to my face would not provoke my vengeance?

Car. Yet hold! if revenge alone can save your fury, at least misplace it not; mine was the offence, be mine the punishment.

Lou. How he disarms my anger! But must my rival triumph then?

Ang. Charge me not with such abhorred ingratitude: be witness, heaven, I'll for ever serve you, court you, and confess you my preserver.

Car. For pity, yet resolve, and force your temper to a moment's pause. See at your feet my humbled scorn imploring, crushed, and prostrate, like a vile slave, that falls below your last contempt, and trembling begs for mercy.

Lou. He buries his revenge in blushes. Release the lady—go. [*Exeunt Bravoes.*] And now farewell my follies, and my mistaken love: love long and happily; forgive my follies past, and you have overpaid me. (*Joins their hands.*)

Car. My Angelina! do I then live to hold thee thus? But first let's kneel and pay our thanks to heaven, and this our kind preserver.

Lou. Nay, now you give me a confusion. (*Raises them.*) But if you dare trust me with the story of your love's distress, as far as my fortune can, command it freely, to supply your present wants, or any future means proposed to give you lasting happiness.

Car. Eternal rounds of never ending peace reward your wondrous bounty! But I have been too busy in my joy; I almost had forgot my friendly uncle, the ancient gentleman that first came hither with me; how have you disposed of him?

Lou. I think he's here, and safe. Who waits there?— [*Enter JAKUES.*]—Release the gentleman above, and tell him that his friends desire him.

[*Exit Jaques.*] You'll pardon, sir, the treatment I have shewn him; he made a little too merry with my folly, which, I confess, at that time, something too far incensed me.

Car. He's old and cheerful, apt to be free; but he'll be sorry when his humour gives offence.

Enter DON LEWIS, JAKUES bowing to him.

Lewis. Pr'ythee, honest Dumb, don't be so ceremonious! I tell thee it's very well as it is—only my jaws ache a little: but as long as we're all friends, it's no great matter. My dear Carlos, I must buss thee, 'faith! Madam, your humble servant. I beg your pardon, d'y'e see: you understand me. [*Exit Jaques.*]

Lou. I hope we are all friends, sir.

Lewis. I hope we are, madam: I am an honest old fellow, 'faith; though now and then I am a little odd, too.

Car. Here's a stranger, uncle.

Lewis. What, my little blossom! my gilliflower! my rose! my pink! my tulip! 'faith, I must smell thee. (*Salutes Angelina.*) Od! she's a delicate nosegay! Well, 'faith, I am heartily joyed to see thee, child.

Ang. I thank you, sir; and wish I may deserve your love: our fortune, once again, is kind; but how it comes about—

Lewis. Does not signify three-pence; when fortune pays me a visit, I seldom trouble myself to know which way she came. I tell you, I am glad to see you.
Enter JAKUES.

Jaq. Madam, here's the lord governor come to wait upon your ladyship.

Lou. At this late hour! What can his business be? Desire his lordship to walk in.

Enter Governor.

Gov. Pardon, madam, this unreasonable visit.

Lou. Your lordship does me honour.

Gov. At least, I hope, my business will excuse it. Some strangers, here below, upon their offered oaths, demanded my authority to search your house for a lost young lady, to whom the one of them affirms himself the father: but the respect I owe your ladyship, made me refuse their search, till I had spoken with you.

Ang. It must be they. Now, madam, your protection, or we yet are lost.

Lou. Be not concerned. Would you avoid them?

Car. No, we must be found: let them have entrance. We have an honest cause, and would provoke its trial.

Lou. Conduct the gentlemen without. [*Exit JAKUES.*] My lord, I'll answer for their honesty; and, as they are strangers, where the law's severe, must beg you'd favour and assist them.

Gov. You may command me, madam; though there's no great fear; for having heard the most that they could urge against them, I found in their complaints more spleen and humour, than any just appearance of a real injury.

Enter DON CHARINO, DON ANTONIO, and CLODIO.

Cha. I'll have justice.

Ant. Don't be too hot, brother.

Cha. I demand justice.

Gov. That's the lady, sir, I told you of.

Clo. Ay, that's she, my lord, I am witness.

Car. My father! Sir, your pardon and your blessing.

Ant. Why, truly, Charles, I begin to be a little reconciled to the matter: I wish you well, though I can't join you together; for my friend and brother here, is very obstinate, and will admit of no satisfaction; but, however, heaven will bless you in spite of his teeth.

Cha. This is all contrivance—roguery! I am abused! I say, deliver my daughter! she is an heiress, sir; and to detain her is a rape in law, sir, and I'll have you all hanged; therefore, no more delays, sir; for I tell you beforehand, I am a wise man, and 'tis impossible to trick me.

Ant. I say, you are too positive, brother; and when you learn more wisdom, you'll have some.

Cha. I say, brother, this is mere malice, when you know, in your own conscience, I have ten times your understanding; for you see I am quite of another opinion; and so, once more, my lord, I demand justice against that ravisher. [*Violence?*]

Gov. Does your daughter, sir, complain of any?

Cha. Your lordship knows young girls never complain when the violence is over: he has taught her better, I suppose.

Ang. (*To Cha. kneeling.*) Sir, you are my father, who bred me, cherished me, gave me my affections, taught me to keep them hitherto within the bounds of honour and of virtue, let me conjure you, by the chaste love my mother bore you, when she preferred, to her mistaken parents' choice, her being your's without a dower, not to bestow my person where those affections ne'er can follow: I cannot love that gentleman more than a sister ought.

Clo. No! that's very odd.

Ang. But here my heart's subdued, even to the last compliance with my fortune: he, sir, has nobly wooed and won me, and I am only his, or miserable.

Cha. Get up again.

Gov. Come, sir, be persuaded; your daughter

has made an honourable and happy choice: this severity will but expose yourself and her.

Cha. My lord, I don't want advice: I'll consider with myself, and resolve upon my own opinion.

Enter JAKUES.

Jaq. My lord, here's a stranger without inquires for your lordship, and for a gentleman that calls himself Clodio.

Clo. Hey! Ah! *mon cher ami.*—[*Enter DON DUART, disguised.*]—Well, what news, my dear? Has she answered my letter?

Duart. There, sir—This to your lordship. (*Gives him a letter, and whispers.*)

Gov. Married to-night! and to this gentleman, sayest thou? I'm amazed.

Duart. Here is her choice, my lord.

Clo. (*Reading the letter.*) Um—um—charms—irresistible—excuse—so soon—passion—blushes—consent—provision—children—settlement—marriage. If this is not plain, the devil's in't.—Hold! here's more, 'faith. (*Reads to himself.*)

Gov. 'Tis very sudden—But give my service, I'll wait upon her.

Clo. Ha, ha, ha! poor soul! I'll be with her presently; and, 'faith, since I have made my own fortune, I'll e'en patch up my brother's too. Harkye! my dear dad that should have been—this business is all at an end; for, look you, I find your daughter's engaged; and, to tell you the truth, so am I, 'faith. If my brother has a mind to marry her, let him; for I shall not, split me! And now, gentlemen and ladies, if you will do me the honour to grace mine and the Lady Elvira's wedding, such homely entertainment as my poor house affords, you shall be all heartily welcome to.

Duart. Thy house! ha, ha! Well said, puppy.

Clo. Ha! old Testy!

Cha. What dost thou mean, man? (*To Clo.*)

Gov. 'Tis even so, I can assure you, sir; I have, myself, an invitation from the lady's own hand, that confirms it: I know her fortune well, and am surprised at it. [*to reconcile us all.*]

Ang. Blessed news! This seems a forward step

Cha. If this be true, my lord, I have been thinking to no purpose; my design is all broken to pieces.

Ant. Come, brother, we'll mend it as well as we can; and since that young rogue has rudely turned tail upon your daughter, I'll fill up the blank with Carlos's name, and let the rest of the settlement stand as it was.

Cha. Hold! I'll first see this wedding, and then give you my final resolution. [*the way.*]

Clo. Come, ladies, if you please, I will shew you

Lou. Sir, we wait upon you.

Cha. This wedding's an odd thing.

Duart. Ha, ha! if it should be a lie, now! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Elvira's Apartment.*

Enter ELVIRA and Servant.

Elv. Are the officers ready? [*ders.*]

Serv. Yes, madam, and know your ladyship's order. Now justice shall uncloud my fame, and see my brother's death revenged.

Enter CLODIO, Governor, DON ANTONIO, ANGELINA, CARLOS, DON CHARINO, and DON LEWIS.

Clo. Well, madam, you see I'm punctual—you've nicked your man, 'faith—I'm always critical—to a minute: you'll never stay for me. Ladies and gentlemen, I desire you'll do me the honour of being better acquainted here. My lord—

Gov. 'Give you joy, madam.

Clo. Nay, madam, I have brought you some near relations of my own, too—this Don Antonio, who will shortly have the honour to call you daughter.

Ant. The young rogue has made a pretty choice, 'faith.

Clo. This Don Charino, who was very near having the honour of calling me son; this my wife that should have been; this my elder brother; and this my noble uncle, Don Cholerick Snapshorto de Testy.

Lewis. Puppy!

Clo. Peevish.

Lewis. Madam, I wish you joy with all my heart; but, truly, I can't much advise you to marry this gentleman; because, in a day or two, you'll really find him extremely shocking: those that know him, generally give him the title of Don Dismallo Thickskullo de Halfwitto.

Clo. Well said, nuncle. Ha, ha!

Enter a Servant and DON DUART, as a Priest.

Serv. Madam, the priest is come.

Elv. Let him wait, we have no occasion yet.

Gov. You have surprised us, madam, by this sudden marriage.

Elv. I may yet surprise you more, my lord.

Gov. Sir, don't you think your bride looks melancholy?

Clo. Ay, poor fool, she's modest; but I have a cure for that.—Well, my princess, why that demure look, now?

Elv. I was thinking, sir—

Clo. I know what you think of—you don't think at all—you don't know what to think—you neither see, hear, feel, smell, nor taste: you haven't the right use of one of your senses—in short, you have it. Now, my princess, have not I nicked it?

Elv. I am sorry, sir, you know so little of yourself, or me. Within there! Seize him! (Several Officers rush in, who seize Clodio, and bind him.)

Duart. Ha!

Gov. What can this mean?

[already?]

Clo. Gad me! what, is my deary in her frolics

Elv. And now, my lord, your justice on that murder.

Gov. How, madam!

[derer.

Clo. That b—, my fortune!

Lewis. Madam, upon my knees, I beg you don't carry the jest too far; but if there be any real hopes of his having a balter, let's know it in three words, that I may be sure at once for ever, that no earthly thing but a reprieve can save him. (Aside to Elv.)

Ant. Pray, madam, who accuses him?

Elv. His own confession, sir.

Cha. Of murder, say you, madam?

Elv. The murder of my brother.

Duart. She is innocent, and well has disappointed my revenge. (Aside.)

Lewis. So, now I am a little easy; the puppy will be hanged.

Gov. Give me leave, madam, to ask you yet some farther questions.

Clo. Ay, I shall be hanged, I believe.

Cha. Nay, then, 'tis time to take care of my daughter; for I am convinced that my friend Clody is disposed of; and so, without compliment, do you see, children, heaven bless you together. (Joins Carlos and Angelina's hands.)

[ought.

Car. This, sir, is a time unfit to thank you as we

Ant. Well, brother, I thank you, however. Carlos is an honest lad, and well deserves her; but poor Clody's ill fortune I could never have suspected.

Lewis. Why, you would be positive, though you know, brother, I always told you Dismal would be hanged.—(Aside.) I must plague him a little, because the dog has been pert with me.—Clody, how dost thou do? Ha! why you are tied!

Clo. I hate this old fellow, split me! (Aside.)

Lewis. Thou hast really made a sad blunder here, child, to invite so many people to a marriage-knot; and instead of that, it is like to be one under the left ear.

Clo. I'd fain him die. (Aside.)

Lewis. Well, my dear, I'll provide for thy going off, however. Let me see; you'll only have occasion for a nosegay, a pair of white gloves, and a coffin. Look you; take you no care about the surgeons; you shall not be anatomized: I'll get the body off with a wet finger—(aside) though, methinks, I'd fain see the inside of the puppy, too.

Clo. Oh! rot him! I can't bear this. (Aside.)

Lewis. Well, I won't trouble you any more now, child; if I am not engaged, I don't know but I may come to the tree, and sing a stave or two with thee; nay, I'll rise on purpose—though you will hardly suffer before twelve o'clock, neither—ay, just about twelve—about twelve you'll be turned off.

Clo. Oh! curses consume him! (Aside.)

Gov. I am convinced, madam, the fact appears too plain.

Lewis. Yes, yes; he'll suffer.

Gov. What says the gentleman? Do you confess the fact, sir!

Clo. Will it do me any good, my lord?

Gov. Perhaps it may, if you can prove it was not done in malice.

Clo. Why, then, to confess the truth, my lord, I did pink him, and am sorry for't; but it was none of my fault, split me!

Elv. Now, my lord, your justice.

Duart. Hold, madam! that remains in me to give; for know, your brother lives, and happy in the proof of such a sister's virtue. (Discovers himself.)

Elv. My brother! Oh! let my wonder speak my joy. (Clodio and his friends seem surprised.)

Gov. Don Duart living and well! How came this strange recovery?

Duart. My body's health the surgeon has restored; but here's the true physician of my mind: the hot distempered blood, which lately rendered me offensive to mankind, his just, resenting sword let forth, which gave me leisure to reflect upon my follies past; and, by reflection, to reform.

Elv. This is indeed a happy change!

Gov. Release the gentleman.

[this a little.

Clo. Here, Testy, pr'ythee, do so much as untie Lewis. Why, so I will, sirrah! I find thou hast done a mettled thing; and I don't know whether it's worth my while to be shocked at thee any longer.

Elv. I ask your pardon for the wrong I have done you, sir; and blush to think how much I owe you, for a brother thus restored.

Clo. Madam, your very humble servant; it is mighty well as it is.

Duart. We are, indeed, his debtors both; and, sister, there's but one way now of being grateful: for my sake, give him such returns of love as he may yet think fit to ask, or you with modesty can answer.

Clo. Sir, I thank you; and when you don't think it impudence in me to wish myself well with your sister, I shall beg leave to make use of your friendship.

Duart. This modesty commends you, sir.

Ant. Sir, you have proposed like a man of honour; and if the lady can but like of it, she shall find those among us, that will make up a fortune to deserve her.

Car. I wish my brother well; and as I once offered him to divide my birth-right, I'm ready still to put my words into performance.

Lewis. Nay, then, since I find the rogue's no longer like to be an enemy to Carlos, as far as a few acres go, I'll be his friend too.

Duart. Sister!

Elv. This is no trifle, brother: allow me a convenient time to think, and if the gentleman continues to deserve your friendship, he shall not much complain I am his enemy.

Lewis. So, now it will be a wedding again, 'faith!

Car. Come, my Angelina,

*Our bark, at length, has found a quiet harbour,
And the distressful voyage of our loves
Ends not alone in safety, but reward.
Now we unlade our freight of happiness,
Of which, from thee alone my share's deriv'd;
For all my former search in deep philosophy,
Not knowing thee, was a mere dream of life:
But love, in one soft moment, taught me more
Than all the volumes of the learn'd could reach;
Gave me the proof, when nature's birth began,
To what great end th' Eternal form'd a man. [Exeunt.*

THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY JOHN HUGHES.



Act V.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

EUMENES
HERBIS
PHOCYAS
ARTAMON
SERGIUS

CALED
ABUDAH
DARAN
SERJABIL
RAPHAN

OFFICERS
SOLDIERS
CITIZENS
ATTENDANTS
EUDOCIA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The City.

Enter EUMENES, followed by a crowd of People.

Eum. I'll hear no more. Begone!
Or stop your clam'rous mouths, that still are open
To bawl sedition and consume our corn.
If you will follow me, send home your women,
And follow to the walls; there earn your safety,
As brave men should. Pity your wives and children!

Yes, I do pity them, heav'n knows I do,
E'en more than you; nor will I yield them up,
Though at your own request, a prey to ruffians.
Herbis, what news?

Enter HERBIS.

Her. News!—we're betray'd, deserted;
The works are but half mann'd; the Saracens
Perceive it, and pour on such crowds, they blunt
Our weapons, and have drain'd our stores of death.
What will you next?

Eum. I've sent a fresh recruit.
The valiant Phocyas leads them on; whose deeds,
In early youth, assert his noble race;
A more than common ardour seems to warm
His breast, as if he lov'd and courted danger.

Her. I fear 'twill be too late.

Eum. I fear it too:

And though I brav'd it to the trembling crowd,
I've caught th' infection, and I dread th' event.
Would I had treated!—but 'tis now too late.—

(Aside.)
Come, *Herbis*.
[Exeunt.]

(A great shout.) Re-enter HERBIS.

Her. So—the tide turns; Phocyas has driv'n it
back.

The gate once more is ours.

*(Flourish.) Re-enter EUMENES, with PHOCYAS,
ARTAMON, &c.*

Eum. Brave Phocyas, thanks! mine and the
people's thanks.

Yet, that we may not lose this breathing space,
Hang out the flag of truce. You, Artamon,
Haste with a trumpet to th' Arabian chiefs,
And let them know, that, hostages exchang'd,
I'd meet them now upon the eastern plain.
[Exit Artamon.]

Pho. What means Eumenes?

Eum. Phocyas, I would try,
By friendly treaty, if on terms of peace
They'll yet withdraw their pow'rs.

Pho. On terms of peace!
What peace can you expect from bands of robbers?
What terms from slaves but slavery? You know
These wretches fight not at the call of honour,

That sets the princes of the world in arms.
Base-born, and starv'd, amidst their stony deserts,
Long have they view'd from far, with wishing eyes,
Our fruitful vales, and all the verdant wealth
That crowns fair Lebanon's aspiring brows.
Here have the locusts pitch'd, nor will they leave
These tasted sweets, these blooming fields of
plenty,

For barren sands and native poverty,
Till driv'n away by force.

Eum. What can we do?
Our people in despair; our soldiers harrass'd
With daily toil and constant nightly watch;
Our hopes of succour from the emperor
Uncertain; Eutyches not yet return'd,
That went to ask them; one brave army beaten;
Th' Arabians num'rous, cruel, flush'd with con-
quest.

Her. Besides, you know what frenzy fires their
minds,
Of their new faith, and drives them on to danger.

Eum. True: they pretend the gates of Paradise
Stand ever open to receive the souls
Of all that die in fighting for their cause.

Pho. Then would I send their souls to Paradise,
And give their bodies to our Syrian eagles.
Our ebb of fortune is not yet so low,
To leave us desperate. Aids may soon arrive;
Meantime, in spite of their late bold attack,
The city still is ours; their force repell'd,
And therefore weaker: proud of this success,
Our soldiers, too, have gain'd redoubled courage,
And long to meet them on the open plain.
What hinders then but we repay this outrage,
And sally on their camp?

Eum. No; let us first
Believe the occasion fair, by this advantage,
To purchase their retreat on easy terms:
That failing, we the better stand acquitted
To our own citizens. However, brave Phocyas,
Cherish this ardour in the soldiery,
And in our absence form what force thou canst;
Then, if these hungry bloodhounds of the war
Should still be deaf to peace, at our return,
Our widen'd gates shall pour a sudden flood
Of vengeance on them, and chastise their scorn.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Plain before the city. A prospect of
tents at a distance.*

Enter CALED, ABUDAH, and DARAN.

Daran. To treat, my chiefs!—What! are we
merchants, then,
That only come to traffic with those Syrians,
And poorly cheapen conquest on conditions?
No: we were sent to fight the caliph's battles,
Till every iron neck bend to obedience.
Another storm makes this proud city ours;
What need we treat? I'm for war and plunder.

Caled. Why, so am I; and but to save the lives
Of Mussulmen, not Christians, I would treat.
I hate these Christian dogs; and 'tis our task,
As thou observ'st, to fight; our law enjoins it:
Heaven, too, is promis'd only to the valiant.
Oft has our prophet said, the happy plains
Above lie stretch'd beneath the blaze of swords.

Abu. Yet Daran's loath to trust that heaven for
pay;

This earth, it seems, has gifts that please him more.
Caled. Check not his zeal, Abudah.

Abu. No; I praise it.
Yet I could wish that zeal had better motives.
Has victory no fruits but blood and plunder?
That we were sent to fight, 'tis true; but where-
fore?

For conquest, not destruction. That obtain'd,
The more we spare, the caliph has more subjects,

And heaven is better serv'd. But see, they come!
(*Trumpets.*)

Enter EUMENES, HERBIS, and ARTAMON.

Caled. Well, Christians, we are met; and war,
awhile,

At your request, has still'd his angry voice,
To hear what you will purpose.

Eum. We come to know,
After so many troops you've lost in vain,
If you'll draw off in peace, and save the rest?

Her. Or rather to know first—for yet we know
not—

Why on your heads you call our pointed arrows,
In our own just defence? What means this visit?
And why see we so many thousand tents
Rise in the air, and whiten all our fields?

Caled. Is that a question now? you had our
summons,

When first we march'd against you, to surrender.
Two moons have wasted since, and now the third
Is in its wane. 'Tis true, drawn off awhile,
At Aiznadin we met and fought the powers
Sent by your emperor to raise our siege.

Vainly you thought us gone; we gain'd a conquest.
You see we are return'd; our hearts, our cause,
Our swords the same.

Her. But why those swords were drawn,
And what's the cause, inform us?

Eum. Speak your wrongs,
If wrongs you have receiv'd, and by what means
They may be now repair'd.

Abu. Then, Christians, hear,
And heaven inspire you to embrace its truth!
Not wrongs t' avenge, but to establish right,
Our swords were drawn: for such is heaven's
command

Immutable. By us great Mahomet,
And his successor, holy Abubeker,
Invite you to the faith.

Eum. Now, in the name of heaven, what faith is
this,

That stalks gigantic forth thus arm'd with terrors,
As if it meant to ruin, not to save;
That leads embattled legions to the field,
And marks its progress out with blood and
slaughter?

Her. Bold, frontless men! that impudently dare
To blend religion with the worst of crimes!
And sacrilegiously usurp that name,

To cover fraud, and justify oppression!

Eum. Where are your priests? What doctors
of your law

Have you e'er sent t' instruct us in its precepts,
To solve our doubts, and satisfy our reason,
And kindly lead us through the wilds of error,
To these new tracts of truth?—This would be
friendship,

And well might claim our thanks.

Caled. Friendship like this
With scorn had been receiv'd: your numerous
vices,

Your clashing sects, your mutual rage and strife,
Have driven religion, and her angel guards,
Like outcasts from among you. In her stead,
Usurping superstition bears the sway,
And reigns in mimic state, midst idol shews,
And pageantry of power. Who does not mark
Your lives, rebellious to your own great prophet,
Who mildly taught you?—Therefore, Mahomet
Has brought the sword, to govern you by force.

Eum. Oh! solemn truths! though from an impi-
ous tongue! (*Aside.*)

That we're unworthy of our holy faith,
To heaven, with grief and conscious shame, we
own.

But what are you that thus arraign our vices,
And consecrate your own?

Are you not sons of rapine, foes to peace,
Base robbers, murderers?

Caled. Christians, no.

Eum. Then say,

Why have you ravag'd all our peaceful borders?
Plunder'd our towns? and by what claim, e'en
now,

You tread this ground?

Her. What claim, but that of hunger?

The claim of ravenous wolves, that leave their
dens

To prowl at midnight round some sleeping village,
Or watch the shepherd's folded flock for prey?

Caled. Blasphemer, know, your fields and towns
are ours;

Our prophet has bestow'd them on the faithful,
And heaven itself has ratified the grant.

Eum. Oh! now indeed you boast a noble title!
What could your prophet grant? a hireling slave!
Not e'en the mules and camels which he drove,
Were his to give; and yet the bold impostor
Has canton'd out the kingdoms of the earth,
In frantic fits of visionary power,

To sooth his pride, and bribe his fellow madmen!

Caled. Was it for this you sent to ask a parley,
T' affront our faith, and to traduce our prophet?

Well might we answer you with quick revenge
For such indignities. Yet hear, once more,

Hear this, our last demand; and, this accepted,
We yet withdraw our war. Be Christians still;

But swear to live with us in firm alliance,
To yield us aid, and pay us annual tribute.

Eum. No; should we grant you aid, we must be
rebels;

And tribute is the slavish badge of conquest.

Yet since, on just and honourable terms,

We ask but for our own—Ten silken vests,

Weighty with pearls and gems, we'll send your
caliph;

Two, *Caled.* shall be thine; two thine, *Abudah.*

To each inferior captain we decree

A turban spun from our Damascus flax,

White as the snow of heaven; to every soldier

A scymitar. This, and of solid gold

Ten ingots, be the price to buy your absence.

Caled. This, and much more, even all your shin-
ing wealth,

Will soon be ours. Behold our march

O'er half your land, like flame through fields of
harvest;

And, last, view *Aznadin*, that vale of blood!

There seek the souls of forty thousand Greeks,

That, fresh from life, yet hover o'er their bodies,

Then think, and then resolve.

Her. Presumptuous men!

What, though you yet can boast successful guilt,

Is conquest only yours? Or dare you hope

That you shall still pour on the swelling tide,

Like some proud river that has left its banks,

Nor ever know repulse?

Eum. Have you forgot!

Not twice seven years are past, since e'en your
prophet,

Bold as he was, and boasting aid divine,

Was by the tribe of *Corish* forc'd to fly,

Poorly to fly, to save his wretched life,

From *Mecca* to *Medina*?

Abu. No—forgot!

We well remember how *Medina* screen'd

That holy head, preserv'd for better days,

And ripening years of glory.

Daran. Why, my chiefs,

Will you waste time, in offering terms despis'd,

To these idolaters?—Words are but air,

Blows would plead better.

Caled. *Daran*, thou say'st true.

Christians, here end our truce. Behold, once

more

The sword of heaven is drawn! nor shall be
sheath'd,

But in the bowels of Damascus.

Eum. That,

Or speedy vengeance and destruction, due

To the proud menacers, as heaven sees fit!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Garden.

Enter EUDOCIA.

Eud. All's hush'd around!—No more the shout
of soldiers,

And clash of arms, tumultuous, fill the air.

Methinks this interval of terror seems

Like that, when the loud thunder just has roll'd

O'er our affrighted heads, and, in the heavens,

A momentary silence but prepares

A second and a louder clap to follow.

Enter PHOCYAS.

Oh! no—my hero comes with better omens,

And every gloomy thought is now no more.

Pho. Where is the treasure of my soul?—

Eudocia,

Behold me here impatient, like the miser,

That often steals in secret to his gold,

And counts, with trembling joy and jealous trans-
port,

The shining heaps which he still fears to lose.

Eud. Welcome, thou brave, thou best deserving
lover!

How do I doubly share the common safety,
Since 'tis a debt to thee!—But tell me, *Phocyas*,
Dost thou bring peace? Thou dost, and I am
happy!

Pho. Not yet, *Eudocia*; 'tis decreed by heaven,
I must do more to merit thy esteem.

Peace, like a frightened dove, has wing'd her flight

To distant hills, beyond these hostile tents;

And through them we must thither force our way,

If we would call the lovely wanderer back

To her forsaken home.

Eud. False, flattering hope!

Vanish'd so soon!—alas! my faithful fears

Return and tell me we must still be wretched!

Pho. Not so, my fair; if thou but gently smile,

Inspiring valour, and presaging conquest,

These barbarous foes to peace and love shall soon

Be chas'd, like fiends, before the morning light,

And all be calm again.

Eud. Is the truce ended?

Must war, alas! renew its bloody rage,

And *Phocyas* ever be expos'd to danger?

Pho. Think for whose sake danger itself has
charms.

Dismiss thy fears: the lucky hour comes on,

Full fraught with joys, when my big soul no more

Shall labour with this secret of my passion,

To hide it from thy jealous father's eyes.

Just now, by signals from the plain, I've learn'd

That the proud foe refuse us terms of honour;

A sally is resolv'd; the citizens

And soldiers, kindled into sudden fury,

Press all in crowds, and beg I'll lead them on.

Oh, my *Eudocia*! if I now succeed—

Did I say, if—I must, I will; the cause

Is love, 'tis liberty, it is *Eudocia*!—

What then shall hinder,

But I may boldly ask thee of *Eumenes*,

Nor fear a rival's more prevailing claim?

Eud. May blessings still attend thy arms!—

Methinks

I've caught the flame of thy heroic ardour;

And now I see thee crown'd with palm and olive;

The soldiers bring thee back, with songs of
triumph,

And loud applauding shouts; thy rescu'd country

Resounds thy praise; our emperor, *Heraclius*,

Decreases thee honours for a city sav'd;
And pillars rise of monumental brass,
Inscrib'd—"To Phocyas, the deliverer."

Pho. The honours and rewards, which thou hast nam'd,

Are bribes too little for my vast ambition.
My soul is full of thee!—Thou art my all,
Of fame, of triumph, and of future fortune.
'Twas love of thee first sent me forth in arms;
My service is all thine, to thee devoted;
And thou alone canst make e'en conquest pleasing.

Eud. Oh! do not wrong thy merit, nor restrain it

To narrow bounds; but know, I best am pleas'd
To share thee with thy country. Oh, my Phocyas!
With conscious blushes oft I've heard thy vows,
And strove to hide, yet more reveal'd my heart;
But 'tis thy virtue justifies my choice,
And what at first was weakness, now is glory.

Pho. Forgive me, thou fair pattern of all goodness,

If, in the transport of unbounded passion,
I still am lost to every thought but thee.
Yet sure to love thee thus is every virtue;
Nor need I more perfection.—Hark! I'm call'd.

(Trumpet sounds.)

Eud. Then go—and heaven with all its angels guard thee.

Pho. Farewell!—for thee once more I draw the sword.

Now to the field, to gain the glorious prize;
'Tis victory—the word—Eudocia's eyes! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Governor's Palace.

Enter EUMENES and HERBIS.

Her. Still I must say 'twas wrong, 'twas wrong,
Eumenes;
And mark th' event!

Eum. What could I less? You saw
'Twas vain t' oppose it, whilst his eager valour,
Impatient of restraint—

Her. His eager valour!
His rashness, his hot youth, his valour's fever!
Must we, whose business 'tis to keep our walls,
And manage warily our little strength;
Must we at once lavish away our blood,
Because his pulse beats high, and his mad courage
Wants to be breath'd in some new enterprize?—
You should not have consented.

Eum. You forget.
'Twas not my voice alone: you saw the people
(And sure such sudden instincts are from heaven!)
Rose all at once to follow him, as if
Our soul inspir'd them, and that soul was Phocyas'.

Her. I had indeed forgot, and ask your pardon.
I took you for Eumenes, and I thought
That, in Damascus, you had chief command.

Eum. What dost thou mean?

Her. Nay, who's forgetful now?
You say, the people—yes, that very people,
That coward tribe that press'd to surrender!
Well may they spurn at lost authority;
Whom they like better, better they'll obey.

Eum. Oh! I could curse the giddy changeful slaves,

But that the thought of this hour's great event
Possesses all my soul. If we are beaten!—

Her. The poison works; 'tis well—I'll give him more.

(*Aside.*)

True, if we're beaten, who shall answer that?
Shall you, or I? Are you the governor?
Or say we conquer, whose is then the praise?

Eum. I know thy friendly fears; that thou and I
Must stoop beneath a beardless, rising hero!
And in Heraclius' court it shall be said,

Damascus, nay, perhaps the empire too,
Ow'd its deliverance to a boy. Why, be it:
So that he now return with victory;
'Tis honour greatly won, and let him wear it,
Yet I could wish I needed less his service.

Were Eutyches returned—

Her. That, that's my torture. (*Aside.*)

I sent my son to the emperor's court, in hopes
His merit, at this time, might raise his fortunes;
But Phocyas—curse upon his froward virtues!—
Is reaping all this field of fame alone,
Or leaves him scarce the gleanings of a harvest.

Eum. See Artamon, with hasty strides returning.
He comes alone! Oh! friend, thy fears were just.
What are we now, and what is lost Damascus?

Enter ARTAMON.

Art. Joy to Eumenes!

Eum. Joy!—is't possible?

Dost thou bring news of victory?

Art. The sun

Is set in blood, and from the western skies
Has seen three thousand slaughter'd Arabs fall.

Her. Is Phocyas safe?

Art. He is, and crown'd with triumph.

Her. My fears indeed were just.

(*Aside.*)—Shout. Flourish.)

Eum. What noise is that?

Her. The people worshipping their new divinity:
Shortly, they'll build him temples.

Eum. Tell us, soldier,
Since thou hast shar'd the glory of this action,
Tell us how it began.

Art. At first the foe

Seen'd much surpris'd; but taking soon the alarm,
Gather'd some hasty troops, and march'd to meet us.

The captain of these bands look'd wild and fierce,
His head unarm'd, as if in scorn of danger,
And naked to the waist; as he drew near,
He rais'd his arm, and shook a pond'rous lance:
When all at once, as at a signal given,
We heard the tecbir, so these Arabs call
Their shouts of onset, when with loud appeal
They challenge heaven, as if demanding conquest.
The battle join'd, and through the barbarous host
"Fight, fight, and paradise!" was all the cry.
At last our leaders met; and gallant Phocyas—
But what are words, to tell the mighty wonders
We saw him then perform? Their chief unhors'd,
The Saracens soon broke their ranks, and fled;
And had not a thick evening fog arose,
The slaughter had been double. But, behold,
The hero comes!

Enter PHOCYAS, Eumenes meeting him.

Eum. Joy to brave Phocyas!

Eumenes gives him back the joy he sent.
The welcome news has reach'd this place before thee.

How shall thy country pay the debt she owes thee?

Pho. By taking this as earnest of a debt
Which I owe her, and fain would better pay.

Her. In spite of envy I must praise him too.

(*Aside.*)

Phocyas, thou hast done bravely, and 'tis fit
Successful virtue take a time to rest.
Fortune is fickle, and may change: besides,
What shall we gain, if from a mighty ocean
By sluices we draw off some little streams?
If thousands fall, ten thousands more remain.
Nor ought we hazard worth so great as thine,
Against such odds. Suffice what's done already:
And let us now, in hopes of better days,
Keep wary watch, and wait th' expected suc-
cours.

Pho. What!—to be coop'd whole months within our walls?

To rust at home, and sicken with inaction?
The courage of our men will droop and die,
If not kept up by daily exercise.

Again the beaten foe may force our gates;
And victory, if slighted thus, take wing,
And fly where she may find a better welcome.

Eum. Urge him no more:—

I'll think of thy late warning;
And thou shalt see I'll yet be governor.

(*Aside to Her.*)

Enter a Messenger, with a letter.

Pho. (*Looking on it.*) 'Tis to Eumenes.

Eum. Ha! from Eutyches.

(*Reads.*) *The emperor, awaken'd with the danger
That threatens his dominions, and the loss
At Ainzadin, has drain'd his garrisons
To raise a second army. In a few hours,
We will begin our march. Sergius brings this,
And will inform you further.—*

Her. Heaven, I thank thee!

'Twas even beyond my hopes. (*Aside.*)

Eum. But where is Sergius?

Mes. The letter, fasten'd to an arrow's head,
Was shot into the town.

Eum. I fear he's taken.

Oh! Phocyas, Herbis, Artamon! my friends!
You all are sharers in this news; the storm
Is blowing o'er, that hung like night upon us,
And threaten'd deadly ruin. Haste, proclaim
The welcome tidings loud through all the city.
Let sparkling lights be seen from ev'ry turret,
To tell your joy, and spread their blaze to heaven.
Prepare for feasts; danger shall wait at distance,
And fear be now no more. The jolly soldier
And citizen shall meet o'er their full bowls,
Forget their toils, and laugh their cares away,
And mirth and triumphs close this happy day.

[*Exeunt Herbis and Artamon.*]

Pho. And may succeeding days prove yet more happy!

Well dost thou bid the voice of triumph sound
Through all our streets; our city calls thee father:
And say, Eumenes, dost thou not perceive
A father's transport rise within thy breast,
Whilst in this act thou art the hand of heaven,
To deal forth blessings, and distribute joy?

Eum. The blessings heaven bestows are freely sent,

And should be freely shar'd.

Pho. True: generous minds
Redoubled feel the pleasure they impart.
For me, if I've deserv'd by arms or counsels,
By hazards, gladly sought and greatly prosper'd,
Whate'er I've added to the public stock,
With joy I see it in Eumenes's hands,
And wish but to receive my share from thee.

Eum. I cannot, if I would, withhold thy share.
What thou hast done is thine, the fame thy own:
And virtuous actions will reward themselves.

Pho. Fame! What is that, if courted for herself?

Less than a vision; a mere sound, an echo,
That calls, with mimic voice, through woods and
labyrinths,

Her cheated lovers; lost and heard by fits,
But never fix'd: a seeming nymph, yet nothing.
Virtue indeed is substantial good,

A real beauty; yet with weary steps,
Through rugged ways, by long, laborious service,
When we have trac'd, and woo'd, and won the
dame,

May we not then expect the dower she brings?

Eum. Well—ask that dowry; say, can Damas-
cus pay it?

Her riches shall be tax'd; name but the sum,

Her merchants with some costly gems shall grace
thee;

Nor can Heraclius fail to grant the honours,
Proportion'd to thy birth and thy desert.

Pho. And can Eumenes think I would be brib'd
By trash, by sordid gold, to venal virtue?

What! serve my country for the same mean hire,
That can corrupt each villain to betray her?

Why is she sav'd from these Arabian spoilers,
If to be stripp'd by her own sons? Forgive me
If the thought glows on my cheeks! I know
'Twas mention'd but to prove how much I scorn
it.

Yes, Eumenes,

I love ambition—yet the vast reward
That swells my hopes, and equals all my wishes,
Is in thy gift alone—It is Eudocia.

Eum. Eudocia! Phocyas, I am yet thy friend,
And therefore will not hold thee long in doubt:
Thou must not think of her.

Pho. Not think of her!

Impossible. She's ever present to me!

My life, my soul! She animates my being,
And kindles up my thoughts to worthy actions.

And why, Eumenes, why not think of her?
Is not my rank—

Eum. Forbear—What need a herald,
To tell me who thou art? Yet once again—
Since thou wilt force me to a repetition,
I say, thou must not think of her.

My choice has destin'd her to Eutyches!

Pho. And has she then consented to that choice!

Eum. Has she consented? What is her con-
sent?

Is she not mine?

Pho. She is—and in that title,
Ev'n kings with envy may behold thy wealth,
And think their kingdoms poor! And yet, Eu-
menes,

Shall she, by being thine, be barr'd a privilege
Which ev'n the meanest of her sex may claim?
Thou wilt not force her?

Eum. Who has told thee so?

I'd force her to be happy.

Pho. That thou canst not.

What happiness subsists in loss of freedom?

Eum. 'Tis well, young man—Why then I'll learn
from thee

To be a very tame, obedient father.

Thou hast already taught my child her duty.

I find the source of all her disobedience,
Her hate of me, her scorn of Eutyches.

Was this the spring of thy romantic bravery,
Thy boastful merit, thy officious services?

Pho. It was—with pride I own it—'twas Eu-
docia.

I have serv'd thee in serving her; thou know'st it.
Why wilt thou force me thus to be a braggart,
And tell thee that which thou shouldst tell thyself?
It grates my soul—I am not wont to talk thus.

But I recall my words—I have done nothing,
And would disclaim all merit, but my love.

Eum. Oh! no—say on, that thou hast sav'd Da-
mascus;

Is it not so? Look o'er her battlements,
See if the flying foe have left their camp!
Why are our gates yet clos'd, if thou hast freed
us?

Had Eutyches been present—

Pho. Eutyches!

Why wilt thou urge my temper with that trifler?

Oh, let him come! that in yon spacious plain
We may together charge the thickest ranks,
Rush on to battle, wounds, and glorious death,
And prove who 'twas that best deserv'd Eudocia.

Eum. That will be seen ere long. But since I
find

Thou arrogantly wouldst usurp dominion,

Believ'st thyself the guardian genius here,
And that our fortunes hang upon thy sword;
Be that first try'd—for know, that from this moment,

Thou here hast no command. Farewell! So stay,
Or hence and join the foe; thou hast thy choice.

[Exit.

Pho. Spurn'd and degraded! Proud, ungrateful man!

Am I a bubble then, blown up by thee,
And toss'd into the air, to make thee sport?
Hence to the foe! 'Tis well—Eudocia,—
Oh! I will see thee, thou wrong'd excellence!
But how to speak thy wrongs, or my disgrace—
Impossible! Oh! rather let me walk,
Like a dumb ghost, and burst my heart in silence.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Garden.*

Enter EUDOCIA.

Eud. Why must we meet by stealth, like guilty lovers?

But 'twill not long be so. What joy 'twill be
To own my hero in his ripen'd honours,
And hear applauding crowds pronounce me bless'd!
Sure he'll be here. See, the fair rising moon,
Ere day's remaining twilight scarce is spent,
Hangs up her ready lamp, and with mild lustre
Drives back the hov'ring shade! Come Phocyas,

come;

This gentle season is a friend to love;
And now methinks I could with equal passion,
Meet thine, and tell thee all my secret soul.

Enter PHOCYAS.

He hears me. Oh, my Phocyas! What, not answer!

Art thou not he? or art some shadow? Speak.

Pho. I am indeed a shadow—I am nothing.

Eud. What dost thou mean? For now I know thee, Phocyas.

Pho. And never can be thine!

It will have vent—Oh, barb'rous, curs'd—but hold—

I had forgot—It was Eudocia's father!

Oh! could I too forgot how he has us'd me!

Eud. I fear to ask thee.

Pho. Dost thou fear? Alas!

Then thou wilt pity me. Oh, gen'rous maid!

Thou hast charm'd down the rage that swell'd my heart,

And chok'd my voice; now I can speak to thee.

And yet 'tis worse than death what I have suffer'd;

It is the death of honour! Yet that's little;

'Tis more, Eudocia—'tis the loss of thee!

Eud. Hast thou not conquer'd? What are all these shouts,

This voice of gen'ral joy, heard far around?

What are these fires, that cast their glimm'ring light

Against the sky? Are not all these thy triumphs?

Pho. Oh! name not triumph! Talk no more of conquest!

It is indeed a night of gen'ral joy;

But not to me! Eudocia, I am come

To take a last farewell of thee for ever.

Eud. A last farewell!

Pho. Yes. How wilt thou hereafter

Look on a wretch despis'd, cashier'd,

Stripp'd of command, like a base, beaten coward?

Thy cruel father—I have told too much;

I should not but for this have felt the wounds

I got in fight for him—now, now they bleed!

But I have done—and now thou hast my story,

Is there a creature so accus'd as Phocyas?

Eud. And can it be? Is this then thy reward?

Oh, Phocyas! never wouldst thou tell me yet

That thou hadst wounds; now I must feel them too.

For is it not for me thou hast borne this?

What else could be thy crime? Wert thou a traitor,

Hadst thou betray'd us, sold us to the foe—

Pho. Would I be yet a traitor, I have leave;

Nay, I am dar'd to do it, with mocking scorn.

My crime indeed was asking thee; that only

Has cancell'd all, if I had any merit!

The city now is safe, my service slighted,

And I discarded like an useless thing;

Nay, bid begone—and if I like that better,

Seek out new friends, and join yon barb'rous host!

Eud. Hold—let me think awhile. (*Walks aside.*)

Though my heart bleed,

I would not have him see these dropping tears.

And wilt thou go, then, Phocyas?

Pho. To my grave;

Where can I bury else this foul disgrace?

Eud. Art thou sure

Thou hast been us'd thus? Art thou quite undone?

Pho. Yes, very sure. What dost thou mean?

Eud. That then it is a time for me—Oh, heav'n! that I

Alone am grateful to this wondrous man!

To own thee, Phocyas, thus—(*Gives her hand.*)

nay, glory in thee,

And shew, without a blush, how much I love.

We must not part!

Pho. Then I am rich again! (*Embraces her.*)

Oh no, we will not part! Confirm it, heav'n!

Now thou shalt see how I will bend my spirit,

With what soft patience I will bear my wrongs,

Till I have weary'd out thy father's scorn:

Yet I have worse to tell thee—Eutyches—

Eud. Why wilt thou name him?

Pho. Now, ev'n now he's coming!

Just hov'ring o'er thee, like a bird of prey:

Thy father vows—for I must tell thee all—

'Twas this that wrung my heart, and rack'd my

brain,

Ev'n to distraction!—vows thee to his bed;

Nay, threaten'd force, if thou refuse obedience.

Eud. Force! threaten'd force! my father—

where is nature?

Is that too banish'd from his heart? Oh, then

I have no father—How have I deserv'd this?

(*Weeps.*)

No home, but am henceforth an outcast orphan;

For I will wander to earth's utmost bounds,

Ere give my hand to that detested contract.

Oh! save me, Phocyas! thou hast sav'd my father.

Must I yet call him so, this cruel father.

How wilt thou now deliver poor Eudocia?

Pho. See how we're join'd in exile! How our

fate

Conspires to warn us both to leave this city!

Thou know'st the emperor is now at Antioch;

I have an uncle there, who, when the Persian,

As now the Saracen, had nigh o'errun

The ravag'd empire, did him signal service,

And nobly was rewarded. There, Eudocia,

Thou might'st be safe, and I may meet with justice.

Eud. There—any where, so we may fly this

place.

See, Phocyas, what thy wrongs and mine have

wrought

In a weak woman's flame! for I have courage

To share thy exile now through ev'ry danger.

Danger is only here, and dwells with guilt,

With base ingratitude, and hard oppression.

Pho. Then let us lose no time, but hence this

night.

The gates I can command, and will provide

The means of our escape. Some five hours hence,

'Twill then be turn'd of midnight, we may meet

In the piazza of Honoria's convent.

Eud. I know it well; the place is most secure,
And near adjoining to this garden wall.
There thou shalt find me. Oh, protect us, heav'n!

Pho. Fear not; thy innocence will be our guard;
Some pitying angel will attend thy steps,
Guide thee unseen, and charm the sleeping foe,
Till thou art safe! Oh! I have suffer'd nothing,
Thus gaining thee, and this great gen'rous proof,
How bless'd I am in my Eudocia's love!
My only joy, farewell!

Eud. Farewell, my Phocyas!
I have no friend but thee—yet thee I'll call
Friend, father, lover, guardian!—Thou art all!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Caled's Tent.*

Enter CALED and Attendants. SERGIUS held by two Guards, bound with cords.

Ser. Oh, mercy, mercy!

Caled. Mercy! what's that?—Look yonder on the field

Of our late fight! Go, talk of mercy there.
Will the dead hear thy voice!

Ser. Oh! spare me yet.

Caled. Thou wretch! Spare thee? to what? To live in torture?

Are not thy limbs all bruise'd, thy bones disjointed,
To force thee to confess? And wouldst thou drag,
Like a crush'd serpent, a vile, mangled being?
My eyes abhor a coward—Hence, and die!

Ser. Oh! I have told thee all—When first pursu'd,

I fix'd my letters on an arrow's point,
And shot them o'er the walls.

Caled. Hast thou told all?

Well, then thou shalt have mercy to requite thee:

Behold I'll send thee forward on thy errand.
Strike off his head; then cast it o'er the gates!
Then let thy tongue tell o'er its tale again!

Ser. Oh, bloody Saracens!

[*Exit Sergius, dragged away by the Guards.*

Enter ABUDAH.

Caled. Abudah, welcome!

Abu. Oh! Caled, what an evening was the last!

Caled. Name it no more; remembrance sickens with it.

And therefore sleep is banish'd from this night;
Nor shall to-morrow's sun open his eye
Upon our shame, ere doubly we've redeem'd it.
Have all the captains notice?

Abu. I have walk'd

The rounds to-night, ere the last hour of pray'r,
From tent to tent, and warn'd them to be ready.
What must be done?

Caled. Thou know'st th' important news
Which we have intercepted by this slave,
Of a new army's march. The time now calls,
While these soft Syrians are dissolv'd in riot,
Fool'd with success, and not suspecting danger,
To form a new attack ere break of day;
So, like the wounded leopard, shall we rush
From out our covers on these drowsy hunters,
And seize them, unprepar'd to 'scape our vengeance.

Abu. Great captain of the armies of the faithful!
I know thy mighty and unconquer'd spirit;
Yet hear me, Caled, hear and weigh my doubts,
Our angry prophet frowns upon our vices,
And visits us in blood. Why else did terror,
Unknown before, seize all our stoutest bands?
The angel of destruction was abroad;
The archers of the tribe of Thoa fled,
So long renown'd, or spent their shafts in vain;

The feather'd flights err'd through the boundless air,

Or the death turn'd on him that drew the bow!
What can this bode? Let me speak plainer yet;
Is it to propagate th' unspotted law
We fight? 'Tis well; it is a noble cause.
But much I fear infection is among us;
A boundless lust of rapine guides our troops.
We learn the Christian vices we chastise,
And, tempted with the pleasures of the soil,
More than with distant hopes of paradise,
I fear may soon—but, oh! avert it, heav'n!
Fall ev'n a prey to our own spoils and conquests.

Caled. No—thou mistak'st; thy pious zeal deceives thee.

Our prophet only chides our sluggard valour.
Thou saw'st how in the vale of Honan once
The troops, as now defeated, fled confus'd
Ev'n to the gates of Mecca's holy city;
Till Mahomet himself there stopp'd their entrance,
A jav'lin in his hand, and turn'd them back
Upon the foe; they fought again and conquer'd.
Behold how we may best appease his wrath!
His own example points us out the way.

Abu. Well—be it then resolv'd. Th' indulgent hour

Of better fortune is, I hope, at hand.

And yet, since Phocyas has appear'd its champion,
How has this city rais'd its drooping head!
As if some charm prevail'd where'er he fought;
Our strength seems wither'd, and our feeble weapons

Forget their wonted triumph—were he absent—

Caled. I would have sought him out in the last action,

To single fight, and put that charm to proof,

Had not a foul and sudden mist arose

Ere I arriv'd, to have restor'd the combat.

But let it be—'tis past. We yet may meet,
And 'twill be known whose arm is then the stronger.

Enter DARAN.

Daran. Health to the race of Ismael! and days
More prosperous than the last—a Christian captive

Is fall'n within my watch, and waits his doom.

Caled. Bring forth the slave. Oh! thou keen vulture, death!

Do we, then, feed thee only thus by morsels!

Whole armies never can suffice thy anger.

[*Exit Daran.*

Re-enter DARAN, with PHOCYAS.

Whence, and what art thou? Of Damascus?—

Daran,

Where didst thou find this dull and sullen thing,

That seems to lower defiance on our anger?

Daran. Marching in circuit, with the horse thou gav'st me,

T' observe the city gates, I saw from far
Two persons issue forth; the one advanc'd,
And, ere he could retreat, my horsemen seiz'd him;

The other was a woman, and had fled,
Upon a signal giv'n at our approach,
And got within the gates. Wouldst thou know more,

Himself, if he will speak, can best inform thee.

Caled. Have I not seen thy face?

Abu. He hears thee not;

His eyes are fix'd on earth; some deep distress
Is at his heart. This is no common captive.

(*Apart to Caled.*)

Caled. A lion in the toils! We soon shall tame him.

Still art thou dumb?—Nay, 'tis in vain to cast

Thy gloomy looks so oft around this place,
Or frown upon thy bonds: thou canst not 'scape.

Pho. Then be it so: the worst is past already,
And life is now not worth a moment's pause.
Do you not know me yet? Think of the man
You have most cause to curse, and I am he.

Caled. Ha! Phocyas?

Abu. Phocyas! Mahomet, we thank thee!
Now dost thou smile again.

Caled. This is, indeed, a prize! (*Aside.*)
Is it because thou know'st what slaughter'd heaps
There yet unbury'd lie without the camp,
Whose ghosts have all this night, passing the
Zorath,

Call'd from the bridge of death to thee to follow,
That now thou'rt here to answer to their cry?
Howe'er it be, thou know'st thy welcome.

Pho. Yes,
Thou proud, blood-thirsty Arab! well I know
What to expect from thee: I know ye all.
How should the author of distress and ruin
Be mov'd to pity? That's a human passion.
No; in your hungry eyes, that look revenge,
I read my doom. Where are your racks, your tor-
tures?

I'm ready; lead me to them: I can bear
The worst of ills from you. You're not my friends,
My countrymen: yet were you men, I could
Unfold a story—But no more. Eumenes,
Thou hast thy wish, and I am now—a worm!

Abu. Leader of armies, hear him! for my mind
Presages good accruing to our cause
By this event. (*Apart to Caled.*)

Caled. I tell thee, then, thou wrong'st us,
To think our hearts thus steel'd, or our ears deaf
To all that thou may'st utter. Speak, disclose
The secret woes that throbb within thy breast.
Now, by the silent hours of night, we'll hear thee,
And mute attention shall await thy words.

Pho. This is not, then, the palace in Damascus!
If you will hear, then I indeed have wrong'd you.
How can this be, when he, for whom I've fought,
Fought against you, has yet refus'd to hear me?
You seem surpris'd. It was ingratitude
That drove me out an exile, not a foe.

Abu. Is it possible?
Are these thy Christian friends?

Caled. Tis well: we thank them:
They help us to subdue themselves.—But who
Was the companion of thy flight?—A woman,
So Daran said.

Pho. 'Tis there I am most wretched.
Oh! I am torn from all my soul held dear,
And my life's blood flows out upon the wound!
That woman—'twas for her—How shall I speak
it?

Eudocia, oh! farewell.—I'll tell you, then,
As fast as these heart-rending sighs will let
me:—

I lov'd the daughter of the proud Eumenes,
And long in secret woo'd her: not unwelcome
To her my visits; but I fear'd her father;
Who oft had press'd her to detested nuptials,
And therefore durst not, till this night of joy,
Avow to him my courtship. Now I thought her
Mine, by a double claim, of mutual vows
And service yielded at his greatest need:
When, as I mov'd my suit, with sour disdain,
He mock'd my service and forbade my love,
Degraded me from the command I bore,
And with defiance bade me seek the foe.
How has his curse prevail'd! The gen'rous maid
Was won by my mistress to leave the city,
And cruel fortune made me thus your prey.

Abu. My soul is mov'd.—Thou wert a man, oh,
prophet!

Forgive, if 'tis a crime, a human sorrow
For injur'd worth, though in an enemy! (*Aside.*)

Pho. Now, since you've heard my story, set me
free,

That I may save her yet, dearer than life,
From a tyrannic father's threaten'd force;
Gold, gems, and purple vests, shall pay my ran-
som;

Nor shall my peaceful sword henceforth be drawn
In fight, nor break its truce with you for ever.

Caled. No; there's one way, a better, and but
one,

To save thyself, and make some reparation
For all the numbers thy bold hand has slain.

Pho. Oh! name it quickly, and my soul will
bless thee!

Caled. Embrace our faith, and share with us our
fortunes.

Pho. Then I am lost again!

Caled. What! when we offer,
Not freedom only, but to raise thee high,
To greatness, conquest, glory, heav'nly bliss?

Pho. To sink me down to infamy, perdition,
Here and hereafter! Make my name a curse
To present times; to ev'ry future age
A proverb and a scorn! Take back thy mercy,
And know I now disdain it.

Caled. As thou wilt.

The time's too precious to be wasted longer
In words with thee. Thou know'st thy doom:—
farewell.

Abu. Hear me, Caled: grant him some short
space;

Perhaps he will at length accept thy bounty.
Try him, at least. (*Apart to Caled.*)

Caled. Well, be it so, then. Daran,
Guard well thy charge. Thou hast an hour to live:
If thou art wise, thou may'st prolong that term;
If not—why—Fare thee well, and think of death.

[*Exeunt Caled and Abudah.* Daran waits at
a distance.

Pho. "Farewell, and think of death!"—Was it
not so?

Do murderers then preach morality?
But how to think of what the living know not,
And the dead cannot, or else may not tell!
What art thou, oh! thou great mysterious terror?
The way to thee we know! disease, famine,
Sword, fire, and all thy ever open gates,
That day and night stand ready to receive us.
But what's beyond them?—Who will draw that
veil?

Yet death's not there!—No; 'tis a point of time,
The verge 'twixt mortal and immortal beings.
It mocks our thoughts. On this side all is life;
And when we've reach'd it, in that very instant,
'Tis past the thinking of. Oh! if it be
The pangs, the throes, the agonizing struggles
When soul and body part, sure I have felt it,
And there's no more to fear.

Daran. Suppose I now
Despatch him?—Right. What need to stay for
orders?

I wish I durst!—yet what I dare, I'll do. (*Aside.*)
Your jewels, Christian: you'll not need these tri-
fles. (*Searches him.*)

Pho. I pray thee, slave, stand off! My soul's too
busy

To lose a thought on thee.

Re-enter ABUDAH.

Abu. What's this?—Forbear!
Who gave thee leave to use this violence?

(*Takes the jewels from Daran, and lays
them on a table.*)

Daran. Deny'd my booty! curses on his head!
Was not the founder of our law a robber?
Why, 'twas for that I left my country's gods,
Menaph and Uzza. Better still be Pagan,
Than starve with a new faith. (*Aside.*)

Abu. What dost thou mutter?
Daran, withdraw, and better learn thy duty.

[*Exit Daran.*]

Phocyas, perhaps thou know'st me not?

Pho. I know

Thy name, *Abudah,* and thy office here,
 The second in command. What more thou art,
 Indeed I cannot tell.

Abu. True; for thou yet
 Know'st not I am thy friend.

Pho. Is't possible?

Thou speak'st me fair.

Abu. What dost thou think of life?

Pho. I think not of it; death was in my thoughts.
 On hard conditions, life were but a load,
 And I will lay it down.

Abu. Art thou resolv'd?

Pho. I am, unless thou bring'st me better terms
 Than those I have rejected.

Abu. Think again.

Caied by me once more renews that offer.

Pho. Thou say'st thou art my friend: why dost
 thou try

To shake the settled temper of my breast?
 My soul has just discharg'd her cumb'rous train
 Of hopes and fears, prepar'd to take her voyage
 To other seats, where she may rest in peace;
 And now thou call'st me back, to beat again
 The painful road of life. Tempt me no more
 To be a wretch, for I despise the offer.

Abu. The gen'ral knows thee brave, and 'tis for
 that

He seeks alliance with thy noble virtues.

Pho. He knows me brave! Why does he, then,
 thus treat me?

No, he believes I am so poor of soul,
 That, barely for the privilege to live,
 I would be bought his slave. But go, tell him
 The little space of life, his scorn bequeath'd me,
 Was lent in vain, and he may take the forfeit.

Abu. Why wilt thou wed thyself to misery,
 When our faith courts thee to eternal blessings?
 When truth itself is, like a seraph, come
 To loose thy bands? The light divine, whose
 beams

Pierc'd through the gloom of Hera's sacred cave,
 And there illumined the great Mahomet,
 Arabia's morning star, now shines on thee.
 Arise, salute with joy the guest from heav'n,
 Follow her steps, and be no more a captive.

Pho. But whither must I follow? Answer that.
 Is she a guest from heav'n? What marks divine,
 What signs, what wonders, vouch her boasted
 mission?

Abu. What wonders? Turn thy eye to Mecca!
 mark

How far from Caaba first, that hallow'd temple,
 Her glory dawn'd! then look how swift its course,
 As when the sun-beams, shooting through a cloud,
 Drive o'er the meadow's face the flying shades!
 Have not the nations bent before our swords,
 Like ripen'd corn before the reaper's steel?
 Why is all this? Why does success still wait
 Upon our laws, if not to shew that heav'n
 First sent it forth, and owns it still by conquest?

Pho. Dost thou ask why is this? Oh! why, in-
 deed!

Where is the man can read heav'n's secret coun-
 sels?

Why did I conquer in another cause,
 Yet now am here?

Abu. I'll tell thee: thy good angel
 Has seiz'd thy hand unseen, and snatch'd thee out
 From swift destruction: know, ere day shall dawn,
 Damascus will in blood lament its fall!
 We've heard what army is design'd to march
 Too late to save her. Now, e'en now, our force
 Is just preparing for a fresh assault.

Now, too, thou might'st revenge thy wrongs; so
 Caied

Charg'd me to say, and more, that he invites thee;
 Thou know'st the terms—to share with him the
 conquest.

Pho. Conquest! revenge! Hold, let me think—
 Oh! horror!

Revenge! Oh! what revenge? Bleed on my
 wounds!

For thus to be reveng'd, were it not worse
 Than all that I can suffer? But, *Eudocia*—
 Where will she then? Shield her, ye pitying
 pow'rs,

And let me die in peace!

Abu. Hear me once more,

'Tis all I have to offer; mark me now!

Caied has sworn *Eudocia* shall be safe.

Pho. Ah! safe! but how? A wretched captive,
 too?

Abu. He swears she shall be free, she shall be
 thine.

Pho. Then I am lost, indeed.

Abu. The time draws near, and I must quickly
 leave thee;

But first, reflect, that in this fatal night
 Slaughter and rapine may be loos'd abroad;
 And while they roam with unextinguish'd rage,
 Should she thou lov'st—(well may'st thou start)—
 be made,

Perhaps unknown, some barb'rous soldier's prey;
 Should she then fall a sacrifice to lust,
 Or brutal fury—

Pho. Oh! this pulls my heart-strings! (*Falls.*)
 Earth open—save me, save me from that thought!

Abu. Nay, do not plunge thyself in black de-
 spair;

Look up, poor wretch! thou art not shipwreck'd
 yet;

Behold an anchor; am not I thy friend?

Pho. (*Rises.*) Ha! Who, what art thou?
 (*Raves.*)

My friend? that's well: but, hold! are all friends
 honest?

What's to be done? Hush, hark! what voice is
 that?

Abu. There is no voice; 'tis yet the dead of
 night;

The guards without keep silent watch around us.

Pho. Again it calls—'tis she! Oh! lead me to
 her!

Abu. Thy passion mocks thee with imagin'd
 sounds.

Pho. Sure 'twas *Eudocia*'s voice cry'd out
 "Forbear!"

What shall I do? Oh, heav'n!

Abu. Heav'n shews thee what.

Nay, now it is too late; see *Caied* comes,
 With anger on his brow. Quickly withdraw
 To the next tent, and there—

Pho. (*Rises.*) What do I see?
Damascus! conquest, ruin, rapes, and murder!
Villains! Is there no more? Oh! save her, save
 her! [*Exit with Abudah.*]

Re-enter CAIED and DARAN.

Daran. Behold, on thy approach, they shift their
 ground.

Caied. 'Tis as thou say'st; he trifles with my
 mercy.

Daran. Speak, shall I fetch his head?

Caied. No, stay you here,
 I cannot spare thee yet. *Raphan,* go thou—
 (*To an Officer.*)

But, hold! I've thought again—he shall not die.
 Go, tell him he shall live till he has seen
Damascus sink in flames; till he behold
 That slave, that woman idol he adores,
 Or giv'n a prize to some brave Mussulman,

Or slain before his face; then if he sue
For death, as for a boon, perhaps we'll grant it.
[Exit Raphan.]

Daran. The captains wait thy orders.

Caled. Are the troops
Ready to march?

Daran. They are.

Caled. Mourn, thou haughty city!
The bow is bent, nor canst thou 'scape thy doom.
Who turns his back henceforth, our prophet curse
him!

Daran. But who commands the trusty bands of
Mecca?

Thou know'st their leader fell in the last fight.

Caled. 'Tis true; thou, *Daran*, well deserv'st
that charge;

I've mark'd what a keen hatred, like my own,
Dwells in thy breast against these Christian dogs.

Daran. Thou dost me right.

Caled. And therefore I'll reward it.

Be that command now thine. And here, this sabre,
Bless'd in the field by Mahomet himself,
At Caabar's prosperous fight, shall aid thy arm.

Daran. Thanks, my good chief; with this I'll
better thank thee. (*Takes the scymetar.*)

Caled. Myself will lead the troops of the black
standard,

And at the eastern gate begin the storm.

Daran. But why do we not move? 'twill soon be
day.

Methinks I'm cold, and would grow warm with
action.

Caled. Then haste and tell *Abudah*—Oh! thou'rt
welcome!

Re-enter ABUDAH.

Thy charge awaits thee. Where's the stubborn
captive?

Abu. Indeed he's brave. I left him for a mo-
ment

In the next tent. He's scarcely yet himself.

Caled. But is he ours?

Abu. The threats of death are nothing;
Though thy last message shook his soul, as winds
On the bleaks hills bend down some lofty pine;
Yet still he held his root, till I found means,
Abating somewhat of thy first demand,
If not to make him wholly ours, at least
To gain sufficient to our end.

Caled. Say how?

Abu. Oft he inclin'd, oft started back; at last,
When just consenting, for awhile he paus'd,
Stood fix'd in thought, and lift his eyes to hea-
ven;

Then, as with fresh recover'd force, cry'd out,
"Renounce my faith! Never!" I answer'd, "No,
That now he should not do it."

Caled. How?

Abu. Yet hear;

For since I saw him now so lost in passion,
That must be left to his more temp'rate thoughts.
Meantime I urg'd, conjur'd, at last constrain'd
him,

By all he held most dear, nay, by the voice
Of Providence, that call'd him now to save,
With her he lov'd, perhaps the lives of thou-
sands,

No longer to resist his better fate,
But join his arms in present action with us,
And swear he would be faithful.

Caled. What, no more?

Then he's a Christian still?

Abu. Have patience yet;

For if, by him, we can surprise the city—

Caled. Say'st thou?

Abu. Hear what's agreed; but on the terms
That ev'ry unresisting life be spar'd.
I shall command some chosen, faithful bands;

Phocyas will guide us to the gate, from whence
He late escap'd; nor do we doubt but there
With ease to gain admittance.

Caled. This is something.

And yet I do not like this half ally.

Is he not still a Christian? But no matter—
Meantime, I will attack the eastern gate:
Who first succeeds gives entrance to the rest.
Hear all! Prepare ye now for boldest deeds,
And know, the prophet will reward your valour.
Think that we all to certain triumph move;
Who falls in fight yet meets the prize above.
There in the gardens of eternal spring,
While birds of Paradise around you sing,
Each, with his blooming beauty by his side,
Shall drink rich wines, that in full rivers glide;
Breathe fragrant gales o'er fields of spice that
blow,

And gather fruits immortal as they grow;
Ecstatic bliss shall your whole pow'rs employ,
And ev'ry sense be lost in ev'ry joy. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A great Square in the City before the
governor's palace.*

*Enter ABUDAH, Saracen Captains and Soldiers;
with EUMENES, HERBIS, and other Christians,
disarmed.*

Eum. It must be so! farewell, devoted walls!
To be surprised thus! Hell, and all ye fiends!
How did ye watch this minute for destruction!

Her. We've been betray'd by riot and debauch.
Curse on the traitor guard!

Eum. The guard above,
Did that sleep, too?

Abu. Christians, complain no more;
What you have ask'd is granted. Are ye men,
And dare ye question thus, with bold impatience,
Eternal justice? Know, the doom from heaven
Falls on your towers, resistless as the bolt
That fires the cedars on your mountain tops.
Be meek, and learn with humble awe to bear
The mitigated ruin. Worse had follow'd,
Had ye oppos'd our numbers. Now you're safe;
Quarter and liberty are giv'n to all;
And little do ye think how much ye owe
To one brave enemy, whom yet ye know not.

Enter ARTAMON, hastily.

Art. All's lost! Ha! Who are these?

Eum. All's lost, indeed!

Yield up thy sword, if thou wouldst share our
safety.

Thou com'st too late to bring us news.

Art. Oh, no!

The news I bring is from the eastern guard.

Caled has forc'd the gate, and—but he's here.

(*A cry without, "Fly, fly, they follow—
Quarter, mercy, quarter!"*)

Caled. (*Without.*) No quarter! Kill, I say. Are
they not Christians?
More blood! our prophet asks it.

Enter CALED and DARAN.

What, *Abudah*!

Well met! But wherefore are the looks of peace?
Why sleeps thy sword?

Abu. *Caled* our task is over.

Behold the chiefs! they have resign'd the palace.

Caled. And sworn t'obey our law?

Abu. No.

Caled. Then fall on.

Abu. Hold yet, and hear me! Heaven by me
has spar'd

The sword its cruel task. On easy terms
We've gain'd a bloodless conquest.

Caled. I renounce it.
Curse on those terms! The city's mine by storm.
Fall on, I say.

Abu. Nay, then, I swear ye shall not.

Caled. Ah! Who am I?

Abu. The general: and I know
What reverence is your due.

(*Caled gives signs to his men to fall on.*)

Nay, he who stirs,
First makes his way through me. My honour's
pledg'd;

Rob me of that who dares. (*They stop.*) I know
thee, *Caled*,
Chief in command; bold, valiant, wise, and faith-
ful;

But yet remember I'm a Mussulman;
Nay, more, thou know'st, companion of the pro-
phet;

And what we vow is sacred.

Caled. Thou'rt a Christian,
I swear thou art, and hast betray'd the faith.
Curse on thy new allies!

Abu. No more! this strife
But ill becomes the servants of the caliph,
And casts reproach—Christians, withdraw awhile:
I pledge my life to answer the conditions.

[*Exeunt Eumenes, Herbis, &c.*]

Why, *Caled*, do we thus expose ourselves
A scorn to nations that despise our law?
Thou call'st me Christian! What, is it because
I prize my plighted faith, that I'm a Christian?
Come, 'tis not well, and if—

Caled. What terms are yielded?

Abu. Leave to depart to all that will; an oath
First given no more to aid the war against us,
An unmolested march. Each citizen
To take his goods, not more than a mule's burden;
The chiefs six mules, and ten the governor;
Besides some few slight arms for their defence
Against the mountain robbers.

Caled. Now, by Mahomet,
Thou hast equip'd an army!

Abu. Canst thou doubt
The greatest part by far will choose to stay,
Receive our law, or pay th' accustomed tribute?
What fear we then from a few wretched bands
Of scatter'd fugitives? Besides, thou know'st
What towns of strength remain yet unsubdu'd.
Let us appear this once like generous victors,
So future conquests shall repay this bounty,
And willing provinces ev'n court subjection.

Caled. Well, be it on thy head, if worse befall!
This once I yield; but see it thus proclaim'd
Through all Damascus, that who will depart,
Must leave the place this instant. Pass, move on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Outside of a Nunnery.*

Enter EUDOCIA.

Eud. Darkness is fled; and yet the morning light
Gives me more fears than did night's deadly gloom.
Within, without, all are foes! Oh! Phocyas,
Thou art, perhaps, at rest. Would I were, too!

(*After a pause.*)

This place has holy charms; rapine and murder
Dare not approach it, but are aw'd to distance.
I've heard that even these infidels have spar'd
Walls sacred to devotion. World, farewell!
Here will I hide me, till the friendly grave
Opens its arms, and shelters me for ever! [*Exit.*]

Enter PHOCYAS.

Pho. Did not I hear the murmurs of a voice
This way? A woman's, too! and seem'd com-
plaining!

Hark! No, Oh, torture! Whither shall I turn
me?

'Twas here last night we met. Dear, dear Eudocia!
Might I once more— (*Going out, he meets her.*)

Eud. Who calls the lost Eudocia?

Sure, 'tis a friendly voice!

Pho. 'Tis she! Oh, rapture!

Eud. Is't possible? my Phocyas!

Pho. My Eudocia!

Do I yet call thee mine?

Eud. Do I yet see thee?

Yet hear thee speak? Oh! how hast thou escap'd
From barbarous swords, and men that know not
mercy?

Pho. I've borne a thousand deaths since our last
parting.

But wherefore do I talk of death? for now,
Methinks, I'm rais'd to life immortal,
And feel I'm blest beyond the power of change;
For thee have triumph'd o'er the fiercest foes,
And turn'd them friends.

Eud. Amazement! Friends!

Oh! all ye guardian powers! Say on—Oh! lead
me,

Lead me through this dark maze of providence,
Which thou hast trod, that I may trace thy steps
With silent awe, and worship as I pass.

Pho. Inquire no more: thou shalt know all
hereafter.

Let me conduct thee hence.

Eud. Oh! whither next?

To what far distant home? But 'tis enough,
That, favour'd thus of heaven, thou art my guide;
And as we journey on the painful way,
Say, wilt thou then beguile the passing hours,
And open all the wonders of thy story?

Where is my father?

Pho. Thou heavenly maid!

Know, I've once more, wrong'd as I am, even
sav'd

Thy father's threaten'd life: nay, sav'd Damascus
From blood and slaughter, and from total ruin.
Oh! didst thou know to what deadly gulfs
Of horror and despair I have been driven
This night, ere my perplex'd, bewild'rd soul
Could find its way! Thou saidst that thou wouldst
chide?

I fear thou wilt: indeed, I have done that,
I could have wish'd t'avoid—but for a cause
So lovely, so below'd—

Eud. What dost thou mean?

I'll not indulge a thought that thou couldst do
One act unworthy of thyself, thy honour,
And that firm zeal against these foes of heaven:
Thou couldst not save thy life by means inglorious.

Pho. Alas! thou know'st me not. I'm man,
frail man,

To error born; and who, that's man, is perfect?

To save my life! Oh, no! well was it risk'd

For thee! had it been lost, 'twere not too much.

And art thou safe? Oh! what wouldst thou have
said,

If I had risk'd my soul to save Eudocia?

Eud. Ah! speak—Oh! no, be dumb! it cannot
be!

And yet thy looks are chang'd, thy lips grow pale.
Why dost thou shake? Alas! I tremble, too!
Thou couldst not, hast not sworn to Mahomet?

Pho. No: I should first have died, nay, giv'n
up thee.

Eud. Oh! Phocyas, was it well to try me thus?

And yet another deadly fear succeeds!

How came these wretches hither? Who reviv'd

Their fainting arms to unexpected triumph?

For while thou fought'st, and fought'st the Chris-
tian cause

These batter'd walls were rocks impregnable,

Their towers of adamant. But, oh! I fear,

Some act of thine—

Pho. No more! I'll tell thee all;

I found the wakeful foe in midnight council,
 Resolv'd ere day to make a fresh attack,
 Keen for revenge, and hungry after slaughter—
 Could my rack'd soul bear that, and think of thee?
 Nay, think of thee expos'd a helpless prey
 To some fierce ruffian's violating arms?
 Oh! had the world been mine, in that extreme,
 I should have given whole provinces away;
 Nay, all, and thought it little for my ransom.

Eud. For this, then—Oh! thou hast betray'd the city!

Distrustful of the righteous pow'rs above,
 That still protect the chaste and innocent:
 And to avert a feign'd, uncertain danger,
 Thou hast brought certain ruin on thy country!

Pho. No; the sword,

Which threaten'd to have fill'd the streets with blood,

I sheath'd in peace; thy father, thou, and all
 The citizens are safe, uncaptiv'd, free.

Eud. Safe! free! Oh, no! life, freedom, every good,

Turns to a curse, if sought by wicked means.
 Yet, sure, it cannot be! are these the terms
 On which we meet? No, we can never meet
 On terms like these; the hand of death itself
 Could not have torn us from each other's arms,
 Like this dire act!

But, alas!

'Tis thou hast blasted all my joys for ever,
 And cut down hope, like a poor, short-liv'd flower,
 Never to grow again!

Pho. Cruel Eudocia!

If in my heart's dear anguish I've been forc'd
 Awhile from what I was, dost thou reject me?
 Think of the cause—

Eud. The cause! there is no cause:

Not universal nature could afford
 A cause for this. What were dominion, pomp,
 The wealth of nations, nay of all the world,
 If weigh'd with faith unspotted, heavenly truth,
 Thoughts free from guilt, the empire of the mind,
 And all the triumph of a godlike breast,
 Firm and unmov'd in the great cause of virtue?

Pho. No more! Thou waken'st in my tortur'd heart

The cruel, conscious worm, that stings to madness!
 Oh! I'm undone! I know it, and can bear
 To be undone for thee, but not to lose thee.

Eud. Poor wretch! I pity thee! but art thou Phocyas,

The man I lov'd? I could have died with thee
 Ere thou didst this: then we had gone together,
 A glorious pair, and soar'd above the stars:
 But never, never

Will I be made the curs'd reward of treason,
 To seal thy doom, to bind a hellish league,
 And to ensure thy everlasting woe.

Pho. What league? 'tis ended—I renounce it
 thus— (*Kneels.*)

I bend to heaven and thee—Oh! thou divine,
 Thou matchless image of all perfect goodness!
 Do thou but pity yet the wretched Phocyas,
 Heaven will relent, and all may yet be well.

Eud. No: we must part.

Then do not think

Thy loss in me is worth one drooping tear:
 But if thou wouldst be reconcil'd to heaven,
 First sacrifice to heaven that fatal passion
 Which caus'd thy fall; forget the lost Eudocia.
 Canst thou forget her? Oh! the killing torture,
 To think 'twas love, excess of love, divorc'd us!
 Farewell for—still I cannot speak that word,
 These tears speak for me—Oh, farewell! [*Exit.*]

Pho. (*Raving.*) For ever!

Return, return and speak it; say, for ever!
 She's gone! and now she joins the fugitives.
 Oh! hear, all-gracious heaven! wilt thou at once

Forgive; and, oh! inspire me to some act
 This day, that may, in part, redeem what's past.
 Prosper this day, or let it be my fast. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—An Open Place in the City.

Enter CALED and DARAN, meeting.

Caled. Soldier, what news? thou look'st as thou wert angry.

Daran. And, durst I say it so, my chief, I am;
 I've spoke—if it offends, my head is thine;
 Take it, and I am silent.

Caled. No; say on.

I know thee honest, and, perhaps, I guess
 What knits thy brows in frowns.

Daran. Is this my leader,

A conquer'd city? View yon vale of palms:
 Behold the vanquish'd Christian triumph still,
 Rich in his flight, and mocks thy barren war.

Caled. The vale of palms?

Daran. Beyond those hills, the place
 Where they agreed this day to meet and halt,
 To gather all their forces; there, disguis'd,
 Just now I've view'd their camp. Oh! could I

My eyes for what they've seen.

Caled. What hast thou seen?

Daran. Why, all Damascus! All its souls, its life,

Its heart blood, all its treasure, piles of plate,
 Crosses enrich'd with gems, arras and silks,
 And vests of gold, unfolded to the sun,
 That rival all his lustre!

Caled. How?

Daran. 'Tis true.

The bees are wisely bearing off their honey,
 And soon the empty hive will be our own.

Caled. So forward, too! curse on this foolish treaty!

Daran. Forward! it looks as if they had been forewarn'd.

By Mahomet! The land wears not the face
 Of war, but trade! and thou wouldst swear its merchants

Were sending forth their loaded caravans
 To all the neighb'ring countries.

Caled. Dogs! infidels! 'tis more than was allow'd!

Daran. And shall we not pursue them? Robbers, thieves!

That steal away themselves, and all they're worth,
 And wrong the valiant soldier of his due?

Caled. The caliph shall know this—he shall;
 Abudah,

This is thy coward bargain: I renounce it. (*Aside.*)

Daran. We'll stop their march, and search.

Daran. And strip—

Caled. And kill.

Daran. That's well. And yet, I fear
 Abudah's Christian friend.

Caled. If possible,

He should not know of this. No, nor Abudah;
 By the seven heavens! his soul's a Christian's too.
 And 'tis by kindred instinct he thus saves
 Their curs'd lives, and taints our cause with mercy.

Daran. I knew my general would not suffer this,
 Therefore, I've troops prepar'd without the gate;
 Just mounted for pursuit. Our Arab horse
 Will, in a few minutes reach the place; yet still
 I must repeat my doubts—that devil, Phocyas,
 Will know it soon; I met him near the gate:
 My nature sickens at him, and forebodes
 I know not what of ill.

Caled. No more; away

With thy cold fears! we'll march this very instant,
And quickly make this thriftless conquest good :
The sword, too, has been wrong'd, and thirsts for
blood. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*A Valley full of tents; baggage and harness lying up and down amongst them. The prospect terminating with palm-trees and hills at a distance.*

Enter EUMENES, with Officers and Attendants.

Eum. Sleep on, and angels be thy guard! soft slumber

Has gently stol'n her from her griefs awhile;
Let none approach the tent. Are out-guards plac'd
On yonder hills? *(To an Officer.)*

Off. They are.

Eum. *(Striking his breast.)* Damascus! Oh!
Still art thou here! Let me entreat you, friends,
To keep strict order; I have no command,
And can but now advise you.

Off. You are still
Our head and leader
We're all prepar'd to follow you.

Eum. I thank you.

The sun will soon go down upon our sorrows,
And, till to-morrow's dawn, this is our home :
Meanwhile, each, as he can, forget his loss,
And bear the present lot.

3 Off. Sir, I have mark'd
The camp's extent : 'tis stretch'd quite through the
valley.

I think that more than half the city's here.

Eum. The prospect gives me much relief. I'm
pleas'd,

My honest countrymen, t' observe your numbers :
And yet, it fills my eyes with tears. 'Tis said,
The mighty Persian wept, when he survey'd
His numerous army, but to think them mortal ;
Yet he then flourish'd in prosperity.

Alas! what's that? Prosperity! a harlot,
That smiles but to betray!

Hear me, all-gracious heaven,
Let me wear out my small remains of life,
Obscure, content with humble poverty,
Or, in affliction's hard but wholesome school,
If it must be : I'll learn to know myself,
And that's more worth than empire. But, oh!
heaven!

Curse me no more with proud prosperity!
It has undone me.

Enter HERDIS.

Herbis! where, my friend,
Hast thou been this long hour?

Her. On yonder summit,
To take a farewell prospect of Damascus.

Eum. And is it worth a look?

Her. No; I've forgot it.

All our possessions are a grasp of air :
We're cheated, whilst we think we hold them fast :
And when they're gone, we know that they were
nothing :

But I've a deeper wound.

Eum. Poor, good old man!
'Tis true—thy son—there thou'rt indeed unhappy.

Enter ARTAMON.

What, Artamon! art thou here, too?

Art. Yes, sir,
I never boasted much,
Yet I've some honour, and a soldier's pride ;
I like not these new lords.

Eum. Thou'rt brave and honest.
Nay, we'll not yet despair. A time may come,
When from these brute barbarians we may wrest
Once more our pleasant seats. Alas! how soon
The flatterer, hope, is ready with his song,
To charm us to forgetfulness! No more.

Let that be left to heaven. See, Herbis, see,
Methinks we've here a goodly city yet.
Was it not thus our great forefathers liv'd,
In better times; in humble fields and tents,
With all their flocks and herds, their moving
wealth?

See, too, where our own Pharphar winds his
stream

Through the long vale, as if to follow us ;
And kindly offers his cool wholesome draughts,
To ease us in our march! Why, this is plenty.

Enter EUDOCIA.

My daughter! wherefore hast thou left thy tent?
What breaks so soon thy rest?

Eud. Rest is not there,
Or I have sought in vain, and cannot find it.
Oh, no! we're wanderers; it is our doom;
There is no rest for us.

Eum. Thou art not well.

Eud. I would, if possible, avoid myself.
I'm better now, near you.

Eum. Near me! Alas!
The tender vine so wreathes its folded arms
Around some falling elm! It wounds my heart
To think thou follow'st but to share my ruin.
I have lost all but thee.

Eud. Oh! say not so!
You have lost nothing; no, you have preserv'd
Immortal wealth, your faith inviolate
To heaven and to your country.

Ruin is yonder, in Damascus, now
The seat abhorrd of curs'd infidels.
Infernal error, like a plague, has spread
Contagion through its guilty palaces,
And we are fled from death.

Eum. Heroic maid!

Thy words are balm to my griefs. Eudocia,
I never knew thee till this day; I knew not
How many virtues I had wrong'd in thee.

Eud. If you talk thus, you have not yet forgiven
me.

Eum. Forgiven thee! Why, for thee it is, thee
only,

I think, heaven yet may look with pity on us;
Yes, we must all forgive each other now.
Poor Herbis, too! we both have been to blame.
Oh, Phocyas!—but it cannot be recall'd.
Yet, were he here, we'd ask his pardon, too.
My child! I meant not to provoke thy tears.

Eud. Oh! why is he not here? Why do I see
Thousands of happy wretches, that but seem
Undone, yet still are bless'd in innocence,
And why was he not one? *(Aside.)*

Enter an Officer.

Off. Where is Eumenes?

Eum. What means thy breathless haste?

Off. I fear there's danger:

For, as I kept my watch, I spy'd afar
Thicks clouds of dust, and, on a nearer view,
Perceiv'd a body of Arabian horse
Moving this way. I saw them wind the hill,
And then lost sight of them.

Her. I saw them, too,

Where the roads meet on t'other side these hills,
But took them for some band of Christian Arabs,
Crossing the country. This way did they move?

Off. With utmost speed.

Eum. If they are Christian Arabs,
They come as friends; if other, we're secure
By the late terms. Retire awhile, Eudocia,
Till I return. *[Exit Eudocia.]*
I'll to the guard myself.
Soldier, lead on the way.

Enter another Officer.

2 Off. Arm, arm! we're ruin'd!
The foe is in the camp.

Eum. So soon?

2 Off. They've quitted
Their horses, and with sword in hand have forc'd
Our guard: they say they come for plunder.

Eum. Villains!

Sure, Caled knows not of this treachery!
Come on, we can fight still. We'll make them
know
What 'tis to urge the wretched to despair.

Enter DARAN.

Daran. Let the fools fight at distance. Here's
the harvest.
Reap, reap, my countrymen! Ay, there; first
clear
Those further tents— (*Looking between the tents.*)
What's here? a woman! fair
She seems, and well attir'd! It shall be so.
She's my first prize, and then— [*Exit.*]

Re-enter DARAN, with EUDOCIA.

Eud. (*Struggling.*) Mercy! Oh! spare me, spare
me!
Heaven, hear my cries!

Daran. Woman, thy cries are vain:
No help is near.

Enter PHOCYAS.

Pho. Villain, thou liest! take that
To loose thy hold.
(*Pushing at Daran with his spear, who falls.*)
Eudocia!

Eud. Phocyas! Oh, astonishment!
Then is it thus that heaven has heard my prayers?
I tremble still, and scarce have power to ask thee
How thou art here, or whence this sudden outrage?
Pho. Sure every angel watches o'er thy safety!
Thou seest 'tis death t' approach thee without awe,
And barbarism itself cannot profane thee.

Eud. Whence are these alarms?

Pho. Some stores remov'd, and not allow'd by
treaty,
Have drawn the Saracens to make a search.
Perhaps 'twill quickly be agreed—But, oh!
Thou know'st, Eudocia, I'm a banish'd man,
And 'tis a crime I'm here once more before thee;
Else, might I speak, 'twere better for the present,
If thou wouldst leave this place.

Eud. No: I have a father,
(And shall I leave him?) whom we both have
wrov'd:

And yet, alas!
For this last act how would I thank thee, Phocyas!
I've nothing now but prayers and tears to give,
Cold, fruitless thanks! But 'tis some comfort yet,
That fate allows this short reprieve, that thus
We may behold each other, and once more
May mourn our woes, ere yet again we part—

Pho. For ever!
'Tis then resolv'd. It was thy cruel sentence,
And I am here to execute that doom.

Eud. What dost thou mean?

Pho. (*Kneeling.*) Thus at thy feet—

Eud. Oh! rise.

Pho. Never! No, here I'll lay my burden down;
I've tried its weight, nor can support it longer.
Take thy last look; if yet thy eyes can bear
To look upon a wretch accurs'd, cast off
By heaven and thee.

Eud. Forbear,
Oh! cruel mau! Why wilt thou rack me thus?
Didst thou not mark?—thou didst, when last we
parted,

The pangs, the strugglings of my suff'ring soul;
That nothing but the hand of heaven itself
Could ever drive me from thee! Dost thou now
Reproach me thus? or canst thou have a thought
That I can e'er forget thee?

Pho. (*Rises.*) Have a care!

I'll not be tortur'd more with thy false pity!
No, I renounce it. See, I am prepar'd.

(*Shews a dagger.*)

Thy cruelty is mercy now. Farewell!
And death is now but a release from torment!

Eud. Hold! stay thee yet. Oh! madness of
despair!

And wouldst thou die? Think, ere thou leap'st the
gulf,
When thou hast trod that dark, that unknown
way,
Canst thou return? What if the change prove
worse?

Oh! think, if then—

Pho. No: thought's my deadliest foe;
And, therefore, to the grave I'd fly to shun it.

Eud. Oh! fatal error! Like a restless ghost,
It will pursue and haunt thee still; even there,
Perhaps, in forms more frightful.
How wilt thou curse thy rashness, then! How
start,

And shudder, and shrink back! yet how avoid
To put on thy new being?

Pho. I thank thee;
For now I'm quite undone. I gave up all
For thee before; but this, this bosom friend,
My last reserve—There!

(*Throws away the dagger.*)

Tell me now, Eudocia,
Cut off from hope, denied the food of life,
And yet forbid to die, what am I now?
Or what will fate do with me?

Eud. Oh! (*Turns away, weeping.*)

Pho. Thou weep'st!
Canst thou shed tears, and yet not melt to mercy?
Oh! say, ere yet returning madness seize me,
Is there in all futurity no prospect,
No distant comfort?

(*They both continue silent for some time.*)
Still art thou silent?

Hear then this last,
This only pray'r! Heav'n will consent to this.
Let me but follow thee, where'er thou go'st,
But see thee, hear thy voice; be thou my angel,
To guide and govern my returning steps,
Till long contrition, and unwear'd duty,
Shall expiate my guilt.

Eud. No more! This shakes
My firmest thoughts, and if— (*A cry is heard.*)
What shrieks of death!

I fear a treach'rous foe have now
Begun a fatal harvest! Haste,
Prevent—Oh! wouldst thou see me more with
comfort,

Fly, save them, save the threaten'd lives of Chris-
tians,

My father and his friends! I dare not stay.
Heav'n be my guide, to shun this gath'ring ruin!

[*Exit.*]

Enter CALED.

Caled. So, slaughter, do thy work! These hands
look well. (*Looks on his hands.*)

Phocyas! Thou'rt met—but whether thou art here
(*Comes forward.*)

A friend or foe, I know not; if a friend,
Which is Eumenes' tent?

Pho. Hold! pass no further.

Caled. Say'st thou, not pass?

Pho. No; on thy life, no further.

Caled. What, dost thou frown, too? Sure, thou
know'st me not?

Pho. Not know thee? Yes, too well I know
thee now,

Oh! murd'rous fiend! Why all this waste of blood?
Didst thou not promise—

Caled. Promise! Insolence!

'Tis well, 'tis well; for now I know thee, too.
Perfidious, mongrel slave! Thou double traitor!

False to thy first and to thy latter vows!
Villain!

Pho. That's well! go on; I swear I thank thee.
Speak it again, and strike it through my ear!
A villain! Yes, thou mad'st me so, thou devil!
And mind'st me now what to demand from thee.
Give, give me back my former self; my honour,
My country's fair esteem, my friends, my all!
Thou canst not! Oh! thou robber! Give me, then,
Revenge or death! The last I well deserve,
That yielded up my soul's best wealth to thee,
For which, accurs'd be thou, and curs'd thy prophet!

Caled. Hear'st thou this, Mahomet! Blasphe-
mizing mouth!
For this thou soon shalt chew the bitter fruit
Of Zacon's tree, the food of fiends below.
Go, speed thee thither!

(Pushes at him with his lance, which Phocyas puts by, and kills him.)

Pho. Go thou first thyself.

Caled. *(Falls.)* Oh, dog! thou gnaw'st my heart!

False Mahomet!

Is this, then, my reward? Oh! *(Dies.)*

Pho. Thanks to the gods, I have reveng'd my country! *[Exit.]*

Several Parties of Christians and Saracens pass over the further end of the stage, fighting. The former are beaten. At last EUMENES rallies them, and make a stand; then enter ABUDAH, attended.

Abu. Forbear, forbear, and sheathe the bloody sword.

Eum. Abudah! is this well?

Abu. No: I must own
You've cause. Oh! Mussulmen, look here! behold

Where, like a broken spear, your arm of war
Is thrown to earth!

Eum. Ha! Caled?

Abu. Dumb and breathless.
Then thus has heaven chastis'd us in thy fall,
And thee for violated faith! Farewell!
Thou great, but cruel man!

Eum. This thirst of blood
In his own blood is quench'd.

Abu. Bear hence his clay
Back to Damascus. Cast a mantle first
O'er this sad sight: so should we hide his faults.
Now hear, ye servants of the prophet, hear!
A greater death than this demands your tears,
For know, your lord, the caliph, is no more!
Good Abubeker has breath'd out his spirit
To him that gave it. Yet your caliph lives,
Lives now in Omar. See, behold his signet,
Appointing me, such is his will, to lead
His faithful armies warring here in Syria.
Alas! foreknowledge, sure, of this event
Guided his choice! Obey me, then, your chief.
For you, oh! Christians, know, with speed I came,
On the first notice of this foul design,
Or to prevent it, or repair your wrongs.
Your goods shall be untouched, your persons safe,
Nor shall our troops henceforth, on pain of death,
Molest your march. If more you ask, 'tis granted.

Eum. Still just and brave! thy virtues would adorn

A purer faith! Thou, better than thy sect,
That dar'st decline from that to acts of mercy!
Pardon, Abudah, if thy honest heart
Makes us ev'n wish thee ours.

Abu. Oh, Power Supreme!

That mad'st my heart, and know'st its inmost frame,

If yet I err, oh! lead me into truth,
Or pardon unknown error! Now, Eumenes,
Friends, as we may be, let us part in peace. *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter ARTAMON and EUDOCIA.

Eud. Alas! but is my father safe?

Art. Heaven knows!

I left him just preparing to engage:
When, doubtful of th' event, he bade me haste
To warn his dearest daughter of the danger,
And aid your speedy flight.

Eud. My flight! but whither?

Oh, no! if he is lost—

Art. I hope not so.

The noise is ceas'd. Perhaps, they're beaten off.
We soon shall know; here's one that can inform us.

Re-enter first Officer.

Soldier, thy looks speak well: what says thy tongue?

1 Off. The foe's withdrawn. Abudah has been here,

And has renew'd the terms. Caled is kill'd—

Art. Hold! first, thank heaven for that!

Eud. Where is Eumenes?

1 Off. I left him well; by his command I came
To search you out: and let you know this news.

I've more; but that—

Art. Is'bad, perhaps, so says
This sudden pause. Well, be it so; let's know it;
'Tis but life's chequer'd lot.

1 Off. Eumenes mourns
A friend's unhappy fall: Herbis is slain.

A settled gloom seem'd to hang heavy on him;
Th' effect of grief, 'tis thought, for his lost son.

When on the first attack, like one that sought
The welcome means of death, with desp'rate
valour

He press'd the foe, and met the fate he wish'd.

Art. See where Eumenes comes! What's this?
He seems

To lead some wounded friend. Alas! 'tis—

(They retire.)

Re-enter EUMENES, leading in PHOCYAS, with an arrow in his breast.

Eum. Give me thy wound! Oh! I could bear it
for thee!

This goodness melts my heart. What, in a moment

Forgetting all thy wrongs, in kind embraces
T' exchange forgiveness thus!

Pho. Moments are few,

And must not now be wasted. Oh! Eumenes,
Lend me thy helping hand a little further;

Oh! where, where is she? *(They advance.)*

Eum. Look, look here, Eudocia!

Behold a sight that calls for all our tears!

Eud. Phocyas, and wounded! Oh! what cruel hand—

Pho. No, 'twas a kind one. Spare thy tears,
Eudocia!

For mine are tears of joy.

Eud. Is't possible?

Pho. 'Tis done: the powers supreme have heard
my prayer,

And prosper'd me with some fair deed this day:
I've fought once more, and for my friends, my country.

By me the treach'rous chiefs are slain; awhile
I stopp'd the foe, 'till, warn'd by me before,
Of this their sudden march, Abudah came.
But first this random shaft had reach'd my breast.
Life's mingled scene is o'er! 'tis thus that heaven
At once chastises, and, I hope, accepts me.

Eud. What shall I say to thee, to give thee comfort?

Pho. Say only thou forgiv'st me. Oh! Eudocia,
No longer now my dazzled eyes behold thee
Through passion's mists; my soul now gazes on thee,

And sees thee lovelier in unfading charms!—
Bright as the shining angel host that stood—
Whilst I—but there it smarts.

Eud. Look down, look down,
Ye pitying powers! and help his pious sorrow!

Eum. 'Tis not too late, we hope, to give thee help.

See, yonder is my tent: we'll lead thee thither;
Come, enter there, and let thy wound be dress'd;
Perhaps it is not mortal.

Pho. No! not mortal?

No flatt'ry now. By all my hopes hereafter,
For all the world's empire I'd not lose this death.
Alas! I but keep in my fleeting breath
A few short moments, till I have conjur'd you,
That to the world you witness my remorse
For my past errors, and defend my fame.
For know, soon as this pointed steel's drawn out,
Life follows through the wound.

Eud. What dost thou say?

Oh! touch not yet the broken springs of life!
A thousand tender thoughts rise in my soul:
How shall I give them words? Oh! till this hour
I scarce have tasted woe! this is, indeed,
To part—but, oh!—

Pho. No more! death is now painful.

But say, my friends, whilst I have breath to ask
(For still, methinks, all your concerns are mine,)
Whither have you design'd to bend your journey?

Eum. Constantinople is my last retreat,
If heav'n indulge my wish; there I've resolv'd
To wear out the dark winter of my life,
An old man's stock of days—I hope not many.

Eud. There will I dedicate myself to heaven.
Oh! Phocyas, for thy sake, no rival else
Shall e'er possess my heart. My father, too,
Consents to this my vow. My vital flame
There, like a taper on the holy altar,
Shall waste away; till heav'n, relenting, hears
Incessant prayers for thee and for myself,
And wing my soul to meet with thine in bliss.
For in that thought I find a sudden hope,
As if inspir'd, springs in my breast, and tells me
That my repenting frailty is forgiv'n,
And we shall meet again, to part no more.

Pho. (*Plucks out the arrow.*) Then all is done—
'twas the last pang—at length—

I've given up thee, and the world now is—nothing.
(*Dies.*)

Eum. Oh! Phocyas, Phocyas!
Alas! he hears not now, nor sees my sorrows!
Yet will I mourn for thee, thou gallant youth!
As for a son—so let me call thee now.
A much-wrong'd friend, and an unhappy hero!
A fruitless zeal, yet all I now can shew;
Tears vainly flow for errors learn'd too late,
When timely caution should prevent our fate.
[*Exeunt.*]

CYMON;

A DRAMATIC ROMANCE, IN THREE ACTS.—BY DAVID GARRICK.



Act II.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

MERLIN
CYMON
DORUS

LINCO
DAMON
DORILAS

HYMEN
CUPID
KNIGHTS

SHEPHERDS
URGANDA
SYLVIA

FATIMA
DORCAS
SHEPHERDESSES

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*Urganda's Palace.*

Enter MERLIN and URGANDA.

Urg. But hear me, Merlin; I beseech you, hear me.

Mer. Hear you! I have heard you; for years have heard your vows, your protestations. Have you not allured my affections by every female art? and when I thought that my unalterable passion was to be rewarded for its constancy, what have you done? Why, like mere mortal woman, in the true spirit of frailty, have given up me and my hopes—for what? a boy! an idiot.

Urg. Even this I can bear from Merlin.

Mer. You have injured me, and must bear more.

Urg. I'll repair that injury.

Mer. Then send back your favourite Cymon to his disconsolate friends.

Urg. How can you imagine that such a poor, ignorant object as Cymon is, can have any charms for me?

Mer. Ignorance, no more than profligacy, is excluded from female favour; of this the success of rakes and fools is proof sufficient.

Urg. You mistake me, Merlin; pity for Cymon's state of mind, and friendship for his father, have induced me to endeavour at his cure.

Mer. False, prevaricating Urganda! love was your inducement. Have you not stolen the prince from his royal father, and detained him here by your power, while a hundred knights are in search after him? Does not everything about you prove the consequence of your want of honour and faith to me? You were placed on this happy spot, to be the guardian of its peace and innocence; but now, at last, by your example, the once happy lives of the Arcadians are embittered with envy, passion, vanity, selfishness, and inconstancy: and whom are they to curse for this change? Urganda; the lost Urganda.

Urg. I beseech you, Merlin, spare me.

Mer. Yes; I'll converse with you no more, because I will be no more deceived. I cannot hate you, though I shun you; yet, in my misery, I have this consolation, that the pangs of my jealousy are at least equalled by the torments of your fruitless passion.

Still wish and sigh, and wish again;
Love is dethron'd; revenge shall reign!

Still shall my pow'r your vile arts confound,
And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound.

[*Exit.*

Urg. "And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound!" What mystery is couched in these words? What can he mean?

Enter FATIMA, looking after Merlin.

Fat. I'll tell you, madam, when he is out of hearing. He means mischief, and terrible mischief, too; no less, I believe, than ravishing you, and cutting my tongue out. I wish we were out of his clutches.

Urg. Don't fear, Fatima.

Fat. I can't help it; he has great power, and is mischievously angry.

Urg. Here is your protection. (*Shows her wand.*) My power is at least equal to his. (*Muses.*) "And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound!"

Fat. Don't trouble your head with these odd ends of verses, which were spoken in a passion; or, perhaps, for the rhyme's sake. Think a little to clear us from this old mischief-making conjurer. What will you do, madam?

Urg. What can I do, Fatima?

Fat. You might very easily settle matters with him, if you could as easily settle them with yourself.

Urg. Tell me how?

Fat. Marry Merlin, and send away the young fellow. (*Urganda shakes her head.*) I thought so: but before matters grow worse, give me leave to reason a little with you, madam.

Urg. I am in love, Fatima. (*Sighs.*)

Fat. And poor reason may stay at home: me exactly! Ay, ay, we are all alike; but with this difference, madam, your passion is surely a strange one; you have stolen away this young man, who, bating his youth and figure, has not one circumstance to create affection about him. He is half an idiot, madam, which is no great compliment to your wisdom, your beauty, or your power.

Urg. I despise them all; for they can neither relieve my passion, nor awaken his.

Fat. Cymon is incapable of being touched with anything; nothing gives him pleasure, but twirling his cap, and hunting butterflies: he'll make a sad lover, indeed, madam.

Urg. I can wait with patience for the recovery of his understanding; it begins to dawn already.

Fat. Where, pray?

Urg. In his eyes.

Fat. Eyes! Ha, ha, ha; Love has none, madam; the heart only sees, on these occasions. Cymon was born a fool, and his eyes will never look as you would have them, take my word for it.

Urg. Don't make me despair, Fatima.

Fat. Don't lose your time, then; 'tis the business of beauty to make fools, and not cure them. Even I, poor I, could have made twenty fools of wise men, in half the time that you have been endeavouring to make your fool sensible. Oh! 'tis a sad way of spending one's time.

Urg. Silence, Fatima! my passion is too serious to be jested with.

Fat. Far gone, indeed, madam; and yonder goes the precious object of it.

Urg. He seems melancholy: what's the matter with him?

Fat. He's a fool, or he might make himself very merry among us. I'll leave you to make the most of him. *(Goes.)*

Urg. Stay, Fatima, and help me to divert him.

Fat. A sad time, when a lady must call in help to divert her gallant! but I'm at your service.

Enter CYMON, melancholy.

Cymon. Heigho! *(Sighs.)*

Fat. What's the matter, young gentleman?

Cymon. Heigho!

Urg. Are you not well, Cymon?

Cymon. Yes, I am very well.

Urg. Why do you sigh, then?

Cymon. Eh! *(Looks foolish.)*

Fat. Do you see it in his eyes now, madam?

Urg. Pr'ythee, be quiet. What is it you want? tell me, Cymon; tell me your wishes, and you shall

Cymon. Shall I? [have them.]

Urg. Yes, indeed, Cymon.

Fat. Now for it.

Cymon. I wish—heigho!

Urg. These sighs must mean something. *(Aside to Fatima.)*

Fat. I wish you joy, then; find it out, madam. *(Apart.)*

Urg. What do you sigh for? *(To Cymon.)*

Cymon. I want—*(Sighs.)*

Urg. What, what, my sweet creature? *(Eagerly.)*

Cymon. To go away.

Fat. Oh, la! the meaning's out.

Urg. Where would you go?

Cymon. Anywhere.

Urg. Had you rather go anywhere, than stay with me? [anybody.]

Cymon. I had rather go anywhere than stay with

Urg. Will you love me if I let you go?

Cymon. Anything, if you'll let me go; pray, let me go.

Fat. I'm out of all patience! what the deuce would you have, young gentleman? Had you one grain of understanding, or a spark of sensibility in you, you would know and feel yourself to be the happiest of mortals.

Cymon. I had rather go, for all that.

Fat. The picture of the whole sex! Oh! ma-

dam, fondness will never do: a little coquetry is the thing: I bait my hook with nothing else; and I always catch fish. *(Aside to Urg.)*

Urg. I will shew him my power, and captivate his heart through his senses.

Fat. You'll throw away your powder and shot.

INCANTATION.—URGANDA.

Hither, spirits, that aid me, hither!

Whither stays my love? ah! whither?

Alas! this heart must faithful prove,

Though still he flies Urganda's love.

(Urganda waves her wand, and the scene changes to a magnificent Garden. Cupid and the Loves descend. Ballet by Loves and Zephyrs. During the dance, Cymon stares vacantly, grows inattentive, and at last, falls asleep.)

Urg. Look, Fatima, nothing can affect his insensibility; and yet, what a beautiful simplicity!

Fat. Turn him out among the sheep, madam, and think of him no more; 'tis all labour in vain, as the song says, I assure you.

Urg. Cymon, Cymon! what, are you dead to these entertainments?

Cymon. Dead! I hope not. *(Starts.)*

Urg. How can you be so unmoved?

Cymon. They tired me so, that I wished them a good night, and went to sleep. But where are they?

Urg. They are gone, Cymon.

Cymon. Then let me go too. *(Gets up.)*

Fat. The old story!

Urg. Whither would you go? Tell me, and I'll go with you, my sweet youth.

Cymon. No, I'll go by myself.

Urg. And so you shall; but where?

Cymon. Into the fields.

Urg. But is not this garden pleasanter than the fields, my palace than cottages, and my company more agreeable to you than the shepherds?

Cymon. Why, how can I tell till I try? you won't let me choose.

AIR.—CYMON.

You gave me, last week, a young linnet,

Shut up in a fine golden cage;

Yet how sad the poor thing was within it,

Oh! how it did flutter and rage!

Then he mop'd, and he pin'd,

That his wings were confin'd,

Till I open'd the door of his den;

Then so merry was he,

And because he was free,

He came to his cage back again.

And so should I too, if you would let me go.

Urg. And would you return to me again? [to.]

Cymon. Yes, I would; I've no where else to go.

Fat. Let him have his humour; when he is not confined, and is seemingly disregarded, you may have him, and mould him as you please. 'Tis a receipt for the whole sex.

Urg. I'll follow your advice. *[Exit Fatima.]* Well, Cymon, you shall go wherever you please, and for as long as you please.

Cymon. And shall I let my linnet out, too?

Urg. And take this, Cymon, wear it for my sake, and don't forget me. *(Gives him a nosegay.)* Go, Cymon, take your companion, and be happier than I can make you.

AIR.—URGANDA.

One adieu before you leave me,

One sigh, although that sigh deceive me;

Oh! let me think you true!

Cruel! thus Urganda flying;

Cruel! this fond heart denying;

One sigh, one last adieu.

Though my ardent vows be slighted,

Though my love be unrequited,

Oh! hide it from my view!

Let me feel not I'm forsaken;

Rather let me die mistaken,

Than breathe one last adieu.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A rural Prospect.*

Enter PHÆBE and DAPHNE.

Phæbe. What, to be left and forsaken! and see the false fellow make the same vows to another, almost before my face! I can't bear it, and I won't. Oh! that I had the power of our enchantress yonder.—I would play the devil with them all.

Daph. And yet, to do justice to Sylvia, who makes all this disturbance among you, she does not in the least encourage the shepherds, and she can't help their falling in love with her.

Phæbe. May be so; nor can I help hating and detesting her, because they do fall in love with her.

Linco. (*Singing without.*) "*Care flies from the lad that is merry.*"

Daph. Here comes the merry Linco, who never knew care, or felt sorrow. If you can hear his laughing at your griefs, or singing away his own, you may get some information from him.

Enter LINCO, singing.

Linco. What, my girls of ten thousand! I was this moment defying love and all his mischief, and you are sent in the nick by him, to try my courage; but I'm above temptation, or below it; I duck down, and all his arrows fly over me.

AIR.—LINCO.

*Care flies from the lad that is merry,**Whose heart is as sound**And cheeks are as round,**As round and as red as a cherry.**Phæbe.* What, are you always thus?

Linco. Ay, or heaven help me! What, would you have me do as you do? walking with your arms across, thus—heighoing by the brook-side among the willows. Oh! fie for shame, lasses! young and handsome, and sighing after one fellow a-piece, when you should have a hundred in a drove, following you like—like—you shall have the simile another time.

Daph. No; pr'ythee, Linco, give it us now.

Linco. You shall have it; or what's better, I'll tell you what you are not like—you are not like our shepherdess Sylvia; she's so cold, and so coy, that she flies from her lovers, but is never without a score of them; you are always running after the fellows; and yet are always alone; a very great difference, let me tell you; frost and fire, that's all.

Daph. Don't imagine that I am in the pining condition my poor sister is. I am as happy as she is miserable.

Linco. Good lack! I'm sorry for it.*Daph.* What, sorry that I am happy?*Linco.* Oh! no, prodigious glad.*Phæbe.* That I am miserable?

Linco. No, no; prodigious sorry for that, and prodigious glad of the other.

Phæbe. Pr'ythee, be serious a little.

Linco. No; heaven forbid! If I am serious, 'tis all over with me. I must laugh at something; shall I be merry with you?

Daph. The happy shepherdess can bear to be laughed at. [without a sigh.

Linco. Then Sylvia might take your shepherd*Daph.* My shepherd! what does the fool mean?

Phæbe. Her shepherd! Pray, tell us, Linco. (*Eagerly.*)

Linco. 'Tis no secret, I suppose. I only met her Damon and Sylvia together just now, walking to—

Daph. What, my Damon?

Linco. Your Damon that was, and that would be Sylvia's Damon, if she would put up with him.

Daph. Her Damon! I'll make her to know—a wicked slut! a vile fellow! Come, sister, I'm ready to go with you—we'll be revenged. If our old governor continues to cast a sheep's eye at me, I'll have her turned out of Arcadia, I warrant you; a base, mischievous— [Exit.

Phæbe. This is some comfort, however—ha, ha, ha! in seeing one's sister as miserable as one's self. [Exit.

Linco. Ha, ha, ha! Oh! how the pretty, sweet-tempered creatures are ruffled.

AIR.—LINCO.

*This love puts 'em all in commotion;**For preach what you will,**They cannot be still,**No more than the wind or the ocean.* [Exit.ACT II.—SCENE I.—*A rural Prospect.*

SYLVIA discovered lying upon a bank. Enter MERLIN.

Mer. My art succeeds, which hither has conveyed,

To catch the eye of Cymon, this sweet maid.

Her charms shall clear the mists which cloud his mind,

And make him warm, and sensible, and kind;
Her yet cold heart, with passion's sighs shall move,
Melt as he melts, and give him love for love.

This magic touch shall to these flowers impart

(*Touches a nosegay in her hand.*)

A power when beauty gains, to fix the heart. [Exit.

Enter CYMON, with his bird.

Cymon. Away, prisoner, and make yourself merry. (*Bird flies.*) Ay, ay, I knew how it would be with you; much good may it do you, Bob. What a sweet place this is! Hills and greens, and rocks, and trees, and water, and sun, and birds! Dear me! 'tis just as if I had never seen it before. (*Whistles about till he sees Sylvia; then stops and sinks his whistling by degrees, with a look and attitude of astonishment.*) Oh, la! what's here? 'Tis something dropped from the heavens, sure; and yet, 'tis like a woman, too! Bless me! is it alive? (*Sighs.*) It can't be dead, for its cheek is as red as a rose, and it moves about the heart of it. I don't know what's the matter with me. I wish it would wake, that I might see its eyes. If it should look gentle, and smile upon me, I should be glad to play with it. Ay, ay, there's something now in my breast that they told me of. It feels oddly to me; and yet I don't dislike it.

AIR.—CYMON.

*All amaze!**Wonder, praise!**Here for ever could I gaze!**A little nearer to—**What is't I do?**Fie, for shame! I am possess'd;**Something creeping in my breast**Will not let me stay or go.**Shall I wake it? No, no, no!*

I am glad I came abroad! I have not been so pleased ever since I can remember. But, perhaps, it may be angry with me. I can't help it, if it is. I had rather see her angry with me than Urganda smile upon me. Stay, stay! (*Sylvia stirs.*) La! what a pretty foot it has! (*Retires. Sylvia raises herself from the bank.*)

AIR.—SYLVIA.

*Yet awhile, sweet sleep, deceive me,**Fold me in thy downy arms,**Let not care awake to grieve me,**Lull it with thy potent charms.**I, a turtle, doom'd to stray,**Quitting young the parent's nest,**Find each bird a bird of prey;**Sorrow knows not where to rest.*

(*Sylvia sees Cymon with emotion, while he gazes strongly on her, and retires, pulling off his cap*

Syl. Who's that? (*Speaks gently and confided.*)*Cymon.* 'Tis I. (*Bows and hesitates.*)*Syl.* What's your name?*Cymon.* Cymon.*Syl.* What do you want, young man?*Cymon.* Nothing, young woman.*Syl.* What are you doing there?

Cymon. Looking at you there. What eyes it has! (*Aside.*)

Syl. You don't intend me any harm?

Cymon. Not I, indeed! I wish you don't do me some. Art thou a fairy, pray?

Syl. No; I am a poor harmless shepherdess.

Cymon. I don't know that: you have bewitched me, I believe. I wish you'd speak to me, and look at me, as Urganda does.

Syl. What, the enchantress? Do you belong to her?

Cymon. I had rather belong to you; I would not desire to go abroad, if I did.

Syl. Does Urganda love you?

Cymon. So she says. If I were to stay here always, I should not be called the simple Cymon.

Syl. Nor I the hard-hearted Sylvia.

Cymon. Sylvia, Sylvia! what a sweet name! I could sound it for ever!

Syl. I shall never see you again. I wish I had not seen you now.

Cymon. If you did but wish as I do, all the enchantresses in the world could not hinder us from seeing one another. (*Kneels and kisses her hand.*)

Syl. We shall be seen, and separated for ever. I must go.

Cymon. When shall I see you again? In half an hour?

Syl. Half an hour! that will be too soon. No, no; it must be three quarters of an hour.

Cymon. And where, my sweet Sylvia?

Syl. Anywhere, my sweet Cymon!

Cymon. In the grove, by the river there.

Syl. And you shall take this to remember it. (*Gives him the nosegay enchanted by Merlin.*) I wish it were a kingdom, I would give it you, and a queen along with it.

Cymon. And here is one for you, too; which is of no value to me, unless you will receive it; take it, my sweet Sylvia! (*Gives her Urganda's nosegay.*)

DUETT.—SYLVIA and CYMON.

Syl. Take this nosegay, gentle youth!

Cymon. And you, sweet maid, take mine:

Syl. Unlike these flowers be thy fair truth;

Cymon. Unlike these flowers be thine.

These changing soon,

Will soon decay,

Be sweet till noon,

Then pass away.

Fair, for a time, their transient charms appear;

But truth, unchang'd, shall bloom for ever here.

[*Each pressing their hearts. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Before Urganda's Palace.

Enter URGANDA.

Urg. With what anxiety I watch his return? And how mean is that anxiety for an object so insensible! Oh, love! is it not enough to make thy votaries despicable in others' eyes! Must we also despise ourselves?

Enter FATIMA.

Well, Fatima, is he returned?

Fat. He has no feelings but those of hunger; when that pinches him he'll return to be fed, like other animals.

Urg. Indeed, Fatima, his insensibility and ingratitude astonish and distract me. Yet am I only a greater slave to my weakness, and more incapable of relief.

Fat. Why, then, I may as well hold my tongue; but before I would waste all the prime of my womanhood in playing such a losing game, I would—but I see you don't mind me, madam; and, therefore, I'll say no more. I know the consequence, and must submit.

Urg. What can I do in my situation? But see where Cymon approaches! he seems transported. Look, look, Fatima! he is kissing and embracing my nosegay; it has had the desired effect, and I am happy: we'll be invisible, that I may observe his transports. (*Waves her wand, and retires with Fatima.*)

Enter CYMON, hugging a nosegay.

Cymon. Oh! my dear, sweet, charming nosegay! To see thee, to smell thee, and to taste thee, (*kisses it*) will make Urganda and her garden delightful to me. (*Kisses it.*)

Fat. What does he say? (*Apart.*)

Urg. Hush, hush! all transport, and about me. What a change is this! (*Apart.*)

Cymon. With this I can want for nothing. I possess everything with this. Oh! the dear, dear nosegay! and the dear, dear giver of it!

Urg. The dear, dear giver! Mind that, Fatima! What heavenly eloquence! Here's a change of heart and mind! Heigho! (*Apart.*)

Fat. I'm all amazement! in a dream! But is that your nosegay? (*Apart.*)

Urg. Mine! How can you doubt it? (*Apart.*)

Fat. Nay, I'm near-sighted. (*Apart.*)

Cymon. She has not a beauty that is not brought to mind by these flowers. Oh! I shall lose my wits with pleasure!

Fat. 'Tis pity to lose them the moment you have found them. (*Apart.*)

Urg. Oh! Fatima, I never was proud of my power till this transporting moment! (*Apart.*)

Cymon. Where shall I put it? Where shall I conceal it from everybody! I'll keep it in my bosom, next my heart, all the day; and at night, I will put it upon my pillow, and talk to it, and sigh to it, and swear to it, and sleep by it, and kiss it for ever and ever.

AIR.—CYMON.

What exquisite pleasure!

This sweet treasure,

From me they shall never

Sever.

In thee, in thee,

My charmer I see;

I'll sigh, and caress thee,

I'll kiss thee, and press thee,

Thus, thus, to my bosom for ever and ever.

(*Urganda and Fatima come forward. Cymon puts the nosegay in his bosom, and looks confused and astonished.*)

Urg. Pray, what is that you would kiss and press to your bosom for ever and ever? (*Smiles.*)

Cymon. Nothing but—but—nothing.

Urg. What were you talking to?

Cymon. Myself, to be sure; I had nothing else to talk to.

Urg. Yes, but you have, Cymon. There is something in your bosom, next your heart.

Cymon. Yes, so there is.

Urg. What is it, Cymon? (*Smiles.*)

Fat. Now his modesty is giving way; we shall have it at last. (*Aside.*)

Cymon. Nothing but a nosegay.

Urg. That which I gave you! Let me see it.

Cymon. What, give a thing, and take it away again?

Urg. I would not take it away for the world.

Cymon. Nor would I give it you for a hundred worlds.

Fat. See it, by all means, madam. I have my reasons. (*Aside to Urganda.*)

Urg. I must see it, Cymon; and, therefore, no delay. I will see it, or shut you up for ever.

Cymon. What a stir is here about nothing! Now are you satisfied? (*Holds the nosegay at a distance. Urganda and Fatima look at one another with surprise.*)

Fat. I was right.

Urg. And I am miserable!

Cymon. Have you seen it enough?

Urg. That is not mine, Cymon.

Cymon. No; 'tis mine.

Urg. Who gave it you?

Cymon. A person.

Urg. What person—male or female?

Cymon. La! how can I tell?

Fat. Finely improved, indeed! a genius! (*Aside.*)

Urg. I must dissemble. (*Aside.*) Lookye! Cymon, I did but sport with you; the nosegay was your own, and you had a right to give it away, or throw it away.

Cymon. Indeed, but I did not, I only gave it for this; which, as it is so much finer and sweeter, I thought would not vex you.

Urg. Heigho! (*Aside.*)

Fat. Vex her! Oh! not in the least. But you should not have given away her present to a vulgar creature.

Cymon. How dare you talk to me so? I would have you to know she is neither ugly nor vulgar. No, she is—

Fat. Oh! she! your humble servant, young Simplicity! La! how can you tell whether it is male or female? (*Cymon appears confused.*)

Urg. Don't mind her impertinence, Cymon: I give you leave to follow your own inclinations. I'll have him watched; this office be your's, my faithful Fatima. (*Apart to Fatima*) [*Exit Fatima.*]

Cymon. Then I am happy, indeed.

Urg. Cymon, I would that you could love with constancy like mine; but this you never can.

Cymon. Oh! yes, I can love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Dorcas's Cottage.*

SYLVIA at the door, with Cymon's nosegay in her hand.

Syl. The more I look upon this nosegay, the more I feel Cymon in my heart and mind. Ever since I have seen him, I wander without knowing where, I speak without knowing to whom, and I look without knowing at what. Now I dread to lose him, and now again I think him mine for ever!

AIR.—SYLVIA.

*Oh! why should we sorrow, who never knew sin?
Let smiles of content shew our rapture within:
This love has so rais'd me, I now tread in air!
He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care!
Each shepherdess views me with scorn and disdain;
Each shepherd pursues me, but all is in vain:
No more will I sorrow, no longer despair,
He's sure sent from heaven to lighten my care!*
(*Linco is seen listening.*)

Enter LINCO.

Linco. If you were as wicked, shepherdess, as you are innocent, that voice of your's would corrupt justice herself, unless she were deaf, as well as blind.

Syl. I hope you did not overhear me, Linco?

Linco. Oh! but I did though; and, notwithstanding I come as the deputy of a deputy governor, to bring you before my principal, for some complaints made against you by a certain shepherdess, I will stand your friend, though I lose my place for it: there are not many such friends, shepherdess.

Syl. What have I done to the shepherdesses, that they persecute me so?

Linco. You are much too handsome, which is a crime the best of 'em can't forgive you.

Syl. I'll trust myself with you, and face my enemies. (*As they are going, Dorcas calls from the cottage.*)

Dor. Where are you going, child? Who is that with you, Sylvia?

Linco. Now shall we be stopped by this good old woman, who will know all, and can scarce hear anything.

Dor. I'll see who you have with you.

Enter DORCAS, from the house.

Lin. 'Tis I, dame; your kinsman Linco. (*Speaks loud in her ear.*)

Dor. Oh! is it you, honest Linco? (*Takes his hand.*) Well, what's to do now?

Linco. The governor desires to speak with Sylvia; a friendly inquiry that's all. (*Loud.*)

Dor. For what? for what? Tell me that. I

have nothing to do with his desires, nor she neither. He is grown very inquisitive of late about shepherdesses. Fine doings, indeed! No such doings when I was young. If he wants to examine anybody, why don't he examine me! I'll give him an answer, for him to be as inquisitive as he pleases.

Linco. But I am your kinsman, dame; and you dare trust me, sure. (*Speaks loud in her ear.*)

Dor. Thou art the best of 'em, that I'll say for thee; but the best of you are bad when a young woman is in the case. I have gone through great difficulties myself, I can assure you, in better times than these. Why must not I go too?

Linco. We shall return to you again—before you can get there. (*Loud.*)

Syl. You may trust us, mother: my own innocence, and Linco's goodness, will be guard enough

Dor. Eh! what? [*for me.*]

Linco. She says you may trust me with her innocence. (*Loud.*)

Dor. Well, well, I will then. Thou art a sweet creature, and I love thee better than even I did my own child. (*Kisses Sylvia.*) When thou art fetched away by him that brought thee, 'twill be a woe! day for me. Well, well, go thy ways with Linco. I dare trust thee any where. I'll prepare thy dinner at thy return; and bring my honest kinsman along with you,

Linco. We will be with you before you can make the pot boil.

Dor. Before what?

Linco. We will be with you before you can make the pot boil.

[*Speaks very loud, and goes off with Sylvia.*]

Dor. Heaven shield thee, for the sweetest, best creature that ever blessed old age! What a comfort she is to me! All I have to wish for in this world, is to know who thou art, who brought thee to me, and then to see thee as happy as thou hast made poor Dorcas. What can the governor want with her? I wish I had gone too. I'd have talked to him, and to the purpose. We had no such doings when I was a young woman; they never made such a fuss with me.

AIR.—DORCAS.

*When I were young, though now I'm old,
The men were kind and true;
But now they're grown up so false and bold,
What can a woman do?
Now what can a woman do?
For men are truly
So unruly,
I tremble at seventy-two!*

*When I were fair, though now so so,
No hearts were given to rove;
Our pulses beat nor fast nor slow,
But all was faith and love.
Now what can a woman do?*

For men are truly

So unruly,

I tremble at seventy-two.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Magistrate's House.*

Enter DORUS and DAPHNE.

Dorus. This way, this way, damsel. Now we are alone, I can hear your grievances; and will redress them, that I will. You have my good liking, damsel, and favour follows of course.

Daph. I want words, your honour and worship, to thank you fitly.

Dorus. Smile upon me, damsel; smile and command me. Your hand is whiter than ever, I protest. You must indulge me with a chaste salute. (*Kisses her hand.*)

Daph. La! your honour. (*Courtesies.*)

Dorus. You have charmed me, damsel, and I can deny you nothing. Another chaste salute; 'tis a perfect cordial. (*Kisses her hand.*) Well, what

shall I do with this Sylvia, this stranger, this baggage, that has affronted thee? I'll send her where she shall never vex thee again—an impudent wicked—(*Kisses her hand.*) I'll send her packing this very day; with this hand, this lily hand, has signed her fate. (*Kisses it.*)

Enter LINCO.

Linco. No bribery and corruption, I beg of your honour.

Dorus. You are too bold, *Linco*. Do your duty, and know your distance. Where is this vagrant, this Sylvia?

Linco. In the justice-chamber, waiting for your honour's commands.

Dorus. Why did not you tell me so?

Linco. I thought your honour better engaged, and that it was too much for you to try two female causes at one time.

Dorus. You thought! I won't have you think, but obey. Deputies must not think for their superiors.

Linco. Must not they? What will become of our poor country! (*Going.*)

Dorus. No more impertinence, but bring the culprit hither.

Linco. In the twinkling of your honour's eye.

[*Exit.*]

Daph. I leave my grieves in your worship's hands.

Dorus. You leave 'em in my heart, damsel; they soon shall be changed into pleasures. Wait for me in the next room. Smile, damsel, smile upon me, and edge the sword of justice.

Re-enter LINCO, with SYLVIA.

Daph. Here she comes. See how like an innocent she looks—But I'll begone. I trust in your worship. I hate the sight of her; I could tear her eyes out.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Dorus. (*Gazes at Sylvia.*) Hem, hem! I am told, young woman—hem, hem! that—She does not look so mischievous as I expected. (*Aside, and turning from her.*)

Linco. Bear up, sweet shepherdess! your beauty and innocence will put injustice out of countenance. (*Apart to Sylvia.*)

Syl. The shame of being suspected confounds me, and I can't speak. (*Apart.*)

Dorus. Where is the old woman, Dorcas, they told me of? Did not I order you to bring her before me?

Linco. The good old woman is so deaf, and your reverence a little thick of hearing, I thought the business would be sooner and better done by the young woman.

Dorus. What, at your thinking again! Young shepherdess, I hear—I hear—hem! Her modesty pleases me. (*Aside.*) What is the reason, I say—hem! that—that I hear—She has very fine features. I protest she disarms my anger. (*Aside, and turning from her.*)

Linco. Now is your time; speak to his reverence. (*Apart to Sylvia.*)

Dorus. Don't whisper the prisoner.

Syl. Prisoner! Am I a prisoner, then?

Dorus. No, not absolutely a prisoner; but you are charged, damsel—hem, hem! charged, damsel—I don't know what to say to her. (*Aside.*)

Syl. With what, your honour?

Linco. If he begins to dangle us, we have him sure. (*Aside.*)

Syl. What is my crime?

Linco. A little too handsome, that's all.

Dorus. Hold your peace. Why don't you look up in my face, if you are innocent? (*Sylvia looks at Dorus with great modesty.*) I can't stand it; she has turned my anger, my justice, and my whole scheme, topsy-turvy. (*Aside.*) Reach me a chair, *Linco*.

Linco. One sweet song, Sylvia, before his reverence gives sentence. (*Reaches a chair for Dorus.*)

AIR.—SYLVIA.

From duty if the shepherd stray,

And leave his flocks to feed,

The wolf will seize the harmless prey,

And innocence will bleed. (*Kneels.*)

Dorus. I'll guard thee, and fold thee too, my lambkin; and they sha'n't hurt thee. This is a melting ditty, indeed! Rise, rise, my Sylvia. (*Embraces her.*)

Re-enter DAPHNE. *Dorus and she start at seeing each other.*

Daph. Is your reverence taking leave of her before you drive her out of the country?

Dorus. How now! What presumption is this, to break in upon us so, and interrupt the course of

Daph. May I be permitted— [*justice?*]

Dorus. No, you may not be permitted. I'll come to you presently.

Daph. I knew the wheedling slut would spoil all. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Dorus. I'm glad she's gone. *Linco*, you must send her away; I won't see her now.

Linco. And shall I take Sylvia to prison?

Dorus. No, no, no; to prison! mercy forbid! What a sin should I have committed to please that envious, jealous-pated shepherdess! *Linco*, comfort the damsel. Dry your eyes, Sylvia. I will call upon you myself, and examine Dorcas myself, and protect you myself, and do everything myself. I profess she has bewitched me—I am all agitation. (*Aside.*) I'll call upon you to-morrow, perhaps to-night, perhaps in half-an-hour. Take care of her, *Linco*. She has bewitched me; and I shall lose my wits, if I look on her any longer. Oh! the sweet, lovely, delightful creature!

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Linco. Don't whimper now, my sweet Sylvia. Justice has taken up the sword and scales again, and your rivals shall cry their eyes out. The day's our own, so come along.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Country.

Enter FATIMA.

Fat. Truly, a very pretty mischievous errand I am sent upon. I am to follow this foolish young fellow all about to find out his haunts: not so foolish neither, for he is so much improved of late, we shrewdly suspect that he must have some female to sharpen his intellects; for love, among many other strange things, can make fools of wits, and wits of fools. I saw our young partridge run before me, and take cover hereabouts; I must make no noise, for fear of alarming him; besides, I hate to disturb the poor things in pairing time. (*Looks through the bushes.*)

Enter MERLIN, unperceived.

Mer. I shall spoil your peeping, thou evil counsellor of a faithless mistress. I must torment her a little for her good. (*Aside.*)

Fat. There they are; our fool has made no bad choice. Upon my word, a very pretty couple, and will make my poor lady's heart ache.

Mer. I shall twinge your's a little before we part. (*Aside.*)

Fat. Well said, *Cymon*! upon your knees to her! Now for my pocket-book, that I may exactly describe this rival of ours; she is much too handsome to live long; she will be either burnt alive, thrown to wild beasts, or shut up in the black tower; the greatest mercy she can have will be to let her take her choice. (*Takes out a pocket-book.*)

Mer. May be so; but we will prevent the prophecy if we can. (*Aside.*)

Fat. (*Writes.*) "*She is of a good height, about my size, a fine shape, delicate features, charming hair, heavenly eyes, not unlike my own; with such a sweet smile!*" She must be burnt alive! yes, yes, she must

be burnt alive. (*Merlin taps her upon the shoulder with his wand.*) Who's there? bless me! nobody. I protest it startled me. I must finish my picture. (*Writes, and Merlin waves his wand over her head.*) Now let me see what I have written. Bless me, what's here? all the letters are as red as blood—my eyes fail me! sure I am bewitched. (*Reads and trembles.*) "*Urganda has a shameful passion for Cymon; Cymon a most virtuous one for Sylvia: as for Fatima, wild beasts, the black tower, and burning alive, are too good for her.*" (*Drops the book.*) I have not power to stir a step. I knew what would come of affronting that devil, Merlin. (*Merlin becomes visible to her.*)

Mer. True, Fatima, and I am here at your call.
Fat. Oh, most magnanimous Merlin! don't set your wit to a poor, foolish, weak woman.

Mer. Why then will a foolish weak woman set her wit to me? but we will be better friends for the future. Mark me, Fatima—(*Holds up his wand.*)

Fat. No conjuration, I beseech your worship, and you shall do anything with me.

Mer. I want nothing of you but to hold your tongue.

Fat. Will nothing else content your fury?

Mer. Silence, babbler!

Fat. (*Finds great difficulty in speaking at first.*) I am your own for ever, most merciful Merlin! I am your own for ever. Oh! my poor tongue, I thought I never should have wagged thee again. What a dreadful thing it would be to be dumb.

Mer. You see it is not in the power of Urganda to protect you, or to injure Cymon and Sylvia. I will be their protector against all her arts, though she has leagued herself with the demons of revenge; we have no power but what results from our virtue.

Fat. I had rather lose anything than my speech.

Mer. As you profess yourself my friend (for, with all my art, I cannot see into a woman's mind,) I will shew my gratitude, and my power, by giving your tongue an additional accomplishment.

Fat. What, shall I talk more than ever?

Mer. (*Smiles.*) That would be no accomplishment, Fatima: no, I mean that you should talk less. When you return to Urganda, she will be very inquisitive, and you very ready to tell her all you know.

Fat. And may I, without offence to your worship?

Mer. Silence, and mark me well—observe me truly and punctually. Every answer you give to Urganda's questions must be confined to two words, yes and no. I have done you a great favour, and you don't perceive it.

Fat. Not very clearly indeed. (*Aside.*)

Mer. Beware of encroaching a single monosyllable upon my injunction; the moment another word escapes you, you are dumb for ever.

Fat. Heaven preserve me! what will become of me?

Mer. Remember what I say; as you obey or neglect me, you will be punished or rewarded. Farewell. (*Bows.*) Remember me, Fatima. [*Exit.*]

Fat. What a polite devil it is; and what a woe!ful plight am I in! this confining my tongue to two words is much worse than being quite dumb; I had rather be stinted in anything than in my speech. Heigho! there never sure was a tax upon the tongue before. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter CYMON.

Cymon. Shall I rejoice or grieve at the change my heart feels? thou hast given me eyes, ears, and understanding; and till they forsake me, I must be Sylvia's. Are the new pains, or the strange delights that agitate me, the greater? Oh! love, it is thy work.

Enter SYLVIA.

She is here; but pensive! Oh! my Sylvia, why this

drooping mien? Has not Merlin discovered all that was unknown to us? Has he not promised us his protection? What can Sylvia want, when Cymon is completely blessed?

Syl. Thy wishes are fulfilled then; take my hand, and with it a heart which, till you had touched, never knew, nor could even imagine, what was love.

Cymon. Transporting maid! (*Kisses her hand.*)

AIR.—SYLVIA.

*This cold flinty heart it is you who have warm'd;
You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd;
In vain against merit and Cymon I strove;
What's life without passion—sweet passion of love?*

*The spring should be warm, the young season be gay,
Her birds and her flowrets make blithsome sweet*

May;

*Love blesses the cottage, and sings through the grove,
What's life without passion—sweet passion of love?*

Cymon. Thus then I seize my treasure, will protect it with my life, and will never resign it but to heaven, who gave it to me. (*Embraces her.*)

Enter DAMON and DORILAS on one side, and DORUS and his followers on the other, who start at seeing CYMON and SYLVIA.

Damon. Here they are!

Syl. Ha! bless me! (*Starts.*)

Dorus. Fine doings, indeed! (*Cymon and Sylvia stand amazed and ashamed.*)

Doril. Your humble servant, modest madam Sylvia!

Damon. You are much improved by your new tutor. But I'll send her and her tutor where they shall learn better. I am confounded at their assurance! Why don't you speak, culprits?

Cymon. We may be ashamed without guilt; ashamed for those who have watched and surprised us. [*Don't varlet!*]

Dorus. Did you ever hear or see such an impudent Damon. Shall we seize them, your worship, and drag 'em to Urganda?

Dorus. Let me first speak with that damsel. (*As he approaches, Cymon puts her behind him.*)

Cymon. That damsel is not to be spoken with.

Dorus. Here's impudence in perfection! Do you know who I am, stripling?

Cymon. I know you to be one stationed by the laws to cherish innocence; but having passions that disgrace both your age and place, you neither observe the one, nor protect the other.

Dorus. I am astonished! What, are you the foolish young fellow I have heard so much of?

Cymon. As sure as you are the wicked old fellow I have heard so much of.

Dorus. Seize them both this instant.

Cymon. That is sooner said than done, governor. (*As they approach on both sides to separate them, he snatches a staff from one of the Shepherds, and beats them back.*)

Dorus. Fall on him, but don't kill him; for I must make an example of him.

Cymon. In this cause I am myself an army; see how the wretches stare, and cannot stir.

AIR.—CYMON.

Come on, come on,

A thousand to one;

I dare you to come on.

Though unpractis'd and young,

Love has made me stout and strong,

Has given me a charm,

Will not suffer me to fall;

Has steel'd my heart, and nerv'd my arm,

To guard my precious all. (*Looks at SYLVIA.*)

Come on, come on, &c.

(*Cymon drives off the party of Shepherds on one side, Dorus and his party surround SYLVIA.*)

Dorus. Away with her, away with her!
Syl. Protect me, Merlin! Cymon! Cymon!
 where art thou, Cymon?

Dorus. Your fool Cymon is too fond of fighting
 to mind his mistress; away with her to Urganda,
 away with her. (*They hurry her off.*)

*Enter Shepherds, running across, disordered and
 beaten by Cymon.*

Damon. 'Tis the devil of a fellow! how he has
 laid about him! [*Looking back. Exit.*]

Doril. There is no way but this to avoid him.
 [*Exit.*]

Re-enter CYMON, in confusion and out of breath.

Cymon. I have conquered, my Sylvia! Where
 art thou? my life, my love, my valour, my all?
 What, gone? torn from me? then I am conquered,
 indeed! (*He runs off, and returns several times
 during the symphony of the following song.*)

AIR.—CYMON.

*Torn from me, torn from me: which way did they
 take her?*

To death they shall bear me,

To pieces shall tear me,

Before I'll forsake her!

Though fast bound in a spell,

By Urganda and hell,

I'll burst through their charms,

Seize my fair in my arms;

Then my valour shall prove,

No magic like virtue, like virtue and love!

SCENE III.—A Palace.

Enter URGANDA and FATIMA.

Urg. Yes! No! Forbear this mockery. What
 can it mean? I will not bear this trifling with my
 passion! Why don't you speak? (*Fatima shakes
 her head.*) Won't you speak!

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Go on then.

Fat. No.

Urg. Will you say nothing but no?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Distracting, treacherous Fatima! Have
 you seen my rival?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Thanks, dear Fatima! Well, now go on.

Fat. No. [*her?*]

Urg. This is not to be borne. Was Cymon with

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Are they in love with each other?

Fat. Yes. (*Sighs.*)

Urg. Where did you see my rival? (*Fatima
 shakes her head.*) Are you afraid of anybody?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Are you not afraid of me too?

Fat. No. [*that.*]

Urg. Insolence! Is my rival handsome? tell me

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Very handsome?

Fat. Yes, yes.

Urg. How handsome? handsomer than I, or
 you?

Fat. Yes—No—(*Hesitating.*)

Urg. I shall go distracted! Leave me.

Fat. Yes. [*Courtesies, and exit.*]

Urg. She has a spell upon her, or she could not
 do thus. Merlin's power has prevailed—he has
 enchanted her, and my love and my revenge are
 equally disappointed. This is the completion of
 my misery! Bravura, Urganda! Despair and shame
 confound me.

Enter DORUS.

Dorus. May I presume to intrude upon my sove-
 reign's contemplations?

Urg. Dare not to approach my misery, or thou
 shalt share it.

Dorus. I am gone; and Sylvia shall go too.
 (*Going.*)

Urg. Sylvia, said you? where is she? where is
 she? Speak, speak; and give me life or death.

Dorus. She is without, and attends your mighty
 will.

Urg. Then I am a queen again! Forgive me,
Dorus. I knew not what I said; but now I am
 raised again! Sylvia is safe?

Dorus. Yes, and I am safe too; which is no
 small comfort to me, considering where I have
 been.

Urg. And Cymon—has he escaped?

Dorus. Yes, he has escaped from us; and, what
 is better, we have escaped from him.

Urg. Where is he?

Dorus. Breaking the bones of every shepherd he
 meets.

Urg. Well, no matter; I am in possession of the
 present object of my passion, and I will indulge it
 to the height of luxury. Let 'em prepare my vic-
 tim instantly for death.

Dorus. For death! Is not that going too far?

Urg. Nothing is too far; she makes me suffer
 ten thousand deaths, and nothing but hers can ap-
 pease me. (*Dorus going.*) Stay, *Dorus*—I have a
 richer revenge: she shall be shut up in the black
 tower till her beauties are destroyed, and then I
 will present her to this ungrateful Cymon. Let
 her be brought before me, and I will feast my eyes,
 and ease my heart, with this devoted Sylvia. No
 reply; but obey.

Dorus. It is done. This is going too far. (*Aside.*)
 [*Exit, shrugging up his shoulders.*]

Re-enter DORUS, with SYLVIA.

Urg. Are you the wretch, the unhappy maid,
 who has dared to be the rival of Urganda?

Syl. I am the happy maid who possess the affec-
 tions of Cymon.

Urg. Thou vain rash creature! I will make thee
 fear my power, and hope for my mercy. (*Waves
 her wand, and the Scene changes to the Black Rocks.*)

Syl. I am still unmoved. (*Smiles.*)

Urg. Thou art on the very brink of perdition,
 and in a moment will be closed in a tower, where
 thou shalt never see Cymon, or any human being
 more.

Syl. While I have Cymon in my heart, I bear a
 charm about me, to scorn your power, or, what is
 more, your cruelty. (*Music. Urganda waves her
 wand, and the Black Tower appears.*)

Urg. Open the gates, and enclose her insolence
 for ever.

*Furies enter, who seize Sylvia, and put her in the
 Tower.*

Now let Merlin release you if he can. (*It thunders;
 the Tower sinks, and Merlin appears in the place
 where the Tower sunk. All shriek, and run off, ex-
 cept Urganda, who is struck with terror.*)

Mer. "Still shall my power your arts confound,
 And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound."
 (*Urganda waves her wand.*)

Wretched Urganda! your power is gone.

Urg. In vain I wave this wand, I feel my power
 is gone. Thus I destroy the small remains of my
 sovereignty.

*Forgive my errors, and forget my name;
 Oh! drive me hence with penitence and shame;
 From Merlin, Cymon, Sylvia, let me fly,
 Beholding them, my shame can never die.* [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A splendid Amphitheatre.

A grand entrée of the Knights of different Orders of
 Chivalry.

CHORUS.

*Happy Arcadia still shall be,
 Ever happy, while virtuous and free.* [*Exeunt.*]

BON TON;

OR, HIGH LIFE ABOVE STAIRS:

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY DAVID GARRICK.



Act II.—Scene 2,

CHARACTERS.

LORD MINIKIN
SIR JOHN TROTLEY
COLONEL TIVY

JESSAMY
DAVY
MIGNON

LADY MINIKIN
MISS TITTUP
GYMP

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Apartment at Lord Minikin's.

Enter LADY MINIKIN and MISS TITTUP.

Lady M. It is not, my dear, that I have the least regard for my lord; I had no love for him before I married him, and you know, matrimony is no breeder of affection; but it hurts my pride, that he should neglect me, and run after other women.

Miss T. But pray, have you made any new discoveries of my lord's gallantry?

Lady M. New discoveries! why, I saw him myself yesterday morning in a hackney-coach, with a minx in a pink cardinal; you shall absolutely burn your's, Tittup, for I shall never bear to see one of that colour again.

Miss T. Sure she does not suspect me. (*Aside.*) And where was your ladyship, pray, when you saw him?

Lady M. Taking the air with Colonel Tivy in his carriage. *Miss T.* But, my dear Lady Minikin, how can you be so angry that my lord was hurting your pride, as you call it, in the hackney-coach, when you had him so much in your power, in the Colonel's carriage?

Lady M. What, with my lord's friend, and my friend's lover! (*Takes her by the hand.*) Oh, fie, Tittup!

Miss T. Pooh, pooh! love and friendship are very fine names, to be sure, but they are mere visiting acquaintances: we know their names, indeed; talk of 'em sometimes, and let 'em knock at our doors; but we never let 'em in, you know.

Lady M. I vow, Tittup, you are extremely polite.

Miss T. I am extremely indifferent in these affairs, thanks to my education. We must marry, you know, because other people of fashion marry; but I should think very meanly of myself, if after I were married, I should feel the least concern at all about my husband.

Lady M. I hate to praise myself, and yet I may with truth aver, that no woman of quality ever had, can have, or will have, so consummate a contempt for her lord, as I have for my most honourable and puissant Earl of Minikin, Viscount Perriwinkle, and Baron Titmouse. Ha, ha, ha!

Miss T. But, is it not strange, Lady Minikin, that merely his being your husband should create such indifference! for certainly, in every other eye, his lordship has great accomplishments.

Lady M. Accomplishments! thy head is certainly turned: if you know any of 'em, pray let's have 'em; they are a novelty, and will amuse me.

Miss T. Imprimis, he is a man of quality.

Lady M. Which, to be sure, includes all the cardinal virtues. Poor girl! go on!

Miss T. He is a very handsome man.

Lady M. He has a very bad constitution.

Miss T. He has wit.

Lady M. He is a lord, and a little goes a great way. [*way.*]

Miss T. He has great good nature.

Lady M. No wonder—he's a fool.

Miss T. And then his fortune, you'll allow—

Lady M. Was a great one—but he games, and, if fairly, he's undone; if not, he deserves to be hanged; and so, exit my Lord Minikin. And now, let your wise uncle, and my good cousin Sir John Trotley, Baronet, enter; where is he, pray?

Miss T. In his own room, I suppose, reading pamphlets and newspapers against the enormities of the times; if he stays here a week longer, notwithstanding my expectations from him, I shall certainly affront him.

Lady M. I am a great favourite; but it is impossible much longer to act up to his very righteous idea of things. Is it not pleasant to hear him abuse everybody, and everything, and yet always finishing with a "You'll excuse me, cousin!" Ha, ha, ha!

Miss T. What do you think the Goth said to me yesterday? One of the knots of his tie hanging down his left shoulder, and his fringed cravat nicely twisted down his breast, and thrust through his gold button-hole, which looked exactly like my little Barbet's head in his gold collar:—"Niece Tittup," cries he, drawing himself up, "I protest against this manner of conducting yourself both at home and abroad."—"What are your objections, Sir John?" answered I, a little pertly.—"Various and manifold," replied he; "I have no time to enumerate particulars now, but I will venture to prophecy, if you keep whirling round the vortex of pantheons, operas, festinos, coteries, masquerades, and all the devildades in this town, your head will be giddy, down you will fall, lose the name of Lucretia, and be called nothing but Tittup ever after. You'll excuse me, cousin!" and so he left me.

Lady M. Oh, the barbarian!

Enter GYMP.

Gymp. A card, your ladyship, from Mrs. Pewitt.

Lady M. Poor Pewitt! If she can but be seen at public places, with a woman of quality, she's the happiest of plebeians. (*Reads the card.*)—"Mrs. Pewitt's respects to Lady Minikin, and Miss Tittup; hopes to have the pleasure of attending them to Lady Filigree's ball this evening. Lady Daisey sees masks." We'll certainly attend her. *Gymp.* put some message-cards upon my toilet, I'll send her an answer immediately; and tell one of my footmen, that he must make some visits for me to-day, again, and send me a list of those he made yesterday: he must be sure to call at Lady Pettitoes, and if she should unluckily be at home, he must say that he came to inquire after her sprained ankle.

[*Exit Gymp.*]

Miss T. Ay, ay, give our compliments to her sprained ankle.

Lady M. That woman's so fat, she'll never get well of it; and I am resolved not to call at her door myself, till I am sure of not finding her at home. I am horribly low spirited to-day. Do send your Colonel to play at chess with me: since he belonged to you, Titty, I have taken a kind of liking to him; I like everything that loves my Titty.

Miss T. I know you do, my dear lady.

Lady M. That sneer I don't like; if she suspects, I shall hate her. (*Aside.*) Well, dear Titty, I'll go and write my cards, and dress for the masquerade, and if that won't raise my spirits, you must assist me to plague my lord a little. [*Exit.*]

Miss T. Yes, and I'll plague my lady a little, or I am much mistaken. My lord shall know every tittle that has passed. What a poor, blind, half-witted, self-conceited creature this dear friend and relation of mine is! and what a fine, spirited, gallant soldier my Colonel is! My Lady Minikin likes him, he likes my fortune; my lord likes me, and I like my lord; however, not so much as he imagines, or to play the fool so rashly as he may expect. What a great revolution in this family, in the space of fifteen months! We went out of England, a very awkward, regular, good English family; but half-a-year in France, and a winter passed in the warmer climate of Italy, have ripened our minds to every refinement of ease, dissipation, and pleasure.

Enter COLONEL TIVY.

Col. T. May I hope, madam, that your humble servant had some share in your last reverie?

Miss T. How is it possible to have the least knowledge of Colonel Tivy, and not make him the principal object of one's reflections?

Col. T. That man must have very little feeling and taste, who is not proud of a place in the thoughts of the finest woman in Europe.

Miss T. Oh fie, Colonel!

Col. T. By my honour, madam, I mean what I

Miss T. By your honour, Colonel! why will you pass off your counters to me? Don't I know that you fine gentlemen regard no honour but that which is given at the gaming table? and which indeed ought to be the only honour you should make free with.

Col. T. How can you, miss, treat me so cruelly? Have I not absolutely foresworn dice, mistress, everything, since I dared to offer myself to you?

Miss T. Yes, Colonel: and when I dare to receive you, you may return to everything again, and not violate the laws of the present happy matrimonial establishment.

Col. T. Give me but your consent, madam, and your life to come—

Miss T. Do you get my consent, Colonel, and I'll take care of my life to come.

Col. T. How shall I get your consent?

Miss T. By getting me in the humour.

Col. T. But how to get you in the humour?

Miss T. Oh! there are several ways; I am very good-natured.

Col. T. Are you in the humour now?

Miss T. Try me.

Col. T. How shall I?

Miss T. How shall I?—you a soldier, and not know the art military? How shall I?—I'll tell you how: when you have a subtle, treacherous, polite enemy to deal with, never stand shilly-shally, and lose your time in treaties and parlies, but cock your hat, draw your sword; march, beat drum,—dub, dub, a-dub—present, fire, puff puff,—'tis done! they fly, they yield—Victoria! Victoria! (*Running off.*)

Col. T. Stay, stay, my dear, dear angel! (*Bringing her back.*)

Miss T. No, no, no; I have no time to be killed now: besides, Lady Minikin is in the vapours, and wants you at chess, and my lord is low-spirited, and wants me at picquet; my uncle is in an ill-humour, and wants me to discard you, and go with him into the country.

Col. T. And will you, miss?

Miss T. Will I!—no, I never do as I am bid: but you ought; so go to my lady.

Col. T. Nay, but, miss—

Miss T. Nay, but, Colonel, if you won't obey your commanding officer, you should be broke, and then my maid won't accept of you; so march, Colonel!—lookye, sir! I will command before marriage, and do what I please afterwards, or I have been well educated to very little purpose. [*Exit.*]

Col. T. What a mad devil it is! Now, if I had the least affection for the girl, I should be d—ly vexed at this! But she has a fine fortune, and I must have her if I can. Toi, lol, lol, &c. [*Exit.*]

Enter SIR JOHN TROTLEY and DAVY.

Sir J. Hold your tongue, Davy; you talk like a fool.

Davy. It is a fine place, your honour, and I would live here for ever.

Sir J. More shame for you. Live here for ever! What, among thieves and pickpockets? What a revolution since my time! the more I see, the more I've cause for lamentation! what a dreadful change has time brought about in twenty years! I should not have known the place again, nor the

people. All the signs, that made so noble an appearance, are all taken down; not a bob or a tie-wig to be seen; all the degrees, from the Parade in St. James's Park, to the stool and brush at the corner of every street, have their hair tied up—and that's the reason so many heads are tied up every month.

Davy. I shall have my head tied up to-morrow; Mr. Wisp will do it for me; your honour and I look like Philistines among them.

Sir J. And I shall break your head if it is tied up; I hate innovations; all confusion, and no distinction! The streets now are as smooth as a turn-pike-road! no rattling and exercise in the hackney-coaches; those who ride in them are all fast asleep; and they have strings in their hands, that the coachman must pull to wake them when they are to be set down: what luxury and abomination!

Davy. Is it so, your honour; 'eckins, I like it hugely.

Sir J. But you must hate and detest London.

Davy. How can I manage that, your honour, when there is everything to delight my eye, and cherish my heart?

Sir J. 'Tis all deceit and delusion.

Davy. Such crowding, coaching, carting, and squeezing; such a power of fine sights: fine shops full of fine things; and then such fine illuminations all of a row! and such fine dainty ladies in the streets, so civil and so graceless: they talk of country girls; these here look more healthy and rosy by half.

Sir J. Sirrah! they are prostitutes: and are civil to delude and destroy you.

Davy. Bless us, bless us! How does your honour know all this? Were they as bad in your time?

Sir J. Not by half, Davy: in my time, there was a sort of decency in the worst of women; but the harlots now watch like tigers for their prey; and drag you to their dens of infamy.—See, Davy, how they have torn my neckcloth. (*Shows his neckcloth.*)

Davy. If you had gone civilly, your honour, they would not have hurt you.

Sir J. Well, we'll get away as fast as we can.

Davy. Not this month, I hope; for I have not had half my bellyful yet.

Sir J. I'll knock you down, Davy, if you grow profligate; you shan't go out again to night, and to-morrow keep in my room, and stay till I can look over my things, and see they don't cheat you.

Davy. Your honour then won't keep your word with me?

Sir J. Why, what did I promise you?

Davy. That I should take sixpen'oth at one of the theatres to-night, and a shilling place at the other to-morrow.

Sir J. Well, well, so I did. [*piece, Davy?*]

Davy. Oh! yes, and written by a clergyman; it is called the "Rival Cannanites; or the Tragedy of Braggadocia."

Sir J. Be a good lad, and I won't be worse than my word; there's money for you. (*Gives him money.*) But come straight home, for I shall want to go to bed.

Davy. To be sure, your honour—as I am to go so soon, I'll make a night of it. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Sir J. This fellow would turn rake and maccaroni if he were to stay here a week longer. Bless me, what dangers are in this town at every step! My niece, Lucretia, is so be-fashioned and be-devilled, that nothing, I fear, can save her; however, to ease my conscience, I must try; but what can be expected from the young women of these times, but sallow looks, wild schemes, saucy words, and loose morals! They lie a-bed all day, sit up all night; if they are silent, they are gaming, and if they talk, 'tis either scandal or infidelity; and that they may look what they are, their heads are

all feather, and round their necks are twisted ratle-snake tippets. *O tempora, O mores!* [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Lord Minikin's Dressing-room.

LORD MINIKIN discovered in his dressing-gown, with JESSAMY and MIGNON.

Lord M. Pr'ythee, Mignon, don't plague me any more; dost think that a nobleman's head has nothing to do but be tortured all day under thy infernal fingers? Give me my clothes.

Mignon. Ven you lose your money, my lor, you no goot humour; the devil may dress your cheveu for me! [*Exit.*]

Lord M. That fellow's an impudent rascal; but he's a genius, so I must bear with him. Oh, my head!—a chair, Jessamy! I must absolutely change my wine-merchant; I can't taste his champagne without disordering myself for a week. Heigho!

Enter MISS TITTUP.

Miss T. What makes you sigh, my lord?

Lord M. Because you were so near me, child.

Miss T. Indeed! I should rather have thought my lady had been with you. By your looks, my lord, I am afraid Fortune jilted you last night.

Lord M. No, faith; our champagne was not good yesterday, and I am vapoured like our English November; but one glance of my Tittup can dispel vapours like—like—

Miss T. Like something very fine, to be sure; but pray keep your smile for the next time, and barkye! a little prudence will not be amiss; Mr. Jessamy will think you mad, and me worse. (*Half aside.*)

Jes. Oh! pray don't mind me, madam.

Lord M. Gadso! Jessamy, look out my domino, and I'll ring the bell when I want you.

Jes. I shall, my lord. Miss thinks that everybody is blind in the house but herself.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Miss T. Upon my word, my lord, you must be a little more prudent, or we shall become the town-talk.

Lord M. And so I will, my dear; and therefore, to prevent surprise, I'll lock the door.

Miss T. What do you mean, my lord?

Lord M. Prudence, child, prudence; I keep all my jewels under lock and key.

Miss T. You are not in possession yet, my lord. I cannot stay two minutes; I only came to tell you that Lady Minikin saw us yesterday, in the hackney-coach: she did not know me, I believe; she pretends to be greatly uneasy at your neglect of her; she certainly has some mischief in her head.

Lord M. No intentions, I hope, of being fond of me!

Miss T. No, no, make yourself easy; she hates you most unalterably.

Lord M. You have given me spirits again.

Miss T. Her pride is alarmed, that you should prefer any of the sex to her.

Lord M. Her pride, then, has been alarmed ever since I had the honour of knowing her.

Miss T. But, dear my lord, let us be merry and wise; should she ever be convinced that we have a *tendre* for each other, she certainly would proclaim it, and then—

Lord M. We should be envied, and she would be laughed at, my sweet cousin.

Miss T. Nay, I would have her mortified too; for though I love her ladyship sincerely, I cannot say but I love a little mischief as sincerely; but, then, if my uncle Trotley should know of our affairs, he is so old-fashioned, prudish, and out-of-the-way, he would either strike me out of his will, or insist upon my quitting the house.

Lord M. My good cousin is a queer mortal, that's certain; I wish we could get him handsomely into the country again. He has a fine fortune to leave behind him.

Miss T. But then he lives so regularly, and never makes use of a physician, that he may live these twenty years.

Lord M. What can we do with the barbarian?

Miss T. I don't know what's the matter with me, but I am really in fear of him; I suppose, reading his formal books when I was in the country with him, and going so constantly to church, with my elbows stuck to my hips, and my toes turned in, have given me these foolish prejudices.

Lord M. Then you must affront him, or you'll never get the better of him.

Sir J. (*Knocking without.*) My lord, my lord, are you busy? [uncle!]

Miss T. Heavens! 'tis that detestable brute, my lord!

Lord M. That horrid dog, my cousin!

Miss T. What shall we do, my lord?

Sir J. Nay, my lord, my lord, I heard you; pray let me speak with you.

Lord M. Oh! Sir John, is it you? I beg your pardon, I'll put up my papers, and open the door.

Miss T. Stay, stay, my lord; I would not meet him now for the world; if he sees me here alone with you, he'll rave like a madman: put me up the chimney; any where.

Lord M. (*Aloud.*) I'm coming, Sir John! Here, here! get behind my great chair; he sha'n't see you, and you may see all; I'll be short and pleasant with him. (*Puts her behind the chair, and opens the door.*)

Enter SIR JOHN.—(*During this scene Lord Mimkin turns the chair, as Sir John moves, to conceal Miss T.*)

Sir J. You'll excuse me, my lord, that I have broken in upon you: I heard you talking pretty loud. What have you nobody with you? what were you about, cousin? (*Looking about.*)

Lord M. A particular affair, Sir John: I always lock myself up to study my speeches, and speak them aloud for the sake of the tone and action.

Sir J. (*Sits down.*) Ay, ay, 'tis the best way. I am sorry I disturbed you; you'll excuse me, cousin!

Lord M. I am rather obliged to you, Sir John; intense application to these things ruins my health; but one must do it for the sake of the nation.

Sir J. May be so: I hope the nation will be the better for't—you'll excuse me!

Lord M. Excuse me, Sir John: I love your frankness. But why won't you be franker still? we have always something for dinner, and you will never dine at home.

Sir J. You must know, my lord, that I love to know what I eat;—I hate to travel, where I don't know my way: and since you have brought in foreign fashions and figaries, everything and everybody are in masquerade: your men and manners, too, are as much frittered and fricasied, as your beef and mutton; I love a plain dish, my lord. But to the point; I came, my lord, to open my mind to you about my niece Tittup; shall I do it freely?

Lord M. The freer the better; Tittup's a fine girl, cousin, and deserves all the kindness you can shew her. (*Lord M. and Miss T. make signs at each other.*)

Sir J. She must deserve it, though, before she shall have it; and I would have her begin with lengthening her petticoats, covering her shoulders, and wearing a cap upon her head.

Lord M. Don't you think a taper leg, falling shoulders, and fine hair, delightful objects, Sir John?

Sir J. And therefore ought to be concealed; 'tis their interest to conceal them; when you take from the men the pleasure of imagination, there will be a scarcity of husbands; and then taper legs, falling shoulders, and fine hair, may be had for nothing.

Lord M. Well said, Sir John. Ha, ha!—your niece shall wear a horseman's coat and jack-boots to please you. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir J. You may sneer, my lord; but for all that; I think my niece in a bad way; she must leave me and the country, forsooth, to travel and see good company and fashions; I have seen them too, and wish from my heart that she is not much the worse for the journey—you'll excuse me.

Lord M. But why in a passion, Sir John? Don't you think that my lady and I shall be able and willing to put her into the road?

Sir J. Zounds! my lord, you are out of it yourself. This comes of your travelling; all the town know how you and my lady live together; and I must tell you—you'll excuse me,—that my niece suffers by the bargain; prudence, my lord, is a very fine thing.

Lord M. So is a long neckcloth nicely twisted into a button-hole; but I don't choose to wear one—you'll excuse me!

Sir J. I wish that he who first changed long neckcloths for such things as you wear, had the wearing of a twisted neckcloth that I would give him. (*Rises.*)

Lord M. Pr'ythee, baronet, don't be so horribly out-of-the-way; prudence is a very vulgar virtue, and so incompatible with our present ease and refinement, that a prudent man of fashion is now as great a miracle as a pale woman of quality; we got rid of our *mauvais honte*, at the same time that we imported our neighbour's rouge and their morals.

Sir J. Did you ever hear the like! I am not surprised, my lord, that you think so lightly, and talk so vainly, who are so polite a husband: your lady, my cousin, is a fine woman, and brought you a fine fortune, and deserves better usage.

Lord M. Will you have her, Sir John? she is much at your service.

Sir J. Profligate! What did you marry her for, my lord?

Lord M. Convenience. Marriage is not, now-a-days, an affair of inclination, but convenience; and they who marry for love, and such old-fashioned stuff, are to me as ridiculous as those that advertise for an agreeable companion in a post-chaise.

Sir J. I have done, my lord; Miss Tittup shall either return with me into the country, or not a penny shall she have from Sir John Trotley, Baronet. (*Whistles and walks about.*) Pray, my lord, what husband is this you have provided for her?

Lord M. A friend of mine; a man of wit, and a fine gentleman.

Sir J. May be so, and yet make a d—d bad husband for all that. You'll excuse me! What estate has he, pray?

Lord M. He's a colonel; his elder brother, Sir Tan Tivy, will certainly break his neck, and then my friend will be a happy man.

Sir J. Here's morals! a happy man when his brother has broken his neck! A happy man! Mercy on me!

Lord M. Why, he'll have six thousand a year, Sir John—

Sir J. I don't care what he'll have, nor I don't care what he is, nor who my niece marries; she is a fine lady, and let her have a fine gentleman; I sha'n't hinder her. I'll away into the country to-morrow, and leave you to your fine doings; I have no relish for them, not I; I can't live among you, nor game with you; I hate cards and dice; I will neither rob nor be robbed; I am contented with what I have, and am very happy, my lord, though my brother has not broken his neck—you'll excuse me! [*Exit.*]

Lord M. Ha, ha, ha! Come, fox, come out of your hole! Ha, ha, ha!

Miss T. Indeed, my lord, you have undone me;

not a foot shall I have of Trotley Manor, that's positive! But no matter, there's no danger of his breaking his neck, so I'll e'en make myself happy with what I have, and behave to him for the future, as if he were a poor relation.

Lord M. (Kneeling and kissing her hand.) I must kneel and adore you for your spirit, my sweet, heavenly Lucretia!

Re-enter SIR JOHN.

Sir J. (Starts.) One thing I had forgot—

Miss T. Ha! he's here again!

Sir J. Why, what the devil!—Heigho! my niece Lucretia, and my virtuous lord, studying speeches for the good of the nation. Yes, yes, you have been making fine speeches, indeed, my lord; and your arguments have prevailed, I see. I beg your pardon, I did not mean to interrupt your studies—you'll excuse me, my lord!

Lord M. (Smiling and mocking him.) You'll excuse me, Sir John!

Sir J. Oh! yes, my lord; but I'm afraid the devil won't excuse you at the proper time. Miss Lucretia, how do you, child? You are to be married soon: I wish the gentleman joy, Miss Lucretia; he is a happy man to be sure, and will want nothing but the breaking of his brother's neck to be completely so.

Miss T. Upon my word, uncle, you are always putting bad constructions upon things; my lord has been soliciting me to marry his friend—and having that moment—extorted a consent from me—he was thanking—and—and—wishing me joy—in his foolish manner. (*Hesitating.*)

Sir J. Is that all! But how came you here, child? Did you fly down from the chimney, or in at the window? for I don't remember seeing you when I was here before.

Miss T. How can you talk so, Sir John? You really confound me with your suspicions; and then you ask so many questions, and I have so many things to do, that—that—upon my word, if I don't make haste, I sha'n't get my dress ready for the ball, so I must run. You'll excuse me, uncle!

[*Exit, running.*]

Sir J. A fine hopeful young lady that, my lord.

Lord M. She's well bred, and has wit.

Sir J. She has wit and breeding enough to laugh at her relations, and bestow favours on your lordship; but I must tell you plainly, my lord, you'll excuse me, that your marrying your lady, my cousin, to use her ill, and sending for my niece, your cousin, to debauch her—

Lord M. You're warm, Sir John, and don't know the world; and I never contend with ignorance and passion. Live with me some time, and you'll be satisfied of my honour and good intentions to you and your family; in the meantime, command my house. I must away immediately to Lady Filligree's; and I am sorry you won't make one with us. Here, Jessamy, give me my domino, and call a chair; and don't let my ucle wait for anything. You'll excuse me, Sir John. Tol, lol, de rol, &c.

[*Exit, singing.*]

Sir J. The world's at an end! Here's fine work! here are precious doings! This lord is a pillar of the state, too! no wonder that the building is in danger with such rotten supporters. Heigho! And then, my poor Lady Minikin, what a friend and husband she is blessed with! Let me consider—should I tell the good woman of these pranks, I may only make more mischief, and, mayhap, go near to kill her, for she's as tender as she's virtuous. Poor lady! I'll e'en go and comfort her directly, and endeavour to draw her from the wickedness of this town into the country, where she shall have reading, fowling, and fishing, to keep up her spirits; and when I die, I will leave her that part of my fortune with which I intended to reward the virtues of Miss Lucretia Tittup, with a plague to her!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Lady Minikin's Apartment.*

LADY MINIKIN and COLONEL TIVY discovered.

Lady M. Don't urge it, Colonel; I can't think of coming home from the masquerade this evening; though I should pass for my niece, it would make an uproar among the servants; and, perhaps, from the mistake, break off your match with Tittup.

Col. T. My dear Lady Minikin, you know my marriage with your niece is only a secondary consideration; my first and principal object is you—you, madam: therefore, my dear lady, give me your promise to leave the ball with me. You must, Lady Minikin; a bold young fellow and a soldier, as I am, ought not to be kept from plunder when the town has capitulated.

Lady M. But it has not capitulated, and, perhaps, never will; however, Colonel, since you are so furious, I must come to terms, I think. Keep your eyes upon me at the ball; I think I may expect that; and when I drop my handkerchief, 'tis your signal for pursuing. I shall get home as fast as I can, you may follow me as fast as you can: Gymp will let us in the back way—No, no! my heart misgives me!

Col. T. Then I am miserable!

Lady M. Nay, rather than you should be miserable, Colonel, I will indulge your martial spirit: meet me in the field; there's my gauntlet. (*Throws down her glove.*)

Col. T. (Seizing her.) Thus I accept your sweet challenge; and, if I fail you, may I hereafter, both in love and war, be branded with the name of coward. (*Kneels, and kisses her hand.*)

Enter SIR JOHN TROTLEY.

Sir J. May I presume, cousin—

Lady M. Ha! (*Squalls.*)

Sir J. Mercy upon us! what are we at now?

Lady M. How can you be so rude, Sir John, to come into a lady's room without first knocking at the door? You have frightened me out of my wits.

Sir J. I am sure you have frightened me out of mine.

Col. T. Such rudeness deserves death.

Sir J. Death, indeed! for I never shall recover myself again. All pigs of the same sty! all studying for the good of the nation! (*Aside.*)

Lady M. We must soothe him, and not provoke him. (*Apert to the Colonel.*)

Col. T. I would cut his throat, if you'd permit me. (*Apert to Lady M.*)

Sir J. The devil has got his hoof in the house, and has corrupted the whole family; I'll get out of it as fast as I can, lest he should lay hold of me, too. (*Going.*)

Lady M. Sir John, I must insist upon your not going away in a mistake.

Sir J. No mistake, my lady; I am thoroughly convinced. Mercy on me!

Lady M. I must beg you, Sir John, not to make any wrong constructions upon this accident. You must know, that the moment you was at the door, I had promised the Colonel no longer to be his enemy in his designs upon Miss Tittup; this threw him into such a rapture, that upon my promising my interest with you, and wishing him joy, he fell upon his knees, and—and—(*laughing*)—ha, ha, ha!

Col. T. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, yes, I fell upon my knees, and—and—

Sir J. Ay, ay, fell upon your knees, and—and—ha, ha! A very good joke, 'faith! and the best of it is, that they are wishing joy all over the house upon the same occasion: and my lord is wishing joy; and I wish him joy, and you, with all my heart.

Lady M. Upon my word, Sir John, your cruel suspicions affect me strongly; and though my resentment is curbed by my regard, my tears cannot

be restrained; 'tis the only resource my innocence has left. [Exit.]

Col. T. I reverence you, sir, as a relation to that lady; but, as her slanderer, I detest you. Her tears must be dried, and my honour satisfied: you know what I mean; take your choice—time, place, sword, or pistol; consider it calmly, and determine as you please. I am a soldier, Sir John. [Exit.]

Sir J. Very fine, truly! and so, between the crocodile and the bully, my throat is to be cut: they are guilty of all sorts of iniquity, and when they are discovered, no humility, no repentance! The ladies have recourse to their tongues or their tears, and the gallants to their swords. That I may not be drawn in by the one, or drawn upon by the other, I'll hurry into the country while I retain my senses, and can sleep in a whole skin. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An Apartment at Lord Minikin's.

Enter SIR JOHN TROTLEY and JESSAMY.

Sir J. There is no bearing this! what a land are we in! Upon my word, Mr. Jessamy, you should look well to the house; there are certainly rogues about it: for I did but cross the way just now to the pamphlet-shop, to buy a Touch at the Times, and they had a pluck at my watch; but I heard of their tricks, and had it sewed to my pocket.

Jes. Don't be alarmed, Sir John, 'tis a very common thing; and if you walk the streets without convoy, you will be picked up by privateers of all kinds. Ha, ha!

Sir J. Not be alarmed when I am robbed! Why, they might have cut my throat. I shan't sleep a wink all night; so, pray, lend me some weapon of defence; for I am sure, if they attack me in the open street, they'll be with me at night again.

Jes. I'll lend you my duelling-pistols, Sir John. Be assured there's no danger; there's robbing and murder cried every night under my window; but it no more disturbs me, than the ticking of my watch at my bed's head.

Sir J. Well, well; be that as it will, I must be upon guard. What a dreadful place this is! but 'tis all owing to the corruption of the times; the great folks game, and the poor folks rob; no wonder that murder ensues. Sad, sad, sad! Well, let me but get over to-night, and I'll leave this den of thieves to-morrow. How long will your lord and lady stay at this masking and mummery before they come home?

Jes. 'Tis impossible to say the time, sir; that merely depends upon the spirits of the company, and the nature of the entertainment; for my own part, I generally make it myself till four or five in the morning.

Sir J. Why, what the devil, do you make one at these masqueradings?

Jes. I seldom miss, sir; I may venture to say that nobody knows the trim and small talk of the place better than I do: I was always reckoned an incomparable mask.

Sir J. Thou art an incomparable coxcomb, I am sure. (Aside.)

Jes. An odd, ridiculous accident happened to me at a masquerade three years ago; I was in tip-top spirits, and had drunk a little too freely of the champagne, I believe—

Sir J. You'll be hanged, I believe. (Aside.)

Jes. Wit flew about—in short, I was in spirits: at last, from drinking and rattling, to vary the pleasure, we went to dancing; and who do you think I danced a minuet with? He, he, he! Pray, guess, Sir John.

Sir J. Danced a minuet with! (Aside.)

Jes. My own lady, that's all. The eyes of the whole assembly were upon us; my lady dances well, and I believe I am pretty tolerable: after the

dance I was running into a little coquetry and small talk with her.

Sir J. With your lady? Chaos is come again! (Aside.)

Jes. With my lady. But, upon my turning my hand thus, (conceitedly) egad! she caught me; whispered me who I was. I would fain have laughed her out of it, but it would not do: "No, no, Jessamy," says she, "I am not to be deceived: pray, wear gloves for the future; for you may as well go barefaced, as shew that hand and diamond ring."

Sir J. What a sink of iniquity! Prostitution on all sides, from the lord to the pickpocket. (Aside.) Pray, Mr. Jessamy, among your other virtues, I suppose you game a little, eh! Mr. Jessamy?

Jes. A little whist or so: but I am tied up from the dice; I must never touch a box again.

Sir J. I wish you were tied up somewhere else. (Aside.) I shall go to my room; and let my lord and lady, and my niece Tittup know, that I beg they will excuse ceremony; that I must be up and gone before they go to bed; that I have a most profound respect and love for them, and—and that I hope we shall never see one another again as long as we live.

Jes. I shall certainly obey your commands. What poor ignorant wretches these country gentlemen are! [Aside, and exit.]

Sir J. If I stay in this place another day, it would throw me into a fever. Oh! I wish it were morning! This comes of visiting my relations! [Enter DAVY, drunk.] So, you wicked wretch, you! where have you been, and what have you been doing?

Davy. Merry-making, your honour. London for ever.

Sir J. And did I not order you not to make a jacksnapes of yourself and tie your hair up like a monkey?

Davy. And, therefore, I did it: no pleasing the ladies without this. My lord's servants call you an old out-of-fashioned codger, and have taught me what's what.

Sir J. Here's an imp of the devil! He is undone, and will poison the whole country. Sirrah, get everything ready; I'll be going directly.

Davy. To bed, sir? I want to go to bed myself, sir. [sirrah!]

Sir J. Why, how now! you are drunk, too, *Davy.* I am a little, your honour; because I have been drinking.

Sir J. That is not all: but you have been in bad company, sirrah!

Davy. Indeed, your honour's mistaken; I never kept such good company in all my life.

Sir J. The fellow does not understand me. Where have you been, you drunkard?

Davy. Drinking, to be sure, if I am a drunkard; and if you had been drinking, too, as I have been, you would not be in such a passion with a body; it makes one so good-natured.

Sir J. There is another addition to my misfortunes! I shall have this fellow carry into the country as many vices as will corrupt the whole parish. [ship.]

Davy. I'll take what I can, to be sure, your worship. *Sir J.* Get away, you beast, you! and sleep off the debanchery you have contracted this fortnight, or I shall leave you behind, as a proper person to make one of his lordship's family.

Davy. So much the better: give me more wages, less work, and the key of the ale-cellar, and I am your servant; if not, provide yourself with another. (Struts about.)

Sir J. Here's a reprobate! This is the completion of my misery! But, harkye, villain! go to bed, and sleep off your iniquity, and then pack up the things, or I'll pack you off to Newgate, and transport you for life, you rascal, you! [Exit.]

Davy. That for you, old codger! (Snapping his

fingers.) I know the law better than to be frightened with moonshine. I wish that I were to live here all my days. This is life, indeed! a servant lives up to his eyes in clover; they have wages, and board wages, and nothing to do, but to grow fat and saucy: they are as happy as their master; they play for ever at cards, swear like emperors, drink like fishes, and go a-wenching with as much ease and tranquillity, as if they were going to a sermon. Oh! 'tis a fine life! [*Exit, reeling.*]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in Lord Minikin's house.*

Enter LORD MINIKIN and MISS TITTUP, in masquerade dresses, lighted by JESSAMY.

Lord M. Set down the candles, Jessamy; and should your lady come home, let me know. Be sure you are not out of the way.

Jes. I have lived too long with your lordship to need the caution. Who the devil have we got now? but that's my lord's business, and not mine. [*Exit.*]

Miss T. (Pulling off her mask.) Upon my word, my lord, this coming home so soon from the masquerade is very imprudent, and will certainly be observed. I am most inconceivably frightened, I can assure you. My uncle Trotley has a light in his room; the accident this morning will certainly keep him upon the watch. Pray, my lord, let us defer our meetings till he goes into the country. I find that my English heart, though it has ventured so far, grows fearful, and awkward to practise the freedoms of warmer climes. (*Lord M. takes her by the hand.*) If you will not desist, my lord, we are separated for ever. The sight of the precipice turns my head; I have been giddy with it too long, and must turn from it while I can. Pray, be quiet, my lord, I will meet you to-morrow.

Lord M. To-morrow! 'tis an age in my situation. Let the weak, bashful, coyish winner be intimidated with these faint alarms; but let the bold experienced lover kindle at the danger, and, like the eagle in the midst of storms, thus pounce upon his prey. (*Takes hold of her.*)

Miss T. Dear Mr. Eagle, be merciful; pray, let the poor pigeon fly for this once.

Lord M. If I do, my dove, may I be cursed to have my wife as fond of me, as I am now of thee. (*Offers to kiss her.*)

Jes. (Without, knocking.) My lord, my lord!

Miss T. (Screams.) Ah!

Lord M. Who's there?

Jes. (Peeping.) 'Tis I, my lord; may I come in?

Lord M. D—n the fellow! What's the matter?

Jes. Nay, not much, my lord; only my lady's come home.

Miss T. Then I'm undone! What shall I do? I'll run into my own room.

Lord M. Then she may meet you.

Jes. There's a dark deep closet, my lord. Miss may hide herself there.

Miss T. For heaven's sake! put me into it; and when her ladyship's safe, let me know, my lord. What an escape have I had! (*Goes into the closet.*)

Lord M. The moment her evil spirit is laid, I'll let my angel out. Lock the door on the inside. Come softly to my room, Jessamy.

Jes. If a board creaks, your lordship shall never be liberal to me again. [*Exeunt, on tiptoe.*]

Enter GYMP, lighting in LADY MINIKIN and COLONEL TITV, in masquerade dresses.

Gymp. Pray, my lady, go no farther with the Colonel; I know you mean nothing but innocence; but I'm sure there will be bloodshed, for my lord is certainly in the house. I'll take my affidavit that I heard—

Col. T. It can't be, I tell you; we left him this moment at the masquerade: I spoke to him before I came out.

Lady M. He's too busy, and too well employed

to think of home. But don't tremble so, Gymp. There is no harm, I assure you. The Colonel is to marry my niece, and it is proper to settle some matters relating to it—they are left to us.

Gymp. Yes, yes, madam, to be sure, it is proper that you talk together. I know you mean nothing but innocence; but, indeed, there will be bloodshed.

Col. T. The girl's a fool. I have no sword by my side.

Gymp. But my lord has, and you may kill one another with that. I know you mean nothing but innocence; but I certainly heard him go up the back-stairs into his own room, talking with Jessamy.

Lady M. 'Tis impossible but the girl must have fancied this. Can't you ask Whisp, or Mignon, if their master is come in?

Gymp. Lud! my lady, they are always drunk before this, and asleep in the kitchen.

Lady M. This frightened fool has made me as ridiculous as herself. Hark! Colonel, I'll swear there is something upon the stairs. Now I am in the field I find I am a coward.

Gymp. There will certainly be bloodshed.

Col. T. I'll slip down with Gymp this back way, then. (*Going.*)

Gymp. Oh, dear! my lady, there is something coming up there, too.

Col. T. Zounds! I've got between two fires!

Lady M. Run into the closet.

Col. T. (Runs to the closet.) There's no retreat; the door is locked.

Lady M. Behind the chimney-board, Gymp.

Col. T. I shall certainly be taken prisoner. (*Gets behind the chimney-board.*) You'll let me know when the enemy's decamped.

Lady M. Leave that to me. Do you, Gymp, go down the back-stairs, and leave me to face my lord; I think I can match him at hypocrisy. (*Sits down.*)

Enter LORD MINIKIN.

Lord M. What, is your ladyship so soon returned from Lady Fillagree's?

Lady M. I am sure, my lord, I ought to be more surprised at your being here so soon, when I saw you so well entertained in a tête-à-tête with a lady in crimson: such sights, my lord, will always drive me from my most favourite amusements.

Lord M. (Seated.) You find, at least, that the lady, whoever she was, could not engage me to stay, when I found your ladyship had left the ball.

Lady M. Your lordship's sneering upon my unhappy temper may be a proof of your wit, but it is none of your humanity; and this behaviour is as great an insult upon me, as even your falsehood itself. (*Pretends to weep.*)

Lord M. Nay, my dear Lady Minikin, if you are resolved to play tragedy, I shall roar away too, and pull out my cambric handkerchief.

Lady M. I think, my lord, we had better retire to our apartments; my weakness and your brutality will only expose us to the servants. Where is Tittup, pray?

Lord M. I left her with the Colonel; a masquerade to young folks upon the point of matrimony, is as delightful as it is disgusting to those who are happily married, and are wise enough to love home, and the company of their wives. (*Takes hold of her hand.*)

Lady M. False man! I had as lieve a toad touched me. (*Aside.*)

Lord M. She gives me the frisoone. I must propose to stay, or I shall never get rid of her. (*Aside.*) I am aguish to-night. He, he! Do, my dear, let us make a little fire here, and have a family tête-à-tête, by way of novelty. (*Rings.*)

Enter JESSAMY.

Let them take away that chimney-board, and light a fire here immediately.

Lady M. What shall I do? (*Aside, and greatly*

alarmed.) Here, Jessamy, there is no occasion; I am going to my own chamber, and my lord won't stay here by himself. *[Exit Jes.]*

Lord M. How cruel it is, Lady Minikin, to deprive me of the pleasure of a domestic duetto. A good escape, faith! *(Aside.)*

Lady M. I have too much regard for Lord Minikin to agree to anything that would afford him so little pleasure. I shall retire to my own apartment.

Lord M. Well, if your ladyship will be cruel, I must still, like the miser, starve and sigh, though possessed of the greatest treasure. *(Bows.)* I wish your ladyship a good night. *(He takes one candle, and Lady Minikin the other.)* May I presume—*(Salutes her.)*

Lady M. Your lordship is too obliging. Nasty man! *(Aside.)*

Lord M. Disagreeable woman! *(Aside.)*

[They wipe their lips, and exeunt.]

Miss T. (Peeping out of the closet.) All's silent now, and quite dark; what has been doing here, I cannot guess: I long to be relieved; I wish my lord were come—but I hear a noise. *(Shuts the door.)*

Col. T. (Peeping over the chimney-board.) I wonder my lady does not come. I would not have Miss Tittup know of this; 'twould be ten thousand pounds out of my way, and I can't afford to give so much for a little gallantry.

Miss T. (Comes forward.) What would my Colonel say, to find his bride that is to be, in this critical situation?

Enter LORD MINIKIN, in the dark.

Lord M. Now to release my prisoner. *(Comes forward.)*

Enter LADY MINIKIN.

Lady M. My poor Colonel will be as miserable, as if he were besieged in garrison: I must release him. *(Going towards the chimney.)*

Lord M. Hist, hist!

Miss T.

Lord M. } Here, here!

Col. T. }

Lord M. This way.

Lady M. Softly. *(Lord M. lays hold of Lady M. and the Colonel of Miss T.)*

Sir J. (Without.) Lights this way, I say; get a blunderbuss.

Enter SIR JOHN TROTLEY, in his night-cap, and sword drawn, with JESSAMY.

Jes. Indeed, you dreamt it, there is nobody but the family. *(All stand and stare.)*

Sir J. Give me the candle, I'll ferret them out, I warrant. Bring a blunderbuss, I say: they have been skipping about that gallery in the dark this half-hour; there must be mischief. I have watched them into this room. Ho, ho! are you there? If you stir, you are dead men; *(they retire)* and *(seeing the Ladies)* women, too! Egad—eh! What's this? the same party again! and two couple they are of as choice mortals as ever were hatched in this righteous town! you'll excuse me, cousins.

Lord M. In the name of wonder, how comes all this about?

Sir J. Well, but, harkye! my dear cousins, have you not got wrong partners? Here has been some mistake in the dark; I am mightily glad that I

have brought you a candle to set all to rights again: you'll excuse me gentlemen and ladies.

Enter GYMP, with a light.

Gymp. What in the name of mercy is the matter?

Sir J. Why the old matter, and the old game, Mrs. Gymp; and I'll match my cousins here at it against all the world, and I say done first.

Lord M. What is the meaning, Sir John, of all this tumult and consternation? May not Lady Minikin and I, and the Colonel and your niece, be seen in my house together without your raising the family, and making this uproar and confusion?

Sir J. Come, come, good folks, I see you are all confounded; I'll settle this matter in a moment. As for you, Colonel, though you have not deserved plain dealing from me, I will now be serious: you imagine this young lady has an independent fortune, besides expectations from me: 'tis a mistake, she has no expectations from me, if she marry you; and if I don't consent to her marriage, she will have no fortune at all.

Col. T. Plain dealing is a jewel; and to shew you, Sir John, that I can pay you in kind, I am most sincerely obliged to you for your intelligence; and I am, ladies, your most obedient, humble servant. I shall see you, my lord, at the club to-morrow? *[Exit.]*

Lord M. Sans doute, mon cher Colonel! I'll meet you there without fail.

Sir J. My lord, you'll have something else to do.

Lord M. Indeed! what is that, good Sir John?

Sir J. You must meet your lawyers and creditors to-morrow, and be told what you have always turned a deaf ear to—that the dissipation of your fortune and morals must be followed by years of parsimony and repentance; as you are fond of going abroad, you may indulge that inclination without having it in your power to indulge any other.

Lord M. The bumpkin is no fool, and is d—d satirical. *(Aside.)*

Sir J. You are silent, ladies. If repentance has subdued your tongues, I shall have hopes of you. A little country air might, perhaps, do as well: as you are distressed, I am at your service. What say you, my lady?

Lady M. However appearances have condemned me, give me leave to disavow the substance of those appearances. My mind has been tainted, but not profligate; your kindness and example may restore me to my former natural English constitution.

Sir J. Will you resign your lady to me, my lord, for a time? *[murmur.]*

Lord M. For ever, dear Sir John, without a

Sir J. Well, miss, and what say you?

Miss T. Guilty, uncle. *(Curtsying.)*

Sir J. Guilty! the devil you are! of what?

Miss T. Of consenting to marry one whom my heart does not approve, and coquetting with another, which friendship, duty, honour, morals, and everything but fashion, ought to have forbidden.

Sir J. Thus, then, with the wife of one under this arm, and the mistress of another under this, I sally forth a knight-errant, to rescue distressed damsels from those monsters, foreign vices and bon ton, as they call it; and I trust that every English hand and heart here will assist me in so desperate an undertaking. You'll excuse me, sirs! *[Exeunt.]*

THE FOUNDLING;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY EDWARD MOORE.



Act III.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

SIR ROBERT BELMONT
SIR CHARLES RAYMOND
COLONEL RAYMOND

YOUNG BELMONT
VILLIARD
FADDLE

ROSETTA
FIDELIA
SERVANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Sir Robert Belmont's house.*

Enter YOUNG BELMONT *and* COLONEL RAYMOND.

Young B. My dear Colonel, you are as unlettered in love as I am in war. What! a woman, a fine woman, a coquette, and my sister,—and to be won by whining! Mercy on us! that a well-built fellow, with common sense, should take pains to unman himself, to tempt a warm girl of two-and-twenty to come to bed to him! I say, again and again, Colonel, my sister's a woman.

Col. R. And the very individual woman that I want, Charles.

Young B. And, of all women in the world, the least fit for thee. An April day is less changeable than her humour. She laughs behind her fan at what she should not understand; calls humility meanness, and blushing, the want of education. In all affairs with a man, she goes by contraries; if you tell her a merry story, she sighs; if a serious one, she laughs; for yes, she says no, and for no, yes; and is mistress of such obedient features, that her looks are always ready to confirm what her tongue utters.

Col. R. Fine painting, upon my word, and no flattery!

Young B. This is the lady. Now for the lover. A fellow made up of credulity and suspicion; believing where he should doubt, and doubting where he should believe; jealous without cause, and satisfied without proof. A great boy, that has lost

his way, and blubbering through every road, but the right, to find his home again. Ha, ha, ha!

Col. R. Mighty florid, indeed, sir!

Young B. Come, come, Colonel; love, that can exalt the brute to a man, has set you upon all-fours. Women are, indeed, delicious creatures; but not what you think them. The first wish of every mother's daughter is power; the second, mischief; the way to her heart is by indifference, or abuse; for whoever owns her beauty, will feel her tyranny; but if he call her ugly, or a fool, she'll set her cap at him, and take pains for his good opinion.

Col. R. And so, submission and flattery are out of your system?

Young B. For submission and flattery I substitute impudence and contradiction; these two, well managed, will do more with beauty in an hour, than fine speeches in a year. Your fine woman expects adoration, and receives it as common incense, which every fool offers; while the rude fellow, who tells her truth, claims all attention. Difficulty endears conquest. To him only she appears what she should be to all; and, while she labours with her natural charms to secure him, she's lost herself.

Col. R. Why, faith! Charles, there may be some music in these wild notes; but I am so far gone in the old ballad, that I can sing no other words to any tune.

Young B. Ha, ha! Thou poor mournful nightingale in a cage, sing on, then; and I'll whistle an upper part with thee, to give a little life to the measure.

Col. R. That will be kind; for, heaven knows, I

have need of assistance. Pr'ythee, tell me, dost think Rosetta wants understanding?

Young B. No, faith! I think not.

Col. R. Good humour?

Young B. Hum! She's generally pleased.

Col. R. What, then, can reconcile her behaviour to me, and her fondness for such a reptile as Faddle? A fellow made up of knavery and noise, with scandal for wit, and impudence for railery; and so needy, that the very devil might buy him for a single guinea. I say, Charles, what can tempt her even to an acquaintance with this fellow?

Young B. Why, the very understanding and good humour you speak of. A woman's understanding is design, and her good humour mischief. Her advances to one fool are made only to tease another.

Col. R. Sir, your most humble servant.

Young B. And her good humour is kept alive by the success of her plots.

Col. R. But why so constant to her fool?

Young B. Because her fool's the fittest to her purpose. He has more tricks than her monkey, more prate than her parrot, more servility than her lap-dog, more lies than her woman, and more wit than her—Colonel. And, 'faith! all these things considered, I can't blame my sister for her constancy.

Col. R. Thou art a wild fellow, and in earnest about nothing but thy own pleasures; and so, we'll change the subject. What says Fidelia?

Young B. Why, there, now! That a man can't instruct another, but he must be told, by way of thanks, how much he stands in need of assistance himself.

Col. R. Any new difficulties?

Young B. Mountains, Colonel, a few mountains in my way. But, if I want faith to remove them, I hope I shall have strength to climb them, and that will do my business.

Col. R. She's a woman, Charles.

Young B. By her outside, one would guess so; but look a little farther, and except the stubbornness of her temper, she has nothing feminine about her. She has wit without pertness, beauty without consciousness, pride without insolence, and desire without wantonness. In short, she has everything—

Col. R. That you would wish to ruin in her. Why, what a devil are you, Charles, to speak so feelingly of virtues, which you only admire to destroy!

Young B. A very pretty comforter, truly!

Col. R. Come, come, Charles; if she is as well born as you pretend, what hinders you from cherishing these qualities in a wife, which you would ruin in a mistress? Marry her, marry her.

Young B. And hang myself in her garters the next morning, to give her virtues the reward of widowhood. Faith! I must read Pamela twice over first. But suppose her not born as I pretend, but the outcast of a beggar, and obliged to chance for a little education?

Col. R. Why, then, her mind is dignified by her obscurity; and you will have the merit of raising her to a rank which she was meant to adorn. And where's the mighty matter in all this? You want no addition to your fortune, and have only to sacrifice a little unnecessary pride to necessary happiness.

Young B. Very heroic! upon my word! And so, my dear Colonel, one way or other, I must be married, it seems.

Col. R. If Fidelia can be honest, my life on't, you are of my mind within this fortnight. But, pr'ythee, since I am not to believe your former account of her, who is this delicious girl, that must and will get the better of your pride?

Young B. A sister of the graces, without mortal

father or mother; she dropped from the clouds in her cradle, was lulled by the winds, christened by the rains, fostered by a hag, sold for a whore, sentenced to a rape, and rescued by a rogue—to be ravished by her own consent. There's mystery and hieroglyphic for you! and every syllable a truth, beyond apocrypha.

Col. R. And what am I to understand by all this?

Young B. 'Faith! just as much as your understanding can carry. A man in love is not to be trusted with a secret.

Col. R. And, pray, most discreet sir, is Rosetta acquainted with her real history?

Young B. Not a circumstance. She has been amused like you, and still believes her to be the sister of a dead friend of mine, at college, bequeathed to my guardianship. But the devil, I find, owes me a grudge for former virtues; for this sister of mine, who dotes upon Fidelia, and believes everything I have told her of her family and fortune, has very fairly turned the tables upon me. She talks of equality of birth, forsooth; of virtue, prudence, and good sense; and bids me bless my stars, for throwing in my way the only woman in the world that has good qualities enough to redeem my bad ones, and make me, what she says every man ought to be—a good husband.

Col. R. Was ever poor innocent fellow in such distress! But what says the old gentleman, your father?

Young B. Why, 'faith! the certainty of a little money would set him at work the same way. But I'll have one trial of skill with them yet. As I brought her in by one lie, I'll take her out by another. I'll swear she's a whore, that I may get an opportunity to make her one.

Col. R. Most religiously resolved, upon my word!

Young B. Between you and me, Colonel, has not your old gentleman, Sir Charles, a liquorish look-out for Fidelia himself?

Col. R. No, upon my honour. I believe his assiduities there, are more to prevent the designs of another, than to forward any of his own.

Young B. As who should say, because I have no teeth for a crust, I'll muzzle the young dog that has. A plague of everything that's old, but a woman! for 'tis but varying her vocation a little, and you may make her as useful at fifty-five as fifteen. But what say you to a little chat with the girls this morning? I believe we shall find them in the next room.

Col. R. Not immediately: I have an appointment at White's.

Young B. For half-an-hour I am your man there, too. D'ye return so soon?

Col. R. Sooner, if you will.

Young B. With all my heart. *Allons!* [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Another Apartment.

Enter ROSETTA and FIDELIA, meeting.

Ros. Oh! my dear, I was just coming to see if you were dressed. You look as if you had pleasant dreams last night.

Fid. Whatever my dreams were, they can't disturb the morning's happiness, of meeting my dear Rosetta so gay and charming.

Ros. My sweet creature! But what were your dreams?

Fid. Oh! nothing. A confusion of gay castles, built by hope, and thrown down by disappointment.

Ros. Oh, barbarous! Well, for my part, I never built a castle in my sleep, that would not last till doomsday. Give me a dream, and I am mistress of the creation. I can do what I will with every

man in it; and power, power, my dear, sleeping or waking, is a charming thing.

Fid. Now, in my opinion, a woman has no business with power. Power admits no equal, and dismisses friendship for flattery. Besides, it keeps the men at a distance, and that is not always what we wish.

Ros. But then, my dear, they'll come when we call them, and do what we bid them, and go when we send them. There's something pretty in that, sure. And for flattery, take my word for't, 'tis the highest proof of a man's esteem. 'Tis only allowing what one has not, because the fellow admires what one has. And she that can keep that, need not be afraid of believing she has more.

Fid. Ay, if she can keep that. But the danger is, in giving up the substance for the shadow. Come, come, my dear, we are weak by nature; and 'tis but knowing that we are so, to be always upon our guard. Fear may make a woman strong, but confidence undoes her.

Ros. Ha, ha! How different circumstances direct different opinions! You are in love with a rake of a fellow, who makes you afraid of yourself; and I hold in chains a mighty Colonel, who's afraid of me. And so, my dear, we both go upon right principles. Your weakness keeps you upon your guard; and my power leaves me without danger.

Fid. And yet, you must forgive me, if I tell you, that you love this Colonel.

Ros. Who told you so, my dear creature?

Fid. I know it by the pains you take to vex him. Besides, I've seen you look as if you did.

Ros. Look, child! Why, don't I look like other people?

Fid. Ay, like other people in love. Oh! my dear, I have seen just such looks in the glass, when my heart has beat at my very lips.

Ros. Thou art the most provoking creature—

Fid. You must pardon me, Rosetta; I have a heart but little inclined to gaiety; and am rather wondering, that when happiness is in a woman's power, she should neglect it for trifles; or how it should ever enter her thoughts, that the rigour of a mistress can endear the submission of a wife.

Ros. As certain, my dear, as the repentance of a sinner outweighs in opinion the life of a saint. But, to come to serious confession, I have, besides a woman's inclination to mischief, another reason for keeping off a little: I am afraid of being thought mercenary.

Fid. Heyday! Why, are you not his equal every way?

Ros. That's not it. I have told you, that before his father's return from exile—you know his unhappy attachments to a successful party—this Colonel (brought up in our family, and favoured by Sir Robert and my brother,) laid violent siege to me for a whole year. Now, though I own I never disliked him, in all that time, either through pride, folly, or a little mischief, I never gave him the least hint, by which he could guess at my inclinations.

Fid. Right woman, upon my word!

Ros. 'Tis now about three months since the king, in his goodness, recalled Sir Charles; and, by restoring the estate, made the Colonel heir to a fortune more than equal to my expectations. And now, to confess all, the airs that folly gave me before, reason bids me continue; for to surrender my heart at once to this new-made commander, would look as if the poor Colonel had wanted a bribe for the governor. Besides, he has affronted my pride, in daring to imagine I could descend so low as to be fond of that creature Faddle; a fellow, formed only to make one laugh; a cordial for the spleen, to be bought by everybody; and just as necessary in

a family as a monkey. For which insolence, I must and will be revenged.

Fid. Well, I confess, this looks a little like reason. But, are you sure, all this while, the Colonel, in despair, won't raise the siege, and draw off his forces to another place?

Ros. Psha! I have a better opinion of the men, child. Do but ply them with ill-usage, and they are the gentlest creatures in the world. Like other beasts of prey, you must tame them by hunger, but if once you feed them high, they are apt to run wild, and forget their keepers.

Fid. And are all men so, Rosetta?

Ros. By the gravity of that question, I'll be whipped now if you don't expect me to say something civil of my brother. Take care of him, Fidelia, for hunger can't tame him, nor fullness make him wilder. To leave you to his guardianship was setting the fox to keep the chicken.

Fid. Wild as he is, my heart can never beat to another. And then, I have obligations that would amaze you.

Ros. Obligations! Let me die, if I would not marry my Colonel's papa, and put it out of his power to oblige or disoblige me.

Fid. Still you banter me with Sir Charles. Upon my life, he has no more designs upon me than you have. I know no reason for his friendship but his general humanity, or, perhaps, the singularity of my circumstances.

Ros. Why, as you say, youth and beauty are particular circumstances to move humanity. Ha, ha, ha! Oh! my dear, time's a great tell-tale, and will discover all. What a sweet mamma shall I have, when I marry the Colonel!

Enter YOUNG BELMONT and COLONEL RAYMOND.

Young B. When you marry the Colonel, sister! A match, a match, child! Here he is, just in the nick; and, 'faith! as men go, very excellent stuff for a husband.

Col. R. Those were lucky words, madam.

Ros. Perhaps not so lucky, if you knew all, sir. Now, or never, for a little lying, Fidelia, if you love me. (*Apart to Fidelia.*)

Fid. I'll warrant you, my dear. You must know, sir, (*to Young Belmont*) that your sister has taken it into her head that the Colonel's father is my lover.

Ros. What is she going to say now? (*Aside.*)

Fid. And as she looks upon herself to be as good as married to the Colonel—

Ros. Who, I?—

Fid. She has been settling some family affairs with her new mamma here; and, upon my word, she's a sweet contriver.

Ros. And you think I won't be even with you for this, Fidelia?

Young B. Sister!

Col. R. And was it so, madam? And may I hope?

Ros. Was it so, madam! And may I hope! (*Mocking him.*) No, sir, it was not so, and you may not hope. Do you call this wit, Fidelia?

Fid. My dear creature, you must allow me to laugh a little. Ha, ha, ha!

Ros. 'Tis mighty well, madam! Oh! for a little devil at my elbow now, to help out invention! (*Aside.*)

Young B. Ha, ha, ha! Won't it come, sister?

Ros. As soon as your manners, brother. You and your grave friend there have been genteelly employed, indeed, in listening at the door of a lady's chamber; and then, because you heard nothing for your purpose, to turn my own words to a meaning, I should hate myself for dreaming of.

Young B. Why, indeed, child, we might have

perplexed you a little, if Fidelia had not so artfully brought you off.

Ros. Greatly obliged to her, really. (*Walking in disorder.*)

Col. R. I never knew till now, Rosetta, that I could find a pleasure in your uneasiness.

Ros. And you think, sir, that I shall easily forgive this insolence? But you may be mistaken, sir.

Young B. Poor thing, how it pants! Come, it shall have a husband. We must about it immediately, Colonel, for she's all over in a flame.

Ros. You grow impertinent, brother. Is there no relief? (*Aside.*)

Young B. Shall I lift up the sash for a little air, child?

Enter Servant.

Ros. So! John, have you delivered the card I gave you?

Serv. Yes, madam; and Mr. Faddle desires his compliments to your ladyship, and Madam Fidelia.

Ros. Mr. Faddle, John? Where did you see him?

Serv. He met me in the street, madam, and made me step into a coffee-house with him, till he wrote this, madam. [*Delivers a letter, and exit.*]

Ros. Oh! the kind creature! Here's a letter from Mr. Faddle, Fidelia! Fortune, I thank thee for this little respite! (*Aside, and reading the letter.*)

Col. R. Does she suffer the fool to write to her, too?

Fid. What, pining, Colonel, in the midst of victory?

Col. R. To receive his letters, madam! I shall run mad.

Young B. So! away prop, and down scaffold! All's over, I see.

Ros. Oh! Fidelia, you shall hear it. You shall all hear it. And there's something in't about the Colonel, too.

Col. R. About me, madam? (*Peevishly.*)

Ros. Nay, Colonel, I am not at all angry now. Methinks, this letter has made me quite another creature. To be sure, Mr. Faddle has the most gallant way of writing! But his own words will speak best for him. (*Reads.*) "*Dear creature,—Since I saw you yesterday time has hung upon me like a winter in the country; and unless you appear at rehearsal of the new opera this morning, my sun will be in total eclipse for two hours. Lady Fanny made us laugh last night, at What's my Thought like, by comparing you Colonel to a great box o' the ear; because it was very rude, she said, and what nobody cared for. I have a thousand things to say, but the clamour of a coffee-house is an interruption to the sentiments of love and veneration with which I am,—Madam, most unspeakably your's, WILLIAM FADDLE.*" Is it not very polite, Colonel?

Col. R. Extremely, madam. Only a little out as to the box o' the ear; for you shall see him take it, madam, as carelessly as a pinch of snuff.

Ros. Fie! Colonel, you would not quarrel before a lady, I hope. Fidelia, you must oblige me with your company to the rehearsal. I'll go put on my capuchin, and step into the coach, this moment.

Fid. I am no friend to public places; but I'll attend you, madam.

Ros. You'll come, Colonel?

Col. R. To be sure, madam.

Young B. Sister! Oh! you're a good creature!

[*Exit Rosetta, laughing affectedly.*]

Fid. Shall we have your company, sir? (*To Young B.*)

Young B. We could find a way to employ time better, child; but I am your shadow, and must move with you everywhere. [*Exit Fidelia.*] Ha, ha, ha! How like a beaten general dost thou look

now! while the enemy is upon the march, to proclaim Te Deum for a complete victory.

Col. R. I am but a man, Charles, and find myself no match for the devil and a woman.

Young B. Courage, boy! and the flesh and the devil may be subdued. Ha, ha, ha! Such a Colonel! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Sir Robert Belmont's house.*

Enter SIR ROBERT BELMONT and SIR CHARLES RAYMOND.

Sir R. A voracious young dog! Must I feed ortolans to pamper his gluttony?

Sir C. Be under no apprehension, Sir Robert: Mr. Belmont's excesses are mitigated by the levity of youth, and a too early indulgence. In his moments of thinking, I know him generous and noble. And for Fidelia, I think I can be answerable for her conduct, both in regard to what she owes herself and you.

Sir R. Why, look you, Sir Charles, the girl's a sweet girl, and a good girl, and beauty's a fine thing, and virtue's a fine thing; but, as for marriage, why, a man may buy fine things too dear. A little money, Sir Charles, would set off her beauty, and find her virtue employment. But the young rogue does not say a word of that of late.

Sir C. Nor of marriage, I am sure. His love of liberty will prevent your fears one way, and, I hope, Fidelia's honour, another.

Sir R. Must not have her ruined though.

Sir C. Fear it not, Sir Robert. And when next you see your son, be a little particular in your enquiries about her family and circumstances. If she is what her behaviour bespeaks her, and he pretends, a lady of birth and fortune, why, secrets are unnecessary: if he declines an explanation, look upon the whole as a contrivance to cover purposes which we must guard against.

Sir R. What, you don't think the rogue has had her, eh, Sir Charles?

Sir C. No, upon my honour! I hold her innocence to be without stain. But, to deal freely with my friend, I look upon her story as strange and improbable. An orphan of beauty, family, and fortune, committed by a dying brother, to the sole care of a licentious young fellow! You must pardon me, Sir Robert.

Sir R. Pray, go on, sir.

Sir C. Brought in at midnight, too! And then, a young creature so educated, and so irresistibly amiable, to be, in all appearance, without alliance, friend, or acquaintance, in the wide world! A link, torn off from the general chain! I say, Sir Robert, this is strange.

Sir R. By my troth, and so it is!

Sir C. I know not why I am so interested in this lady's concerns; but, yesterday, I indulged my curiosity with her, perhaps, beyond the bounds of good-manners: I gave a loose to my suspicion, and added oaths of secrecy to my enquiries. But her answers only served to multiply my doubts; and, still as I persisted, I saw her cheeks covered with blushes, and her eyes swimming in tears. But, my life upon it, they were the blushes and the tears of innocence.

Sir R. We must and will be satisfied, Sir Charles.

Sir C. For who knows, while we are delaying, but some unhappy mother, perhaps, of rank, too, may be wringing her hands, in bitterness of misery, for this lost daughter. Girls who have kept their virtue, Sir Robert, have done mad things for a man they love.

Sir R. And so, indeed, they have. I remember,

when I was a young fellow myself—but is not that my Charles coming through the hall yonder?

Sir C. Ay, Sir Robert. Attack him now: but let your inquiries have more the shew of accidental chat, than design; for too much earnestness may heget suspicion. And so, sir, I leave you to your discretion. *[Exit.]*

Sir R. You shall see me again before dinner. A plague of these young, rakehelly rogues! a girl's worth twenty of them—if one could but manage her.

Enter YOUNG BELMONT, repeating,

*"No warning of th' approaching flame,
Swiftly, like sudden death, it came;
Like mariners, by lightning kill'd,
I burnt the moment—"*

My dear sir, I have not seen you to-day before.

Sir R. What, studying poetry, boy, to help out the year's allowance?

Young B. 'Faith! sir, times are hard, and unless you come down with a fresh hundred now and then, I may go near to disgrace your family, and turn poet.

Sir R. And so want friends all thy life after! But now we talk of money, Charles, what art thou doing with Fidelia's money? I am thinking, that a round sum thrown into the stocks now might turn to a pretty tolerable account.

Young B. The stocks, sir?

Sir R. Ay, boy. My broker will be here after dinner, and he shall have a little chat with thee about laying out a few of her thousands.

Young B. I hope he'll tell us where we shall get these thousands. *(Aside.)*

Sir R. Thou dost not answer me, Charles. Art dumb, boy?

Young B. Why, to be sure, sir, as to that—Fidelia—I can't say, but that she may—however, that is, you know, sir—if, as to possibility—will your broker be here after dinner, sir?

Sir R. Take a little time, Charles; for, at present, thou dost not make thyself so clearly understood.

Young B. Quite right, to be sure, sir. Nothing could, beyond all doubt, be more judicious, or more advantageous. Her interest, sir—why, as to that—a pretty fortune—but, did you know her brother, sir?

Sir R. Who, I, child? No.

Young B. 'Faith! nor I, neither. *(Aside.)* Not know Jack, sir? The rogue would have made you laugh. Did I never read you any of his epigrams? But then, he had such an itch for play! Why, he would set you a whole fortune at a cast. And such a mimic, too! but no economy in the world. Why, it cost him a cool six thousand to stand for member once. Oh! I could tell you such stories of that election, sir—

Sir R. Pr'ythee, what borough did he stand for?

Young B. Lord! sir, he was flung all to nothing. My Lord What-d'ye-call-um's son carried it, fifteen to one, at half the expense. In short, sir, by his extravagance, affairs are so perplexed, so very intricate, that, upon my word, sir, I declare it, I don't know what to think of them. A plague of these questions! *(Aside.)*

Sir R. But she has friends and relations, Charles; I fancy, if I knew who they were, something might be done.

Young B. Yes, yes, sir, she has friends and relations—I see, sir, you know nothing of her affairs—such a string of them! The only wise thing her brother ever did was making me her guardian, to take her out of the reach of those wretches; I shall never forget his last words: "Whatever you do, my dear Charles," says he, taking me by the hand,

"keep that girl from her relations." Why, I would not, for a thousand pounds, sir, that any of them should know where she is.

Sir R. Why, we have been a little cautious, Charles. But where does the estate lie?

Young B. Lord! sir, an estate and no estate. I wonder a man of your knowledge should ask the question. An earthquake may swallow it for anything I care.

Sir R. But where does it lie, Charles? In what county, I say?

Young B. And then, there's the six thousand pounds that her father left her—

Sir R. What! that gone too, Charles?

Young B. Just as good, I believe. Every shilling on't in a lawyer's hands.

Sir R. But she is not afraid to see him, too, Charles? Where does he live?

Young B. Live, sir! Do you think such a fellow ought to live? Why, he has trumped up a contract of marriage with this girl, sir, under the penalty of her whole fortune. There's a piece of work for you!

Sir R. But has he no name, Charles? What is he called, I say?

Young B. You can't call him by any name that's too bad for him. But, if I don't draw his gown over his ears, why, say I am a bad guardian, sir, that's all.

Sir R. If this should be apocryphal, now!

Young B. Sir?

Sir R. A fetch, a fib, Charles, to conceal some honest man's daughter, that you have stolen, child.

Young B. And brought into a sober family, to have the entire possession of, without let or molestation! Why, what a deal of money have you lavished away, sir, upon the education of a fool!

Sir R. There is but that one circumstance to bring thee off. For, to be sure, her affairs might have been as well settled in private lodgings. And, besides, Charles, a world of troublesome questions and lying answers might have been saved. But take care, boy, for I may be in the secret before thou art aware on't. A great rogue, Charles!

[Exit.]

Young B. So! the mine's sprung, I see, and Fidelia has betrayed me. And yet, upon cooler thoughts, she durst not break her word with me; for, though she's a woman, the devil has no part in her. Now will I be hanged, if my loving sister is not at the bottom of all this: but if I don't out-plot her—let me see—ay, Faddle shall be called in; for the fool loves mischief, like an old maid, and will outlie an attorney.

Enter ROSETTA.

Ros. What, musing, brother! Now would I fain know which, of all the virtues, has been the subject of your contemplations.

Young B. Patience, patience, child; for he that has connexion with a woman, let her be wife, mistress, or sister, must have patience.

Ros. The most useful thing in the world, brother; and Fidelia shall be your tutoress. I'll hold six to four that she leads you into the practice on't, with more dexterity than the best philosopher in England. She shall teach it, and yet keep the heart without hope, brother.

Young B. Why, that's a contrary method to your's, sister: for you give hope where you mean to try patience most, and, I take it, you are the abler mistress in the art. Why, every coxcomb in town has been your scholar, child.

Ros. Not to learn patience; there's your mistake now; for it has been my constant practice to put my scholars out of all patience. What are you thinking of, brother!

Young B. Why, I was thinking, child, that

'twould be a question to puzzle a conjurer, what a coquette was made for.

Ros. Am I one, brother?

Young B. Oh, fie, sister!

Ros. Lord! I, that am no conjurer, can tell you that. A coquette! oh! why, a coquette is a sort of beautiful dessert in wax-work, that tempts the fool to an entertainment, merely to baulk his appetite. And will any one tell me that nature has no hand in the making a coquette, when she answers such wise and necessary purposes? Now, pray, sir, tell me what a rake was made for?

Young B. Am I one, sister?

Ros. Oh, fie, brother!

Young B. Nay, child, if a coquette be so useful in the system of morals, a rake must be the most horrid thing in nature. He was born for her destruction, child; she loses her being at the very sight of him, and drops plump into his arms, like a charmed bird into the mouth of a rattle-snake.

Ros. Bless us all! What a mercy it is, that we are brother and sister!

Young B. Be thankful for't night and morning, upon your knees, hussy; for I should certainly have been the ruin of you. But come, Rosetta, 'tis allowed, then, that we are rake and coquette: and now, do you know, that the essential difference between us lies only in two words—petticoat and breeches.

Ros. Ay! make that out, and you'll do something.

Young B. Pleasure, child, is the business of both; and the same principles that make me a rake, would make you—no better than you should be, were it not for that tax upon the petticoat, called scandal. Your wishes are restrained by fear; mine authorised by custom; and, while you are forced to sit down with the starved comfort of making men fools, I am upon the wing to make girls—women, child.

Ros. Now, as I hope to be married, I would not be a rake for the whole world, unless I were a man; and then, I do verily believe, I should turn out just such another.

Young B. That's my dear sister! Give me your hand, child. Why, now, thou art the honestest girl in St. James's parish; and I'll trust thee for the future with all my secrets: I am going to Fidelia, child.

Ros. What a pity 'tis, brother, that she is not such a coquette as I am!

Young B. Not so, neither, my sweet sister; for, 'faith! the conquest will be too easy to keep a man constant.

Ros. Civil creature!

Young B. But here comes the Colonel! Now to our several vocations; you to fooling, and I to business. At dinner we'll meet, and compare notes, child.

Ros. For a pot of coffee, I succeed best.

Young B. 'Faith! I'm afraid so. [Exit.]

Enter COLONEL RAYMOND.

Col. R. To meet you alone, madam, is a happiness—

Ros. Pray, Colonel, are you a rake? Methinks, I would fain have you a rake.

Col. R. Why so, madam? 'Tis a character I never was fond of.

Ros. Because I am tired of being a coquette; and my brother says that a rake can transform one in the flit of a fan.

Col. R. I would be anything, madam, to be better in your opinion.

Ros. If you were a rake, now, what would you say to me?

Col. R. Nothing, madam. I would—[Snatches her hand and kisses it.]

Ros. Bless me! is the man mad? I only asked what you would say to me.

Col. R. I would say, madam, that you are my life, my soul, my angel! That all my hopes of happiness are built upon your kindness.

Ros. Very well! keep it up!

Col. R. That your smiles are brighter than virtue, and your chains sweeter than liberty.

Ros. Upon my word!

Col. R. Oh! Rosetta, how can you trifle with a heart that loves you?

Ros. Very well! pathetic, too!

Col. R. Psha! this is not in your nature.

Ros. Suspicion! Pretty enough!

Col. R. You know I have not deserved this.

Ros. Anger, too! Go on!

Col. R. No, madam; Faddle can divert you this way at an easier price.

Ros. And jealousy! All the vicissitudes of love! Incomparable!

Col. R. You will force me to tell you, madam, that I can bear to be your jest no longer.

Ros. Or thus:

“Am I the jest of her I love?

Forbid it all the gods above!”

It may be rendered either way; but I am for the rhyme: I love poetry vastly. Don't you love poetry, Colonel?

Col. R. This is beyond all patience, madam. [Very angrily.]

Ros. Bless me! Why, you have not been in earnest, Colonel? Lord, lord! how a silly woman may be mistaken!

Col. R. Shall I ask you one serious question, madam?

Ros. Why, I find myself somewhat whimsical this morning, and I don't care if I do take a little stuff; but don't let it be bitter.

Col. R. Am I to be your fool always, madam, or, like other fools, to be made a husband of when my time's out?

Ros. Lord! you men-creatures do ask the strangest questions! Why, how can I possibly say now, what I shall do ten years hence?

Col. R. I am answered, madam. [Walking in disorder.]

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr. Faddle, madam.

[Exit.]

Enter FADDLE.

Fad. Ah! my dear, soft toad! And the Colonel, by all that's scarlet! Now, plague catch me, if nature ever formed so complete a couple, since the first pair in Paradise!

Ros. 'Tis well you are come, Faddle; give me something to laugh at, or I shall die with the spleen.

Col. R. Ay, sir, make the lady laugh this moment, or I shall break your bones, rascal.

Fad. Lord! Colonel—what—what—eh?

Col. R. Make her laugh this instant, I say, or I'll make you cry. Not make her laugh when she bids you! Why, sirrah, I have made her laugh this half-hour without bidding.

Ros. Ha, ha, ha!

Fad. Why, there, there, there, Colonel!—she does, she does!

Enter YOUNG BELMONT and FIDELIA.

Young B. Why, how now, Faddle? What has been the matter, pr'ythee?

Col. R. A rascal! Not make a lady laugh!

Fad. What, Charles, and my little Fiddy, too! Stand by me a little; for this robust Colonel has relaxed my very sinews, and quite tremulated my whole system. I could not have collected myself, without your presence.

Fid. And was he angry with you, Faddle?

Fad. To a degree, my dear: but I have forgot it; I bear no malice to any one in the world, child.

Ros. Do you know, Faddle, that I have a quarrel with you, too?

Fad. You, child! He, he! What, I am inconstant, I suppose; and have been the ruin of a few families this winter, eh, child? Murder will out, though it's done in the centre. But, come, *vivace!* let the storm loose; and you shall see me weather it, like the osier in the fable—it may bend, but not break me.

Ros. Nay, it shall come in a breeze: I'll whisper it. (*Whispers Faddle.*)

Young B. Colonel!

Col. R. Now I could cut my throat, for being vexed at this puppy; and yet the devil, jealousy, will have it so. (*Apart to Young B.*)

Fad. Oh! what a creature have you named, child! He, he, he! May grace renounce me, and darkness seal my eye-lids, if I would not as soon make love to a milliner's doll!

Young B. Pr'ythee, what mistress has she found out for thee, Faddle?

Fad. By all that's odious, Charles, Miss Gargle, the 'pothecary's daughter! the toad is fond of me, that's positive; but such a mess of water-gruel! Ugh! To all purposes of joy, she's an armful of dry shavings! and then, she's so jealous of one! "Lord!" says she, "Mr. Faddle, you are eternally at Sir Robert's; one can't set eyes upon you in a whole day." He, he! And then, the tears do so trickle down those white-wash cheeks of her's, that, if she could but warm me to the least fit of the heart-burn, I believe I should be tempted to take her, by way of chalk and water. He, he, he!

Young B. Ros. and Fid. Ha, ha, ha!

Ros. Isn't he a pleasant creature, Colonel?

Col. R. Certainly, madam, of infinite wit, with abundance of modesty.

Fad. Pooh! plague of modesty, Colonel! But do you know, your slim toad, you! (*to Ros.*) what a battle I had last night, in a certain company, about you, and that ugly gipsy there?

Fid. Meaning me, sir?

Fad. Pert and pretty! You must know, there was Jack Taffaty, Billy Cruel, Lord Harry Gyp, and I, at Jack's lodgings, all in tip-top spirits, over a pint of burgundy—a pox of all drinking though! I shall never get it out of my head. Well, we were toasting a round of beauties, you must know: "The girl of your heart, Faddle," says my lord. "Rosetta Belmont, my lord," says I; and, 'faith! down you went, your delicate little devil you, in almost half a glass. "Rot your toast," says my lord, "I was fond of her last winter." "She's a wit," says Jack. "And a scold, by all that's noisy!" says Billy. "Isn't she a little freckled?" says my lord. "D—ly padded," says Jack; "and painted like a Dutch doll, by Jupiter!" says Billy. "She's very unsusceptible," says my lord. "No more warmth than a snow-ball," says Jack. "A mere cold bath to a lover, curse catch me!" says Billy. "He, he, he!" says I, "that's because you want heart to warm her, my dears; to me, now, she's all over combustibles; I can electrify her by a look: touch but her lip, and snap she goes off, in a flash of fire!"

Ros. Oh, the wretch! what a picture has he drawn of me! (*To Fidelia.*)

Fid. You must be curious, my dear.

Young B. Ha, ha! But you forgot Fidelia, Faddle.

Fad. Oh! "And there's the new face," says Billy, "Fidelia, I think they call her." "If she were an appurtenance of mine," says my lord, "I'd hang her upon a peg in my wardrobe, amongst my cast clothes." "With those demure looks of

her's," says Jack, "I'd send her to my aunt in Worcestershire, to set her face by, when she went to church." "Or, what think you," says Billy, "of keeping her in a shew-glass, by way of—gentlemen and ladies, walk in, and see the curiosity of curiosities, the perfect Pamela in high life! Observe, gentlemen, the blushing of her cheeks, the turning up of her eyes, and her tongue, that says nothing but fie, fie! Ha, ha, ha!" "Incomparable!" said all three. "Pooh! pox!" says I, "not so bad as that, neither: the little toad has not seen much of the town, indeed, but she'll do, in time; and a glass of preniac may serve one's turn, you know, when champagne is not to be had." (*Bowing to Rosetta.*)

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Young B. Why, thou didst give it them, 'faith, bully!

Enter Servant, and whispers Rosetta.

Ros. Come, gentlemen, dinner waits. We shall have all your companies, I hope?

Young B. You know, you dine with me, at the King's Arms, Faddle? (*Apart to Faddle.*)

Fad. Do I? I am sorry, my dear creature, that a particular appointment robs me of the honour. (*To Rosetta.*)

Ros. Psha! you are always engaged, I think. Come, Fidelia. [*Exit with Fidelia.*]

Col. R. Why, then, thank heaven, there's some respite. [*Exit.*]

Young B. Hark you, Faddle! I hope you are not in the least ignorant, that, upon particular occasions, you can be a very great rascal?

Fad. Who, I, Charles? Pooh, plague! is this the dinner I am to have?

Young B. Courage, boy! And, because I think so well of thee, there, (*gives him a purse*) 'twill buy thee a new laced coat and a feather.

Fad. Why, ay, this is something, Charles. But what am I to do, eh? I won't fight, upon my soul, I won't fight.

Young B. Thou canst lie a little?

Fad. A great deal, Charles, or I have spent my time among women of quality to little purpose.

Young B. I'll tell thee, then. This sweet girl, this angel, this stubborn Fidelia, sticks so at my heart, that I must either get the better of her, or run mad.

Fad. And so, thou wouldst have me aiding and abetting, eh, Charles? Must not be tucked up for a rape, neither.

Young B. Peace, fool! About three months ago, by a very extraordinary adventure, this lady dropped into my arms. It happened, that our hearts took fire at first sight: but, as the devil would have it, in the hurry of my first thoughts, not knowing where to place her, I was tempted, for security, to bring her to this haunted house here; where, between the jealousy of Sir Charles, the gravity of the Colonel, the curiosity of a sister, and the awkward care of a father, she must become a vestal, or I a husband.

Fad. And so, by way of a little simple fornication, you want to remove her to private lodgings, eh, Charles?

Young B. But how, how, how, thou dear rascal?

Fad. Let me see. Huh! And so, you are not her guardian, Charles?

Young B. Nor she the woman she pretends, boy! I tell thee, she was mine by fortune; I tilted for her at midnight; but the devil tempted me, I say, to bring her hither. The family was in bed, which gave me time for contrivance; I prevailed upon her to call me guardian, that, by pretending authority over her, I might remove her at pleasure; but here, too, I was deceived: my sister's fondness for her has rendered every plot of mine to part them

impracticable; and, without thy wicked assistance, we must both die in our virginity.

Fad. Hum! That would be a pity, Charles. But let me see—ay, I have it. Within these three hours, we'll contrive to set the house in such a flame, that the devil himself may take her, if he stand at the street door. To dinner, to dinner, boy!

'Tis here, here, here, Charles!

Young B. If thou dost—

Fad. And if I don't, why, no more purses, Charles. I tell thee, 'tis here, here, here, boy! To dinner, to dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Sir Robert Belmont's house.*

Enter ROSETTA and FIDELIA.

Fid. 'Tis all your own doing, my dear. You first tease him into madness, and then wonder to hear his chains rattle.

Ros. And yet, how one of my heavenly smiles sobered him again!

Fid. If I were a man, you should use me so but once, Rosetta.

Ros. Psha! If you were a man, you would do as men do, child. Ha, ha, ha! They are creatures of robust constitutions, and will bear a great deal. Besides, for my part, I can't see what a reasonable fellow ought to expect before marriage, but ill usage. You can't imagine, my dear, how it sweetens kindness afterwards; for, take my word for't, there's no charm like cruelty to keep the men constant; nor no deformity like kindness, to make them loath you.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A letter for your ladyship, madam. [*Exit.*]

Ros. For me? I don't remember the hand. [*Opens, and reads the letter to herself.*]

Fid. You seem strangely concerned, madam: I hope no ill news?

Ros. The worst in the world, Fidelia, if it be true.

Fid. Pray heaven it be false, then! But must it be a secret? I hope my dear Rosetta knows, that whatever affects her quiet, can't leave mine undisturbed.

Ros. Who's there?

Enter Servant.

How did you receive this letter?

Serv. From a porter, madam.

Ros. Is he without?

Serv. No, madam; he said it required no answer.

Ros. Had you any knowledge of him?

Serv. Not that I remember, madam.

Ros. Should you know him again?

Serv. Certainly, madam.

Ros. Where did my brother say he dined to-day?

Serv. At the King's Arms, madam.

Ros. And Mr. Faddle with him?

Serv. They went out together, madam.

Ros. Run this moment, and say I desire to speak with both of them immediately, upon an extraordinary affair.

Serv. Yes, madam. [*Exit.*]

Fid. What can this mean, Rosetta? Am I unfit to be trusted?

Ros. Tell me, Fidelia—but no matter: why should I disturb you? I have been too grave.

Fid. Still more and more perplexing! But my inquiries are at an end: I shall learn to be less troublesome, as you are less kind, Rosetta.

Ros. Pr'ythee, don't talk so, Fidelia; I can never be less kind.

Fid. Indeed, I won't deserve you should.

Ros. I know it, Fidelia. But, tell me, then, is

there a circumstance in your life, that would call a blush to your cheeks, if 'twere laid as open to the world's knowledge as to your own?

Fid. If from the letter you ask me that strange question, madam, surely I should see it.

Ros. I think not, Fidelia; for, upon second thoughts, 'tis a trifle not worth your notice.

Fid. Why were you so much alarmed, then?

Ros. I confess it startled me at first; but 'tis a lying letter, and should not trouble you.

Fid. Then it relates to me, madam?

Ros. No matter, Fidelia.

Fid. I have lost my friend, then. I begged, at first, to be a sharer in Rosetta's griefs; but now, I find, they are all my own, and she denies my right to them.

Ros. This is too much, Fidelia. And now, to keep you longer in suspense would be cruelty. But the writer of this scroll has a mind darker than night. You shall join with me in wondering that there is such a monster in the world. [*Reads.*]

"To Miss Rosetta Belmont. Madam,—As I write without a name, I am alike indifferent to your thanks or resentment. Fidelia is not what she seems. She has deceived you, and may your brother, to his ruin. Women of the town know how to wear the face of innocence, when it serves the purposes of guilt. Faddle, if he pleases, can inform you farther. But, be assured, I have my intelligence from more sufficient authority."

"P. S. There needs no farther address in this matter, than a plain question to Fidelia:—Is she the sister of Mr. Belmont's friend?"

Fid. Then I am lost! [*Aside.*]

Ros. What, in tears, Fidelia? Nay, I meant to raise your contempt only. Pr'ythee, look up, and let us laugh at the malice of this nameless libeller.

Fid. No, Rosetta: the mind must be wrapped in its own innocence, that can stand against the storms of malice: I fear I have not that mind.

Ros. What mind, Fidelia?

Fid. And yet that letter is a false one.

Ros. Upon my life, it is! for you are innocence itself.

Fid. Oh, Rosetta! No sister of Mr. Belmont's friend kneels to you for pardon; but a poor, wretched outcast of fortune, that, with an artful tale, has imposed upon your nature, and won you to a friendship for a helpless stranger, that never knew herself.

Ros. Rise, Fidelia; but, take care! for, if you have deceived me, honesty is nothing but a name.

Fid. Think not too hardly of me, neither; for, though I am not what I seem, I would not be what that letter calls me, to be mistress of the world.

Ros. I have no words, Fidelia; speak on: but, methinks, you should not weep so.

Fid. Nay, now, Rosetta, you compel me; for this gentleness is too much for me: I have deceived you, and you are kind. If you would dry up my tears, call forth your resentment: anger might turn me into stone, but compassion melts me.

Ros. I have no anger, Fidelia. Pray, go on.

Fid. When my tears will let me. I have played a foolish game, Rosetta; and yet my utmost fault has been consenting to deceive you. What I am, I know not: that I am not what I seem, I know. But why I have seemed otherwise than I am, again I know not. 'Tis a riddle that your brother only can explain. He knows the story of my life, and will, in honour, reveal it. Would he were here!

Ros. Would he were, Fidelia! for I am upon the rack. Pr'ythee, go on, and inform me farther.

Fid. There's my grief, Rosetta; for I am bound by such promises to silence, that, to clear my innocence, would be to wound it. All I have left to say is, that my condition of life only has been assumed, my virtue never.

Enter Servant.

Ros. Well, sir!

Serv. Mr. Belmont, madam, was just gone; but Mr. Faddle will wait upon your ladyship immediately.

Ros. Did they say where my brother went?

Serv. They did not know. Mr. Faddle is here, madam.

Enter FADDLE, humming a tune.

Fad. In obedience to your extraordinary commands, madam—but you should have been alone, child.

Ros. No trifling, sir. Do you know this handwriting? (*Gives him the letter.*)

Fad. Hum! Not I, as I hope to be saved! Nor you neither, I believe. (*Aside.*) Is it for my perusal, madam?

Fid. And your answering, too, sir.

Fad. Mighty well, madam! (*Reads.*) Hum! "*Fidelia—women of the town—innocence—guilt—Faddle inform you farther.*" Why, what a plague am I brought in for? "*Intelligence—question—Fidelia—sister of Mr. Belmont's friend.*" (*Stares and whistles.*)

Ros. Well, sir! (*Takes the letter.*)

Fad. Oh! I am to guess at the writer? Can't, upon my soul! Upon my soul, I can't, child! 'Tis a woman, I believe, though, by the d—d blabbing that's in't.

Fid. The letter says, sir, that you can inform this lady farther concerning me. Now, sir, whatever you happen to know, or to have heard, of me, deliver it freely, and without disguise. I entreat it as an act of friendship, that will for ever oblige me.

Fad. Let me see. No, it can't be her, neither; she is a woman of too much honour—and yet, I I don't remember to have opened my lips about it to any soul but her.

Fid. You know me, then, sir?

Ros. Speak out, sir.

Fad. Methinks, if these letter-writers were a little more communicative of their own names, and less so of their neighbours', there would be more honesty in them. Why am I introduced here? Truly, forsooth, because a certain person in the world is overburthened with the secrets of her own slips, and, for a little vent, chooses to blab those of another. Faddle inform you farther! Faddle will be d—d as soon.

Ros. Hark you! sir, if you intend to enter these doors again, tell me all you know, for I will have it. You have owned your telling it elsewhere, sir.

Fid. What is it you told, sir?

Fad. What I sha'n't tell here, madam. Her angry ladyship must excuse me, 'faith!

Fid. Indeed, Rosetta, he knows nothing.

Fad. Nothing in the world, madam, as I hope to be saved. Mine is all hearsay. And, curse upon them! the whole town may be in a lie, for anything I know. So they said of Lady Bridget, that she went off with her footman; but 'twas all slander, for 'twas a horse-grenadier that she bought a commission for last week.

Ros. What has Lady Bridget, or the town, to do with Fidelia, sir?

Fad. So I said, madam; the very words. Says I, "A woman of the town? Does a slip or two with particulars make a lady a woman of the town? Or, if it did," says I, "many a one has taken up, and lived honestly afterwards. A woman of the town, indeed!"

Fid. Hold your licentious tongue, sir! Upon my life, Rosetta, 'tis all malice. 'Tis his own contrivance. I dare him to produce another villain that's base enough to say this of me.

Fad. Right, madam; stick to that, and, egad! I'll be of your side. (*Aloud in her ear.*)

Fid. Insolence! (*Strikes him.*) Oh! I am hurt beyond all bearing!

Ros. And I, lost in perplexity. If thou art linked with any wretch base enough to contrive this paper, or art thyself the contriver, may poverty and a bad heart be thy companions; but if thou art privy to anything that concerns the honour of this family, give it breath, and I'll insure thee both protection and reward.

Fid. I dare him to discovery.

Fad. Ladies, I have had the honour of a blow conferred on me by one of you, and am favoured with the offer of protection and reward from the other; now, to convince both, that, in spite of indignities or obligations, I can keep a secret, if ever I open my lips upon this matter, may plague, famine, and the horned devil, consume and seize me. And so, ladies, I take my leave.

[*Exit, singing.*]

Ros. What can this fellow mean, Fidelia? Has he not abused you?

Fid. Is it a doubt, then? Would I had leave to speak!

Ros. And why not, Fidelia? Promises unjustly extorted have no right to observance. You have deceived me by your own acknowledgment; and, methinks, at such a time, matters of punctilio should give place to reason and necessity.

Fid. I dare not, Rosetta. 'Twould be a crime to your brother, and I owe him more than all the world.

Ros. And what are those obligations, Fidelia?

Fid. Not for me to mention. Iudeed, I dare not, Rosetta.

Ros. 'Tis well, madam! And when you are inclined to admit me to your confidence, I shall, perhaps, know better how to conduct myself. (*Going.*)

Enter YOUNG BELMONT.

Oh! are you come, brother? Your friend's sister, your ward here, has wanted you, sir.

Young B. What is it, Fidelia?

Fid. I have no breath to speak it. Your sister, sir, can better inform you.

Ros. Read that, sir. (*Gives him the letter, which he reads to himself.*)

Fid. Now, Rosetta, all shall be set right. Your brother will do me justice, and account for his own conduct.

Ros. I expect so, Fidelia.

Young B. Impertinent! (*Gives back the letter.*) I met Faddle as I came in; and, I suppose, in pure love of mischief, he has made my believing sister here a convert to the villany of that letter. But I'll make the rascal unsay everything he has said, or his bones shall ache for't. (*Going.*)

Fid. Stay, sir, I entreat you. That I am a counterfeiter, in part, I have already confessed.

Young B. You have done wrong, then.

Fid. But am I a creature of the town, sir? Your sister must learn that from you. You have been once my deliverer, be so now. Tell her, I am poor and miserable, but not dishonest: that I have only consented to deceive her, not desired it. Tell her, I deserve her pity, not her anger. 'Tis my only request; can you deny it me?

Young B. You have said too much, Fidelia. And, for your own sake, I shall forbear to mention what I know of your story. How far your own honour is bound, you are the best judge. But a breach of the most solemn promises, let me tell you, madam, will be a wretched vindication of the innocence you contend for.

Fid. And is this all, sir?

Young B. For my own part, I must have better authority than Faddle, or a nameless writer, to believe anything to your dishonour. And for you, sister, I must not have this lady ill treated. While

I am satisfied of her innocence, your suspicions are impertinent. Nor will I consent to her removal, madam, mark that, whatever you, in your great wisdom, may have privately determined. *[Exit.]*

Ros. You are a villain, brother.

Fid. Now I have lost you, Rosetta.

Ros. When you incline to be a friend to yourself, Fidelia, you may find one in me. But while explanations are avoided, I must be allowed to act from my own opinion, and agreeably to the character I am to support. *[Exit.]*

Fid. Then I am wretched! But that's no novelty. I have wandered from my cradle, the very child of misfortune. To retire and weep must now be my only indulgence. *[Exit.]*

Enter YOUNG BELMONT.

Young B. Why, what a rogue am I! Here have I thrown a whole family, and that my own, too, into perplexities, that innocence can't oppose, nor cunning guard against. And all for what? Why, a woman! Take away that excuse, and the devil himself would be a saint to me; for all the rest is sinning without temptation. In my commerce with the world, I am guarded against the mercenary vices. I think I have honour above lying, courage above cruelty, pride above meanness, and honesty above deceit; and yet, throw but coy beauty in my way, and all the vices, by turns, take possession of me. Fortune, fortune, give me success this once, and I'll build churches!

Enter FADDLE.

Fad. What, Charles! Is the coast clear, and the finishing stroke given to my embassy, eh?

Young B. Thou hast been a most excellent rascal, and, 'faith! matters seem to be in a promising condition; for I have flung that in Rosetta's way, which, if she keeps her womanhood, will do the business.

Fad. Pr'ythee, what's that, Charles?

Young B. Why, I have bid her not think of parting with Fidelia.

Fad. Nay, then, tip she goes headlong out at window. But hast thou no bowels, Charles? for, methinks, I begin to feel some twitches of compunction about me.

Young B. I understand you, sir; but I have no more purses.

Fad. Why, look you, Charles, we must find a way to lull this conscience of mine; here will be the devil to do else. That's a very pretty ring, Charles.

Young B. Is it so, sir? Hark you! Mr. Dog, if you demur one moment to fetching and carrying in this business, as I bid you, you shall find my hand a little heavy upon you.

Fad. Pooh, pox! Charles, can't a body speak? People may be in good humour, when they want people to do things for people, methinks.

Young B. Troop this moment, with your rascally conscience, to the King's Arms, and wait there till I come, sir.

Fad. Why, so I will, Charles. A plague of the swaggering son of a—Not so big neither, if one had but a little courage. *(Aside, and going.)*

Young B. Hark you! Faddle: now I think on't, there is a way yet for thee to make another purse out of this business.

Fad. Why, one would not be a rogue for nothing, methinks.

Young B. I saw Sir Charles going into Fidelia's chamber; thou may'st steal upon them unobserved: they'll have their plots too, I suppose.

Fad. And where am I to come and tell thee, eh?

Young B. At the King's Arms, boy.

Fad. But you'll remember the purse, Charles?

Young B. Softly, rascal! *[Exit Faddle.]* Why, there it is again now! I am a fellow of principle! and so I will be, some time or other. But these appetites are the devil, and, at present, I am under their direction. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment.*

SIR CHARLES RAYMOND and FIDELIA discovered, sitting.

Sir C. He durst not say, directly, you were that creature the letter called!

Fid. Not in terms, sir; but his concealments struck deeper than the sharpest accusations.

Sir C. And could Mr. Belmont be silent to all this?

Fid. He said he had his reasons, sir, and it was my part to submit. I had no heart to disoblige him.

Sir C. You are too nice, madam. Rosetta loves you, and should be trusted.

Fid. Alas, sir! if it concerned me only, I should have no concealment.

Sir C. It concerns you most, madam. I must deal plainly with you. You have deceived your friend; and, though I believe it not, a severer reproach rests upon you. And shall an idle promise, an extorted one too, and that from a man who solicits your undoing, forbid your vindication? You must think better of it.

Fid. 'Tis not an extorted promise, sir, that seals my lips—but I love him—and though he pursues me to my ruin, I will obey him in this, whatever happens. He may desert me, but never shall have reason to upbraid me.

Sir C. 'Tis your own cause, madam, and you must act in it as you think proper. Yet still, if I might advise,—

Fid. Leave it to time, Sir Charles; and if you believe me innocent, your friendly thoughts of me, and my own conscience, shall keep me cheerful.

Enter FADDLE, listening.

Fad. Oh! plague, is it so? Now for a secret worth twenty pieces!

Sir C. Has it ever appeared to you, madam, that Faddle was a confidant of Mr. Belmont's?

Fid. Never, sir. On the contrary, a wretch most heartily despised by him.

Fad. If she should be a little mistaken now!—*(Aside.)*

Sir C. Can you guess at any other means of his coming to a knowledge of you?

Fid. None that I know of, sir.

Fad. 'Faith, I believe her. *(Aside.)*

Sir C. One question more, madam, and I have done. Did Mr. Belmont ever solicit your removing from this house?

Fid. Never directly, sir. He has often, when we have been alone, quarrelled with himself for bringing me into it.

Sir C. I thank you, madam. And if my enquiries have been at any time too importunate, allow them to the warmth of an honest friendship: for I have a heart that feels for your distresses, and beats to relieve them.

Fid. I have no words, Sir Charles; let my tears thank you.

Sir C. Be composed, my child; and if Rosetta's suspicions grow violent, I have apartments ready to receive you, with such welcome, as virtue should find with one who loves it.

Fid. Still, Sir Charles, my tears are all that I can thank you with—for this goodness is too much for me.

Fad. And so she's a bit for the old gentleman at last! Rare news for Charles! or, with a little addition, I shall make it so. But I must decamp, to avoid danger. *(Aside, and exit.)*

Sir C. Dry up your tears, *Fidelia*. For, if my conjectures are well grounded, before night, perhaps, something may be done to serve you. And so I leave you to your best thoughts. *[Exit.]*

Fid. Then I have one friend left. How long I am to hold him, Heaven knows! 'Tis a fickle world, and nothing in it is lasting, but misfortune—yet I'll have patience:

*That sweet relief, the healing hand of Heav'n
Alone to suffering innocence has giv'n;
Come, friend of virtue, balm of every care,
Dwell in my bosom, and forbid despair. [Exit.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—An Apartment.

Enter COLONEL RAYMOND and ROSETTA.

Ros. I tell you, I will not be talked to.

Col. R. 'Tis my unhappiness, madam, to raise no passion in you, but anger.

Ros. You are mistaken, Colonel. I am not angry, though I answer so. My gaiety has been disturbed to-day; and gravity always sits upon me like ill humour. *Fidelia* has engrossed me, and you are talking of yourself. What would you have me say?

Col. R. That your neglect of me has been dissembled, and that I have leave to love you, and to hope for you.

Ros. This is very strange now! Why, 'tis not in your power to avoid loving me, whether you have leave to hope or not. And as to my dissembling, I know nothing of that—all I know is, that I'm a woman; and women, I suppose, dissemble sometimes—I don't pretend to be a bit better than a woman.

Col. R. Be a kind one, and you're an angel.

Ros. But if I were inclined to listen, what have you to say in favour of matrimony?

Col. R. 'Tis happiness, or misery, as minds are differently disposed. The necessary requisites are, love, good sense, and good breeding. The first to unite, the second to advise, and the third to comply. If you add to these, neatness and competency, beauty will always please, and family cares become agreeable amusements.

Ros. Do you know, now, that you never pleased me so much in all your life?

Col. R. If so, *Rosetta*, one question, and then to apply.

Ros. How if I should not answer your question?

Col. R. 'Tis a fair one, upon my word. Don't you think, that you and I could muster up these requisites between us?

Ros. Let me consider a little—Who must have love, pray?

Col. R. Both of us.

Ros. No, I have no mind to have any thing to do with love. Do you take that, and give understanding, to advise. So then you choose, and have all the good breeding, for compliance; then I neatness; and last of all, competency shall be divided between us.

Col. R. A match, madam, upon your own terms. But if you should ever take it into your head to dispute love with me, what other requisite are you willing to give up to it?

Ros. Why, neatness, I think; 'tis of little use to a married woman, you know.

Col. R. A trifle, madam. But when are we to come together?

Ros. As soon as we can give proof that these ingredients are between us. In a few years, perhaps.

Col. R. If our virtues should starve in that time?

Ros. Psha! You know nothing of the matter. Sense will improve every day, and love and good breeding live an age, if we don't marry them. But we'll have done with these matters; for I can keep

the ball up no longer. You did not say *Fidelia* upbraided me?

Col. R. The very reverse. 'Twas her only affliction, she said, that you had reason to think hardly of her.

Ros. Poor girl! If you would make love to me with success, Colonel, clear up these perplexities. Suppose I were to dismiss my pride a little, and make her a visit?

Col. R. 'Twould be a kind one.

Ros. Lead on then; for, in spite of my resentments, I have no heart to keep from her. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Another Apartment.

Enter YOUNG BELMONT and FADDLE.

Young B. If this should be invention, Faddle?

Fad. I tell thee I was behind the screen, and heard every syllable of it. Why, I'll say it to his face, pr'ythee.

Young B. What, that he proposed to take her into keeping, and that she consented?

Fad. Not in those words, man. No, no; Sir Charles is a gentleman of politer elocution.—“Pray, child, (says he,) did Young Belmont ever propose your removing from this house?”—“No, sir; (says she;) but he has cursed himself to d—n for bringing me into it.” (*Mimicking Sir C. and Fidelia.*) “Well, child, (says he,) the thing may be done to-night; apartments are ready for you.” And then, in a lower voice, he said something about virtue, that I could not very well hear; but I saw it set the girl a-crying. And, presently, in answer to a whisper of his, I heard her say, in a very pretty manner, that she thought it was too much for her. But what his proposals were, the devil a syllable could I hear.

Young B. Ha, ha! Yonder he is, Faddle; and coming this way. We must not be seen together.

Fad. For a little sport, Charles, suppose I fling myself in his way, and make interest to be com-mode to him, eh?

Young B. And get thy nose twisted for thy pains?

Fad. Why, I can run, if I can't fight.

Young B. Faith, I never doubted thee that way. I'll to my room, then, and wait for thee.

Fad. But leave the door open, Charles.

Young B. Ha, ha, ha!—You'll not be tedious, sir. *[Exit.]*

Enter SIR CHARLES RAYMOND.

Fad. If the old gentleman should be in his airs, though. Servant, servant, Sir Charles.

Sir C. Oh! sir, you are the man I was looking for.

Fad. If I can be of any service, Sir Charles—What, and so—ha!—Faith! you're a sly one.—But you old poachers have such a way with you? Why here has Charles been racking his brains for ways and means, any time these three months; and, just in the nick, souse comes me down the old kite—and, alack-a-day, poor chick!—the business is done.

Sir C. Make yourself a little intelligible, sir.

Fad. And so, I don't speak plain, eh? Oh! the little rogue! There's more beauty in the veins of her neck, than in a landscape of Claude; and more music in the smack of her lips than in all Handel!

Sir C. Let me understand you, sir.

Fad. Methinks 'twas very laconic, though.—If *Rosetta's* suspicions grow violent, I have apartments ready to receive you. (*Mimicking Sir C.*) But a word in your ear, old gentleman—those apartments won't do.

Sir C. Oh! sir, I begin to be a little in the secret.

Fad. Mighty quick of apprehension, 'faith!—And the little innocent!—"Still, Sir Charles, my tears are all I can thank you with; for this goodness is too much for me." (*Mimicking Fidelia.*) Upon my soul, you have a great deal of goodness, Sir Charles; a great deal of goodness, upon my soul!

Sir C. Why, now I understand you, sir. And as these matters may require time, for the sake of privacy, we'll shut this door. (*Shuts the door.*)

Fad. Any other time, Sir Charles. But I am really so hurried at present, that—Oh, Lord!—(*Aside.*)

Sir C. Why, what does the wretch tremble at? Broken bones are to be set again; and thou mayest yet die in thy bed. (*Takes hold of him.*) You have been a listener, sir.

Fad. Lord, sir!—Indeed, sir!—Not I, sir!

Sir C. No denial, sir. (*Shakes him.*)

Fad. Oh! sir, I'll confess! I did listen, sir; I did indeed, sir.

Sir C. Does your memory furnish you with any other villany of your's, that may save me the trouble of an explanation?

Fad. I'll think, sir.—What the devil shall I say now? (*Aside.*)

Sir C. Take care; for every lie thou tellest me, shall be scored ten-fold upon thy flesh. Answer me: how came Mr. Belmont's sister by that anonymous letter?

Fad. Letter, sir?

Sir C. Whence came it, I say?

Fad. Is there no remission, sir?

Sir C. None that thou canst deserve; for honesty is not in thy nature.

Fad. If I confess?

Sir C. Do so, then, and trust me.

Fad. Yes, and so be beat to a mummy by Charles.—If you won't tell him, sir—

Sir C. I'll think of it.

Fad. Why, then, sir—But he'll certainly be the death of me—It was by his contrivance I wrote the letter, and sent it from the King's Arms.

Sir C. Very well, sir. And did you know to what purpose it was sent?

Fad. Yes, sir; it was to alarm the family against Fidelia, that Charles might get her into private lodgings. That was all, as I hope to be saved, sir.

Sir C. Was it, sir? And upon what principles were you an accomplice in this villany?

Fad. I was out of money, sir, and not over-valiant; and Charles promised and threatened. 'Twas either a small purse, or a great cudgel; and so I took the one, to avoid the other, sir.

Sir C. And what dost thou deserve for this?

Fad. Pray, sir, consider my honest confession, and think me paid already, if you please, sir.

Sir C. For that thou art safe. If thou wouldst continue so, avoid me. Begone, I say!

Fad. Yes, sir,—and well off, too, 'faith. (*Aside, and going.*)

Sir C. Yet, stay! If thou art open to any sense of shame, hear me.

Fad. I will, sir.

Sir C. Thy life is a disgrace to humanity. A foolish prodigality makes thee needy: need makes thee vicious, and both make thee contemptible. Thy wit is prostituted to slander and buffoonery; and thy judgment, if thou hast any, to meanness and villany. Thy betters, that laugh with thee, laugh at thee. And who are they? The fools of quality at court, and those who ape them in the city. The varieties of thy life are pitiful rewards and painful abuses; for the same trick that gets thee a guinea to-day, shall get thee beaten out of doors to-morrow. Those who caress thee are enemies to themselves; and when they know it, will

be so to thee: in thy distresses they'll desert thee, and leave thee, at last, to sink in thy poverty, unregarded and unpitied. If thou canst be wise, think of me, and be honest. [*Exit.*]

Fad. I'll endeavour it, sir. A most excellent discourse, 'faith; and mighty well there was not a larger congregation. So, so! I must be witty, with a vengeance! What the deuce shall I say to Charles, now? And here he comes, like poverty and the plague, to destroy me at once. Let me see—Ay, as truth has saved me with one, I'll try what a little lying will do with t'other.

Enter YOUNG BELMONT.

Ha, ha, ha! Oh! the rarest sport, Charles!

Bel. What sport, pr'ythee?

Fad. I shall burst! Ha, ha, ha! The old gentleman has let me into all his secrets!

Young B. And, like a faithful confidant, you are going to reveal them.

Fad. Not a breath, Charles—only that I am in commission, my dear, that's all.

Young B. So I suppose, indeed.

Fad. Nay, Charles, if I tell thee a lie, cut my throat. The short of the matter is, the old poacher, finding me in the secret, thought it the wisest way to make a confidant of me; and this very moment, my dear, I am upon the wing to provide lodgings for the occasion.

Young B. If this should be apocryphal, as my father says—

Fad. Gospel, every syllable, as I hope to be saved. Why, what in the devil's name have I to do, to be inventing lies for thee? But here comes the old gentleman again, 'faith. Oh! the devil!—(*Aside.*) Pr'ythee, stroke him down a little, Charles, if 'tis only to see how awkward he takes it. I must about the lodgings, ha, ha, ha!—But if ever I set foot in this house again, may a horse-pond be my portion! [*Aside, and exit.*]

Enter SIR CHARLES RAYMOND, with a letter in his hand, speaking to a Servant.

Sir C. Bid him wait a little, and I'll attend him. [*Exit Servant.*] What can this mean? Let me read it again. (*Reads.*) "If the interests of Sir Charles Raymond's family be dear to him, he will follow the bearer with the same haste that he would shun ruin." That he would shun ruin! This is strange! But, be it as it will, I have another concern that must take place first.

Young B. Sir Charles, your servant. Any news, sir?

Sir C. Not much, sir; only, that a young gentleman of honour and condition had introduced a virtuous lady to his family; and, when a worthless fellow defamed her innocence, and robbed her of her quiet, he, who might have dried her tears, and vindicated her virtue, forsook her in her injuries, to debauch his mind with the assassin of her reputation.

Young B. If your tale ends there, sir, you have learned but half of it; for my advices add, that a certain elderly gentleman, of title and fortune, pitying the forlorn circumstances of the lady, has offered her terms of friendship and accommodation; and this night she bids farewell to maidenhood, and a female bedfellow in private apartments.

Sir C. You treat me lightly, Mr. Belmont.

Young B. You use me roughly, Sir Charles.

Sir C. How, sir!

Young B. In the person of Fidelia.

Sir C. Make it appear, and you shall find me a very boy in my submissions.

Young B. 'Twould be time lost; and I can employ it to advantage. But remember, sir, that this

house is another's, not your's; that Fidelia is under my direction, not your's; and that my will must determine her removal, not your's.

Sir C. Is she your slave, sir, to bear the burden of your insults without complaining, or the right of choosing another master?

Young B. And who shall be that master? You, sir! The poor bird, that would escape the kite, is like to find warm protection from the fox!

Sir C. Pr'ythee, think me a man, and treat me as such.

Young B. As the man I have found you, Sir Charles. Your grave deportment and honesty of heart are covers only for wantonness and design: you preach up temperance and sobriety to youth, to monopolize, in age, the vices you are unfit for.

Sir C. Harkye! young man, you must curb this impetuous spirit of your's, or I shall be tempted to teach you manners, in a method disagreeable to you.

Young B. Learn them first yourself, sir. You say Fidelia is insulted by me; how is it made out? Why, truly, I would possess her without marriage! I would so. Marriage is the thing I would avoid: 'tis the trick of priests to make men miserable, and women insolent. I have dealt plainly, and told her so. Have you said as much? No; you wear the face of honesty, to quiet her fears; that, when your blood boils, and security has stolen away her guard, you may rush at midnight upon her beauties, and do the ravage you have sworn to protect her from.

Sir C. Hold, sir! You have driven me beyond the limits of my patience; and I must tell you, young man, that the obligations I owe your father, demand no returns that manhood must blush to make: therefore, hold, I say; for I have a sword to do me justice, though it should leave my dearest friend childless.

Young B. I fear it not.

Sir C. Better tempt it not; for your fears may come too late. You have dealt openly with Fidelia, you say; deal so for once with me, and tell me, whence came that vile scroll to Rosetta this afternoon.

Young B. It seems, then, I wrote it? You dare not think so.

Sir C. I dare speak, as well as think, where honour directs me.

Young B. You are my accuser, then?

Sir C. When I become so, I shall take care, Mr. Belmont, that the proof waits upon the accusation.

Young B. I disdain the thought.

Sir C. Better have disdained the deed.

Young B. I do both; and him that suspects me.

Sir C. Away! You fear him that suspects you; and have disdained neither the thought nor the deed.

Young B. How, sir? (*Drawing his sword.*)

Sir C. Put up your sword, young man, and use it in a better cause: this is a vile one. And now you shall be as still through shame, as you have been loud through pride. You should have known, that cowards are unfit for secrets.

Young B. And if I had, sir?

Sir C. Why, then, sir, you had not employed such a wretch as Faddle, to write that letter to Rosetta.

Young B. (*Aside.*) The villain has betrayed me! But I'll be sure of it.—He durst not say I did!

Sir C. You should rather have built your innocence upon the probability of his unsaying it, for the same fear that made him confess to me, may make him deny every syllable to you.

Young B. What has he confessed, sir?

Sir C. That, to-day, at dinner, you prompted

the letter that he wrote: that your design was, by vilifying Fidelia, to get her dismissed, and the dismission to prepare her ruin in private lodgings. Was this your open behaviour, sir?

Young B. Go on with your upbraidings, sir. Speak to me as you will, and think of me as you will. I have deserved shame, and am taught patience.

Sir C. Was this well done? Did her innocence, and her undissembled love, deserve this treatment?

Young B. Proceed, sir.

Sir C. No, sir; I have done. If you have sense of your past conduct, you want not humanity to heal the wounds it has given. Something must be done, and speedily.

Young B. What reparation can I make her?

Sir C. Dry up her tears, by an immediate acknowledgment of her wrongs.

Young B. I would do more.

Sir C. Bid her farewell, then; and consent to her removal.

Young B. I cannot, sir.

Sir C. Her peace demands it: but we'll talk of that hereafter. If you have honour, go and do her justice, and undeceive your abused sister. Who waits there? Indeed, you have been to blame, Mr. Belmont.

Enter a Servant.

Shew me to the bearer of this letter.

[*Exit with the Servant.*]

Young B. Why, what a thing am I!—But it is the trick of vice, to pay her votaries with shame; and I am rewarded amply. To be a fool's fool, too! to link myself in villany with a wretch below the notice of a man! and to be outwitted by him! So, so! I may have abused Sir Charles, too. Let me think a little—I'll to Fidelia instantly, and tell her what a rogue I have been. But will that be reparation? I know but of one way; and there my pride stops me—And then I lose her—Worse and worse!—I'll think no more of it; but away to her chamber, and bid her think for me. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Sir Robert Belmont's house.*

Enter SIR ROBERT BELMONT, with a letter in his hand, followed by a Servant.

Sir R. Very fine doings, indeed! But I'll teach the dog to play his tricks upon his father. A man had better let a lion loose upon his family, than a town-rake. Where is Sir Charles, I say?

Serv. This moment come in, sir.

Sir R. And why did not you say so, blockhead? Tell him I must speak with him this moment.

Serv. The servant says he waits for an answer to that letter, sir.

Sir R. Do as I bid you, rascal, and let him wait. Fly, I say! [*Exit Serv.*] The riotous, young dog, to bring his harlots home with him! But I'll outwit the baggage.

Enter SIR CHARLES RAYMOND.

Oh! Sir Charles, 'tis every word as we said this morning. The boy has stolen her, and I am to be ruined by a law-suit.

Sir C. A law-suit! with whom, sir?

Sir R. Read, read, read! (*Gives the letter.*)

Sir C. (*Reads.*) "*I am guardian to that Fidelia, whom your son has stolen from me, and you unjustly detain. If you deny her to me, the law shall right me. I wait your answer by the bearer, to assert my claim in the person of—*GEORGE VILLIARD."
Why, then, my doubts are at an end. But I must

conceal my transports, and wear a face of coolness, while my heart overflows with passion. (*Aside.*)

Sir R. What, not a word, Sir Charles? There's a piece of work for you! And so I am to be ruined!

Sir C. Do you know this Villiard, Sir Robert?

Sir R. Whether I do or not, sir, the slut shall go to him this moment.

Sir C. Hold a little! This gentleman must be heard, sir; and, if his claim be good, the lady restored.

Sir R. Why, e'en let her go as it is, Sir Charles.

Sir C. That would be too hasty. Go in with me, sir, and we'll consider how to write to him.

Sir R. Well, well, well—I wish she were gone, though. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment.*

Enter YOUNG BELMONT and FIDELIA.

Young B. Ask me not why I did it, but forgive me.

Fid. No, sir; 'tis impossible. I have a mind, Mr. Belmont, above the wretchedness of my fortune; and, helpless as I am, I can feel in this breast a sense of injuries, and spirit to resent them.

Young B. Nay, but hear me, Fidelity.

Fid. Was it not enough to desert me in my distresses, to deny me the poor request I made you, but must you own yourself the contriver of that letter? 'Tis insupportable! If I consented to assume a rank that belonged not to me, my heart went not with the deceit. You would have it so, and I complied. 'Twas shame enough that I had deceived your sister; it needed not that I should bring a prostitute to her friendship. This was too much, too much, Mr. Belmont.

Young B. Yet hear me, I say.

Fid. And, then, to leave me to the malice of that wretch; to have my supposed infamy the tavern jest of his licentious companions! I never flattered myself, Mr. Belmont, with your love; but knew not, till now, that I have been the object of your hatred.

Young B. My hatred!—But I have deserved your thoughts of me. And yet, believe me, Fidelity, when I used you worst, I loved you most.

Fid. Call it by another name; for love delights in acts of kindness: were your's such, sir? And yet, must I forget all? for I owe you more than injuries can cancel, or gratitude repay.

Young B. Generous creature! This is to be amiable, indeed! But must we part, Fidelity?

Fid. I have resolved it, sir; and you must yield to it.

Young B. Never, my sweet obstinate.

Fid. That I have loved you, 'tis my pride to acknowledge; but that must be forgotten: and the hard task remains, to drive the passion from my breast, while I cherish the memory of your humane offices. This day, then, shall be the last of our meeting. Painful though it may be, yet your own, mine, and the family's peace, require it. Heaven, in my distresses, has not left me destitute of a friend; or, if it had, I can find one in my innocence, to make even poverty supportable.

Young B. You have touched me, Fidelity; and my heart yields to your virtues. Here, then, let my follies have an end; and thus let me receive you as the everlasting partner of my heart and fortune. (*Offers to embrace her.*)

Fid. No, sir; the conduct that has hitherto secured my own honour, shall protect your's. I have been the innocent disturber of your family; but never will consent to load it with disgrace.

Young B. Nor can it be disgraced. I mean to honour it, Fidelity: you must comply.

Fid. And repay generosity with ruin! No, Mr. Belmont; I can forego happiness, but never can consent to make another miserable.

Young B. When I repent, Fidelity—But, see, where my sister comes, to be an advocate for my wishes!

Enter ROSETTA.

Ros. Oh! sir, you are found! You have done nobly, indeed! But your thefts are discovered, sir. This lady's guardian has a word or two for you.

Young B. Her guardian! Upon my life, Fidelity, Villiard! He comes as I could wish him.

Ros. Say so when you have answered him, brother. Am I to lose you at last, then, Fidelity? And yet my hopes flatter me, that this too, as well as the letter, is a deceit: may I think so, Fidelity?

Fid. As truly as of your goodness, Rosetta. Your brother will tell you all. Oh! he has made me miserable by his generosity.

Young B. This pretended guardian, sister, is a villain, and Fidelity, the most abused of women! Bounteous he has been, indeed; but to his vices, not his virtues, she stands indebted for the best of educations. The story will amaze you. At twelve years old—

Ros. He's here, brother, and with him, my papa, Sir Charles, and the Colonel. Now, Fidelity.

Enter SIR ROBERT BELMONT, SIR CHARLES RAYMOND, COLONEL RAYMOND, and VILLIARD.

Sir C. If that be the lady, Mr. Villiard, and your claim as you pretend, Sir Robert has told you, she shall be restored, sir.

Sir R. Yes, sir; and your claim as you pretend.

Vil. (*Going to Fidelity.*) This, gentlemen, is the lady; and this the robber who stole her from me. (*Pointing to Belmont.*) By violence, and at midnight, he stole her.

Young B. Stole her, sir!

Vil. By violence and at midnight, I say.

Young B. You shall be heard, sir.

Vil. Ay, sir, and satisfied. I stand here, gentlemen, to demand my ward.

Sir C. Give us proofs, sir, and you shall have justice.

Vil. Demand them there, sir. (*Pointing to Belmont and Fidelity.*) I have told you I am robbed: if you deny me justice, the law shall force it.

Sir C. A little patience, sir. (*To Villiard.*) Do you know this gentleman, Fidelity?

Fid. Too well, sir.

Sir C. By what means, sir, did you become her guardian? (*To Villiard.*)

Vil. By the will of her who bore her, sir.

Sir C. How will you reply to this, Fidelity?

Fid. With truth and honesty, sir.

Young B. Let him proceed, madam.

Vil. Ay, sir, to your part of the story; though both are practised in a d—d falsehood to confront me.

Young B. Falsehood!—But I am cool, sir.—Proceed.

Vil. My doors were broken open at midnight by this gentleman; (*pointing to Young B.*) myself wounded, and Fidelity ravished from me. He ran off with her in his arms; nor, till this morning, in a coach which brought her hither, have my eyes ever beheld her.

Sir R. A very fine business, truly, young man! (*To Young B.*)

Fid. He has abused you, sir. Mr. Belmont is noble—

Young B. No matter, Fidelity. Well, sir, you have been robbed, you say? (*To Villiard.*)

Vil. And will have justice, sir.

Young B. Take it from this hand, then. (*Drawing his sword.*)

Sir C. Hold, sir! This is adding insult to injuries. Fidelia must be restored, sir.

Sir R. Ay, sir, Fidelia must be restored.

Fid. But not to him. Hear but my story; and, if I deceive you, let your friendship forsake me. He bought me, gentlemen, for the worst of purposes; he bought me of the worst of women. A thousand times has he confessed it, and as often pleaded his right of purchase to undo me. Whole years have I endured his brutal solicitations; till, tired with entreaties, he had recourse to violence. This scene was laid, and I had been ruined beyond redress, had not my cries brought the generous Mr. Belmont to my relief. He was accidentally passing by; and alarmed, at midnight, by a woman's shrieks, he forced open the door, and saved me from destruction.

Sir C. How will you answer this, sir? (*To Villiard.*)

Vil. 'Tis false, sir! That woman was her nurse; these hands delivered her to her care.

Fid. Alas! gentlemen, she found me a helpless infant at her door! so she has always told me; and, at twelve years old, betrayed me to that monster. Search out the woman, if she be alive, and let me be confronted.

Sir R. If this be true, Sir Charles, I shall bless myself as long as I live, for getting my boy. (*Weeps.*)

Vil. 'Tis false, I say! a d—d contrivance to escape me. I stand here, sir, to demand my ward. (*To Sir Robert.*) Deny her to me, at your peril.

Young B. He shall have my life as soon.

Vil. Hark you, sir! (*to Sir Robert*) there are things called laws, to do right to the injured: my appeal shall be to them.

Sir C. That woman must be produced, sir. (*To Villiard.*)

Vil. And shall, sir, in a court of justice. Our next meeting shall be there; till then, madam, you are secure. (*To Fidelia.*)

Young B. Take care that you are so, sir, when we have occasion to call upon you. You shall have justice.

Vil. And will, sir, in defiance of you. [*Exit.*]

Sir C. Fear not, Fidelia; we believe, and will protect you.

Ros. My sweet girl!—But whence came the letter this afternoon?

Young B. 'Twas I that wrote it.

Ros. Oh, monstrous! And could you be that wretch, brother?

Young B. And will atone for it by the only recompense that's left me.

Sir R. And what recompense will you make her, eh! rogue?

Young B. I have injured, her, sir, and must do her justice. If you would retrieve my honour, or promote my happiness, give me your consent, sir, to make her your daughter.

Ros. Why, that's my brother! Now I am sure she's innocent; and so you will, papa.

Sir R. But, positively, I will not, child. Marry her, indeed! What! without a shilling, and be ruined by Villiard into the bargain? If your story be true, Fidelia, you shall be provided for: but no marrying, d'ye hear, child?

Fid. You need not doubt me, sir.

Sir R. Why, that's well, said, Fidelia!

Ros. And deserves reward, sir. Pray, Sir Charles, let us have your thoughts upon this matter.

Sir C. Your brother's proposal, madam, and Fidelia's denial, are as generous as your father's determination is just.

Young B. I expected as much, sir.

Sir C. My opinion was asked, sir.

Young B. And you have given it: I thank you, sir.

Sir C. Think of Villiard, Mr. Belmont; his claim may be renewed, sir.

Young B. Fidelia has deceived you, then? You think otherwise, Sir Charles.

Col. R. My life upon her innocence! And where the fortune on one side is more than sufficient, how light is all addition to it, compared to the possession of her one loves! Let me, sir, be happy in Rosetta, (*to Sir Robert,*) and give her fortune to Fidelia, to make her an object worthy of your son.

Ros. There's a colonel for you! What says my sweet Fidelia?

Fid. I intended to be silent, madam; but it's now my duty to speak. You have been my deliverer, sir, from the worst of evils; (*to Young B.*) and now would nobly augment the first obligation by a generosity too mighty for acknowledgment. If I had the wealth of worlds, it would be too little to bestow; but, poor and friendless as I am, my heart may break, but never shall consent to make my benefactor a penitent to his virtues.

Sir C. 'Tis nobly said, Fidelia! And now, Mr. Belmont, our disputes will soon be at an end. You have this day, sir, reproached me often; it remains now, that you should know me as I am.

Young B. If I have erred, sir—

Sir C. Interrupt me not, but hear me. I have watched your follies with concern; and it is with equal pleasure I congratulate your return to honour. If I have opposed your generous inclinations, it was only to give them strength: I am now a suppliant to your father for the happiness you desire.

Young B. This is noble, Sir Charles.

Sir C. And to make Fidelia worthy of his son, a fortune shall be added equal to his warmest expectations.

Sir R. Why, ay, Sir Charles, let that be made out, and I shall have no objection.

Fid. What mean you, sir? (*To Sir C.*)

Sir C. A minute more, and my sweet girl shall be instructed. You have often told me, sir, (*to Young B.*) that I had an interest in this lovely creature. I have an interest! an interest which you shall allow me. My heart dotes upon her!—Oh! I can hold no longer—My daughter, my daughter! (*Embraces Fidelia.*)

Fid. Your daughter, sir!

Sir C. Oh! my sweet child! Sir Robert—Mr. Belmont—my son!—These tears, these tears!—Fidelia is my daughter!

Col. R. Is it possible!

Sir C. Let not excess of wonder overpower you, Fidelia; for I have a tale to tell that will exceed belief.

Fid. Oh, sir!

Sir C. Upbraid me not that I have kept it a moment from your knowledge: 'twas a hard trial; and while my tongue was taught dissimulation, my heart bled for a child's distresses.

Young B. Torture us not, sir, but explain this wonder.

Sir C. My tears must have their way first.—Oh! my child, my child! (*Turning to Sir Robert and the rest.*) Know, then, that wicked woman, so often mentioned, was my Fidelia's governante: when my mistaken zeal drove me into banishment, I left her, an infant, to her care: to secure some jewels of value I had lodged with her, she became the woman you have heard. My child was taught to believe she was a foundling; her name of Harriet changed to Fidelia; and, to lessen my solicitude for the theft, a letter was despatched to me, in France, that my infant had no longer a being:

thus was the father robbed of his child, and the brother taught to believe he had no sister.

Fid. Am I that sister and that daughter? Oh, heavens! (*Kneels.*)

Young B. (*Running to her, and raising her.*) Be composed, my life! a moment's attention more, and your transports shall have a loose. Proceed, sir.

Sir C. Where she withdrew herself I could never learn. At twelve years old, she sold her, as you have heard; and never, till yesterday, made inquiry about her. 'Twas then that a sudden fit of sickness brought her to repentance: she sent for Villiard, who told her minutely what had happened. The knowledge of her deliverance gave her some consolation. But more was to be done yet: she had information of my pardon and return; and, ignorant of my child's deliverer, or the place of her conveyance, she at last determined to unburden herself to me. A letter was brought to me this afternoon, conjuring me to follow the bearer with the same haste that I would shun ruin. I did follow him, and received from this wretched woman the story I have told you.

Fid. Oh, my heart! My father, (*kneels*) have I at last found you? And were all my sorrows past meant only to endear the present transport? 'Tis too much for me!

Sir C. Rise, my child! To find thee thus virtuous in the midst of temptations, and thus lovely in the midst of poverty and distress, after an absence of eighteen melancholy years, when imaginary death had torn thee from my hopes; to find thee thus unexpectedly, and thus amiable, is happiness that the uninterrupted enjoyments of the fairest life never equalled!

Fid. What must be mine, then? Have I a brother, too? (*Turning to Col. R.*) Oh! my kind fortune!

Col. R. My sister! (*Embracing her.*)

Fid. Still there is a dearer claim than all, and now I can acknowledge it—My deliverer!

Young B. And husband, *Fidelia*! Let me receive you as the richest gift of fortune! (*Catching her in his arms.*)

Ros. My generous girl! The pride of your alliance is my utmost boast, as it is my brother's happiness!

Sir R. I have a right in her, too; for now you are my daughter, *Fidelia*. (*Kisses her.*)

Fid. I had forgotten, sir: if you will receive me as such, you shall find my gratitude in my obedience.

Sir C. Take her, Mr. Belmont, and protect the virtue you have tried. (*Joining their hands.*)

Young B. The study of my life, sir, shall be to deserve her.

Fid. Oh! *Rosetta*, yet it still remains with you to make this day's happiness complete—I have a brother that loves you.

Ros. I would be *Fidelia*'s sister every way: so take me while I am warm, Colonel. (*Giving him her hand.*)

Col. R. And when we repent, *Rosetta*, let the next minute end us.

Ros. With all my heart!

Fid. Now, *Rosetta*, we are doubly sisters!

Sir C. And may your lives and your affections know an end together.

Young B. (*Taking Fidelia by the hand.*) And now, *Fidelia*, what you have made me, take me, a convert to honour. I have at last learnt, that custom can be no authority for vice; and, however the mistaken world may judge, he who solicits pleasure at the expense of innocence, is the vilest of betrayers.

Yet savage man, the wildest beast of prey,

Assumes the face of kindness to betray;

His giant strength against the weak employs,

And woman, whom he should protect, destroys.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE STRANGER;

A DRAMA, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY BENJAMIN THOMPSON.



Act IV.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

COUNT WINTERSEN
BARON STEINFORT
THE STRANGER
SOLOMON
PETER

TOBIAS
FRANCIS
GEORGE
CHILDREN
COUNTESS WINTERSEN

MRS. HALLER
CHARLOTTE
ANNETTE
CLAUDINE
SUSAN

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Skirts of Count Wintensen's Park. The park-gates in the centre. On one side, a low lodge among the trees; on the other, in the background, a peasant's hut.*

Enter PETER.

Peter. Pooh, pooh! never tell me; I'm a clever lad, for all father's crying out every minute, "Peter," and "stupid Peter!" But I say, Peter is not stupid, though father will always be so wise. First, I talk too much; then I talk too little; and if I talk a bit to myself, he calls me a driveller. Now I like best to talk to myself; for I never contradict myself, and I don't laugh at myself as other folks do. That laughing is often a plaguy teasing custom. To be sure, when Mrs. Haller laughs, one can bear it well enough; there is a sweetness even in her reproof, that somehow—but, lud! I had near forgot what I was sent about. Yes, then they would have laughed at me, indeed. (*Draws a green purse from his pocket.*) I am to carry this money to old Tobias; and Mrs. Haller said I must be sure not to blab, or say that she had sent it. Well, well, she may be easy for that matter; not a word shall drop from my lips. Mrs. Haller is charming, but silly, if father is right; for father says, "He that spends his money is not wise, but he that gives it away is stark mad."

Enter the STRANGER from the lodge, followed by FRANCIS. At sight of Peter the Stranger stops, and looks suspiciously at him. Peter stands opposite to him with his mouth wide open. At length, he takes off his hat, scrapes a bow, and goes into the hut.

Stra. Who is that?

Fra. The steward's son.

Stra. Of the castle?

Fra. Yes.

Stra. (*After a pause.*) You were—you were speaking last night—

Fra. Of the old countryman?

Stra. Ay.

Fra. You would not hear me out.

Stra. Proceed.

Fra. He is poor.

Stra. Who told you so?

Fra. Himself.

Stra. (*With acrimony.*) Ay, ay; he knows how to tell his story, no doubt.

Fra. And to impose, you think?

Stra. Right!

Fra. This man does not.

Stra. Fool!

Fra. A feeling fool is better than a cold sceptic.

Stra. False!

Fra. Charity begets gratitude.

Stra. False!

Fra. And blesses the giver more than the receiver.

Stra. True.

Fra. Well, sir. This countryman—

Stra. Has he complained to you?

Fra. Yes.

Stra. He who is really unhappy never complains. (*Pauses.*) Francis, you have had means of education beyond your lot in life, and hence you are encouraged to attempt imposing on me: but go on.

Fra. His only son has been taken from him.

Stra. Taken from him?

Fra. By the exigency of the times for a soldier.

Stra. Ay!

Fra. The old man is poor.

Stra. 'Tis likely.

Fra. Sick and forsaken.

Stra. I cannot help him.

Fra. Yes.

Stra. How?

Fra. By money. He may buy his son's release.

Stra. I'll see him myself.

Fra. Do so.

Stra. But if he is an impostor?

Fra. He is not.

Stra. In that hut?

Fra. In that hut. (*Stranger goes into the hut.*) A good master, though one almost loses the use of speech by living with him. A man kind and clear; though I cannot understand him. He rails against the whole world, and yet no beggar leaves his door unsatisfied. I have now lived three years with him, and yet I know not who he is. A hater of society, no doubt; but not by Providence intended to be so. Misanthropy in his head, not in his heart.

Enter the STRANGER and PETER from the hut.

Peter. Pray, walk on.

Stra. (*To Francis.*) Fool!

Fra. So soon returned!

Stra. What should I do there?

Fra. Did you find it as I said?

Stra. This lad I found.

Fra. What has he to do with your charity?

Stra. The old man and he understand each other perfectly well.

Fra. How?

Stra. What were this boy and the countryman doing?

Fra. (*Smiling, and shaking his head.*) Well, you shall hear. (*To Peter.*) Young man, what were you doing in that hut?

Peter. Doing! Nothing.

Fra. Well, but you couldn't go there for nothing.

Peter. And why not, pray? But I did go there for nothing, though. Do you think one must be paid for everything? If Mrs. Haller were to give me but a smiling look, I'd jump up to my neck in the great pond for nothing.

Fra. It seems, then, Mrs. Haller sent you?

Peter. Why, yes; but I'm not to talk about it.

Fra. Why so?

Peter. How should I know? "Look you!" says Mrs. Haller, "Master Peter, be so good as not to mention it to anybody." (*With much consequence.*) "Master Peter, be so good,"—Hi, hi, hi! "Master Peter, be so"—Hi, hi, hi!

Fra. Oh! that is quite a different thing. Of course, you must be silent, then.

Peter. I know that; and so I am, too. For I told old Tobias, says I, "Now, you're not to think as how Mrs. Haller sent the money; for I shall not say a word about that as long as I live," says I.

Fra. There you were very right. Did you carry him much money?

Peter. I don't know; I didn't count it. It was in a bit of a green purse. Mayhap, it may be some little matter that she has scraped together in the last fortnight.

Fra. And why just in the last fortnight?

Peter. Because, about a fortnight since, I carried him some money before.

Fra. From Mrs. Haller?

Peter. Ay, sure! who else, think you? Father's not such a fool. He says it is our bounden duty, as Christians, to take care of our money, and not give anything away, especially in summer; for then, says he, there's herbs and roots enough in conscience to satisfy all the reasonable hungry poor. But I say father's wrong, and Mrs. Haller's right.

Fra. Yes, yes. But this Mrs. Haller seems a strange woman, Peter.

Peter. Ay, at times, she is plaguy odd. Why, she'll sit and cry you a whole day through, without any one's knowing why. Ay, and yet, somehow or other, whenever she cries, I always cry too, without knowing why.

Fra. (*To the Stranger.*) Are you satisfied?

Stra. Rid me of that babbler.

Fra. Good day, Master Peter.

Peter. You're not going yet, are you?

Fra. Mrs. Haller will be waiting for an answer.

Peter. So she will. And I have another place or two to call at. (*Takes off his hat to the Stranger.*) Servant, sir!

Stra. Psha!

Peter. Psha! What, he's angry? (*Peter turns to Francis in a half whisper.*) He's angry, I suppose, because he can get nothing out of me.

Fra. It almost seems so.

Peter. Ay, I'd have him to know that I'm no blab. [*Exit.*]

Fra. Now, sir.

Stra. What do you want?

Fra. Were you not wrong, sir?

Stra. Hem! Wrong!

Fra. Can you still doubt?

Stra. I'll hear no more! Who is this Mrs. Haller? Why do I always follow her path? Go where I will, whenever I try to do good, she has always been before me.

Fra. You should rejoice at that.

Stra. Rejoice!

Fra. Surely! That there are other good and charitable people in the world beside yourself.

Stra. Oh, yes!

Fra. Why not seek to be acquainted with her. I saw her yesterday in the garden up at the castle. Mr. Solomon, the steward, says she has been unwell, and confined to her room almost ever since we have been here. But one would not think it to look at her; for a more beautiful creature I never saw.

Stra. So much the worse. Beauty is a mask.

Fra. In her it seems a mirror of the soul. Her charities—

Stra. Talk not to me of her charities. All women wish to be conspicuous: in town by their wit; in the country by their heart.

Fra. 'Tis immaterial in what way good is done.

Stra. No; 'tis not immaterial.

Fra. To this poor old man, at least.

Stra. He needs no assistance of mine.

Fra. His most urgent wants, indeed, Mrs. Haller has relieved; but whether she has or could have given as much as would purchase liberty for the son, the prop of his age—

Stra. Silence! I will not give him a doit! (*In a peevish tone.*) You interest yourself very warmly in his behalf. Perhaps you are to be a sharer in the gift.

Fra. Sir, sir, that did not come from your heart.

Stra. (*Recollecting himself.*) Forgive me!

Fra. Poor master! How must the world have used you before it could have instilled this hatred of mankind, this constant doubt of honesty and virtue!

Stra. Leave me to myself. (*Throws himself on a seat; takes a book from his pocket, and reads.*)

Fra. (*Aside, surveying him.*) Again reading! Thus it is from morn to night. To him nature has no beauty; life no charm. For three years I have never seen him smile. What will be his fate at last? Nothing diverts him. Oh! if he would but attach himself to any living thing! were it an animal—for something man must love.

Enter TOBIAS from the hut.

Tob. Oh! how refreshing, after seven long weeks, to feel these warm sun-beams once again! Thanks,

thanks, bounteous heaven! for the joy I taste. (*Presses his cap between his hands, looks up, and prays. The Stranger observes him attentively.*)

Fra. (To the Stranger.) This old man's share of earthly happiness can be but little; yet mark how grateful he is for his portion of it.

Stra. Because, though old, he is but a child in the leading-strings of Hope.

Fra. Hope is the nurse of life.

Stra. And her cradle is the grave. (*Tobias recovers his cap.*)

Fra. I wish you joy. I am glad to see you are so much recovered.

Tob. Thank you! Heaven and the assistance of a kind lady have saved me for another year or two.

Fra. How old are you, pray?

Tob. Seventy-six. To be sure I can expect but little joy before I die. Yet, there is another and a better world.

Fra. To the unfortunate, then, death is scarcely an evil?

Tob. Am I so unfortunate? Do I not enjoy this glorious morning? Am I not in health again? Believe me, sir, he who, leaving the bed of sickness, for the first time breathes the fresh pure air, is, at that moment, the happiest of his Maker's creatures.

Fra. Yet 'tis a happiness that fails upon enjoyment.

Tob. True; but less so in old age. Some fifty years ago my father left me this cottage. I was a strong lad; and took an honest wife. Heaven blessed my farm with rich crops, and my marriage with five children. This lasted nine or ten years. Two of my children died. I felt it sorely. The land was afflicted with a famine. My wife assisted me in supporting our family: but, four years after, she left our dwelling for a better place; and of my five children only one son remained. This was blow upon blow. It was long before I regained my fortitude. At length resignation and religion had their effect. I again attached myself to life. My son grew, and helped me in my work. Now the state has called him away to bear a musket. This is to me a loss, indeed. I can work no more. I am old and weak; and true it is, but for Mrs. Haller, I must have perished.

Fra. Still, then, life has its charms for you?

Tob. Why not, while the world holds anything that's dear to me? Have not I a son?

Fra. Who knows that you will ever see him more? He may be dead.

Tob. Alas! he may. But as long as I am not sure of it, he lives to me: and if he falls, 'tis in his country's cause. Nay, should I lose him, still I should not wish to die. Here is the hut in which I was born. Here is the tree that grew with me; and I am almost ashamed to confess it—I have a dog I love.

Fra. A dog!

Tob. Yes! Smile if you please: but hear me. My benefactress once came to my hut herself, some time before you fixed here. The poor animal, unused to see the form of elegance and beauty enter the door of penury, growled at her. "I wonder you keep that surly, ugly animal, Mr. Tobias," said she; "you, who have hardly food enough for yourself." "Ah! madam," I replied, "if I part with him, are you sure that anything else will love me?" She was pleased with my answer.

Fra. (To the Stranger.) Excuse me, sir; but I wish you had listened.

Stra. I have listened.

Fra. Then, sir, I wish you would follow this poor old man's example.

Stra. (Pauses.) Here, take this book, and lay it on my desk. [*Francis goes into the lodge with the book.*] How much has this Mrs. Haller given you?

Tob. Oh! sir, she has given me so much that I can look towards winter without fear.

Stra. No more?

Tob. What could I do with more? Ah! true; I

Stra. I know it. You might buy your son's release. There!

[*Presses a purse into his hand, and exit.*]

Tob. What is all this? (*Opens the purse, and finds it full of gold.*) Merciful heaven!

Enter FRANCIS.

Now, look, sir; is confidence in heaven unrewarded?

Fra. I wish you joy! My master gave you this.

Tob. Yes, your noble master. Heaven reward him!

Fra. Just like him. He sent me with his book, that no one might be witness to his bounty.

Tob. He would not even take my thanks. He was gone before I could speak.

Fra. Just his way.

Tob. Now I'll go as quick as these old legs will bear me. What a delightful errand! I go to release my Robert! How the lad will rejoice! There is a girl, too, in the village, that will rejoice with him. Oh! Providence, how good art thou! Years of distress never can efface the recollection of former happiness; but one joyful moment drives from the memory an age of misery. [*Exit.*]

Fra. (Looks after him.) Why am I not wealthy? 'Sdeath! why am I not a prince? I never thought myself envious; but I feel I am. Yes, I must envy those who, with the will, have the power to do good. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*An Antichamber in Wintersen castle.*

Enter SUSAN, meeting Footmen with table and chairs.

Susan. Why, George, Harry! where have you been loitering? Put down these things. Mrs. Haller has been calling for you this half hour.

Foot. Well, here I am, then. What does she want with me?

Susan. That she will tell you herself. Here she comes.

Enter MRS. HALLER with a letter, a Maid following.

Mrs. H. Very well; if those things are done, let the drawing-room be made ready immediately. [*Exeunt Maids.*] And, George, run immediately into the park, and tell Mr. Solomon I wish to speak with him. [*Exit Footman.*] I cannot understand this. I do not learn whether their coming to this place be but the whim of a moment, or a plan for a longer stay: if the latter, farewell, solitude! farewell, study!—farewell! Yes, I must make room for gaiety and mere frivolity. Yet could I willingly submit to all; but should the Countess give me new proofs of her attachment, perhaps of her respect, oh! how will my conscience upbraid me! Or—I shudder at the thought!—if this seat be visited by company, and chance should conduct hither any of my former acquaintances!—Alas, alas! how wretched is the being who fears the sight of any one fellow-creature! But, oh! superior misery! to dread still more the presence of a former friend! Who's there?

Enter PETER.

Peter. Nobody. It's only me.

Mrs. H. So soon returned?

Peter. Sharp lad, a'n't I? On the road I've had a bit of talk, too; and—

Mrs. H. But you have observed my directions?

Peter. Oh! yes, yes. I told old Tobias as how he would never know, as long as he lived, that the money came from you.

Mrs. H. You found him quite recovered, I hope?

Peter. Ay, sure, did I. He's coming out to-day for the first time.

Mrs. H. I rejoice to hear it.

Peter. He said that he was obliged to you for all; and, before dinner, would crawl up to thank you.

Mrs. H. Good Peter, do me another service.

Peter. Ay, a hundred, if you'll only let me have a good long stare at you.

Mrs. H. With all my heart. Observe when old Tobias comes, and send him away. Tell him I am busy, or asleep, or unwell, or what you please.

Peter. I will, I will.

Sol. (Without.) There, there, go to the post-office.

Mrs. H. Oh! here comes Mr. Solomon.

Peter. What, father? Ay, so there is. Father's a main clever man: he knows what's going on all over the world.

Mrs. H. No wonder; for you know he receives as many letters as a prime minister and all his secretaries.

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. Good morning, good morning to you, Mrs. Haller. It gives me infinite pleasure to see you look so charmingly well. You have had the goodness to send for your humble servant. Any news from the great city? There are very weighty matters in agitation. I have my letters too.

Mrs. H. (Smiling.) I think, Mr. Solomon, you must correspond with the four quarters of the globe.

Sol. Beg pardon, not with the whole world, Mrs. Haller; but (*consequently*) to be sure, I have correspondents, on whom I can rely, in the chief cities of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

Mrs. H. And yet I have my doubts whether you know what is to happen this very day, at this very place.

Sol. At this very place! Nothing material. We meant to have sown a little barley to-day, but the ground is too dry; and the sheep-shearing is not to be till to-morrow.

Peter. No, nor the bull-baiting till—

Sol. Hold your tongue, blockhead! Get about your business.

Peter. Blockhead! There again! I suppose I'm not to open my mouth. (*To Mrs. H.*) Good bye! [*Exit.*]

Mrs. H. The Count will be here to-day.

Sol. How? What?

Mrs. H. With his lady, and his brother-in-law, Baron Steinfort.

Sol. My letters say nothing of this. You are laughing at your humble servant.

Mrs. H. You know, sir, I'm not much given to jesting.

Sol. Peter! Good lack-a-day! His right honourable excellency Count Wintensen, and her right honourable excellency the Countess Wintensen, and his honourable lordship Baron Steinfort—and, Lord have mercy! nothing in proper order! Here, Peter, Peter!

Enter PETER.

Peter. Well, now, what's the matter again?

Sol. Call all the house together directly! Send to the gamekeeper, tell him to bring some venison. Tell Rebecka to uncass the furniture, and take the covering from the Venetian looking-glasses, that her right honourable ladyship the Countess may look at her gracious countenance: and tell the cook to let me see him without loss of time: and tell John to catch a brace or two of carp. And tell—and tell—and tell—tell Frederick to friz my Sunday wig. Mercy on us! Tell—there, go! [*Exit Peter.*] Heavens and earth! so little of the new furnishing of this old castle is completed! Where are we to put his honourable lordship the Baron?

Mrs. H. Let him have the little chamber at the

head of the stairs; it is a neat room, and commands a beautiful prospect.

Sol. Very right, very right. But that room has always been occupied by the Count's private secretary. Suppose—hold! I have it. You know the little lodge at the end of the park: we can thrust the secretary into that.

Mrs. H. You forget, Mr. Solomon; you told me that the Stranger lived there.

Sol. Psha! What have we to do with the Stranger? Who told him to live there? He must turn out.

Mrs. H. That would be unjust; for you said that you let the dwelling to him; and, by your own account, he pays well for it.

Sol. He does, he does! But nobody knows who he is. The devil himself can't make him out. To be sure, I lately received a letter from Spain, which informed me that a spy had taken up his abode in this country, and from the description—

Mrs. H. A spy! Ridiculous! Everything I have heard bespeaks him to be a man, who may be allowed to dwell anywhere. His life is solitude and silence.

Sol. So it is.

Mrs. H. You tell me, too, he does much good.

Sol. That he does.

Mrs. H. He hurts nothing; not the worm in his way.

Sol. That he does not.

Mrs. H. He troubles no one.

Sol. True, true!

Mrs. H. Well, what do you want more?

Sol. I want to know who he is. If the man would only converse a little, one might have an opportunity of pumping; but if one meets him in the lime-walk, or by the river, it is nothing but "Good morrow;" and off he marches. Once or twice I have contrived to edge in a word: "Fine day," "Yes," "Taking a little exercise, I perceive." "Yes;" and off again like a shot. The devil take such close fellows, say I. And, like master like man; not a syllable do I know of that mumps his servant, except that his name is Francis.

Mrs. H. You are putting yourself into a passion, and quite forget who are expected.

Sol. So I do. Mercy on us! There now, you see what misfortunes arise from not knowing people.

Mrs. H. 'Tis near twelve o'clock already! If his lordship has stolen an hour from his usual sleep, the family must soon be here. I go to my duty; you will attend to your's, Mr. Solomon. [*Exit.*]

Sol. Yes, I'll look after my duty, never fear. There goes another of the same class. Nobody knows who she is again. However, thus much I do know of her, that her right honourable ladyship, the Countess, all at once, popped her into the house, like a blot of ink upon a sheet of paper. But why, wherefore, or for what reason, not a soul can tell. "She is to manage the family within doors." She to manage! Fire and faggots! Haven't I managed everything, within and without, most reputably, these twenty years? I must own I grow a little old, and she does take a deal of pains; but all this she learned of me. When she first came here—mercy on us!—she didn't know that linen was made of flax. But what was to be expected from one who has no foreign correspondence? [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Drawing-room in the castle.

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. Well, for once, I think I have the advantage of Madam Haller. Such a dance have I provided to welcome their excellencies, and she quite out of the secret! and such a hornpipe by the little brunette! I'll have a rehearsal first, though, and

then surprise their honours after dinner. (*Flourish of rural music without.*)

Peter. (*Without.*) Stop; not yet, not yet; but make way there, make way, my good friends, tenants, and villagers. John, George, Frederick! Good friends, make way.

Sol. It is not the Count: it's only Baron Steinfort. Stand back, I say; and stop the music.

Enter BARON STEINFORT, ushered in by PETER and Footmen. Peter mimicks and apes his father.

I have the honour to introduce to your lordship myself, Mr. Solomon, who blesses the hour in which fortune allows him to become acquainted with the honourable Baron Steinfort, brother-in-law of his right honourable excellency Count Wintensen, my noble master.

Peter. Bless our noble master!

Baron S. Old and young, I see, they'll allow me no peace. (*Aside.*) Enough, enough, good Mr. Solomon. I am a soldier: I pay but few compliments, and require as few from others.

Sol. I beg, my lord—We do live in the country, to be sure, but we are acquainted with the reverence due to exalted personages.

Peter. Yes; we are acquainted with exalted personages.

Baron S. What is to become of me? (*Aside.*) Well, well, I hope we shall be better acquainted. You must know, Mr. Solomon, I intend to assist, for a couple of months, at least, in attacking the well-stocked cellars of Wintensen.

Sol. Why not whole years, my lord? Inexpressible would be the satisfaction of your humble servant. And, though I say it, well-stocked, indeed, are our cellars. I have, in every respect, here managed matters in so frugal and provident a way, that his right honourable excellency the Count will be astonished. (*Baron S. yawns.*) Extremely sorry it is not in my power to entertain your lord-

Peter. Extremely sorry. [*ship.*]

Sol. Where can Mrs. Haller have hid herself?

Baron S. Mrs. Haller! who is she?

Sol. Why, who she is, I can't exactly tell your lordship.

Peter. No, nor I.

Sol. None of my correspondents give any account of her. She is here in the capacity of a kind of a superior housekeeper. Methinks I hear her silver voice upon the stairs. I will have the honour of sending her to your lordship in an instant.

Baron S. Oh! don't trouble yourself.

Sol. No trouble whatever. I remain, at all times, your honourable lordship's most obedient, humble, and devoted servant. [*Exit, bowing.*]

Peter. Devoted servant. [*Exit, bowing.*]

Baron S. Now for a fresh plague. Now am I to be tormented by some chattering, old, ugly hag, till I am stunned with her noise and officious hospitality. Oh! patience, what a virtue art thou!

Enter MRS. HALLER, with a becoming courtesy.

Baron S. rises, and returns a bow, in confusion.

(*Aside.*) No, old she is not. (*Casts another glance at her.*) No, by Jove! nor ugly.

Mrs. H. I rejoice, my lord, in thus becoming acquainted with the brother of my benefactress.

Baron S. Madam, that title shall be doubly valuable to me, since it gives me an introduction equally to be rejoiced at.

Mrs. H. (*Without attending to the compliment.*) This lovely weather, then, has enticed the Count from the city.

Baron S. Not exactly that. You know him. Sunshine or clouds are to him alike, as long as eternal summer reigns in his own heart and family.

Mrs. H. The Count possesses a most cheerful and amiable philosophy. Ever in the same happy humour; ever enjoying each minute of his life. But you must confess, my lord, that he is a favourite

child of fortune, and has much to be grateful to her for. Not merely because she has given him birth and riches, but for a native sweetness of temper, never to be acquired; and a graceful suavity of manners, whose school must be the mind. And, need I enumerate among fortune's favours, the hand and affections of your accomplished sister?

Baron S. True, madam; my good easy brother, too, seems fully sensible of his happiness, and is resolved to retain it. He has quitted the service to live here. I am yet afraid he may soon grow weary of Wintensen and retirement.

Mrs. H. I should trust not. They who bear a cheerful and unrepublishing conscience into solitude, surely must increase the measure of their own enjoyments. They quit the poor, precarious, the dependent pleasures, which they borrowed from the world, to draw a real bliss from that exhaustless source of true delight, the fountain of a pure unsullied heart.

Baron S. Has retirement long possessed so lovely an advocate?

Mrs. H. I have lived here three years.

Baron S. And never felt a secret wish for the society you left, and must have adorned?

Mrs. H. Never.

Baron S. To feel thus belongs either to a very rough or a very polished soul. The first sight convinced me in which class I am to place you.

Mrs. H. (*With a sigh.*) There may, perhaps, be a third class.

Baron S. Indeed, madam, I wish not to be thought forward; but women always seemed to me less calculated for retirement than men. We have a thousand employments, a thousand amusements, which you have not.

Mrs. H. Dare I ask what they are?

Baron S. We ride, we hunt, we play, read, write.

Mrs. H. The noble employments of the chase, and the still more noble employment of play, I grant you.

Baron S. Nay, but dare I ask what are your employments for a day?

Mrs. H. Oh! my lord, you cannot imagine how quickly time passes when a certain uniformity guides the minutes of our life. How often do I ask, "Is Saturday come again so soon?" On a bright cheerful morning, my books and breakfast are carried out upon the grass-plot. Then is the sweet picture of reviving industry and eager innocence always new to me. The birds' notes, so often heard, still awaken new ideas: the herds are led into the fields; the peasant bends his eye upon his plough. Everything lives and moves; and in every creature's mind it seems as it were morning. Towards evening, I begin to roam abroad; from the park into the meadows: and sometimes, returning, I pause to look at the village boys and girls as they play. Then do I bless their innocence, and pray to heaven those laughing, thoughtless hours, could be their lot for ever.

Baron S. This is excellent! But these are summer amusements. The winter, the winter!

Mrs. H. Why for ever picture winter like old age; torpid, tedious, and uncheerful? Winter has its own delights: this is the time to instruct and mend the mind by reading and reflection. At this season, too, I often take my harp, and amuse myself by playing or singing the little favourite airs, that remind me of the past, or solicit hope for the future.

Baron S. Happy, indeed, are they who can thus create and vary their own pleasures and employments!

Enter PETER.

Peter. Well, well—pray, now—I was ordered—I can keep him back no longer; he will come in.

Enter TOBIAS, forcing his way.

Tob. I must, good heaven! I must.

Mrs. H. (Confused.) I have no time at present.
I—I—You see I am not alone.

Tob. Oh! this good gentleman will forgive me.

Baron S. What do you want?

Tob. To return thanks. Even charity is a burden if one may not be grateful for it.

Mrs. H. To-morrow, good Tobias; to-morrow.

Baron S. Nay, no false delicacy, madam. Allow him to vent the feelings of his heart; and permit me to witness a scene which convinces me, even more powerfully than your conversation, how nobly you employ your time. Speak, old man!

Tob. Oh! lady, that each word which drops from my lips, might call down a blessing on your head! I lay forsaken and dying in my hut; not even bread nor hope remained. Oh! then you came in the form of an angel, brought medicines to me; and your sweet consoling voice did more than those. I am recovered. To-day, for the first time, I have returned thanks in presence of the sun; and now I come to you, noble lady. Let me drop my tears upon your charitable hand. For your sake, heaven has blessed my latter days. The Stranger, too, who lives near me, has given me a purse of gold to buy my son's release. I am on my way to the city: I shall purchase my Robert's release. Then I shall have an honest daughter-in-law. And you, if ever after that you pass our happy cottage, oh! what must you feel when you say to yourself, "This is my work!"

Mrs. H. (In a tone of entreaty.) Enough Tobias; enough!

Tob. I beg pardon; I cannot utter what is breathing in my breast. There is one who knows it. May his blessing and your own heart reward you!

[*Exit, Peter following. Mrs. Haller casts her eyes upon the ground, and contends against the confusion of an exalted soul, when surprised in a good action. The Baron stands opposite to her, and from time to time casts a glance at her.*]

Mrs. H. (Endeavouring to bring about a conversation.) I suppose, my lord, we may expect the Count and Countess every moment now?

Baron S. Not just yet, madam. He travels at his leisure. I am selfish, perhaps, in not being anxious for his speed: the delay has procured me a delight which I shall never forget.

Mrs. H. (Smiling.) You satirise mankind, my lord.

Baron S. How so?

Mrs. H. In supposing such scenes to be uncommon.

Baron S. I confess I was little prepared for such an acquaintance as yourself: I am extremely surprised. When Solomon told me your name and situation, how could I suppose that—Pardon my curiosity: you have been, or are, married?

Mrs. H. (Suddenly sinking from her cheerful rillery into mournful gloom.) I have been married, my lord.

Baron S. (Whose inquiries evince his curiosity, yet are restrained within the bounds of the nicest respect.) A widow, then?

Mrs. H. I beseech you—there are strings in the human heart, which touched, will sometimes utter dreadful discord: I beseech you—

Baron S. I understand you. I see you know how to conceal everything except your perfections.

Mrs. H. My perfections, alas! (*Rural music without.*) But I hear the happy tenantry announce the Count's arrival. Your pardon, my lord; I must attend them.

[*Exit.*]
Baron S. Excellent creature! What is she, and what can be her history? I must seek my sister instantly. How strong and how sudden is the

interest I feel for her! but it is a feeling I ought to check. And yet, why so? Whatever are the emotions she has inspired, I am sure they arise from the perfections of her mind; and never shall they be met with unworthiness in mine. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Lawn.*

SOLOMON and PETER are discovered arranging the Tenantry. *Rural music.* *Enter COUNT and COUNTESS WINTERSEN, (the latter leading her Child,) BARON STEINFORT, MRS. HALLER, CHARLOTTE, and Servants following.*

Sol. Welcome, ten thousand welcomes, your excellencies. Some little preparation made for welcome, too. But that will be seen anon.

Count W. Well, here we are! Heaven bless our advance and retreat! *Mrs. Haller, I bring you an invalid, who, in future, will swear to no flag but yours.* [*Exit.*]

Mrs. H. Mine flies for retreat and rural happiness.
Count W. But not without retreating graces, and retiring cupids, too.

Countess. (Who has, in the meantime, kindly embraced Mrs. Haller, and by her been welcomed to Wintersen.) My dear Count, you forget that I am present.

Count W. Why, in the name of chivalry, how can I do less than your gallant brother, the Baron? who has been so kind as nearly to kill my four greys, in order to be here five minutes before me.

Baron S. Had I known all the charms of this place, you should have said so with justice.

Countess. Don't you think William much grown?
Mrs. H. The sweet boy! (*Stoops to kiss him, and deep melancholy overshadows her countenance.*)

Count W. Well, Solomon, you've provided a good dinner.

Sol. As good as haste would allow, please your right honourable excellency.

Peter. Yes, as good as—(*Count goes aside with Solomon and Peter.*)

Baron S. Tell me, I conjure you, sister, what jewel you have thus buried in the country?

Countess. Ha, ha, ha! What, brother, you caught at last!

Baron S. Answer me.

Countess. Well, her name is Mrs. Haller.

Baron S. That I know; but—

Countess. But! but I know no more myself.

Baron S. Jest apart, I wish to know.

Countess. And, jesting apart, I wish you would not plague me. I have at least a hundred thousand important things to do. Heavens! the vicar may come to pay his respects to me before I have been at my toilet; of course, I must consult my looking-glass on the occasion. Come, William, will you help to dress me, or stay with your father?

Count W. We'll take care of him.

Countess. Come, Mrs. Haller.

[*Exit with Mrs. Haller, Charlotte following.*]

Baron S. (Aside and going.) I am in a very singular humour.

Count W. Whither so fast, good-brother?

Baron S. To my apartment. I have letters to—

I—
Count W. Psha! stay. Let us take a turn in the park together.

Baron S. Excuse me. I am not perfectly well. I should be but bad company. I—

[*Exit. The Tenantry retire.*]

Count W. Well, Solomon, you are as great a fool as ever, I see.

Sol. Ha, ha! At your right honourable excellency's service.

Count W. (Points to Peter.) Who is that ape in the corner?

Sol. Ape! Oh! that is, with respect to your excellency he is spoken, the son of my body; by name, Peter. (*Peter bows.*)

Count W. So, so! Well, how goes all on?

Sol. Well and good, well and good. Your excellency will see how I've improved the park: you'll not know it again. An hermitage here, serpentine walks there; an obelisk, a ruin; and all so sparingly, all done with the most economical economy.

Count W. Well, I'll have a peep at your obelisk and ruins, while they prepare for dinner.

Sol. I have already ordered it, and will have the honour of attending your right honourable excellency.

Count W. Come, lead the way. Peter, attend your young master to the house; we must not tire him.

[*Exit, conducted by Solomon.*]

Peter. We'll go round this way, your little excellency, and then we shall see the bridge as we go by; and the new boat, with all the fine ribands and streamers. This way, your little excellency.

[*Exit, leading the Child.*]

SCENE III.—*The Antichamber.*

Enter MRS. HALLER.

Mrs. H. What has thus alarmed and subdued me? My tears flow; my heart bleeds. Already had I apparently overcome my chagrin; already had I at least assumed that easy gaiety once so natural to me, when the sight of this child in an instant overpowered me. When the Countess called him William—oh! she knew not that she plunged a poniard in my heart. I have a William, too, who must be as tall as this, if he be still alive. Ah! yes, if he be still alive. His little sister, too! Why, fancy, dost thou rack me thus? Why dost thou image my poor children, fainting in sickness, and crying to their mother? To the mother who has abandoned them! (*Weeps.*) What a wretched out-cast am I! And that just to-day I should be doomed to feel these horrible emotions! just to-day, when disguise was so necessary.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. Very pretty, very pretty, indeed! better send me to the garret at once. Your servant, Mrs. Haller. I beg, madam, I may have a room fit for a respectable person.

Mrs. H. The chamber into which you have been shewn is, I think, a very neat one.

Char. A very neat one, is it? Up the back stairs, and over the laundry. I should never be able to close my eyes.

Mrs. H. (*Very mildly.*) I slept there a whole year.

Char. Did you? Then I advise you to remove into it again, and the sooner the better. I'd have you to know, madam, there is a material difference between certain persons and certain persons. Much depends upon the manner in which one has been educated. I think, madam, it would only be proper if you resigned your room to me.

Mrs. H. If the Countess desires it, certainly.

Char. The Countess! Very pretty, indeed! Would you have me think of plaguing her ladyship with such trifles? I shall order my trunk to be carried wherever I please.

Mrs. H. Certainly; only not into my chamber.

Char. Provoking creature! But how could I expect to find breeding among creatures born of one knows not whom, and coming one knows not whence?

Mrs. H. The remark is very just.

Enter PETER, in haste.

Peter. Oh, lud! oh, lud! oh, lud!

Mrs. H. What's the matter?

Peter. The child has fallen into the river. His little excellency is drowned.

Mrs. H. Who—what?

Peter. His honour, my young master.

Mrs. H. Drowned?

Peter. Yes.

Mrs. H. Dead?

Peter. No, he's not dead.

Mrs. H. Well, well; then, softly; you will alarm the Countess.

Enter BARON STEINFORT.

Baron S. What is the matter? Why all this noise?

Peter. Noise! why—

Mrs. H. Be not alarmed, my lord. Whatever may have happened, the dear child is now, at least, safe. You said so, I think, master Peter?

Peter. Why, to be sure, his little excellency is not hurt; but he's very wet, though; and the Count is taking him by the garden-door to the house.

Baron S. Right; that the Countess may not be alarmed. But tell us, young man, how could it happen?

Peter. From beginning to end?

Mrs. H. Never mind particulars. You attended the dear child?

Peter. True.

Mrs. H. Into the park?

Peter. True.

Mrs. H. And then you went to the river?

Peter. True. Why, rabbit it! I believe you're a witch.

Mrs. H. Well, and what happened further?

Peter. Why, you see, his dear little excellency would see the bridge that father built out of the old summer-house; and the streamers, and the boat, and all that. I only turned my head round for a moment, to look after a magpie, crush! down went the bridge with his little excellency; and, oh! how I was scared to see him carried down the river!

Baron S. And you drew him out again directly?

Peter. No, I didn't.

Mrs. H. No; your father did?

Peter. No, he didn't.

Mrs. H. Why, you did not leave him in the water?

Peter. Yes, we did. But we bawled as loud as we could; you might have heard us down to the village.

Mrs. H. Ay; and so the people came immediately to his assistance?

Peter. No, they didn't: but the Stranger came that lives yonder, close to old Toby, and never speaks a syllable. Odsbodikins! what a devil of a fellow it is! With a single spring, bounces he slap into the torrent; sails and dives about and about like a duck; gets me hold of the little angel's hair, and, heaven bless him! pulls him safe and sound to dry land again. Ha, ha, ha!

Baron S. Is the Stranger with them?

Peter. Oh, lud! no. He ran away. His excellency wanted to thank him, and all that; but he was off; vanquished like a ghost.

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. Oh! thou careless varlet! I disown you! What an accident might have happened! and how you have terrified his excellency! But I beg pardon, (*bows*) his right honourable excellency, the Count, requests you—

Baron S. We come.

[*Exit with Mrs. H.*]

Char. Ha, ha, ha! Why, Mr. Solomon, you seem to have an hopeful pupil.

Sol. Ah, sirrah!

Char. But, Mr. Solomon, why were you not nimble enough to have saved his young lordship?

Sol. Not in time, my sweet miss. Besides, mercy on us! I should have sunk like a lump of lead; and I happened to have a letter of consequence in my pocket, which would have been made totally illegible; a letter from Constantinople, written by Chevalier—What's-his-name? (*Draws a letter from his pocket, and putting it up again directly, drops it.* *Peter takes it up, slyly and unobserved.*) It contains momentous matter, I assure you. The world will be astonished when it comes to light; and not a

soul will suppose that old Solomon had a finger in the pie.

Char. No, that I believe.

Sol. But I must go and see to the cellar. Miss, your most obedient servant. *[Exit.]*

Char. (*With pride.*) Your servant, Mr. Solomon.

Peter. Here's the letter from Constantinople. I wonder what it can be about. Now for it! (*Opens it.*)

Char. Ay, let us have it.

Peter. (*Reads.*) "*If so be you say so, I'll never work for you never no more. Considering as how your Sunday waistcoat has been turned three times, it doesn't look amiss, and I've charged as little as any tailor of 'em all. You say, I must pay for the buck-ran; but I say, I'll be d—d if I do. So no more from your loving nephew, TIMOTHY TWIST.*" From Constantinople! Why, cousin Tim writ it.

Char. Cousin Tim! Who is he?

Peter. Good luck! Don't you know cousin Tim? Why, he's one of the best tailors in all—

Char. A tailor! No, sir, I do not know him. My father was state-coachman, and wore his highness's livery. *[Exit.]*

Peter. (*Mimicking.*) "*My father was state-coachman, and wore his highness's livery.*" Well, and cousin Tim could have made his highness's livery, if you go to that. State-coachman, indeed! (*Going.*)

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. Peter, you ninny, stay where you are. Is that chattering girl gone? Didn't I tell you we would have a practice of our dance? they are all ready on the lawn. Mark me; I represent the Count, and you the Baron.

[Exit, with affected dignity. Peter follows, mimicking.]

SCENE IV.—*The Lawn. Seats placed. Rustic music.*

Dancers are discovered as ready to perform.

SOLOMON and PETER enter, and seat themselves.

A dance, in which the dancers pay their reverence to Solomon and Peter as they pass. At the end, Solomon and Peter strut off before the Dancers.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Skirts of the Park and Lodge, &c. as before.*

The STRANGER is discovered on a seat, reading.

Enter FRANCIS.

Fra. Sir, sir, dinner is ready.

Stra. I want no dinner.

Fra. I've got something good.

Stra. Eat it yourself.

Fra. You are not hungry?

Stra. No. (*Rises.*)

Fra. Nor I. The heat takes away all appetite.

Stra. Yes.

Fra. I'll put it by; perhaps, at night—

Stra. Perhaps.

Fra. Dear sir, dare I speak?

Stra. Speak.

Fra. You have done a noble action.

Stra. What?

Fra. You have saved a fellow-creature's life.

Stra. Peace!

Fra. Do you know who he was?

Stra. No.

Fra. The only son of Count Wintensen.

Stra. Immaterial.

Fra. A gentleman, by report, worthy and benevolent as yourself.

Stra. (*Angry.*) Silence! Dare you flatter me?

Fra. As I look to heaven for mercy, I speak from my heart. When I observe how you are doing good around you, how you are making every individual's wants your own, and are yet yourself unhappy, alas! my heart bleeds for you.

Stra. I thank you, Francis. I can only thank you.

Yet share this consolation with me; my sufferings are unmerited.

Fra. My poor master!

Stra. Have you forgotten what the old man said this morning? "There is another and a better world!" Oh! 'twas true. Then let us hope with fervency, and yet endure with patience. What's here?

Enter CHARLOTTE, from the Park-gate.

Char. I presume, sir, you are the strange gentleman that drew my young master out of the water? (*The Stranger reads.*) Or (*to Francis*) are you he? (*Francis makes a wry face.*) Are the creatures both dumb? (*Looks at them by turns.*) Surely, old Solomon has fixed two statues here by way of ornament; for of any use there is no sign. (*Approaches Francis.*) No, this is alive, and breathes; yes, and moves its eyes. (*Bawls in his ear.*) Good friend!

Fra. I'm not deaf.

Char. No, nor dumb, I perceive, at last. Is you lifeless thing your master?

Fra. That honest, silent gentleman is my master.

Char. The same that drew the young Count out of the water?

Fra. The same.

Char. (*To the Stranger.*) Sir, my master and mistress, the Count and Countess, present their respectful compliments, and request the honour of your company at a family supper this evening.

Stra. I shall not come.

Char. But you'll scarce send such an uncivil answer as this. The Count is overpowered with gratitude. You saved his son's life.

Stra. I did it willingly.

Char. And won't accept of, "I thank you," in return?

Stra. No.

Char. You really are cruel, sir, I must tell you. There are three of us ladies at the castle, and we are all dying with curiosity to know who you are. *[Exit Stranger.]* The master is crabbed enough, however; let me try what I can make of the man. Pray, sir—(*Francis turns his back to her*)—the beginning promises little enough. Friend, why won't you look at me?

Fra. I like to look at green trees better than green eyes.

Char. Green eyes, you monster! Who told you that my eyes were green? Let me tell you there have been sonnets made on my eyes before now.

Fra. Glad to hear it.

Char. To the point, then, at once. What is your master?

Fra. A man

Char. I surmised as much. But what's his name?

Fra. The same as his father's.

Char. Not unlikely: and his father was—

Fra. Married.

Char. To whom?

Fra. To a woman.

Char. (*Enraged.*) I'll tell you what: who your master is I see I shall not learn, and I don't care; but I know what you are.

Fra. Well, what am I?

Char. A bear!

[Exit.]

Fra. Thank you! Now to see how habit and example corrupts one's manners! I am naturally the civillest spoken fellow in the world to the pretty prattling rogues; yet, following my master's humour, I've rudely driven this wench away. I must have a peep at her, though. (*Looking towards the park-gate.*)

Enter STRANGER.

Stra. Is that woman gone?

Fra. Yes.

Stra. Francis!

Fra. Sir?

Stra. We must be gone, too.

Fra. But whither?

Stra. I don't care.

Fra. I'll attend you.

Stra. To any place?

Fra. To death.

Stra. Heaven grant it—to me, at least. There is peace.

Fra. Peace is everywhere. Let the storm rage without, if the heart be but at rest. Yet, I think we are very well where we are: the situation is inviting; and nature lavish of her beauties, and of her bounties, too.

Stra. But I am not a wild beast, to be stared at, and sent for as a shew. Is it fit I should be?

Fra. Another of your interpretations! That a man, the life of whose only son you have saved, should invite you to his house, seems to me not very unnatural.

Stra. I will not be invited to any house.

Fra. For once, methinks, you might submit. You'll not be asked a second time.

Stra. Proud wretches! They believe the most essential service is required, if one may but have the honour of sitting at their table. Let us begone.

Fra. Yet hold, sir! This bustle will soon be over. Used to the town, the Count and his party will soon be tired of simple nature, and you will again be freed from observation.

Stra. Not from your's.

Fra. This is too much. Do I deserve your doubts?

Stra. Am I in the wrong?

Fra. You are, indeed!

Stra. Francis, my servant, you are my only friend.

Fra. That title makes amends for all.

Stra. But, look, Francis! there are uniforms and gay dresses in the walk again. No, I must begone. Here I'll stay no longer.

Fra. Well, then, I'll tie up my bundle.

Stra. The sooner the better. They come this way. Now must I shut myself in my hovel, and lose this fine breeze. Nay, if they be your high-bred class of all, they may have impudence enough to walk into my chamber. Francis, I shall lock the door. [*Goes into the lodge, locks the door, and fastens the shutters.*]

Fra. And I'll be your centinel.

Stra. Very well.

Fra. Now, should these people be as inquisitive as their maid, I must summon my whole stock of impertinence. But their questions and my answers need little study. They can learn nothing of the Stranger from me; for the best of all possible reasons—I know nothing myself.

Enter BARON STEINFORT and COUNTESS WINTERSEN.

Countess. There is a strange face. The servant, probably.

Baron S. Friend, can we speak to your master?

Fra. No.

Baron S. Only for a few minutes.

Fra. He has locked himself in his room.

Countess. Tell him a lady waits for him.

Fra. Then he's sure not to come.

Countess. Does he hate our sex?

Fra. He hates the whole human race, but woman particularly.

Countess. And why?

Fra. He may, perhaps, have been deceived.

Countess. This is not very courteous.

Fra. My master is not over courteous; but when he sees a chance of saving a fellow-creature's life, he'll attempt it at the hazard of his own.

Baron S. You are right. Now hear the reason of our visit. The wife and brother-in-law of the man whose child your master has saved, wish to acknowledge their obligations to him.

Fra. That he dislikes. He only wishes to live unnoticed.

Countess. He appears to be unfortunate.

Fra. Appears!

Countess. An affair of honour, perhaps, or some unhappy attachment may have—

Fra. They may.

Countess. Be this as it may, I wish to know who he is.

Fra. So do I.

Countess. What, don't you know him yourself?

Fra. Oh! I know him well enough. I mean his real self: his heart, his soul, his worth, his honour. Perhaps, you think one knows a man, when one is acquainted with his name and person.

Countess. 'Tis well said, friend; you please me much. And now I should like to know you. Who are you?

Fra. Your humble servant.

[*Exit.*]

Countess. This is affectation! A desire to appear singular. Every one wishes to make himself distinguished. One sails round the world, another creeps into a hovel.

Baron S. And the man apes his master!

Countess. Come, brother, let us seek the Count. He and Mrs. Haller turned into the lawn. [*Going.*]

Baron S. Stay! First, a word or two, sister. I am in love.

Countess. For the hundredth time.

Baron S. For the first time in my life.

Countess. I wish you joy.

Baron S. Till now you have evaded my inquiries. Who is she? I beseech you, sister, be serious. There is a time for all things.

Countess. Bless us! Why, you look as if you were going to raise a spirit. Don't fix your eyes so earnestly. Well, if I am to be serious, I obey. I do not know who Mrs. Haller is, as I have already told you; but what I do know of her, shall not be concealed from you. It may now be three years ago, when, one evening, about twilight, a lady was announced, who wished to speak to me in private. Mrs. Haller appeared with all that grace and modesty which have enchanted you. Her features, at that moment, bore keener marks of the sorrow and confusion which have since settled into gentle melancholy. She threw herself at my feet; and besought me to save a wretch who was on the brink of despair. She told me she had heard much of my benevolence, and offered herself as a servant to attend me. I endeavoured to dive into the cause of her sufferings, but in vain. She concealed her secret; yet opening to me more and more each day a heart, chosen by virtue as her temple, and an understanding improved by the most refined attainments, she no longer remained my servant, but became my friend; and, by her own desire, has ever since resided here. [*Courtesying.*] Brother, I have done.

Baron S. Too little to satisfy my curiosity; yet enough to make me realize my project. Sister, lend me your aid—I would marry her.

Countess. You?

Baron S. I.

Countess. Baron Steinfort?

Baron S. For shame! if I understand you.

Countess. Not so harsh, and not so hasty! Those great sentiments of contempt of inequality in rank are very fine in a romance; but we happen not to be inhabitants of an ideal world. How could you introduce her to the circle we live in? You surely would not attempt to present her to—

Baron S. Object as you will, my answer is—I love. Sister, you see a man before you, who—

Countess. Who wants a wife.

Baron S. No: who has deliberately poised advantage against disadvantage; domestic ease and comfort against the false gaieties of fashion. I can withdraw into the country. I need no honours to

make my tenants happy; and my heart will teach me to make their happiness my own. With such a wife as this, children who resemble her, and fortune enough to spread comfort around me, what would the soul of man have more?

Countess. This is all vastly fine! I admire your plan; only, you seem to have forgotten one trifling circumstance.

Baron S. And that is—

Countess. Whether Mrs. Haller will have you or not.

Baron S. There, sister, I just want your assistance. (*Seizing her hand.*) Good Henrietta!

Countess. Well, here's my hand. I'll do all I can for you. Hist! We had nearly been overheard. They are coming. Be patient and obedient.

Enter COUNT WINTERSEN, and MRS. HALLER leaning on his arm.

Count W. Upon my word, Mrs. Haller, you are a nimble walker: I should be sorry to run a race with you.

Mrs. H. Custom, my lord. You need only take the same walk every day for a month.

Count W. Yes; if I wanted to resemble my greyhounds. But what said the Stranger?

Countess. He gave Charlotte a flat refusal; and you see his door, and even his shutters, are closed against us.

Count W. What an unaccountable being! But it won't do. I must shew my gratitude one way or other. Steinfort, we will take the ladies home, and then you shall try once again to see him. You can talk to these oddities better than I can.

Baron S. If you wish it, with all my heart.

Count W. Thank you, thank you! Come, ladies: come, Mrs. Haller. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A close Walk in the garden.*

Enter COUNTESS WINTERSEN and MRS. HALLER.

Countess. Well, Mrs. Haller, how do you like the man that just now left us?

Mrs. H. Who?

Countess. My brother.

Mrs. H. He deserves to be your brother.

Countess. (*Courtesying.*) Your most obedient! That shall be written in my pocket-book.

Mrs. H. Without flattery, then, madam, he appears to be most amiable.

Countess. Good! And a handsome man?

Mrs. H. (*With indifference.*) Oh! yes.

Countess. "Oh, yes!" It sounded almost like "Oh, no!" But I must tell you, that he looks upon you to be a handsome woman. (*Mrs. H. smiles.*) You make no reply to this?

Mrs. H. What shall I reply? Derision never fell from your lips; and I am little calculated to support it.

Countess. As little as you are calculated to be the cause of it. No; I was in earnest. Now?

Mrs. H. You confuse me. But why should I play the prude? I will own there was a time when I thought myself handsome. 'Tis past. Alas! the enchanting beauties of a female countenance arise from peace of mind. The look, which captivates an honourable man, must be reflected from a noble soul.

Countess. Then heaven grant my bosom may ever hold as pure a heart, as now those eyes bear witness lives in your's!

Mrs. H. (*With sudden wildness.*) Oh! heaven forbid!

Countess. (*Astonished.*) How!

Mrs. H. (*Checking her tears.*) Spare me! I am a wretch. The sufferings of three years can give me no claim to your friendship—no, not even to your compassion. Oh! spare me! (*Going.*)

Countess. Stay, Mrs. Haller. For the first time, I beg your confidence. My brother loves you.

Mrs. H. (*Starting, and gazing full in the face of the Countess.*) For mirth, too much; for earnest, too mournful!

Countess. I revere that modest blush. Discover to me who you are. You risk nothing. Pour all your griefs into a sister's bosom. Am I not kind? and can I not be silent?

Mrs. H. Alas! but a frank reliance on a generous mind is the greatest sacrifice to be offered by true repentance. This sacrifice I will offer. (*Hesitating.*) Did you never hear—pardon me—did you never hear—Oh! how shocking it is to unmask a deception, which alone has recommended me to your regard! But it must be so. Madame—fie! Adelaide, does pride become you?—Did you never hear of the Countess Waldbourg?

Countess. I think I did hear, at the neighbouring court, of such a creature. She plunged an honourable husband into misery. She ran away with a villain.

Mrs. H. She did, indeed. (*Falls at the feet of the Countess.*) Do not cast me from you.

Countess. For heaven's sake! You are—

Mrs. H. I am that wretch.

Countess. (*Turning from her with horror.*) Ha! begone! (*Going. Her heart draws her back.*) Yet, she is unfortunate; she is unfriended! Her image is repentance: her life the proof. She has wept her fault in her three years' agony. Be still awhile, remorseless prejudice, and let the genuine feelings of my soul avow—they do not truly honour virtue, who can insult the erring heart that would return to her sanctuary. (*Looking with sorrow on her.*) Rise, I beseech you, rise! My husband and my brother may surprise us. I promise to be silent. (*Raising her.*)

Mrs. H. Yes, you will be silent; but, oh! conscience, conscience! thou never wilt be silent. (*Clasping her hands.*) Do not cast me from you.

Countess. Never! Your lonely life, your silent anguish and contrition, may, at length, atone your crime. And never shall you want an asylum, where your penitence may lament your loss. Your crime was youth and inexperience; your heart never was, never could be concerned in it.

Mrs. H. Oh! spare me! My conscience never martyrs me so horribly, as when I catch my base thoughts in search of an excuse. No, nothing can palliate my guilt; and the only just consolation left me, is to acquit the man I wronged, and own I erred without a cause of fair complaint.

Countess. And this is the mark of true repentance. Alas! my friend, when superior sense, recommended, too, by superior charms of person, assail a young, though wedded—

Mrs. H. Ah! not even that mean excuse is left me. In all that merits admiration, respect, and love, he was far, far beneath my husband. But to attempt to account for my strange infatuation—I cannot bear it. I thought my husband's manner grew colder to me. 'Tis true, I knew that his expenses, and his confidence in deceitful friends, had embarrassed his means, and clouded his spirits; yet I thought he denied me pleasures and amusements still within our reach. My vanity was mortified! My confidence not courted. The serpent tongue of my seducer promised everything. But never could such arguments avail, till assisted by forged letters and the treachery of a servant, whom I most confided in: he fixed my belief that my lord was false, and that all the coldness I complained of was disgust to me, and love for another; all his home retrenchments but the means of satisfying a rival's luxury. Maddened with his conviction, (conviction it was, for artifice was most ingenious in its proof,) I left my children—father—husband—to follow a villain.

Countess. But, with such a heart, my friend could not remain long in her delusion?

Mrs. H. Long enough to make a sufficient penitence impossible. 'Tis true, that in a few weeks the delirium was at an end. Oh! what were my sensations when the mist dispersed before my eyes! I called for my husband, but in vain. I listened for the prattle of my children, but in vain.

Countess. (*Embracing her.*) Here, here, on this bosom only shall your future tears be shed; and may I, dear sufferer, make you again familiar with hope!

Mrs. H. Oh! impossible!

Countess. Have you never heard of your children?

Mrs. H. Never.

Countess. We must endeavour to gain some account of them. We must—hold! my husband and my brother!—Oh! my poor brother, I had quite forgotten him. Quick, dear Mrs. Haller, wipe your eyes. Let us meet them.

Mrs. H. Madam, I'll follow. Allow me a moment to compose myself. [*Exit Countess.*] I pause! Oh! yes: to compose myself! (*Ironically.*) She little thinks it is but to gain one solitary moment to vent my soul's remorse. Once the purpose of my unsettled mind was self-destruction: heaven knows how I have sued for hope and resignation. I did trust my prayers were heard. Oh! spare me further trial! I feel, I feel my heart and brain can bear no more. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Skirts of the Park, Lodge, &c. as before. A table spread out with fruits, &c.*

FRANCIS discovered placing the supper.

Fra. I know he loves to have his early supper in the fresh air; and, while he sups, not that I believe anything can amuse him, yet I will try my little Savoyards' pretty voices. I have heard him speak as if he had loved music. (*Music without.*) Oh! here they are.

Enter ANNETTE and CLAUDINE, playing on their guitars.

Ann. To welcome mirth and harmless glee,
We rambling minstrels, blithe and free,
With song the laughing hours beguile,
And wear a never-fading smile:

Where'er we roam,
We find a home
And greeting, to reward our toil.

Clau. No anxious griefs disturb our rest,
Nor busy cares annoy our breast;
Fearless we sink in soft repose,
While night her sable mantle throws.

With grateful lay,
Hail rising day,
That rosy health and peace bestows.

During the duett, the STRANGER looks from the lodge window; and, at the conclusion, he comes out.

Stra. What mummery is this?

Fra. I hoped it might amuse you, sir.

Stra. Amuse me, fool!

Fra. Well, then, I wished to amuse myself a little. I don't think my recreations are so very numerous.

Stra. That's true, my poor fellow; indeed they are not. Let them go on: I'll listen.

Fra. But to please you, poor master, I fear it must be a sadder strain. Annette, have you none but these cheerful songs?

Ann. Oh! plenty. If you are dolefully given, we can be as sad as night. I'll sing you an air Mrs. Haller taught me the first year she came to the castle.

Fra. Mrs. Haller! I should like to hear that.

Ann. I have a silent sorrow here,
A grief I'll ne'er impart;
It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
But it consumes my heart.

*This cherish'd woe, this lov'd despair,
My lot for ever be,
So, my soul's lord, the pangs I bear
Be never known by thee!*

*And when pale characters of death
Shall mark this all-r'd cheek,
When my poor wasted trembling breath
My life's last hope would speak,
I shall not raise my eyes to heav'n,
Nor mercy ask for me;
My soul despairs to be forgiv'n,
Unpardon'd, love, by thee.*

Stra. (*Surprised and moved.*) Oh! I have heard that air before; but it was with other words. Francis, share our supper with your friends: I need none. [*Enters the lodge.*]

Fra. So I feared. Well, my pretty favourites, here are refreshments. So, disturbed again! Now will this gentleman call for more music, and make my master mad. Return when you observe this man is gone. [*Exeunt Annette and Claudine. Francis sits, and eats.*] I were in hopes that I might at least eat my supper peaceably in the open air; but they follow at our heels like bloodhounds.

Enter BARON STEINFORT.

Baron S. My good friend, I must speak to your master.

Fra. Can't serve you.

Baron S. Why not?

Fra. It's forbidden.

Baron S. (*Offers money.*) There! announce me.

Fra. Want no money.

Baron S. Well, only announce me, then.

Fra. I will announce, you, sir; but it won't avail! I shall be abused, and you rejected. However, we can but try. (*Going.*)

Baron S. I only ask half a minute. [*Francis goes into the lodge.*] But when he comes, how am I to treat him? I never encountered a misanthrope before. I have heard of instructions as to conduct in society; but how I am to behave towards a being who loathes the whole world and his own existence, I have never learned.

Enter the STRANGER.

Stra. Now, what's your will?

Baron S. I beg pardon, sir, for—(*Suddenly recognizing him.*) Charles!

Stra. Steinfort! (*They embrace.*)

Baron S. Is it really you, my dear friend?

Stra. It is.

Baron S. Merciful heaven! how you are altered.

Stra. The hand of misery lies heavy on me.—But how came you here? What want you?

Baron S. Strange! Here was I ruminating how to address this mysterious recluse: he appears, and proves to be my old and dearest friend. (*Aside*)

Stra. Then you were not in search of me, nor knew that I lived here?

Baron S. As little as I know who lives on the summit of Caucasus. You this morning saved the life of my brother-in-law's only son: a grateful family wishes to behold you in its circle. You refused my sister's messenger; therefore, to give more weight to the invitation, I was deputed to be the bearer of it: and thus has fortune restored to me a friend, whom my heart has so long missed, and whom my heart just now so much requires.

Stra. Yes, I am your friend; your sincere friend. You are a true man; an uncommon man. Towards you my heart is still the same. But if this assurance be of any value to you—go—leave me, and return no more.

Baron S. Stay! All that I see and hear of you is inexplicable. 'Tis you; but these, alas! are not the features which once enchanted every female bosom, beamed gaily through all society, and won you friends before your lips were opened!

Why do you avert your face? Is the sight of a friend become hateful? Or, do you fear that I should read in your eye what passes in your soul? Where is that open look of fire, which at once penetrated into every heart, and revealed your own?

Stra. (With asperity.) My look penetrate into every heart! Ha, ha, ha!

Baron S. Oh, heavens! Rather may I never hear you laugh, than in such a tone. For heaven's sake, tell me, Charles! tell me, I conjure you, what has happened to you?

Stra. Things that happen every day; occurrences heard of in every street. Steinfurt, if I am not to hate you, ask me not another question: if I am to love you, leave me.

Baron S. Oh! Charles, awake the faded ideas of past joys! feel that a friend is near! recollect the days we passed in Hungary, when we wandered, arm in arm, upon the banks of the Danube, while nature opened our hearts, and made us enamoured of benevolence and friendship! In those blessed moments, you gave me this seal as a pledge of your regard. Do you remember it?

Stra. Yes.

Baron S. Am I since that time become less worthy of your confidence?

Stra. No!

Baron S. Charles, it grieves me that I am thus compelled to enforce my rights upon you. Do you know this scar?

Stra. Comrade! friend! it received and resisted the stroke aimed at my life: I have not forgotten it. Alas! you knew not what a present you then made me.

Baron S. Speak, then, I beseech you.

Stra. You cannot help me.

Baron S. Then I can mourn with you.

Stra. That I hate: besides, I cannot weep.

Baron S. Then give me words instead of tears: both relieve the heart.

Stra. Relieve the heart! My heart is like a close-shut sepulchre: let what is within it moulder and decay. Why, why open the wretched charnel-house to spread a pestilence around!

Baron S. How horrid are your looks! For shame! A man like you thus to crouch beneath the chance of fortune!

Stra. Steinfurt! I did think that the opinion of all mankind was alike indifferent to me; but I feel that it is not so. My friend, you shall not quit me without learning how I have been robbed of every joy which life afforded. Listen: much misery may be contained in a few words.—Attracted by my native country, I quitted you and the service. What pleasing pictures did I draw of a life employed in improving society, and diffusing happiness! I fixed on Cassel to be my abode. All went on admirably. I found friends: at length, too, I found a wife; a lovely, innocent creature, scarcely sixteen years of age. Oh! how I loved her! She bore me a son and a daughter: both were endowed by nature with the beauty of their mother. Ask me not how I loved my wife and children! Yes, then, then I was really happy. (Wipes his eyes.) Ah! a tear! I could not have believed it: welcome, old friends! 'twas long since we have known each other. Well, my story is nearly ended. One of my friends, for whom I had become engaged, treacherously lost me more than half my fortune. This hurt me. I was obliged to retrench my expenses. Contentment needs but little. I forgave him. Another friend—a villain! to whom I was attached heart and soul; whom I had assisted with my means, and promoted by my interest, this fiend seduced my wife, and bore her from me. Tell me, sir, is this enough to justify my hatred of mankind, and palliate my seclusion from the world? Kings, laws, tyranny, or guilt, can but imprison me or kill me; but, oh, God! oh,

God! oh! what are chains or death compared to the tortures of a deceived yet doting husband!

Baron S. To lament the loss of a faithless wife is madness.

Stra. Call it what you please—say what you please—I love her still.

Baron S. And where is she?

Stra. I know not, nor do I wish to know.

Baron S. And your children?

Stra. I left them at a small town, hard by.

Baron S. But why did you not keep your children with you? They would have amused you in many a dreary hour.

Stra. Amused me! Oh, yes! while their likeness to their mother would every hour remind me of my past happiness! No. For three years I have never seen them. I hate that any human creature should be near me, young or old! Had not ridiculous habits made a servant necessary, I should long since have discharged him, though he is not the worst among the bad.

Baron S. Such too often are the consequences of great alliances; therefore, Charles, I have resolved to take a wife from a lower rank of life.

Stra. You marry! Ha, ha, ha!

Baron S. You shall see her: she is in the house where you are expected. Come with me.

Stra. What, I mix again with the world!

Baron S. To do a generous action without requiring thanks is noble and praiseworthy; but so obstinately to avoid those thanks, as to make the kindness a burden, is affectation.

Stra. Leave me, leave me! Every one tries to form a circle of which he may be the centre. As long as there remains a bird in these woods to greet the rising sun with its melody, I shall court no other society.

Baron S. Do as you please to-morrow; but give me your company this evening.

Stra. No.

Baron S. Not though it were in your power, by this single visit, to secure the happiness of your friend for life?

Stra. (Starting.) Ha! then I must—But how?

Baron S. You shall sue in my behalf to Mrs. Haller: you have the talent of persuasion.

Stra. I, my dear Steinfurt!

Baron S. The happiness or misery of your friend depends upon it. I'll contrive that you shall speak to her alone. Will you?

Stra. I will; but upon one condition.

Baron S. Name it.

Stra. That you allow me to begone to-morrow, and not endeavour to detain me.

Baron S. Go! Whither?

Stra. No matter! promise this, or I will not come.

Baron S. Well, I do promise. Come.

Stra. I have directions to give my servant.

Baron S. In half an hour, then, we shall expect you. Remember, you have given your word.

Stra. I have. [Exit *Bar. S.*—*The Stranger walks up and down thoughtfully and melancholy.*—*Francis!* Enter *FRANCIS*.

Fra. Sir?

Stra. Why are you out of the way?

Fra. Sir, I came when I heard you call.

Stra. I shall leave this place to-morrow.

Fra. With all my heart.

Stra. Perhaps to go into another land.

Fra. With all my heart again.

Stra. Perhaps into another quarter of the globe.

Fra. With all my heart still. Into which quarter?

Stra. Wherever heaven directs! Away, away, from Europe! from this cultivated moral lazaret! Do you hear, Francis? to-morrow early.

Fra. Very well. (Going.)

Stra. Come here, come here first; I have an

errand for you. Hire that carriage in the village; drive to the town hard by; you may be back by sun-set. I shall give you a letter to a widow who lives there: with her you will find two children; they are mine.

Fra. (Astonished.) Your children, sir?

Stra. Take them and bring them hither.

Fra. Your children, sir?

Stra. Yes, mine! Is it so very inconceivable?

Fra. That I should have been three years in your service, and never have heard them mentioned, is somewhat strange.

Stra. Psha!

Fra. You have been married, then?

Stra. Go, and prepare for our journey.

Fra. That I can do in five minutes. *(Going.)*

Stra. I shall come and write the letter directly.

Fra. Very well, sir. *[Exit.]*

Stra. Yes, I'll take them with me: I'll accustom myself to the sight of them. The innocents! they shall not be poisoned by the refinements of society: rather let them hunt their daily sustenance upon some desert island with their bow and arrow; or creep, like torpid Hottentots, into a corner, and stare at each other. Better to do nothing than to do evil. Fool that I was to be prevailed upon once more to exhibit myself among these apes! What a ridiculous figure shall I be! and in the capacity of a suitor, too! Psha! he cannot be serious! 'tis but a friendly artifice to draw me from my solitude. Why did I promise him? Yes, my sufferings have been many; and to oblige a friend, why should I hesitate to add another painful hour to the wretched calendar of my life!—I'll go, I'll go! *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*The Anti-chamber.*

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. No, indeed, my lady! if you choose to bury yourself in the country, I shall take my leave. I am not calculated for a country life: and, to sum up all, when I think of this Mrs. Haller,—

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. (Overhearing her last words.) What of Mrs. Haller, my sweet miss?

Char. Why, Mr. Solomon, who is Mrs. Haller? You know every thing; you hear every thing.

Sol. I have received no letters from any part of Europe on the subject, miss.

Char. But who is to blame? The Count and Countess. She dines with them; and, at this very moment, is drinking tea with them. Is this proper?

Sol. By no means.

Char. Shouldn't a Count and Countess, in all their actions, shew a certain degree of pride and pomposity?

Sol. To be sure! to be sure they should!

Char. No, I won't submit to it. I'll tell her ladyship, when I dress her to-morrow, that either Mrs. Haller or I must quit the house.

Sol. (Seeing the Baron.) Hist!

Enter BARON STEINFORT.

Baron S. Didn't I hear Mrs. Haller's name here?

Sol. Why—yes—we—

Baron S. Charlotte, tell my sister I wish to see her as soon as the tea-table is removed.

Char. (Aside to Solomon.) Either she or I go, that I'm determined. *[Exit.]*

Baron S. May I ask what it was you were saying?

Sol. Why, please your honourable lordship, we were talking here and there—this and that—

Baron S. I almost begin to suspect some secret.

Sol. Secret! heaven forbid! Mercy on us! No; I should have had letters on the subject, if there had been a secret.

Baron S. Well, then, since it was no secret, I presume I may know your conversation.

Sol. You do us great honour, my lord. Why, then, at first, we were making a few commonplace observations. Miss Charlotte remarked that we all had our faults. I said, "Yes." Soon after I remarked, that the best persons in the world are not without their weaknesses. She said, "Yes."

Baron S. If you referred to Mrs. Haller's faults and weaknesses, I am desirous to hear more.

Sol. Sure enough, sir, Mrs. Haller is an excellent woman; but she's not an angel for all that. I am an old faithful servant to his excellency the Count; and, therefore, it is my duty to speak when anything is done disadvantageous to his interest.

Baron S. Well!

Sol. For instance, now: his excellency may think he has at least some score of dozens of the old six-and-twenty hock. Mercy on us! there are not ten dozen bottles left; and not a drop has gone down my throat, I'll swear.

Baron S. (Smiling.) Mrs. Haller has not drunk it, I suppose?

Sol. Not she herself, for she never drinks wine; but if anybody be ill in the village, any poor woman lying-in, away goes a bottle of the six-and-twenty! Innumerable are the times that I've reproved her; but she always answers me snappishly, that she will be responsible for it.

Baron S. So will I, Mr. Solomon.

Sol. Oh! with all my heart, your honourable lordship; it makes no difference to me. I had the care of the cellar twenty years, and can safely take my oath, that I never gave the poor a single drop in the whole course of my trust.

Baron S. How extraordinary is this woman!

Sol. Extraordinary! One can make nothing of her. To-day, the vicar's wife is not good enough for her; to-morrow, you may see her sitting with all the women of the village. To be sure, she and I agree pretty well; for, between me and your honourable lordship, she has cast an eye upon my son Peter.

Baron S. Has she?

Sol. Yes; Peter's no fool, I assure you. The schoolmaster is teaching him to write. Would your honourable lordship please to see a specimen? I'll go for his copy-book. He makes his pot-books capitally.

Baron S. Another time, another time! Good b'ye for the present, Mr. Solomon. *(Solomon bows, without attempting to go.)* Good day, Mr. Solomon.

Sol. (Not understanding the hint.) Your honourable lordship's most obedient servant.

Baron S. Mr. Solomon, I wish to be alone.

Sol. As your lordship commands. If the time should seem long in my absence, and your lordship wishes to hear the newest news from the seat of war, you need only send for old Solomon. I have letters from Leghorn, Cape Horn, and every known part of the habitable globe. *[Exit.]*

Baron S. Tedious old fool! Yet hold. Did he not speak in praise of Mrs. Haller? Pardon me his rage for news and politics.

Enter COUNTESS WINTERSEN.

Well, sister, have you spoken to her?

Countess. I have: and if you do not steer for another haven, you will be doomed to drive upon the ocean for ever.

Baron S. Is she married?

Countess. I don't know.

Baron S. Is she of a good family?

Countess. I can't tell.

Baron S. Does she dislike me?

Countess. Excuse my making a reply.

Baron S. I thank you for your sisterly affection, and the explicitness of your communications: luckily, I placed little reliance on either; and

have found a friend, who will save your ladyship all further trouble.

Countess. A friend!

Baron S. Yes: the Stranger who saved your son's life this morning, proves to be my intimate friend.

Countess. What's his name?

Baron S. I don't know.

Countess. Is he of a good family?

Baron S. I can't tell.

Countess. Will he come hither?

Baron S. Excuse my making a reply.

Countess. Well, the retort is fair—but insufferable.

Baron S. You can't object to the *de capo* of your own composition.

Enter COUNT WINTERSEN and MRS. HALLER.

Count W. Zounds! do you think I am Xenocrates; or like the poor sultan with marble legs? There you leave me *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Haller, as if my heart were a mere flint. So, you prevailed, brother. The Stranger will come, then, it seems.

Baron S. I expect him every minute.

Count W. I'm glad to hear it. One companion more, however: in the country, we never can have too many.

Baron S. This gentleman will not exactly be an addition to your circle; for he leaves this place to-morrow.

Count W. But he won't, I think. Now, Lady Wintersen, summon all your charms. There is no art in conquering us poor devils; but this strange man, who does not care a doit for you all together, is worth your efforts. Try your skill: I shan't be jealous.

Countess. I allow the conquest to be worth the trouble; but what Mrs. Haller has not been able to effect in three months, ought not to be attempted by me.

Mrs. H. Oh! yes, madam. He has given me no opportunity of trying the force of my charms, for I have never once happened to see him.

Count W. Then he's a blockhead, and you an idler.

Sol. (Without.) This way, sir! this way!

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. The Stranger begs leave to have the honour—

Count S. Welcome! welcome. [*Exit Solomon. Turns to meet the STRANGER, whom he conducts in by the hand.*] My dear sir—Lady Wintersen—Mrs. Haller—

[*Mrs. Haller, as soon as she sees the Stranger, shrieks, and swoons in the arms of Bar. S.: the Stranger casts a look at her; and, struck with astonishment and horror, rushes out of the room: Baron S. and the Countess bear Mrs. Haller off; the Count following, in great surprise.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Anti-chamber.

Enter BARON STEINFORT.

Baron S. Oh! deceitful hope! thou phantom of future happiness! to thee have I stretched out my arms, and thou hast vanished into air! Wretched Steinfort! the mystery is solved. She is the wife of my friend! I cannot myself be happy; but I may, perhaps, be able to reunite two lovely souls whom cruel fate has severed. Ha! they are here. I must propose it instantly.

Enter COUNTESS WINTERSEN and MRS. HALLER.

Countess. Into the garden, my dear friend! into the air!

Mrs. H. I am quite well. Do not alarm yourselves on my account.

Baron S. Madam, pardon my intrusion; but to lose a moment may be fatal. He means to quit the country to-morrow. We must devise means to reconcile you to—the Stranger.

Mrs. H. How, my lord! you seem acquainted with my history?

Baron S. I am: Waldbourg has been my friend ever since we were boys. We served together from the rank of cadet. We have been separated seven years: chance brought us this day together, and his heart was open to me.

Mrs. H. Now do I feel what it is to be in the presence of an honest man, when I dare not meet his eye. (*Hides her face.*)

Baron S. If sincere repentance, if years without reproach, do not give us a title to man's forgiveness, what must we expect hereafter? No, lovely penitent! your contrition is complete. Error for a moment wrested from slumbering virtue the dominion of your heart; but she awoke, and, with a look, banished her enemy for ever. I know my friend: he has the firmness of a man; but, with it, the gentlest feelings of your sex. I hasten to him: with the fire of pure disinterested friendship will I enter on this work; that when I look back upon my past life, I may derive, from this good action, consolation in disappointment, and even resignation in despair. (*Gong.*)

Mrs. H. Oh, stay! What would you do? No, never! My husband's honour is too sacred to me. I love him unutterably; but never, never can I be his wife again, even if he were generous enough to pardon me.

Baron S. Madam! Can you, Countess, be serious? *Mrs. H.* Not that title, I beseech you! I am not a child who wishes to avoid deserved punishment. What were my penitence, if I hoped advantage from it beyond the consciousness of atonement for past offence?

Countess. But if your husband himself—

Mrs. H. Oh! he will not, he cannot! And let him rest assured, I never would replace my honour at the expense of his.

Baron S. He still loves you.

Mrs. H. Loves me! then he must not—No; he must purify his heart from a weakness which would degrade him!

Baron S. Incomparable woman! I go to my friend; perhaps, for the last time? Have you not one word to send him?

Mrs. H. Yes, I have two requests to make: often when, in excess of grief, I have despaired of every consolation, I have thought I should be easier if I might behold my husband once again; acknowledge my injustice to him, and take a gentle leave of him for ever: this, therefore, is my first request, a conversation for a few short minutes, if he does not quite abhor the sight of me. My second request is—oh!—not to see, but to hear some account of my poor children.

Baron S. If humanity and friendship can avail, he will not for a moment delay your wishes.

Countess. Heaven be with you.

Mrs. H. And my prayers. [*Exit Bar. S.*]

Countess. Come, my friend, come into the air, till he returns with hope and consolation.

Mrs. H. Oh! my heart, how art thou afflicted! My husband! my little ones! Past joys and future fears. Oh! dearest madam, there are moments in which we live years! moments which steal the roses from the cheek of health, and plough deep furrows in the brow of youth.

Countess. Banish these sad reflections. Come, let us walk. The sun will set soon; let nature's beauties dissipate anxiety.

Mrs. H. Alas!—Yes, the setting sun is a proper scene for me.

Countess. Never forget, a morning will succeed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Skirts of the park, lodge, &c. as before.

Enter BARON STEINFORT.

Baron S. On earth there is but one such pair:

they shall not be parted. Yet what I have undertaken is not so easy as I at first hoped. What can I answer when he asks me, whether I would persuade him to renounce his character, and become the derision of society? For he is right: a faithless wife is a dishonour; and to forgive her, is to share her shame. What, though Adelaide may be an exception; a young deluded girl, who has so long and so sincerely repented, yet what cares an unfeeling world for this? The world! he has quitted it. 'Tis evident he loves her still; and, upon this assurance, builds my sanguine heart the hope of a happy termination to an honest enterprize.

Enter FRANCIS, with two Children, WILLIAM and AMELIA.

Fra. Come along, my pretty ones—come.

Will. Is it far to home?

Fra. No, we shall be there directly now.

Baron S. Hold! Whose children are these?

Fra. My master's.

Will. Is that my father?

Baron S. It darts like lightning through my brain. A word with you. I know you love your master. Strange things have happened here: your master has found his wife again.

Fra. Indeed! Glad to hear it.

Baron S. Mrs. Haller—

Fra. Is she his wife? Still more glad to hear it.

Baron S. But he is determined to go from her.

Fra. Oh!

Baron S. We must try to prevent it.

Fra. Surely.

Baron S. The unexpected appearance of the children may perhaps assist us.

Fra. How so?

Baron S. Hide yourself with them in that hut; before a quarter of an hour is passed, you shall know more.

Fra. But—

Baron S. No more questions, I entreat you. Time is precious.

Fra. Well, well! questions are not much in my way. Come, children.

Will. Why, I thought you told me I should see my father?

Fra. So you shall, my dear. Come, moppets.

[Goes into the hut with the children.]

Baron S. Excellent! I promise myself much from this little artifice. If the mild look of the mother fails, the innocent smiles of these his own children will surely find the way to his heart. *(Taps at the lodge door, and the STRANGER comes out.)* Charles, I wish you joy.

Stra. Of what?

Baron S. You have found her again.

Stra. Shew a bankrupt the treasure which he once possessed, and then congratulate him on the amount!

Baron S. Why not, if it be in your power to retrieve the whole?

Stra. I understand you: you are a negotiator from my wife. It won't avail.

Baron S. Learn to know your wife better. 'Yes, I am a messenger from her; but without power to treat. She, who loves you unutterably, who without you can never be happy, renounces your forgiveness; because, as she thinks, your honour is incompatible with such a weakness.

Stra. Psha! I am not to be caught.

Baron S. Charles, consider well—

Stra. Steinfurt, let me explain all this. I have lived here four months: Adelaide knew it.

Baron S. Knew it! She never saw you till today.

Stra. That you may make fools believe. Hear further: she knows, too, that I am not a common sort of man; that my heart is not to be attacked in the usual way; she, therefore, framed a deep-

concerted plan. She played a charitable part; but in such a way, that it always reached my ears; she played a pious, modest, reserved part, in order to excite my curiosity; and, at last, to day, she plays the prude: she refuses my forgiveness, in hopes, by this generous device, to extort it from my compassion.

Baron S. Charles, I have listened to you with astonishment! This is a weakness only to be pardoned in a man who has so often been deceived by the world. Your wife has expressly and steadfastly declared, that she will not accept your forgiveness, even if you yourself were weak enough to offer it.

Stra. What, then, has brought you hither?

Baron S. More than one reason. First, I am come in my own name, as your friend and comrade, to conjure you solemnly not to spurn this creature from you; for, by my soul, you will not find her equal.

Stra. Give yourself no further trouble.

Baron S. Be candid, Charles: you love her still.

Stra. Alas! yes.

Baron S. Her sincere repentance has long since obliterated her crime.

Stra. Sir, a wife once induced to forfeit her honour, must be capable of a second crime.

Baron S. Not so, Charles. Ask your heart what portion of the blame may be your own.

Stra. Mine!

Baron S. Your's. Who told you to marry a thoughtless, inexperienced girl? One scarce expects established principles at five-and-twenty in a man, yet you require them in a girl at sixteen! But of this no more. She has erred; she has repented; and, during three years, her conduct has been so far above reproach, that even the piercing eye of calumny has not discovered a speck upon this radiant orb.

Stra. Now, were I to believe all this, (and I confess that I would willingly believe it,) yet can she never again be mine. Oh! what a feast would it be for the painted dolls and vermin of the world, when I appeared among them with my runaway wife upon my arm! what mocking, whispering, pointing! Never, never, never!

Baron S. Enough! As a friend I have done my duty: I now appear as Adelaide's ambassador. She requests one moment's conversation: she wishes once again to see you, and never more! You cannot deny her this only, this last request.

Stra. Oh! I understand this too: she thinks my firmness will be melted by her tears: she is mistaken. She may come.

Baron S. She will come, to make you feel how much you mistake her. I go for her.

Stra. Another word.

Baron S. Another word!

Stra. Give her this paper and these jewels: they belong to her. *(Presenting them.)*

Baron S. That you may do yourself. *[Exit.]*

Stra. The last anxious moment of my life draws near. I shall see her once again; I shall see her on whom my soul dotes. Is this the language of an injured husband? What is this principle which we call honour? Is it a feeling of the heart, or a quibble in the brain? I must be resolute: it cannot now be otherwise. Let me speak solemnly, yet mild; and beware that nothing of reproach escape my lips. Yes, her penitence is real. She shall not be obliged to live in mean dependence: she shall be mistress of herself, she shall—*(Looks round, and shudders.)* Ha! they come. Awake, insulted pride! protect me, injured honour!

Enter Mrs. HALLER, COUNTESS WINTERSEN, and BARON STEINFURT.

Mrs. H. *(Advances slowly, and in a tremor: the Countess attempts to support her.)* Leave me now,

I beseech you. (*Approaches the Stranger, who, with averted countenance, and in extreme agitation, awaits her address.*) My lord!

Str. (*With gentle tremulous utterance, and face still turned away.*) What would you with me, Adelaide?

Mrs. H. (*Much agitated.*) No—for heaven's sake! I was not prepared for this. Adelaide!—No, no. For heaven's sake!—Harsh tones alone are suited to a culprit's ear.

Str. (*Endeavouring to give his voice firmness.*) Well, madam!

Mrs. H. Oh! if you will ease my heart, if you will spare and pity me, use reproaches.

Str. Reproaches! Here they are; here on my sorrowful cheek, here on my hollow eye, here in my faded form: these reproaches I could not spare you.

Mrs. H. Were I a hardened sinner, this forbearance would be charity; but I am a suffering penitent, and it overpowers me. Alas! then I must be the herald of my own shame; for where shall I find peace, till I have eased my soul by my confession?

Str. No confession, madam: I release you from every humiliation. I perceive you feel that we must part for ever.

Mrs. H. I know it: nor come I here to supplicate your pardon; nor has my heart contained a ray of hope that you would grant it. All I dare ask is, that you will not curse my memory.

Str. No; I do not curse you: I shall never curse you.

Mrs. H. From the conviction that I am unworthy of your name, I have, during three years, abandoned it. But this is not enough: you must have that redress which will enable you to choose another—another wife; in whose chaste arms may heaven protect your hours in bliss. This paper will be necessary for the purpose; it contains a written acknowledgment of my guilt. (*Offers it, trembling.*)

Str. (*Tearing it.*) Perish the record for ever! No, Adelaide; you only have possessed my heart; and, I am not ashamed to own it, you alone will reign there for ever. Your own sensations of virtue, your resolute honour, forbid you to profit by my weakness; and even if—Now, by heaven, this is beneath a man!—But never, never will another fill Adelaide's place here.

Mrs. H. Then nothing now remains but that one sad, hard, just word—farewell!

Str. Stay a moment. For some months we have, without knowing it, lived near each other. I have learnt much good of you: you have a heart open to the wants of your fellow-creatures. I am happy that it is so: you shall not be without the power of gratifying your benevolence. I know you have a spirit that must shrink from a state of obligation. This paper, to which the whole remnant of my fortune is pledged, secures you independence, Adelaide; and let the only recommendation of the gift be, that it will administer to you the means of indulging in charity, the divine propensity of your nature.

Mrs. H. Never! To the labour of my hands alone will I owe my sustenance. A morsel of bread, moistened with the tear of penitence, will suffice my wishes, and exceed my merits. It would be an additional reproach to think that I served myself, or even others, from the bounty of a man whom I had so deeply injured.

Str. Take it, madam; take it.

Mrs. H. I have deserved this. But I throw myself upon your generosity: have compassion on me!

Str. (*Aside.*) Villain! of what a woman hast thou robbed me! (*Puts up the paper.*) Well, madam, I respect your sentiments, and withdraw my request; but on condition, that if ever you shall be in want of anything, I may be the first and only person in the world to whom you will make application.

Mrs. H. I promise, it my lord.

Str. And now I may, at least, desire you to take back what is your own—your jewels. (*Gives her the casket.*)

Mrs. H. (*Opens it in violent agitation, and her tears burst upon it.*) How well do I recollect the sweet evening when you gave me these! that evening my father joined our hands, and joyfully I pronounced the oath of eternal fidelity: it is broken. This locket you gave me on my birthday: that was a happy day. We had a country feast: how cheerful we all were! This bracelet I received after my William was born!—No! take them, take them! I cannot keep these, unless you wish that the sight of them should be an incessant reproach to my almost broken heart. (*Gives them back.*)

Str. (*Aside.*) I must go: my soul and pride will hold no longer. (*Turning towards her.*) Farewell!

Mrs. H. Oh! but one minute more! an answer to but one more question. Feel for a mother's heart!—Are my children still alive?

Str. Yes, they are alive.

Mrs. H. And well?

Str. Yes, they are well.

Mrs. H. Heaven be praised! William must be much grown?

Str. I believe so.

Mrs. H. What, have you not seen them?—And little Amelia, is she still your favourite? (*The Stranger, who is in violent agitation throughout this scene, remains in silent contention between honour and affection.*) Oh! let me behold them once again! let me once more kiss the features of their father in his babes, and I will kneel to you, and part with them for ever. (*She kneels, and he raises her.*)

Str. Willingly, Adelaide! This very night: I expect the children every minute. They have been brought up near this spot. I have already sent my servant for them: he might, ere this time, have returned. I pledge my word to send them to the castle, as soon as they arrive; there, if you please, they may remain till day-break to-morrow, then they must go with me. (*The Countess and Bar. S., who, at a little distance, have listened to the whole conversation with the warmest sympathy, exchange signals. Baron S. goes into the hut, and soon returns with FRANCIS and the Children: he gives the girl to the Countess, who places herself behind the Stranger; he himself walks with the boy behind Mrs. Haller.*)

Mrs. H. In this world, then, we have no more to say—(*Seizing his hand.*)—Forget a wretch, who never will forget you: and when my penance shall have broken my heart; when we again meet in a better world—

Str. There, Adelaide, you may be mine again.

Mrs. H. and Str. Oh! oh! (*Parting.*) But, as they are going, she encounters the boy, and he the girl.)

Children. Dear father! dear mother!

[*They press the Children in their arms with speechless affection; then tear themselves away, gaze at each other, spread their arms, and rush into an embrace. The Children run, and cling round their parents.—Exeunt.*]

TAMERLANE;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY NICHOLAS ROWE.



Act I.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

PRINCE OF TANAIS
TAMERLANE
BAJAZET
AXALLA
MONESES

STRATOCLES
OMAR
MIRVAN
ZAMA
HALY

DERVISE
GUARDS
ATTENDANTS
SELIMA
ARPASIA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Before Tamerlane's Tent.*

The PRINCE of TANAIS, ZAMA, and MIRVAN, discovered.

Prince. Hail to the sun! from whose returning light

The cheerful soldier's arms new lustre take,
To deck the pomp of battle. Oh! my friends,
Was ever such a glorious face of war?
See, from this height, how all Galatia's plains
With nations numberless are cover'd o'er!
Who, like a deluge, hide the face of earth,
And leave no object in the vast horizon,
But glitt'ring arms and skies.

Zama. Our Asian world
From this important day expects a lord;
This day they hope an end of all their woes,
Of tyranny, of bondage, and oppression,
From our victorious emp'r'r, Tamerlane.

Mir. Hear you of Bajazet?

Prince. Late in the evening,
A slave of near attendance on his person
'Scap'd to our camp. From him we learn'd the
tyrant,
With rage redoubled, for the fight prepares:
Some accidental passion fires his breast,
(Love, as 'tis thought, for a fair Grecian captive,)
And adds new horror to his native fury.

But see his fate! The mighty Tamerlane
Comes, like the proxy of inquiring heav'n,
To judge, and to redress. (*Flourish of trumpets.*)

Enter TAMERLANE.

Tam. Yet, yet a little, and destructive slaughter
Shall rage around, and mar this beauteous prospect.

Pass but an hour, which stands betwixt the lives
Of thousands and eternity, what change
Shall hasty death make in yon glitt'ring plain?
Oh! thou fell monster, war! that in a moment
Lay'st waste the noblest part of the creation,
The boast and master-piece of the great Maker,
That wears in vain th' impression of his image,
Unprivileg'd from thee.

Health to our friends, and to our arms success!
(*To the Prince, Zama, and Mirvan.*)
Such as the cause for which we fight deserves.

Prince. Nor can we ask beyond what heaven
bestows,
Preventing still our wishes. See, great sir,
The universal joy your soldiers wear,
Omen of prosperous battle.
Impatient of the tedious night, in arms
Watchful they stood, expecting op'ning day;
And now are hardly by their leaders held
From darting on the foe.

Tam. Yes, prince, I mean to give a loose to war:
This morn Axalla, with my Parthian horse,
Arrives to join me. He who, like a storm,

Swept with his flying squadrons all the plain
Between Angoria's walls and yon tall mountains,
That seem to reach the clouds; and now he comes,
Loaden with spoils and conquest, to my aid.

(*Flourish of trumpets.*)

Zama. These trumpets speak his presence.

Enter AXALLA, who kneels to Tamerlane.

Tam. Welcome! thou worthy partner of my laurels!

Thou brother of my choice! a band more sacred
Than nature's brittle tie. By holy friendship,
Glory and fame stood still for thy arrival;
My soul seem'd wanting in its better half,
And languish'd for thy absence.

Axal. My emperor! My ever royal master!
To whom my secret soul more lowly bends,
Than forms of outward worship can express;
How poorly does your soldier pay this goodness,
Who wears his every hour of life out for you!
Yet, 'tis his all, and what he has he offers;
Nor now disdain to accept the gift he brings.

*Enter SELIMA, MONESES, STRATOCLES, prisoners;
Guards, Mutes, &c.*

This earnest of your fortune. See, my lord,
The noblest prize that ever grac'd my arms!
Approach, my fair!

Tam. This is, indeed, to conquer,
And well to be rewarded for thy conquest;
The bloom of op'ning flow'rs, unsullied beauty,
Softness, and sweetest innocence she wears,
And looks like nature in the world's first spring.
But say, Axalla—

Sel. Most renown'd in war, (*Kneeling to Tam.*)
Look with compassion on a captive maid,
Though born of hostile blood; nor let my birth,
Deriv'd from Bajazet, prevent that mercy
Which every subject of your fortune finds.
War is the province of ambitious man,
Who tears the miserable world for empire;
Whilst our weak sex, incapable of wrong,
On either side claims privilege of safety.

Tam. (*Raising her.*) Rise, royal maid! the pride
of haughty pow'r

Pays homage, nor receives it, from the fair.
Thy angry father fiercely calls me forth,
And urges me unwillingly to arms.
Yet though our frowning battles menace death
And mortal conflict, think not that we hold
Thy innocence and virtue as our foe.
Here, till the fate of Asia is decided,
In safety stay. To-morrow is your own.
Nor grieve for who may conquer, or who lose;
Fortune on either side shall wait thy wishes.

Sel. Where shall my wonder and my praise
begin?

From the successful labours of thy arms;
Or from a theme more soft and full of peace,
Thy mercy and thy gentleness? Oh! Tamerlane,
What can I pay thee for this noble usage,
But grateful praise? So heav'n itself is paid.
Give peace, ye pow'rs above, peace to mankind;
Nor let my father wage unequal war
Against the force of such united virtues.

Tam. Heav'n hear thy pious wish! But since
our prospect

Looks darkly on futurity, till fate
Determine for us, let thy beauty's safety
Be my Axalla's care; in whose glad eyes
I read what joy the pleasing service gives him.
Is there amongst thy other pris'ners aught
Worthy our knowledge? (*To Axalla.*)

Axal. That brave man, my lord,
(*Points to Moneses.*)

With long resistance, held the combat doubtful.
His party, press'd with numbers, soon grew faint,
And would have left their charge an easy prey;

Whilst he alone, undaunted at the odds,
Though hopeless to escape, fought well and firmly;
Nor yielded till, o'ermatch'd by many hands,
He seem'd to shame our conquest, while he own'd
it.

Tam. Thou speak'st him as a soldier should a
soldier,

Just to the worth he finds. I would not war
(*To Moneses.*)

With aught that wears thy virtuous stamp of
greatness.

Thy habit speaks thee Christian; nay, yet more,
My soul seems pleas'd to take acquaintance with
thee,

As if ally'd to thine: perhaps, 'tis sympathy
Of honest minds; like strings wound up in music,
Where, by one touch, both utter the same har-
mony.

Why art thou, then, a friend to Bajazet?

And why my enemy?

Mon. If human wisdom
Could point out ev'ry action of our lives,
And say, "Let it be thus, in spite of fate
Or partial fortune," then I had not been
The wretch I am.

Tam. The brave meet ev'ry accident
With equal minds. Think nobler of thy foes,
Than to account thy chance in war an evil.

Mon. Far, far from that: I rather hold it
grievous

That I was forc'd ev'n but to seem your enemy;
Nor think the baseness of a vanquish'd slave
Moves me to flatter for precarious life,
Or ill-bought freedom, when I swear by heav'n,
Were I to choose from all mankind a master,
It should be Tamerlane.

Tam. A noble freedom

Dwells with the brave, unknown to fawning syco-
phants,

And claims a privilege of being believ'd.

I take thy praise as earnest of thy friendship.

Mon. Still you prevent the homage I should
offer.

Oh! royal sir, let my misfortunes plead,
And wipe away the hostile mark I wore.
I was, when not long since my fortune hail'd me,
Bless'd to my wish; I was the prince Moneses,
Born and bred up to greatness: witness the blood,
Which, through successive heroes' veins, ally'd
To our Greek emperors, roll'd down to me,
Feeds the bright flame of glory in my heart.

Tam. Ev'n that, that princely tie, should bind
thee to me,

If virtue were not more than all alliance.

Mon. I have a sister, (oh! severe remembrance!)

Our noble house's, nay, her sex's pride;
Nor think my tongue too lavish, if I speak her
Fair as the fame of virtue, and yet chaste.
As its cold precepts; wise beyond her sex
And blooming youth; soft as forgiving mercy,
Yet greatly brave and jealous for her honour:
Such as she was, to say, I barely lov'd her,
Is poor to my soul's meaning. From our infancy
There grew a mutual tenderness between us,
Till not long since her vows were kindly pledged
To a young lord, the equal of her birth.
The happy day was fix'd, and now approaching,
When faithless Bajazet (upon whose honour,
In solemn treaty giv'n, the Greeks depended)
With sudden war broke in upon the country,
Secure of peace, and for defence unready.

Tam. Let majesty no more be held divine,
Since kings, who are call'd gods, profane them-
selves.

Mon. Among the wretches, whom that deluge
swept

Away to slavery, myself and sister,
Then passing near the frontiers to the court,

(Which waited for her nuptials,) were surpris'd,
And made the captives of the tyrant's pow'r.
Soon as we reach'd his court, we found our usage,
Beyond what we expected, fair and noble;
'Twas then the storm of your victorious arms
Look'd black, and seem'd to threaten, when he
press'd me

(By oft repeating instances) to draw
My sword for him: but when he found my soul
Disdain'd his purpose, he more fiercely told me,
That my Arpasia, my lov'd sister's fate,
Depended on my courage shewn for him.
I had long learn'd to hold myself at nothing;
But for her sake, to ward the blow from her,
I bound my service to the man I hated.
Six days are pass'd since, by the sultan's order,
I left the pledge of my return behind,
And went to guard this princess to his camp:
The rest the brave Axalla's fortune tells you.

Tam. Wisely the tyrant strove to prop his cause,
By leagu'ing with thy virtue; but just heav'n
Has torn thee from his side, and left him naked
To the avenging bolt that drives upon him.
Forget the name of captive, (*gives him his sword*)
and I wish

I could as well restore that fair one's freedom,
Whose loss hangs heavy on thee: yet, ere night,
Perhaps, we may deserve thy friendship nobler;
Th' approaching storm may cast thy shipwreck'd
wealth

Back to thy arms: till that be past, since war
(Though in the justest cause) is ever doubtful,
I will not ask thy sword to aid my victory,
Least it should hurt that hostage of thy valour
Our common foe detains.

Mon. Let Bajazet
Bend to his yoke repining slaves by force;
You, sir, have found a nobler way to empire,
Lord of the willing world.

Tam. Haste, my Axalla, to dispose with safety
The beauteous charge, and on the foe revenge
The pain which absence gives; thy other care,
Honour and arms, now summon thy attendance.
Now do thy office well, my soul! Remember
Thy cause, the cause of heav'n and injur'd earth.
Oh, thou Supreme! if thy great spirit warms
My glowing breast, and fires my soul to arms,
Grant that my sword, assisted by thy pow'r,
This day may peace and happiness restore,
That war and lawless rage may vex the world no
more.

[*Flourish of trumpets.* *Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Tamerlane's Camp.*

Enter MONESES.

Mon. The dreadful business of the war is o'er;
And slaughter, that from yesternorn till ev'n,
With giant steps, pass'd striding o'er the field,
Besmear'd and horrid with the blood of nations,
Now weary sits among the mangled heaps,
And slumbers o'er her prey; while from this camp
The cheerful sounds of victory and Tamerlane
Beat the high arch of heav'n.

Enter STRATOCLES.

My Stratocles!
Most happily return'd; might I believe
Thou bring'st me any joy?

Str. With my best diligence,
This night, I have inquir'd of what concerns you.
Scarce was the sun, who shone upon the horror
Of the past day, sunk to the western ocean,
When, by permission from the prince Axalla,
I mix'd among the tumult of the warriors
Returning from the battle: here a troop

Of hardy Parthians; red with honest wounds,
Confess'd the conquest they had well deserv'd:
There a dejected crew of wretched captives
Follow'd sadly after
The haughty victor's heels. But that which fully
Crown'd the success of Tamerlane, was Bajazet,
Fall'n, like the proud archangel, from the height
Where once (ev'n next to majesty divine)
Enthron'd he sat, down to the vile descent
And lowness of a slave: but, oh! to speak
The rage, the fierceness, and the indignation,
It bars all words, and cuts description short.

Mon. Then he is fall'n! that comet, which on
high

Portended ruin; he has spent his blaze,
And shall distract the world with fears no more.
But say, my friend, what hear'st thou of Arpasia?
For there my thoughts, my ev'ry care is center'd.

Str. Though on that purpose still I bent my
search,

Yet nothing certain could I gain, but this:
That in the pillage of the sultan's tent
Some women were made pris'ners, who this morn-
ing

Were to be offer'd to the emp'ror's view.
Their names and qualities, though oft inquiring,
I could not learn.

Mon. Then must my soul still labour
Beneath uncertainty and anxious doubt.

Str. 'Twas said, not far from hence,
The captives were to wait the emp'ror's passage.

Mon. Haste we to find the place. Oh! my Ar-
pasia,

Shall we then meet?
When thy lov'd sight shall bless my eyes again,
Then I will own I ought not to complain,
Since that sweet hour is worth whole years of
pain. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Inside of a magnificent Tent.*

Flourish. TAMERLANE, AXALLA, PRINCE of
TANAIS, ZAMA, MIRVAN, Soldiers, and Attend-
ants, discovered.

Axal. From this auspicious day the Parthian
name

Shall date its birth of empire, and extend,
Ev'n from the dawning east to utmost Thule,
The limits of its sway.

Prince. Nations unknown,
Where yet the Roman eagles never flew,
Shall pay their homage to victorious Tamerlane;
Bend to his valour and superior virtue,
And own that conquest is not giv'n by chance,
But, bound by fatal and resistless merit,
Waits on his arms.

Tam. It is too much: you dress me,
Like an usurper, in the borrow'd attributes
Of injur'd heav'n. Can we call conquest ours?
Shall man, this pigmy, with a giant's pride,
Vaunt of himself, and say, "Thus have I done
this?"

Oh! vain pretence to greatness! Like the moon,
We borrow all the brightness which we boast;
Dark in ourselves and useless. If that hand
That rules the fate of battles, strike for us,
Crown us with fame, and gild our clay with ho-
nour,

'Twere most ungrateful to disown the benefit,
And arrogate a praise which is not ours.

Axal. With such unshaken temper of the soul
To bear the swelling tide of prosperous fortune,
Is to deserve that fortune: in adversity,
The mind grows tough by buffeting the tempest,
Which, in success dissolving, sinks to ease,
And loses all her firmness.

Tam. Oh! Axalla,
Could I forget I am a man, as thou art,

Would not the winter's cold, or summer's heat,
Sickness, or thirst and hunger, all the train
Of nature's clam'rous appetites, asserting
An equal right in kings and common men,
Reprove me daily? No; if I boast of aught,
Be it to have been heav'n's happy instrument,
The means of good to all my fellow-creatures:
This is a king's best praise.

Enter OMAR.

Omar. Honour and fame (*Bows to Tamerlane.*)
For ever wait the emp'ror! May our prophet
Give him ten thousand days of life,
And ev'ry day like this! The captive sultan,
Fierce in his bonds, and at his fate repining,
Attends your sacred will.

Tam. Let him approach.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter BAJAZET, Guards, and Soldiers.

When I survey the ruins of this field,
The wild destruction which thy fierce ambition
Has dealt among mankind, (so many widows
And helpless orphans has thy battle made,
That half our eastern world this day are mourners,)
Well may I, in behalf of heav'n and earth,
Demand from thee atonement for this wrong.

Baj. Make thy demand to those that own thy pow'r;

Know I am still beyond it; and though fortune
(Curse on that changeling deity of fools!)
Has stripp'd me of the train and pomp of greatness,
That outside of a king, yet still my soul,
Fix'd high, and of itself alone dependent,
Is ever free and royal, and ev'n now,
As at the head of battle, does defy thee.
I know what pow'r the chance of war has giv'n,
And dare thee to the use on't. This vile speech-

ing,
This after-game of words, is what most irks me;
Spare that, and for the rest 'tis equal all:
Be it as it may.

Tam. Well was it for the world,
When on their borders neighbouring princes met,
Frèquent in friendly parle, by cool debates
Preventing wasteful war; such should our meeting
Have been, hadst thou but held in just regard
The sanctity of leagues so often sworn to.
Canst thou believe thy prophet, or, what's more,
That pow'r supreme which made thee and thy pro-

phet,
Will, with impunity, let pass that breach
Of sacred faith giv'n to the royal Greek?

Baj. Thou pedant talker! ah! art thou a king,
Possess'd of sacred pow'r, heav'n's darling attri-
bute,
And dost thou prate of leagues, and oaths, and
prophets?

I hate the Greek (perdition on his name!)
As I do thee, and would have met you both,
As death does human nature, for destruction.

Tam. Causeless to hate is not of humankind:
The savage brute that haunts in woods remote
And desert wilds, tears not the fearful traveller,
If hunger, or some injury, provoke not.

Baj. Can a king want a cause, when empire bids
Go on? What is he born for but ambition?
It is his hunger, 'tis his call of nature,
The noble appetite which will be satisfy'd,
And, like the food of gods, make him immortal.

Tam. Henceforth I will not wonder we were
foes,

Since souls that differ so by nature hate,
And strong antipathy forbids their union.

Baj. The noble fire that warms me does, indeed,
Transcend thy coldness. I am pleas'd we differ,
Nor think alike.

Tam. No; for I think like man,

Thou like a monster, from whose baleful presence
Nature starts back; and though she fix'd her
stamp

On thy rough mass, and mark'd thee for a man,
Now, conscious of her error, she disclaims thee,
As form'd for her destruction.

'Tis true, I am a king, as thou hast been:
Honour and glory too have been my aim;
But though I dare face death, and all the dangers
Which furious war wears in its bloody front,
Yet would I choose to fix my name by peace,
By justice, and by mercy; and to raise
My trophies on the blessings of mankind:
Nor would I buy the empire of the world
With ruin of the people whom I sway,
On forfeit of my honour.

Baj. Prophet, I thank thee!

Damnation! Couldst thou rob me of my glory,
To dress up this tame king, this preaching dervise?
Unfit for war, thou shouldst have liv'd secure
In lazy peace, and with debating senates
Shar'd a precarious sceptre, sat tamely still,
And let bold factions canton out thy pow'r,
And wrangle for the spoils they robb'd thee of;
Whilst I (curse on the pow'r that stops my ar-
dour!)

Would, like a tempest, rush amidst the nations,
Be greatly terrible, and deal, like Alba,
My angry thunder on the frighted world.

Tam. The world! 'twould be too little for thy
pride:

Thou wouldst scale heav'n!

Baj. I would. Away! my soul
Disdains thy conference.

Tam. Thou vain, rash thing,
That, with gigantic insolence, hast dar'd
To lift thy wretched self above the stars,
And mate with pow'r almighty, thou art fall'n!

Baj. 'Tis false! I am not fall'n from aught I have
been:

At least my soul resolves to keep her state,
And scorns to take acquaintance with ill fortune.

Tam. Almost beneath my pity art thou fall'n;
Since, while th' avenging hand of heav'n is on
thee,

And presses to the dust thy swelling soul,
Fool-hardy, with the stronger thou contendest.
To what vast heights had thy tumultuous temper
Been hurry'd, if success had crown'd thy wishes!
Say, what had I to expect, if thou hadst con-
quer'd?

Baj. Oh! glorious thought! by heav'n, I will
enjoy it,

Though but in fancy! imagination shall
Make room to entertain the vast idea.
Oh! had I been the master but of yesterday,
The world, the world had felt me; and for thee,
I had us'd thee as thou art to me—a dog,
The object of my scorn and mortal hatred:
I would have taught thy neck to know my weight,
And mounted from that footstool to my saddle:
Then, when thy daily servile task was done,
I would have cag'd thee, for the scorn of slaves,
Till thou hadst begg'd to die; and ev'n that mercy
I had deny'd thee. Now thou know'st my mind;
And question me no further.

Tam. Well dost thou teach me
What justice should exact from thee. Mankind,
With one consent, cry out for vengeance on thee;
Loudly they call to cut off this league-breaker,
This wild destroyer from the face of earth.

Baj. Do it, and rid thy shaking soul at once
Of its worst fear.

Tam. Why slept the thunder
That should have arm'd the idol deity,
And giv'n thee pow'r, ere yester sun was set,
To shake the soul of Tamerlane. Hadst thou an
arm

To make thee fear'd, thou shouldst have prov'd it on me,

Amidst the sweat and blood of yonder field,
When through the tumult of the war I sought thee,
Fenc'd in with nations.

Baj. Curse upon the stars,
That fated us to different scenes of slaughter!
Oh! could my sword have met thee—

Tam. Thou hadst then,
As now, been in my pow'r, and held thy life
Dependent on my gift. Yes, *Bajazet*,
I bid thee live; (*They take off Bajazet's chains.*)
Nay, more; couldst thou forget thy brutal fierceness,

And form thyself to manhood, I would bid thee
Live, and be still a king, that thou may'st learn
What man should be to man, in war rememb'ring
The common tie and brotherhood of kind.
This royal tent, with such of thy domestics
As can be found, shall wait upon thy service;
Nor will I use my fortune to demand
Hard terms of peace, but such as thou may'st offer
With honour, I with honour may receive.

Baj. Ha! say'st thou? no: our prophet's vengeance blast me,

If thou shalt buy my friendship with thy empire.
Damnation on thee! thou smooth, fawning talker!
Give me again my chains, that I may curse thee,
And gratify my rage: or, if thou wilt
Be a vain fool, and play with thy perdition,
Remember I'm thy foe, and hate thee deadly.
Thy folly on thy head!

Tam. Be still my foe.
Great minds, like heav'n, are pleas'd in doing good,

Though the ungrateful subjects of their favours
Are barren in return. Virtue still does
With scorn the mercenary world regard,
Where abject souls do good, and hope reward:
Above the worthless trophies men can raise,
She seeks not honours, wealth, nor airy praise, }
But with herself, herself the goddess pays.

[*Flourish. Enter Tamerlane, Axalla, Prince, Mirvan, Zama, and Attendants.*]

Baj. Come, lead me to my dungeon; plunge me down

Deep from the hated sight of man and day;
Where, under covert of the friendly darkness,
My soul may brood at leisure o'er its anguish.

Omar. Our royal master would, with noble usage,

Make your misfortunes light: he bids you hope—
Baj. I tell thee, slave, I have shook hands with hope,

And all my thoughts are rage, despair, and horror.

[*Exit Omar and Guards.*]
Ha! wherefore am I thus? Perdition seize me!

But my cold blood runs shiv'ring to my heart,
The rage and fiercer passions of my breast
Are lost in new confusion.
Arpasia!

Enter ARPASIA.

Haly!

Enter HALY.

Haly. Oh! emperor, for whose hard fate our prophet

And all the heroes of thy sacred race
Are sad in paradise, thy faithful Haly,
The slave of all thy pleasures, in this ruin,
This universal shipwreck of thy fortunes,
Has gather'd up this treasure for thy arms:
Nor ev'n the victor, haughty Tamerlane,
(By whose command once more thy slave beholds thee,)

Denies this blessing to thee, but with honour
Renders thee back thy queen, thy beauteous bride.

Baj. Oh! had her eyes with pity seen my sorrows,

Had she the fondness of a tender bride,
Heav'n could not have bestow'd a greater blessing.

And love had made amends for loss of empire.
But see, what fury dwells upon her charms!
What lightning flashes from her angry eyes!
With a malignant joy she views my ruin:
Even beauteous in her hatred, still she charms me,

And awes my fierce tumultuous soul to love.

Arp. And dar'st thou hope, thou tyrant ravisher!

That heav'n has any joy in store for thee?
Look back upon the sum of thy past life,
Where tyranny, oppression, and injustice,
Perjury, murders, swell the black account;
Where lost Arpasia's wrongs stand bleeding fresh,
Thy last recorded crime. But heav'n has found thee;

At length the tardy vengeance has o'erta'en thee.

My weary soul shall hear a little longer

The pain of life, to call for justice on thee:

That once complete, sink to the peaceful grave,

And lose the memory of my wrongs and thee.

Baj. Thou rail'st! I thank thee for it: be perverse,

And muster all the woman in thy soul;

Goad me with curses, be a very wife,

That I may fling off this tame love and hate thee.
(*Bajazet starts.*)

Enter MONESES.

Ah! keep thy temper, heart; nor take alarm

At a slave's presence.

Mon. It is Arpasia! Leave me, thou cold fear.

Sweet as the rosy morn she breaks upon me;

And sorrow, like the night's unwholesome shade,

Gives way before the golden dawn she brings.

Baj. (*Advancing towards him.*) Ah! Christian, is it well that we meet thus?

Is this thy faith?

Mon. Why does thy frowning brow

Put on this storm of fury? Is it strange

We should meet here, companions in misfortune,

The captives of one common chance of war?

Nor shouldst thou wonder that my sword has fail'd

Before the fortune of victorious Tamerlane,
When thou, with nations like the sanded shore,
With half the warring world upon thy side,
Couldst not stand up against this dreadful battle,
That crush'd thee with its shock. Thy men can witness,

Those cowards that forsook me in the combat,
My sword was not inactive.

Baj. No: 'tis false!

Where is my daughter, thou vile Greek? Thou hast

Betray'd her to the Tartar; or even worse,
Pale with thy fear, didst lose her like a coward;
And, like a coward now, would cast the blame
On fortune and ill stars.

Mon. Ah! saidst thou, like a coward?

What sanctity, what majesty divine

Hast thou put on, to guard thee from my rage,

That thus thou dar'st to wrong me?

Baj. Out, thou slave!

And know me for thy lord.

Mon. I tell thee, tyrant,

When in the pride of power thou sat'st on high,

When like an idol thou wert vainly worshipp'd

By prostrate wretches, born with slavish souls;

Ev'n when thou wert a king, thou wert no more

Nor greater than Moneses, born of a race

Royal and great as thine. What art thou now, then?

The fate of war has set thee with the lowest;

And captives, (like the subjects of the grave,)

Losing distinction, serve one common lord.

Baj. Brav'd by this dog! Now give a loose to rage,
And curse thyself; curse thy false, cheating pro-
phet.
Ah! yet there's some revenge. Hear me, thou Christian!
Thou left'st that sister with me: Thou impostor!
Thou boaster of thy honesty! Thou liar!
But take her to thee back.
Now to explore my prison—if it holds
Another plague like this. The restless damn'd
(If muffled lie not) wander thus in hell;
From scorching flames to chilling frosts they run,
Then from their frosts to fires return again,
And only prove variety of pain. [*Exit, with Haly.*]

Arp. Stay, Bajazet, I charge thee, by my wrongs,

Stay and unfold a tale of so much horror,
As only fits thy telling. Oh, Moneses!

Mon. Why dost thou weep? Why 'tis tempestuous passion,

That stops thy falt'ring tongue short on my name?
Oh! speak, unveil this mystery of sorrow.

Arp. Thou art undone, lost, ruin'd, and undone!

Mon. I will not think 'tis so, while I have thee;

While thus 'tis given to fold thee in my arms;
The sad remembrance of past woes is lost.

Arp. Forbear to sooth thy soul with flatt'ring thoughts

Of evils overpast, and joys to come:

Our woes are like the genuine shade beneath,

Where fate cuts off the very hopes of day,

And everlasting night and horror reign.

Mon. By all the tenderness and chaste endearments

Of our past love, I charge thee, my Arpasia,

To ease my soul of doubts! Give me to know,

At once, the utmost malice of my fate!

Arp. Take, then, thy wretched share in all I suffer,

Still partner of my heart!—Scarce hadst thou left

The sultan's camp, when the imperious tyrant,

Soft'ning the pride and fierceness of his temper,

With gentle speech made offer of his love.

Amaz'd, as at the shock of sudden death,

I started into tears, and often urg'd

(Though still in vain) the difference of our faiths.

At last, as flying to the utmost refuge,

With lifted hands and streaming eyes, I own'd

The fraud, which when we first were made his

prisoners,

I forc'd thee to put on;

Thy borrow'd name of brother, mine of sister;

Hiding between that veil the nearer tie

Our mutual vows had made before the priest.

Kindling to rage at hearing of my story,

"Then be it so," he cry'd: "Think'st thou, thy

vows,

Giv'n to a slave, shall bar me from thy beauties?"

Then bade the priest pronounce the marriage rites:

Which he perform'd; whilst, shrieking with despair,

I call'd in vain the pow'rs of heav'n to aid me.

Mon. Villain! Imperial villain! Oh! the coward!

Aw'd by his guilt, though back'd by force and power,

He durst not to my face avow his purpose:

But, in my absence, like a lurking thief,

Stole on my treasure, and at once undid me.

Oh! I cannot bear it.

Thou lovely hoard of sweets, where all my joys

Were treasur'd up, to have thee rifled thus!

But I will have thee from him. Tamerlane

(The sovereign judge of equity on earth),

Shall do me justice on this mighty robber,

And render back thy beauties to Moneses.

Arp. And who shall render back my peace, my honour?

I am the tyrant's wife. Oh, fatal title!

And, in the sight of all the saints, have sworn,

By honour, womanhood, and blushing shame,

To know no second bride-bed but my grave.

Mon. Tell me, Arpasia—say, what joys are those

That wait to crown the wretch who suffers here?

Oh! tell me, and sustain my failing faith.

Arp. Imagine, 'tis a tract of endless joys, which fancy cannot paint

Without satiety or interruption;

Imagine, 'tis to meet and part no more.

Oh, my Moneses! now the surges rise,

The swelling sea breaks in between our barks,

And drives us to our fate on different rocks.

Farewell! my soul lives with thee.

Mon. Death is parting.

'Tis the last sad adieu 'twixt soul and body.

But this is somewhat worse. My joy, my comfort,

All that was left in life, fleets after thee;

My aching sight hangs on thy parting beauties,

Thy lovely eyes, all drown'd in floods of sorrow.

So sinks the setting sun beneath the waves,

And leaves the traveller in pathless woods,

Bewildered and forlorn. Thus, with sad eyes,

Westward he turns, to mark the light's decay,

Till, having lost the last faint glimpse of day,
Cheerless, in darkness, he pursues his way. } [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Interior of the royal Tent.*

Enter AXALLA and SELIMA.

Axal. Why was I ever blest? Why is remembrance

Rich with a thousand pleasing images

Of past enjoyments, since 'tis but to plague me?

When thou art mine no more, what will it ease me

To think of all the golden minutes past,

To think that thou wert kind, and I was happy;

But, like an angel fall'n from bliss, to curse

My present state, and mourn the heav'n I've lost?

Sel. Hope better for us both; nor let thy fears,

Like an unlucky omen cross my way.

My father, rough and stormy in his nature,

To me was always gentle, and with fondness

Paternal ever met me with a blessing.

Oft, when offence had stirr'd him to such fury,

That not grave counsellors for wisdom fam'd,

Nor hardy captains that had fought his battles,

Presum'd to speak, but struck with awful dread

Were hush'd as death; yet has he smil'd on me,

Kiss'd me, and bade me utter all my purpose,

Till with my idle prattle I had sooth'd him,

And won him from his anger.

Axal. Oh! I know

Thou hast a tongue to charm the wildest tempers,

But, oh! when I revolve each circumstance,

My Christian faith, my service closely bound

To Tamerlane, my master and my friend,

Tell me, my charmer, if my fears are vain?

Think what remains for me, if the fierce sultan

Should doom thy beauties to another's bed!

Sel. 'Tis a sad thought; but to appease thy doubts,

Here, in the awful sight of heav'n, I vow

No power shall e'er divide me from thy love;

Ev'n duty shall not force me to be false.

My cruel stars may tear thee from my arms,

But never from my heart.

Axal. But see, the sultan comes!

Enter BAJAZET.

Baj. To have a nauseous courtesy forc'd on me,
Spite of my will, by an insulting foe!
Ah! they would break the fierceness of my temper,

And make me supple for their slavish purpose.
Curse on their fawning arts! From heav'n itself
I would not, on such terms, receive a benefit,
But spurn it back upon the giver's hand.

Sel. My lord! my royal father!

(Comes forward, and kneels to Bajazet.)

Baj. Ah! what art thou?
What heavenly innocence, that in a form
So known, so lov'd, hast left thy paradise,
For joyless prison, for this place of woe?
Art thou my Selima?

Sel. Have you forgot me?

Alas! my piety is then in vain:
Your Selima, your daughter whom you lov'd,
The fondling once of her dear father's arms,
Is come to claim her share in his misfortunes;
To help to wear the tedious minutes out,
To soften bondage, and the loss of empire.

Baj. Now, by our prophet, if my wounded mind

Could know a thought of peace, it would be now:
Ev'n from thy prating infancy thou wert
My joy, my little angel: smiling comfort
Came with thee still to glad me. Now I'm curs'd

Ev'n in thee too. Reproach and infamy
Attend the Christian dog t' whom thou wert trusted.

To see thee here—'twere better see thee dead!

Axal. Thus Tamerlane, to royal Bajazet,
With kingly greeting, sends: since with the brave

(The bloody bus'ness of the fight once ended)
Stern hate and opposition ought to cease;
Thy queen already to thy arms restor'd,
Receive this second gift, thy beauteous daughter;
And if there be aught further in thy wish,
Demand with honour, and obtain it freely.

Baj. Bear back the fulsome greeting to thy master;

Tell him, I'll none on't. Had he been a god,
All his omnipotence could not restore
My fame diminish'd, loss of sacred honour,
The radiancy of majesty eclips'd:
For aught besides, it is not worth my care;
The giver and his gifts are both beneath me.

Axal. Enough of war the wounded earth has known;

Weary at length, and wasted with destruction,
Sadly she rears her ruin'd head to shew
Her cities humbled, and her countries spoil'd.
Oh! sultan, by the pow'r divine I swear,
With joy I would resign the savage trophies,
In blood and battle gain'd, could I atone
The fatal breach 'twixt thee and Tamerlane;
And think a soldier's glory well bestow'd
To buy mankind a peace.

Baj. And what art thou,
That dost presume to mediate 'twixt the rage
Of angry kings?

Axal. A prince, born of the noblest,
And of a soul that answers to that birth,
That dares not but do well. Thou dost put on
A forc'd forgetfulness, thus not to know me,
A guest so lately to thy court, then meeting
On gentler terms.

Sel. Could aught efface the merit
Of brave Axalla's name, yet when your daughter
Shall tell how well, how noble she was us'd,
How light this gallant prince made all her bondage,
Most sure the royal Bajazet will own

That honour stands indebted to such goodness,
Nor can a monarch's friendship more than pay it.

Baj. Ah! know'st thou that, fond girl? Go: 'tis not well;

And when thou couldst descend to take a benefit
From a vile Christian, and thy father's foe,
Thou didst an act dishonest to thy race:
Henceforth, unless thou mean'st to cancel all
My share in thee, and write thyself a bastard,
Die, starve, know any evil, any pain,
Rather than taste a mercy from these dogs.

Sel. Alas, Axalla!

Axal. Weep not, lovely maid!

I swear, one pearly drop from those fair eyes

Would over-pay the service of my life!

One sigh from thee has made a large amends

For all thy angry father's frowns and fierceness.

Baj. Oh, my curs'd fortune! Am I fall'n thus low?

Dishonour'd to my face! Thou earth-born thing!
Thou clod! how hast thou dar'd to lift thy eyes
Up to the sacred race of mighty Ottoman,
Whom kings, whom e'en our prophet's holy off-
spring,

At distance have beheld? And what art thou?

What glorious titles blazon out thy birth?

Thou vile obscurity! ah! say, thou base one!

Axal. Thus challeng'd, virtue, modest as she is,

Stands up to do herself a common justice;

To answer, and assert that in-born merit,
That worth, which conscious to herself she feels.

Were honour to be scan'd by long descent—

From ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt

A lineage of the greatest,

Heroes and god-like patriots, who subdu'd

The world by arms and virtue, and, being Ro-
mans,

Scorn'd to be kings; but that be their own praise:

Nor will I borrow merit from the dead,

Myself an undeserver. I could prove

My friendship such as thou might'st deign t'ac-
cept

With honour, when it comes with friendly office,

To render back thy crown and former greatness.

And yet e'n this, e'en all is poor, when Selima,
With matchless worth weighs down the adverse
scale.

Baj. To give me back what yesterday took from me,

Would be to give like heaven, when, having
finish'd

This world, *(the goodly work of his creation)*

He bid his favourite man be lord of all,

But this—

Axal. Nor is this gift beyond my pow'r.

Oft has the mighty master of my arms

Urg'd me, with large ambition, to demand

Crowns and dominions from his bounteous pow'r:

'Tis true, I wav'd the proffer, and have held it

The worthier choice to wait upon his virtues,

To be the friend and partner of his wars,

Than to be Asia's lord. Nor wonder, then,

If in the confidence of such a friendship,

I promise boldly, for the royal giver,

Thy crown and empire.

Baj. For our daughter thus

Mean'st thou to barter? Ha! I tell thee, Chris-
tian,

There is but one, one dowry thou canst give,

And I can ask, worthy my daughter's love.

Axal. Oh! name the mighty ransom; task my
pow'r;

Let there be danger, difficulty, death,

T' enhance the price.

Baj. I take thee at thy word.

Bring me the Tartar's head.

Axal. Ah!

Baj. Tamerlane's!
That death, that deadly poison to my glory.

Axal. Prodigious! Horrid!

Sel. Lost! for ever lost!

Baj. And—couldst thou hope to bribe me with aught else?

With a vile peace patch'd up on slavish terms?

With tributary kingship? No! To merit

A recompense from me, sate my revenge.

The Tartar is my bane, I cannot bear him:

One heav'n and earth can never hold us both;

Still shall we hate, and with defiance deadly

Keep rage alive, till one be lost for ever:

As if two suns should meet in the meridian,

And strive in fiery combat for the passage.

Weep'st thou, fond girl? Now, as thy king and father,

I charge thee, drive this slave from thy remembrance!

Hate shall be pious in thee. Come and join

To curse thy father's foes.

[*Exit, leading out Selima, she looking back on Axalla.*]

Axal. 'Tis what I fear'd; fool that I was 't obey!

The coward love, that could not bear her frown,

Has wrought his own undoing.

He bade me take her—but, oh, gracious honour!

Upon what terms? My soul yet shudders at it.

The head of Tamerlane! monstrous impiety!

Bleed, bleed to death, my heart, be virtue's martyr.

Oh! emperor, I own I ought to give thee

Some nobler mark than dying of my faith.

Then let the pains I feel my friendship prove,

'Tis easier far to die, than cease to love. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Tamerlane's Camp.

Enter TAMERLANE and a Dervise.

Tam. Thou bring'st me thy credentials from the highest,

From Alha and our prophet. Speak thy message;

It must import the best and noblest ends.

Der. This speaks our holy Mahomet, who has giv'n thee

To reign and conquer: Ill dost thou repay

The bounties of his hand, unmindful of

The fountain whence thy streams of greatness flow.

Thou hast forgot high heav'n, hast beaten down

And trampled on religion's sanctity.

Tam. Now, as I am a soldier and a king,

(The greatest names of honour,) do but make

Thy imputation out, and Tamerlane

Shall do thee ample justice on himself.

So much the sacred name of heaven awes me,

Could I suspect my soul of harbouring aught

To its dishonour, I would search it strictly,

And drive th' offending thought with fury forth.

Der. Yes, thou hast hurt our holy prophet's honour,

By fostering the pernicious Christian sect;

Those, whom his sword pursu'd with fell destruction,

Thou tak'st into thy bosom, to thy councils;

They are thy only friends. The true believers

Mourn to behold thee favour this Axalla.

Tam. I fear me, thou out-go'st the prophet's order,

And bring'st his venerable name to shelter

A rudeness ill-becoming thee to use,

Or me to suffer. When thou nam'st my friend,

Thou nam'st a man beyond a monk's discerning,

Virtuous and great, a warrior and a prince.

Der. He is a Christian; there our law condemns him,

Although he were even all thou speak'st, and more.

Tam. 'Tis false; no law divine condemns the virtuous,

For differing from the rules your schools devise.

Look round, how Providence bestows alike,

Sunshine and rain, to bless the fruitful year,

On different nations, all of different faiths;

And (though by several names and titles worshipp'd)

Heav'n takes the various tribute of their praise;

Since all agree to own, at least to mean,

One best, one greatest, only Lord of all.

Der. Most impious and prophane! Nay, frown not, prince;

Full of the prophet, I despise the danger

Thy angry power may threaten. I command thee

To hear and to obey; since thus says Mahomet:

Why have I made thee dreadful to the nations?

Why have I giv'n thee conquest; but to spread

My sacred law ev'n to the utmost earth,

And make my holy Mecca the world's worship?

Go on, and wheresoe'er thy arms shall prosper,

Plant there the prophet's name; with sword and fire

Drive out all other faiths, and let the world

Confess him only.

Tam. Had he but commanded

My sword to conquer all, to make the world

Know but one Lord, the task were not so hard;

'Twere but to do what has been done already;

And Philip's son and Cæsar did as much;

But to subdue th' unconquerable mind,

To make one reason have the same effect

Upon all apprehensions; to force this

Or this man just to think as thou and I do;

Impossible! unless souls were alike

In all, which differ now like human faces.

Der. Well might the holy cause be carried on,

If Mussulmen did not make war on Mussulmen.

Why hold'st thou captive a believing monarch?

Now, as thou hop'st to 'scape the prophet's curse,

Release the royal Bajazet, and join

With force united, to destroy the Christians.

Tam. 'Tis well: I've found the cause that mov'd thy zeal.

What shallow politician set thee on,

In hopes to fright me this way to compliance?

Der. Our prophet only—

Tam. No: thou dost belie him,

Thou maker of new faiths! that dar'st to build

Thy fond inventions on religion's name.

Religion's lustre is, by native innocence,

Divinely pure and simple from all arts;

You daub and dress her like a common mistress,

The harlot of your fancies; and by adding

False beauties, which she wants not, make the world

Suspect her angel's face is foul beneath,

And wo'n't bear all lights. Hence, I have found thee.

Der. I have but one resort. Now aid me, prophet! (*Aside.*)

Yet I have somewhat further to unfold;

Our prophet speaks to thee in thunder—thus—

(*Draws a concealed dagger, and offers to stab Tamerlane.*)

Tam. No villain; heav'n is watchful o'er its worshippers, (*Wresting the dagger from him.*)

And blasts the murderer's purpose. Think, thou wretch!

Think on the pains that wait thy crime, and tremble

When I shall doom thee—

Der. 'Tis but death at last;

And I will suffer greatly for the cause
That urg'd me first to the bold deed.

Tam. Oh, impious!

Enthusiasm thus makes villains martyrs. *(Pauses.)*
It shall be so. To die! 'twere a reward.
Now learn the difference 'twixt thy faith and mine:

Thine bids thee lift thy dagger to my throat;
Mine can forgive the wrong, and bid thee live.
Keep thy own wicked secret, and be safe;
If thou repent'st, I have gain'd one to virtue,
And am, in that, rewarded for my mercy;
If thou continu'st still to be the same,
'Tis punishment enough to be a villain.
Hence from my sight! It shocks my soul to think

That there is such a monster in my kind.

[Exit Dervise.]

Whither will man's impiety extend?

Oh, gracious heav'n! dost thou withhold thy thunder,

When bold assassins take thy name upon 'em,
And swear they are the champions of thy cause?

Enter MONESES.

Mon. Oh! emperor, before whose awful throne
Th' afflicted never kneel in vain for justice,

(Kneels.)

Undone and ruin'd, blasted in my hopes,
Here let me fall before your sacred feet,
And groan out my misfortunes, till your pity
(The last support and refuge that is left me,)
Shall raise me from the ground, and bid me live.

Tam. Rise, prince; nor let me reckon up thy worth,

And tell how boldly that might bid thee ask,
Lest I should make a merit of my justice,
The common debt I owe to thee, to all,
Ev'n to the meanest of mankind, the charter
By which I claim my crown, and heav'n's protection.

Speak, then, as to a king, the sacred name
Where pow'r is lodg'd, for righteous ends alone.

Mon. One only joy, one blessing, my fond heart

Had fix'd its wishes on, and that is lost:
That sister, for whose safety my sad soul
Endur'd a thousand fears—

Tam. I well remember,
When, ere the battle join'd, I saw thee first,
With grief uncommon to a brother's love,
Thou told'st a moving tale of her misfortunes,
Such as bespoke my pity. Is there aught
Thou canst demand from friendship? Ask, and have it.

Mon. First, oh! let me entreat your royal goodness:

Forgive the folly of a lover's caution,
That forg'd a tale of folly to deceive you.
Said I, she was my sister? Oh! 'tis false;
She holds a dearer interest in my soul;
She was the mistress of my vows, my bride,
By contract mine; and long ere this, the priest
Had ty'd the knot for ever, had not Bajazet—

Tam. Ha! Bajazet! If yet his pow'r withholds

The cause of all thy sorrows, all thy fears,
E'en gratitude for once shall gain upon him,
Spite of his savage temper, to restore her.
This morn a soldier brought a captive beauty,
Sad though she seem'd, yet of a form more rare,
By much the noblest spoil of all the field;
E'en Scipio, or a victor yet most cold,
Might have forgot his virtue at her sight.
Struck with a pleasing wonder, I beheld her,
Till, by a slave that waited near her person,
I learn'd she was the captive sultan's wife:

Straight I forbade my eyes the dangerous joy
Of gazing long, and sent her to her lord.

Mon. There was Moneses lost. Too sure my heart

(From the first mention of her wondrous charms)
Presag'd it could be only my Arpsasia.

Tam. Arpsasia! didst thou say?

Mon. Yes, my Arpsasia.

Tam. Sure I mistake, or I fain would mistake thee;

I nam'd the queen of Bajazet; his wife.

Mon. His queen! his wife! He brings that holy title

To varnish o'er the monstrous wrongs he has done me.

Tam. Alas! I fear me, prince, thy griefs are just;

Thou art, indeed, unhappy.

Mon. Can you pity me,
And not redress? Oh! royal Tamerlane! *(Kneels.)*

Thou succour of the wretched, reach thy mercy
To save me from the grave and from oblivion;
Let thy justice

Restore me my Arpsasia; give her back,
Back to my wishes, to my transports give her:
Oh! give her to me yet, while I have life
To bless thee for the bounty. Oh, Arpsasia!

Tam. Unhappy, royal youth, why dost thou ask
What honour must deny? Ah! is she not

His wife, whom he has wedded, whom enjoy'd?
And wouldst thou have my partial friendship break

That holy knot, which, ty'd once, all mankind
Agree to hold sacred and undissolvable?

The brutal violence would stain my justice,
And brand me with a tyrant's hated name
To late posterity.

Mon. Are then the vows,
The holy vows we register'd in heav'n,
But common air?

Tam. Could thy fond love forget
The violation of a first enjoyment?
But sorrow has disturb'd and hurt thy mind.

Mon. Perhaps it has; and like an idle madman,
That wanders with a train of hooting boys,
I do a thousand things to shame my reason.
Then let me fly, and bear my follies with me,
Far, far from the world's sight. Honour and fame,

Arms and the glorious war, shall be forgotten;
No noble sound of greatness or ambition
Shall wake my drowsy soul from her dead sleep,
Till the last trump do summon.

Tam. Let thy virtue
Stand up and answer to these warring passions,
That vex thy manly temper. From the moment
When first I saw thee, something wondrous noble

Shone through thy form, and won my friendship
for thee,

Without the tedious form of long acquaintance;
Nor will I lose thee poorly for a woman.

Come, droop no more, thou shalt with me pursue
True greatness, till we rise to immortality.
Thou shalt forget these lesser cares, Moneses;
Thou shalt, and help me to reform the world.

Mon. Sacred Tamerlane!

Thy words are as the breath of angels to me.
But, oh! too deep the wounding grief is fix'd,
For any hand to heal.

Tam. This dull despair
Is the soul's laziness. Rouse to the combat,
And thou art sure to conquer. War shall restore thee:

The sound of arms shall wake thy martial ardour,
And cure this amorous sickness of thy soul.

The boy, fond love,
Is nurs'd and bred in sloth, and too much ease;

Near purling streams, in gloomy shades, he lies,
And loosely there, instructs his votaries,
Honour and active virtue to despise:
But if the trumpets echo from afar,
On silken wings sublime he cuts the air,
Scar'd at the noise and clangor of the war.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Bajazet's Tent.**Enter HALY and Dervise.*

Haly. To 'scape with life from an attempt like this,

Demands my wonder justly.

Der. True, it may;

But 'tis a principle of his new faith;
'Tis what his Christian favourites have inspir'd;
Who fondly make a merit of forgiveness,
And give their foes a second opportunity,
If the first blow should miss. Failing to serve
The sultan to my wish, and e'en despairing
Of further means t' effect his liberty,
A lucky accident retriev'd my hopes.

Haly. The prophet and our master will reward
Thy zeal in their behalf; but speak thy purpose.

Der. Just enter'ing here I met the Tartar general,

Fierce Omar.

Haly. He commands, if I mistake not,
This quarter of the army, and our guards.

Der. The same. By his stern aspect, and the fire

That kindled in his eyes, I guess'd the tumult
Some wrong had rais'd in his tempestuous soul;
A friendship of old date had giv'n me privilege
To ask of his concerns. In short, I learn'd,
That burning for the sultan's beauteous daughter,

He had begg'd her, as a captive of the war,
From Tamerlane; but meeting with denial
Of what he thought his services might claim,
Loudly he storms, and curses the Italian,
As cause of this affront. I join'd his rage,
And added to his injuries the wrongs
Our prophet daily meets with from Axalla.
But see, he comes. Improve what I shall tell,
And all we wish is ours.

*(They seem to talk together aside.)**Enter OMAR.*

Omar. No: if I forgive it,
Dishonour blast my name! Was it for this
That I directed his first steps to greatness,
Taught him to climb, and made him what he is?
Was it for this, that like a rock I stood
And stemm'd a torrent of our Tartar lords,
Who scorn'd his upstart sway? When Calibes,
In bold rebellion, drew e'en half the provinces
To own his cause, I, like his better angel,
Stood by his shaking throne, and fix'd it fast;
And am I now so lost to his remembrance,
That, when I ask a captive, he shall tell me,
She is Axalla's right, his Christian minion?

Der. Allow me, valiant Omar, to demand,
Since injur'd thus, why right you not yourself?
The prize you ask is in your pow'r.

Omar. It is,

And I will seize it, in despite of Tamerlane
And that Italian dog.

Haly. What need of force,
When ev'ry thing concurs to meet your wishes?
Our mighty master would not wish a son
Nobler than Omar. From a father's hand

Receive that daughter, which ungrateful Tamerlane

Has to your worth deny'd.

Omar. Now, by my arms,
It will be great revenge. What will your sultan
Give to the man that shall restore his liberty,
His crown, and give him pow'r to wreak his hatred
Upon his greatest foe?

Haly. All he can ask,
And far beyond his wish. *(Trumpets.)*

Omar. These trumpets speak
The emperor's approach; he comes once more
To offer terms of peace. Retire within.
I will know further—he grows deadly to me;
And curse me, prophet, if I not repay
His hate, with retribution full as mortal. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Tent.** *ARPASIA discovered lying on a couch.*

SONG.

*To thee, oh! gentle sleep, alone
Is owing all our peace;
By thee our joys are heighten'd shewn,
By thee our sorrows cease.*

*The nymph, whose hand, by fraud or force,
Some tyrant has possess'd,
By thee, obtaining a divorce,
In her own choice is bless'd.*

*Oh! stay; Arpasia bids thee stay;
The sadly weeping fair
Conjures thee not to lose in day
The object of her care.*

*To grasp whose pleasing form she sought,
That motion chas'd her sleep;
Thus by ourselves are oft'nest wrought
The griefs for which we weep.*

Arp. Oh, death! thou gentle end of human sorrows!

Still must my weary eye-lids vainly wake
In tedious expectation of thy peace?
Why stand thy thousand thousand doors still
open,
To take the wretched in, if stern religion
Guards ev'ry passage, and forbids my entrance,
When urg'd with griefs beyond a mortal sufferance?

But here it must not be. Think then, Arpasia,
Think on the sacred dictates of thy faith,
And let that arm thy virtue to perform
What Cato's daughter durst not—Live, Arpasia,
And dare to be unhappy.

Enter TAMERLANE.

Tam. When fortune smiles upon the soldier's
arms,
And adds e'en beauty to adorn his conquest,
Yet she ordains the fair should know no fears.
Such welcome as a camp can give, sultaness,
We hope you have receiv'd; it shall be larger,
And better as it may.

Arp. Since I have borne
That miserable mark of fatal greatness,
I have forgot all difference of conditions;
Sceptres and fetters are grown equal to me,
And the best change my fate can bring is death.

Tam. Oh! teach my pow'r
To cure those ills which you unjustly suffer,
Lest heav'n should wrest it from my idle hand,
If I look on and see you weep in vain.

Arp. Not that my soul disdains the gen'rous aid

Thy royal goodness proffers; but, oh! emperor—

Tam. Why is my pity all that I give

To tears like your's? And yet, I fear 'tis all;

Nor dare I ask what mighty loss you mourn,

Least honour should forbid to give it back.

Arp. No, Tamerlane, nor did I mean thou shouldst.

But know (though to the weakness of my sex

I yield these tears) my soul is more than man.

Think I am born a Greek, nor doubt my virtue;

They must be mighty evils that can vanquish

A Spartan courage and a Christian faith.

Enter BAJAZET.

Baj. To know no thought of rest; to have the mind

Still minist'ring fresh plagues, as in a circle,

Where one dishonour treads upon another;

What know the fiends beyond it?—Ha! by hell,

(*Sees Arpasia and Tamerlane.*)

There wanted only this to make me mad.

Comes he to triumph here? to rob me of my love,

And violate the last retreat of happiness?

Tam. But that I read upon thy frowning brow,

That war yet lives and rages in thy breast;

Once more (in pity to the suff'ring world)

I meant to offer peace.

Baj. And mean'st thou, too,

To treat it with our empress; and to barter

The smiles which fortune gave thee for her favours?

Arp. What would the tyrant? (*Aside.*)

Baj. Seek'st thou thus our friendship?

Is this the royal usage thou didst boast?

Tam. The boiling passion that disturbs thy soul
Spreads clouds around, and makes thy purpose dark.

Unriddle what thy mystic fury aims at.

Baj. Is it a riddle? Read it there explain'd;

There, in my shame. Now judge me thou, oh! prophet,

And equal heav'n, if this demand not rage!

The peasant hind, begot and born to slavery,

Yet dares assert a husband's sacred right,

And guards his homely couch from violation:

And shall a monarch tamely bear the wrong

Without complaining?

Tam. If I could have wrong'd thee;

If conscious virtue and all-judging heav'n

Stood not between, to bar ungovern'd appetite,

What hinder'd, but, in spite of thee my captive,

I might have us'd a victor's boundless power,

And sated every wish my soul could form?

But, to secure thy fears, know, Bajazet,

This is among the things I dare not do.

Baj. By hell, 'tis false! else wherefore art thou present?

What cam'st thou for, but to undo my honour?

I found thee holding amorous parley with her,

Gazing and glutting on her wanton eyes,

And bargaining for pleasures yet to come:

My life, I know, is the devoted price—

But take it, I am weary of the pain.

Tam. Yet, ere thou rashly urge my rage too far,

I warn thee to take heed: I am a man,

And have the frailties common to man's nature;

The fiery seeds of wrath are in my temper,

And may be blown up to so fierce a blaze

As wisdom cannot rule. Know, thou hast touch'd me

Ev'n in the nicest, tend'rest part, my honour;

My honour! which, like pow'r, disdains being question'd;

Thy breath has blasted my fair virtue's fame,

And mark'd me for a villain and a tyrant.

Arp. And stand I here an idle looker on,
To see my innocence murder'd and mangled
By barbarous hands, nor can revenge the wrong?
Art thou a man, and dar'st thou use me thus?

(*To Bajazet.*)

Hast thou not torn me from my native country;

From the dear arms of my lamenting friends;

From my soul's peace, and from my injur'd love;

And driv'n me to the brink of black despair?

And is it in thy malice yet to add

A wound more deep, to sully my white name,—

My virtue?

Baj. Yes, thou hast thy sex's virtues,

Their affectation, pride, ill-nature, noise,

Proneness to change, e'en from the joy that pleas'd 'em:

So gracious is your idol, dear variety,

That for another love you would forego

An angel's form, to mingle with a devil's.

Arp. Why sought'st thou not from thy own impious tribe

A wife like one of these?

Know, I abhor, detest the crime thou mention'st:

Not that I fear or reverence thee, thou tyrant;

But that my soul, conscious of whence it sprung,

Sits unpolluted in its sacred temple,

And scorns to mingle with a thought so mean.

Tam. Oh, pity! that a greatness so divine

Should meet a fate so wretched, so unequal.

Though blind and wilful to the good that courts thee,

(*To Bajazet.*)

With open-handed bounty heav'n pursues thee,

And bids thee (undeserving as thou art,

And monstrous in thy crimes) be happy yet;

Whilst thou, in fury, dost avert the blessing,

And art an evil genius to thyself.

Baj. No: thou, thou art my greatest curse on earth!

Thou, who hast robb'd me of my crown and glory,

And now pursu'st me to the verge of life,

To spoil me of my honour. Thou, thou hypocrite!

That wear'st a pageant outside shew of virtue,

To cover the hot thoughts that glow within!

Thou rank adulter'er!

Tam. Oh! that thou wert

The lord of all those thousands that lie breathless

On yonder field of blood, that I again

Might hunt thee, in the face of death and danger,

Through the tumultuous battle, and there force thee,

Vanquish'd and sinking underneath my arm,

To own thou hast traduc'd me like a villain.

Baj. Ha! does it gall thee, Tartar? By revenge,

It joys me much to find thou feel'st my fury.

Yes, I will echo to thee, thou adulter'er!

Thou dost profane the name of king and soldier,

And, like a ruffian bravo, cam'st with force

To violate the holy marriage-bed.

Tam. Wert thou not shelter'd by thy abject state,

The captive of my sword, by my just anger,

My breath, like thunder, should confound thy pride,

And doom thee dead this instant with a word.

Baj. 'Tis false! my fate's above thee, and thou dar'st not.

Tam. Ha! dare not! Thou hast rais'd my pond'rous rage,

And now it falls to crush thee at a blow.

A guard there!—

Enter Guard.

Seize and drag him to his fate!

(*They seize Bajazet.*)

Tyrant, I'll do a double justice on thee;
At once revenge myself and all mankind.

Baj. Well dost thou, ere thy violence and lust
Invalidate my bed, thus to begin with murder:
Drown all thy fears in blood, and sin securely.

Tam. Away!

Arp. (*Kneeling.*) Oh! stay, I charge thee, by
renown;

By that bright glory thy great soul pursues,
Call back the doom of death!

Tam. Fair injur'd excellence,
Why dost thou kneel, and waste such precious
prayers,

For one to goodness lost, who first undid thee,
Who still pursues, and aggravates the wrong?

Baj. By Alha! no: I will not wear a life
Bought with such vile dishonour. Death shall free
me

At once from infamy and thee, thou traitress!

Arp. No matter, though the whistling winds
grow loud,

And the rude tempest roars, 'tis idle rage:
Oh! mark it not; but let thy steady virtue
Be constant to its temper. Save his life,
And save Arspasia from the sport of talkers.
Think how the busy, meddling world will toss
Thy mighty name about, in scurril mirth;
Branding thy vengeance as a foul design;
And make such monstrous legends of our lives,
As late posterity shall blush in reading.

Tam. Oh! matchless virtue! Yes, I will obey;
Though laggard in the race, admiring yet,
I will pursue the shining path thou tread'st.
Sultan, be safe! reason resumes her empire,

(*The Guard release Bajazet.*)

And I am cool again.—Here break we off,
Lest further speech should minister new rage.

Wisely from dangerous passions I retreat,
To keep a conquest which was hard to get:

And, oh! 'tis time I should for flight prepare, }
A war more fatal seems to threaten there, }
And all my rebel-blood assists the fair: }
One moment more, and I too late shall find,
That love's the strongest pow'r that lords it o'er
the mind. [*Exit, followed by the Guard.*]

Baj. To what new shame, what plague am I re-
serv'd?

Why hast thou forc'd this nauseous life upon me?
Is it to triumph o'er me?—But I will,
I will be free; I will forget thee all;
Death shall expunge at once, and ease my soul.
Prophet, take notice, I disclaim thy paradise,
Thy fragrant bow'rs, and everlasting shades:
Thou hast plac'd woman there, and all thy joys are
tainted. [*Exit.*]

Arp. A little longer yet, be strong, my heart;
A little longer let the busy spirits
Keep on their cheerful round.
And see, the poor Moneses comes to take
One sad adieu, and then we part for ever.

Enter MONESES.

Mon. Already am I onward of my way;
Thy tuneful voice comes like a hollow sound,
At distance, to my ears. My eyes grow heavy,
And all the glorious lights of heav'n look dim;
'Tis the last office they shall ever do me,
To view thee once, and then to close and die.

Arp. Alas! how happy have we been, Mo-
neses!

Ye gentle days, that once were ours, that joys
Did every cheerful morning bring along!
No fears, no jealousies, no angry parents,
That for unequal birth or fortunes frown'd;
But love, that kindly join'd our hearts to bless
us,

Made us a blessing, too, to all besides.

Mon. Oh! cast not thy remembrance back, Ar-
spasia!

'Tis grief unutterable; 'tis distraction;
But let this last of hours be peaceful sorrow!
Here let me kneel, and pay my latest vows.
Be witness, all ye saints, thou heav'n and nature,
Be witness of my truth, for you have known it!
Be witness that I never knew a pleasure,
In all the world could offer, like Arspasia!
Be witness that I liv'd but in Arspasia!
And, oh! be witness that her loss has kill'd me!

Arp. Oh! my Moneses,
While thou art speaking, life begins to fail,
And ev'ry tender accent chills like death.
The last dear object of my parting soul
Will be Monesea; the last breath that lingers
Within my panting breast, shall sigh Moneses.

Mon. It is enough! Now to thy rest, my soul,
The world and thou have made an end at once.

Arp. Fain would I still detain thee, held thee
still:

Nor honour can forbid, that we together
Should share the poor few minutes that remain:
I swear, methinks this sad society
Has somewhat pleasing in it.—Death's dark
shades

Seem, as we journey on, to lose their horror;
At near approach, the monsters, form'd by fear,
Are vanish'd all, and leave the prospect clear:
Amidst the gloomy vale, a pleasing scene,
With flow'rs adorn'd, and never-fading green, }
Inviting stands, to take the wretched in;
No wars, no wrongs, no tyrants, no despair, }
Disturb the quiet of a place so fair,
But injur'd lovers find Elysium there.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter BAJAZET, with OMAR, HALY, and the
Dervise.*

Baj. Now, by the glorious tomb that shrines our
prophet,

By Mecca's sacred temple, here I swear,
Our daughter is thy bride! and to that gift
Such wealth, such pow'r, such honours will I
add,

That monarchs shall with envy view thy state,
And own thou art a demi-god to them.
Thou hast given me what I wish'd,—pow'r of re-
venge;

And when a king rewards, 'tis ample retribution.

Omar. Twelve Tartar lords, each potent in his
tribe,

Have sworn to own my cause, and draw their
thousands,

To-morrow, from the ungrateful Parthian's side.

The day declining, seems to yield to night,

Ere little more than half her course be ended.

In an auspicious hour prepare for flight:

The leaders of the troops through which we
pass,

Rais'd by my pow'r, devoted to my service,
Shall make our passage secret and secure.

Der. Already, mighty sultan, thou art safe,
Since, by yon passing torches' light I guess,
To his pavilion Tamerlane retires,
Attended by a train of waiting courtiers.
All who remain within these tents are thine,
And hail thee as their lord.

Ha! the Italian prince,

With sad Moneses are not yet gone forth.

Baj. Ha! with our queen and daughter!

Omar. They are ours:

I mark'd the slaves who waited on Axalla;
They, when the emperor pass'd out, press'd on,
And mingled with the crowd, nor miss'd their
lord:

He is your pris'ner, sir: I go this moment,

To seize, and bring him to receive his doom.

[Exit.

Baj. Haste, Haly, follow, and secure the Greek :
Him, too, I wish to keep within my power.

[Exit Haly.

Der. If my dread lord permit his slave to speak,
I would advise to spare Axalla's life,
'Till we are safe beyond the Parthian's power :
Him, as our pledge of safety, may we hold ;
And, could you gain him to assist your flight,
It might import you much.

Baj. Thou counsell'st well ;
And though I hate him, (for he is a Christian,
And to my mortal enemy devoted,)
Yet, to secure my liberty and vengeance,
I wish he now were ours.

Der. And see, they come !
Fortune repents ; again she courts your side,
And, with this first fair offering of success,
She woos you to forget her crime of yesterday.

Re-enter OMAR, with AXALLA prisoner ; SELIMA follows, weeping.

Axal. I wo't call thee villain ; 'tis a name
Too holy for thy crime. To break thy faith,
And turn a rebel to so good a master,
Is an ingratitude unmatch'd on earth.
The first revolting angel's pride could only
Do more than thou hast done. Thou copiest well,
And keep'st the black original in view.

Omar. Do rage, and vainly call upon thy master
To save his minion. My revenge has caught thee,
And I will make thee curse that fond presumption

That set thee on to rival me in aught.

Baj. Christian, I hold thy fate at my disposal !
One only way remains to mercy open ;
Be partner of my flight and my revenge,
And thou art safe : the other choice is death.

Axal. Then briefly thus : death is the choice I
make ;

Since, next to heav'n, my master and my friend
Has interest in my life, and still shall claim it.

Baj. Then take thy wish. Call in our mutes !

Sel. My father,
If yet you have not sworn to cast me off,
And turn me out to wander in misfortune ;
If yet my voice be gracious in your ears ;
If yet my duty and my love offend not ;
Oh ! call your sentence back, and save Axalla.

Baj. Rise, Selima ! The slave deserves to die,
Who durst, with sullen pride, refuse my mercy ;
Yet, for thy sake, once more I offer life.

Sel. Some angel whisper to my anxious soul,
What I shall do to save him.—

Oh ! my Axalla, seem but to consent.—

(Aside to Axalla.)

Unkind and cruel, will you then do nothing ?

I find I am not worth thy least of cares.

Axal. Oh ! labour not to hang dishonour on me !
I could bear sickness, pain, and poverty,
Those mortal evils, worse than death, for thee ;
But this—it has the force of fate against us,
And cannot be.

Sel. See, see, sir ! he relents ; (To Bajazet.)
Already he inclines to own your cause.
A little longer, and he is all yours.

Baj. Then mark how far a father's fondness
yields :

Till midnight I defer the death he merits,
And give him up till then to thy persuasion.

If by that time he meets my will, he lives ;
If not, thyself shalt own he dies with justice.

Axal. 'Tis but to lengthen life upon the rack :
I am resolv'd already.

Sel. Oh ! be still,

Nor rashly urge a ruin on us both ;

'Tis but a moment more I have to save thee.

Be kind, auspicious Alha, to my pray'r ;

More for my love than for myself I fear ;

Neglect mankind awhile, and make him all thy
care ! [Exit with Axalla.]

Baj. Moneses—is that dog secur'd ?

Omar. He is.

Baj. 'Tis well. My soul perceives returning
greatness,

As nature feels the spring : lightly she bounds,
And shakes dishonour, like a burden, from her,
Once more imperial, awful, and herself.

So, when of old, Jove from the Titans fled,

Ammon's rude front his radiant face bely'd,

And all the majesty of heav'n lay hid :

At length, by fate, to pow'r divine restor'd,

His thunder taught the world to know its lord,

The god grew terrible again, and was again
ador'd. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Bajazet's Tent.

ARPASIA discovered.

Arp. Sure, 'tis a horror, more than darkness
brings,

That sits upon the night ! Fate is abroad ;
Some ruling fiend hangs in the dusky air,
And scatters ruin, death, and wild distraction
O'er all the wretched race of man below.

Not long ago, a troop of ghastly slaves
Rush'd in, and forc'd Moneses from my sight ;
Death hung so heavy on his drooping spirits,

That scarcely could he say—farewell for ever !

And yet, methinks, some gentle spirit whispers,

Thy peace draws near, Arpasia, sigh no more !

And see, the king of terrors is at hand :

His minister appears.

Enter BAJAZET and HALY.

Baj. The rest I leave

To thy despatch : for, oh ! my faithful Haly,

Another care has taken up thy master.

Spite of the high-wrought tempest in my soul,

Spite of the pangs which jealousy has cost me,

This laughty woman reigns within my breast.

(Apart to Haly.)

Haly. Why wears my lord

An anxious thought for what his pow'r commands ?

When, in an happy hour, you shall, ere long,

Have borne the empress from amidst your foes,

She must be your's, be only and all your's.

Baj. On that depends my fear. Yes, I must
have her ;

I own I will not, cannot go without her.

Be near to wait my will.

[Exit Haly.]

When last we parted, 'twas on angry terms ;

Let the remembrance die, or kindly think

That jealous rage is but an hasty flame,

That blazes out, when love too fiercely burns.

Arp. For thee to wrong me, and for me to
suffer,

Is the hard lesson which my soul has learnt ;

Nor is it worth my leisure to distinguish

If love or jealousy commit the violence :

Each have alike been fatal to my peace,

Confirming me a wretch, and thee a tyrant.

Baj. Still to deform thy gentle brow with
frowns,

And still to be perverse, it is a manner

Abhorrent from the softness of thy sex :

Women, like summer storms, awhile are cloudy,

Burst out in thunder and impetuous show'rs ;

But straight the sun of beauty dawns abroad,

And all the fair horizon is serene.

Arp. Then, to retrieve the honour of my sex,

Here I disclaim that changing and inconstancy :
To thee I will be ever as I am.

Baj. Thou say'st I am a tyrant ; think so still,
And let it warn thy prudence to lay hold
On the good hour of peace, that courts thee now.
Souls, form'd like mine, brook being scorn'd but
ill.

Be well advis'd, and profit by my patience ;
It is a short-liv'd virtue.

Arp. Turn thy eyes
Back on the story of my woes, barbarian !
Thou that hast violated all respects
Due to my sex and honour of my birth !
Thou brutal ravisher, can I have peace with
thee ?

Impossible ! First heav'n and hell shall join ;
They only differ more.

Baj. I see, 'tis vain
To court thy stubborn temper with endearments.
Resolve, this moment, to return my love,
And be the willing partner of my flight,
Or, by the prophet's holy law, thou diest !

Arp. And dost thou hope to fright me with the
phantom—

Death ? 'Tis the greatest mercy thou canst give ;
Know, I disdain to aid thy treach'rous purpose ;
And, shouldst thou dare to force me, with my
cries

I will call heav'n and earth to my assistance.

Baj. Confusion ! Dost thou brave me ? But my
wrath

Shall find a passage to thy swelling heart,
And rack thee worse than all the pains of death.
That Grecian dog, the minion of thy wishes,
Shall be dragg'd forth, and butcher'd in thy
sight ;

Thou shalt behold him when his pangs are ter-
rible,

Till thou shalt rend thy hair, tear out thy eyes,
And curse thy pride, while I applaud my ven-
geance.

Arp. Oh ! fatal image, all my pow'rs give way,
And resolution sickens at the thought ; -
Come, all ye great examples of my sex,
Chaste virgins, tender wives, and pious matrons ;
Come to my aid, and teach me to defy
The malice of this fiend ! I feel, I feel
Your sacred spirit arm me to resistance.
Yes, tyrant, I will stand this shock of fate ;
Will live to triumph o'er thee, for a moment,
Then die well pleas'd, and follow my Moneses.

Baj. Thou talk'st it well : but talking is thy
privilege ;

'Tis all the boasted courage of thy sex ;
Though, for thy soul, thou dar'st not meet the
danger.

Arp. By all my hopes of happiness I dare !
My soul is come within her ken of heav'n ;
Charm'd with the joys and beauties of that place,
Her thoughts and all her cares she fixes there,
And 'tis in vain for thee to rage below.

Baj. This moment is the trial.

Arp. Let it come !
This moment, then, shall shew I am a Greek,
And speak my country's courage in my suff'ring.

Baj. Here, mercy, I disclaim thee ! Mark me,
traitress !

My love prepares a victim to thy pride,
And when it greets thee next, 'twill be in blood.
[Exit.]

Arp. My heart beats higher, and my nimble
spirits
Ride swiftly through their purple channel's round.
'Tis the last blaze of life. Nature revives,
Like a dim winking lamp, that flashes brightly
With parting light, and straight is dark for ever.
And see, my last of sorrows is at hand ;
Death and Moneses come together to me ;

As if my stars, that had so long been cruel,
Grew kind at last, and gave me all I wish.

Enter MONESES, guarded by some Mutes ; others
attending with a cup of poison and a bow-string.

Mon. I charge ye, oh ! ye ministers of fate !
Be swift to execute your master's will ;
Bear me to my Arpasia ; let me tell her
The tyrant is grown kind. He bids me go,
And die beneath her feet.

Arp. If it be happiness, alas ! to die,
To lie forgotten in the silent grave,
To love and glory lost, and from among
The great Creator's works expung'd and blotted,
Then, very shortly, shall we both be happy.

Mon. There is no room for doubt ; 'tis certain
bliss.

The tyrant's cruel violence, thy loss,
Already seem more light ; nor has my soul
One unrepented guilt upon remembrance,
To make me dread the justice of hereafter :
But, standing now on the last verge of life,
Boldly I view the vast abyss, eternity,
Eager to plunge, and leave my woes behind me.

Arp. By all the truth of our past loves, I vow,
To die appears a very nothing to me !
This very now I could put off my being
Without a groan : but to behold thee die !—
Nature shrinks in me at the dreadful thought,
Nor can my constancy sustain this blow.

Mon. Since thou art arm'd for all things after
death,

Why should the pomp and preparation of it
Be frightful to thy eyes ? There's not a pain,
Which age or sickness brings, the least disorder
That vexes any part of this fine frame,
But's full as grievous. All that the mind feels
Is much, much more—

*Enter a Mute : he signs to the rest, who proffer a
bow-string to Moneses.*

And see, I go to prove it.

Arp. Think, ere we part !

Mon. Of what ?

Arp. Of something soft,
Tender, and kind ; of something wondrous sad.
Oh ! my full soul !

Mon. My tongue is at a loss ;
Thoughts crowd so fast, thy name is all I've left,
My kindest, truest, dearest, best Arpasia !
(The Mutes struggle with him.)

Arp. I have a thousand thousand things to
utter,

A thousand more to hear yet. Barbarous villains !
Give me a minute. Speak to me, Moneses !

Mon. Speak to thee ? 'Tis the business of my
life,

'Tis all the use I have for vital air.
Stand off, ye slaves !—To tell thee that my heart
Is full of thee ; that even, at this dread moment,
My fond eyes gaze with joy and rapture on thee ;
Angels and light itself are not so fair—

Enter BAJAZET, HALY, and Attendants.

Baj. Ha ! wherefore lives this dog ? Be quick,
ye slaves !
And rid me of my pain.

Mon. For only death,
And the last night, can shut out my Arpasia—
(The Mutes strangle Moneses.)

Arp. Oh, dismal ! 'tis not to be borne ! Ye mo-
ralists !
Ye talkers ! what are all your precepts now ?
Patience ! distraction ! Blast the tyrant, blast
him,

Avenging lightnings! Snatch him hence, ye fiends!
Love—death—Moneses! (Dies.)

Baj. Fly, ye slaves!
And fetch me cordials. No, she shall not die!
Spite of her sullen pride, I'll hold in life,
And force her to be blest against her will.

Haly. Already 'tis beyond the power of art;
For see, a deadly cold has froze the blood;
The pliant limbs grow stiff, and lose their use,
And all the animating fire is quench'd.

Baj. Can it be possible? Can rage and grief,—
Can love and indignation be so fierce,
So mortal in a woman's heart? Confusion!
Is she escap'd, then? What is royalty,
If those that are my slaves, and should live for
me,
Can die, and bid defiance to my power? [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter BAJAZET and the Dervise.

Der. The valiant Omar sends to tell thy greatness

The hour of flight is come, and urges haste;
Since he describes, near Tamerlane's pavilion,
Bright troops of crowding torches, who from
thence,

On either hand, stretch far into the night,
And seem to form a shining front of battle.
Behold, e'en from this place, thou may'st discern
them. (Looking out.)

Baj. By Alha, yes! they cast a day around 'em,
And the plain seems thick set with stars, as heav'n.
Ha! or my eyes are false, they move this way:
'Tis certain so. Fly, Haly, to our daughter!

[Exit Haly.]

Let some secure the Christian prince Axalla:
We will begone this minute.

Enter OMAR.

Omar. Lost, undone!

Baj. What mean'st thou?

Omar. All our hopes of flight are lost.
Mirvan and Zama, with the Parthian horse,
Enclose us round: they hold us in a toil.

Baj. Ha! whence this unexpected curse of
chance?

Omar. Too late I learn'd, that early in the night
A slave was suffer'd, by your daughter's order,
To pass the guard. I clove the villain down
Who yielded to his flight; but that's poor ven-
geance.

That fugitive has rais'd the camp upon us,
And unperceiv'd, by favour of the night,
In silence they have march'd to intercept us.

Baj. My daughter! Oh! the traitress!

Der. Yet we have

Axalla in our pow'r: and angry Tamerlane
Will buy his fav'rite's life on any terms.

Omar. With those few friends I have, I for
awhile

Can face their force: if they refuse us peace,
Revenge shall sweeten ruin. [Exit.

Re-enter HALY, with SELIMA weeping.

Baj. See where she comes, with well-dissembled
innocence;

With truth and faith so lovely in her face,
As if she durst e'en disavow the falsehood.
Hop'st thou to make amends with trifling tears,
For my lost crown and disappointed vengeance?
Ungrateful Selima! thy father's curse!
Bring forth the minion of her foolish heart!
He dies this moment.

Haly. Would I could not speak
The crime of fatal love! The slave who fled,
By whom we are undone, was that Axalla.

Baj. Ha! say'st thou?
Haly. Hid beneath that vile appearance,
The princess found a means for his escape.

Sel. I am undone! e'en nature has disclaim'd
me!

My father, have I lost you all? My father!

Baj. Talk'st thou of nature, who hast broke her
bands?

Thou art my bane, thou witch, thou infant parri-
cide!

But I will study to be strangely cruel;
I will forget the folly of my fondness;
Drive all the father from my breast; now snatch
thee,

Tear thee to pieces, drink thy treach'rous blood,
And make thee answer all my great revenge!
Now, now, thou traitress! (Offers to kill her.)

Sel. Plunge the poniard deep! (Embraces him.)
The life my father gave shall hear his summons,
And issue at the wound;
Since from your spring I drew the purple stream,
And I must pay it back, if you demand it.

Baj. Hence from my thoughts, thou soft, re-
lentless weakness!
Hast thou not giv'n me up a prey—betray'd me?

Sel. Oh! not for worlds! not e'en for all the
joys,

Love, or the prophet's paradise can give!
Amidst the thousand pains of anxious tenderness,

I made the gentle, kind Axalla swear
Your life, your crown, and honour should be safe.

Baj. Away! my soul disdains the vile depend-
ence!

No, let me rather die, die like a king!
Shall I fall down at the proud Tartar's foot,
And say, "Have mercy on me!"—(A shout.)—
Hark! they come!

Disgrace will overtake my ling'ring hand:
Die, then! Thy father's shame and thine die with
thee. (Offers to kill her.)

Sel. For heav'n, for pity's sake!

Baj. No more, thou trifler!
(Selima catches hold of his arm.)

Ha! dar'st thou bar my will? Tear off her hold!

Sel. What, not for life! Should I not plead for
life?

Look on my eyes, which you so oft have kiss'd,
And swore they were your best-lov'd queen's, my
mother's:

Behold 'em now, streaming for mercy, mercy!

Look on me, and deny me if you can!

'Tis but for life I beg. Is that a boon

So hard for me to obtain, or you to grant?

Oh! spare me! spare your Selima, my father!

Baj. A lazy sloth hangs on my resolution:

It is my Selima!—Ah! what, my child!

And can I murder her? (Shouts.)

Again they come! I leave her to my foes!

And shall they triumph o'er the race of Bajazet?

Die, Selima!—Is that a father's voice?

Rouse, rouse my fury!—Yes, she dies the victim

To my last hopes. Out, out, thou foolish nature!

Justly she shares the ruin she has made.

Enter Mutes.

Seize her, ye slaves! and strangle her—this mo-
ment! (To the Mutes.)

Sel. Oh! let me die by you!

I wo'not shrink!—Oh! save me but from these!

Baj. Despatch! (The Mutes seize her.)

Sel. But for a moment, while I pray

That heav'n may guard my father.

Baj. Dogs!

Sel. That you may only bless me ere I die.

(*Shout.*)

Baj. Ye tedious villains, then the work is mine!

[*As Bajazet runs at Selima with his sword, enter TAMERLANE, AXALLA, &c. Axalla gets between Bajazet and Selima, whilst Tamerlane and the rest drive Bajazet and the Mutes off the stage.*]

Axal. And am I come to save thee? Oh! my joy!

This one success is more than all my wars,
The noblest, dearest glory of my sword.

Sel. Alas! Axalla, death has been around me;
My coward soul still trembles at the fright,
And seems but half secure, ev'n in thy arms.

Axal. Retire, my fair, and let me guard thee forth:

Blood and tumultuous slaughter are about us.
Nor will the pleasure of my heart be full,
Till all my fears are ended in thy safety. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter TAMERLANE, the PRINCE of TANAIS, ZAMA, MIRVAN, and Soldiers, with BAJAZET, OMAR, and the Dervise, prisoners.

Tam. Mercy at length gives up her peaceful sceptre,

And justice sternly takes her turn to govern;
'Tis a rank world, and asks her keenest sword,
To cut up villany of monstrous growth.
Zama, take care, that with the earliest dawn,

Those traitors meet the fate their treason merits!
(*Points to Omar and the Dervise.*)

For thee, thou tyrant!—(*to Bajazet*)—whose oppressive violence

Has ruin'd those thou shouldst protect at home;
What punishment is equal to thy crimes?

The doom thy rage design'd for me be thine:
Clos'd in a cage, like some destructive beast,

I'll have thee borne about in public view,
A great example of that righteous vengeance

That waits on cruelty and pride like thine.

Baj. It is beneath me to decline my fate;

I stand prepar'd to meet thy utmost hate:

Yet think not I will long thy triumph see;

None want the means, when the soul dares be free.

I'll curse thee with my last, my parting breath,

And keep the courage of my life in death;

Then boldly venture on that world unknown;

It cannot use me worse than this has done.

[*Exit, guarded.*]

Tam. Behold the vain effects of earth-born pride,

That scorn'd heav'n's laws, and all its pow'r defy'd;

That could the hand which form'd it first forget,

And fondly say, "I made myself be great!"

But justly those above assert their sway,

And teach ev'n kings what homage they should

pay,

Who then rule best, when mindful to obey.

[*Exeunt.*]

LOVERS' VOWS;

A PLAY, IN FIVE ACTS:

ALTERED FROM THE GERMAN OF KOTZEBUE.—BY MRS. INCHBALD.



Act I.—Scene I.

CHARACTERS.

COUNT CASSEL
BARON WILDENHAIM
MR. ANHALT
FREDERICK
VERDUN

LANDLORD
COTTAGER
FARMER
COUNTRYMAN
HUNTSMEN

AGATHA FRIBURG
AMELIA WILDENHAIM
COTTAGER'S WIFE
COUNTRY GIRL
SERVANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A high Road; a town at a distance. A small inn on one side the road, and a cottage on the other.*

The Landlord of the inn leads AGATHA FRIBURG by the hand out of his house.

Land. No, no; no room for you any longer. It is the fair to-day in the next village; as great a fair as any in the German dominions. The country people, with their wives and children, take up every corner we have.

Agatha. You will turn a poor sick woman out of doors, who has spent her last farthing in your house?

Land. For that very reason; because she has spent her last farthing.

Agatha. I can work.

Land. You can hardly move your hands.

Agatha. My strength will come again.

Land. Then you may come again.

Agatha. What am I to do? where shall I go?

Land. It is fine weather, you may go anywhere.

Agatha. Who will give me a morsel of bread to satisfy my hunger?

Land. Sick people eat but little.

Agatha. Hard, unfeeling man, have pity.

Land. When times are hard, pity is too expensive for a poor man. Ask alms of the different people that go by.

Agatha. Beg! I would rather starve.

Land. You may beg, and starve, too. What a fine lady you are! Many an honest woman has been obliged to beg: why should not you? (*Agatha sits down upon a large stone, under a tree.*) For instance: here comes somebody; and I will teach you how to begin. (*A Countryman, with working tools, crosses the road.*) Good day, neighbour Nicholas!

Count. Good day! (*Stops.*)

Land. Won't you give a trifle to this poor woman? (*Countryman takes no notice, but walks off.*) That would not do; the poor man has nothing himself but what he gets by hard labour. Here comes a rich farmer; perhaps he will give you something.

Enter Farmer.

Good morning to you, sir! Under yon tree sits a poor woman in distress, who is in need of your charity.

Far. Is she not ashamed of herself? Why don't she work?

Land. She has had a fever. If you would but pay for one dinner—

Far. The harvest has been but indifferent, and my cattle and sheep have suffered by a distemper.

Land. My fat, smiling face was not made for begging; you'll have more luck with your thin, sour one; so, I'll leave you to yourself. [*Exit.*]

Agatha. (Rises and comes forward.) Oh, Providence! thou hast till this hour protected me, and hast given me fortune not to despair. Receive my humble thanks, and restore me to health, for the sake of my poor son, the innocent cause of my sufferings, and yet my only comfort. *(Kneeling.)* Oh! grant that I may see him once more! See him improved in strength of mind and body; and that, by thy gracious mercy, he may never be visited with afflictions great as mine. *(After a pause.)* Protect his father, too, merciful Providence, and pardon his crime of perjury to me! Here, in the face of heaven, (supposing my end approaching, and that I can but a few days longer struggle with want and sorrow,) here, I solemnly forgive my seducer for all the ills, the accumulated evils, which his allurements, his deceit and cruelty, have for twenty years past drawn upon me.

Enter a country Girl, with a basket.

Agatha. (Near fainting.) My dear child, if you could spare me a trifle—

Girl. I have not a farthing in the world: but I am going to market to sell my eggs, and as I come back I'll give you threepence. And I'll be back as soon as ever I can. *[Exit.]*

Agatha. There was a time when I was as happy as this country girl, and as willing to assist the poor in distress. *(Retires to the tree, and sits down.)*

Enter FREDERICK, dressed in a German soldier's uniform, with a knapsack on his shoulders; he appears in high spirits, and stops at the door of the inn.

Fred. Halt! stand at ease! It is a very hot day. A draught of good wine will not be amiss. But first, let me consult my purse. *(Takes out a couple of pieces of money, which he turns about in his hand.)* This will do for a breakfast; the other remains for my dinner; and in the evening, I shall be at home. *(Calls out.)* Ah! hallo, landlord! *(Takes notice of Agatha, who is leaning against the tree.)* Who is that? A poor sick woman! She don't beg; but her appearance makes me think she is in want. Must one always wait to give till one is asked? Shall I go without my breakfast now, or lose my dinner? The first, I think, is the best. Ay, I don't want a breakfast, for dinner-time will soon be here. To do good satisfies both hunger and thirst. *(Going towards her with the money in his hand.)* Take this, good woman. *(She stretches her hand for the gift, looks steadfastly at him, and cries out with astonishment and joy.)*

Agatha. Frederick!

Fred. Mother! *(With amazement and grief.)* Mother! for God's sake, what is this? how is this? and why do I find my mother thus? Speak!

Agatha. I cannot speak, dear son! *(Rising, and embracing him.)* My dear Frederick! the joy is too great: I was not prepared—

Fred. Dear mother, compose yourself: *(leans her head against his breast)* now, then, be comforted. How she trembles! she is fainting.

Agatha. I am so weak, and my head so giddy: I had nothing to eat all yesterday.

Fred. Good heavens! Here is my little money, take it all. Oh! mother, mother! *(Runs to the inn.)* Landlord, landlord! *(Knocking violently at the door.)*

Enter Landlord.

Land. What is the matter?

Fred. A bottle of wine; quick, quick!

Land. (Surprised.) A bottle of wine! for who?

Fred. For me. Why do you ask? Why don't you make haste?

Land. Well, well, Mr. Soldier; but can you pay for it?

Fred. Here is money; make haste, or I'll break every window in your house.

Land. Patience, patience!

[Exit.]

Fred. You were hungry yesterday, when I sat down to a comfortable dinner. You were hungry, when I partook of a good supper. Oh! why is so much bitter mixed with the joy of my return?

Agatha. Be patient, my dear Frederick. Since I see you, I am well; but I have been very ill: so ill that I despaired of ever beholding you again.

Fred. Ill, and I were not with you? I will, now, never leave you more. Look, mother, how tall and strong I am grown. These arms can now afford you support. They can, and shall, procure you subsistence.

Enter Landlord, from the house, with a small pitcher.

Land. Here is wine; a most delicious nectar. It is only Rhenish; but it will pass for the best old-hock. *(Aside.)*

Fred. (Impatiently snatching the pitcher.) Give it me.

Land. No, no; the money first. One shilling and two-pence, if you please. *(Fred. gives him the money.)*

Fred. This is all I have. Here, here, mother! *(While she drinks, Landlord counts the money.)*

Land. Three halfpence too short! However, one must be charitable. *[Exit.]*

Agatha. I thank you, my dear Frederick! Wine revives me: wine, from the hand of my son, gives me almost a new life.

Fred. Don't speak too much, mother. Take your time.

Agatha. Tell me, dear child, how you have passed the five years since you left me.

Fred. Both good and bad, mother. To-day plenty, to-morrow not so much; and, sometimes, nothing at all.

Agatha. You have not written to me this long while.

Fred. Dear mother, consider the great distance I was from you! and then, in the time of war, how often letters miscarry! Besides—

Agatha. No matter, now I see you. But have you obtained your discharge?

Fred. Oh! no, mother. I have leave of absence only for two months; and that for a particular reason. But I will not quit you so soon, now I find you are in want of my assistance.

Agatha. No, no, Frederick; your visit will make me so well, that I shall, in a very short time, recover strength to work again; and you must return to your regiment, when your furlough is expired. But you told me leave of absence was granted you for a particular reason—what reason?

Fred. When I left you, five years ago, you gave me everything you could afford, and all you thought would be necessary for me. But one trifle you forgot, which was, the certificate of my birth from the church-book. You know, in this country, there is nothing to be done without it. At the time of parting from you, I little thought it could be of that consequence to me, which, I have since found, it would have been. Once I became tired of a soldier's life, and in the hope I should obtain my discharge, offered myself to a master to learn a profession; but his question was, "Where is your certificate from the church-book of the parish in which you were born?" It vexed me that I had not it to produce, for my comrades laughed at my disappointment. My captain behaved kinder, for he gave me leave to come home to fetch it; and you see, mother, here I am. *(During this speech Agatha is confused and agitated.)*

Agatha. So, you are come for the purpose of fetching your certificate from the church-book?

Fred. Yes, mother.

Agatha. Oh, oh!

Fred. What is the matter? (*She bursts into tears.*) For heaven's sake, mother, tell me what's the matter?

Agatha. You have no certificate.

Fred. No!

Agatha. No. The laws of Germany excluded you from being registered at your birth, for—you are a natural son.

Fred. (*Starts. After a pause.*) So! And who is my father?

Agatha. Oh! Frederick, your wild looks are daggers to my heart. Another time.

Fred. (*Endeavouring to conceal his emotion.*) No, no; I am still your son, and you are still my mother. Only tell me, who is my father?

Agatha. When we parted, five years ago, you were too young to be intrusted with a secret of so much importance; but the time is come, when I can, in confidence, open my heart, and unload that burthen with which it has long been oppressed. And yet, to reveal my errors to my child, and sue for his mild judgment on my conduct—

Fred. You have nothing to sue for; only explain this mystery.

Agatha. I will, I will. But my tongue is locked with remorse and shame. You must not look at me.

Fred. Not look at you! Cursed be that son who could find his mother guilty, although the world should call her so.

Agatha. Then listen to me, and take notice of that village, (*pointing*) of that castle, and of that church. In that village I was born; in that church I was baptized. My parents were poor, but reputable farmers. The lady of that castle and estate requested them to let me live with her, and she would provide for me through life. They resigned me; and, at the age of fourteen, I went to my patroness. She took pleasure to instruct me in all kinds of female literature and accomplishments, and three happy years had passed under her protection, when her only son, who was an officer in the Saxon service, obtained permission to come home: I had never seen him before; he was a handsome young man—in my eyes, a prodigy: for he talked of love, and promised me marriage. He was the first man who had ever spoken to me on such a subject. His flattery made me vain, and his repeated vows—Don't look at me, dear Frederick! I can say no more. (*Frederick, with his eyes cast down, takes her hand, and puts it to his heart.*) Oh, oh! my son! I was intoxicated by the fervent caresses of a young, inexperienced, capricious man; and did not recover from the delirium till it was too late.

Fred. (*After a pause.*) Go on. Let me know more of my father.

Agatha. When the time drew near that I could no longer conceal my guilt and shame, my seducer prevailed on me not to expose him to the resentment of his mother. He renewed his former promises of marriage at her death: on which relying, I gave him my word to be secret; and I have, to this hour, buried his name deep in my heart.

Fred. Proceed, proceed! give me full information: I will have courage to hear it all. (*Greatly agitated.*)

Agatha. His leave of absence expired, he returned to his regiment, depending on my promise, and well assured of my esteem. As soon as my situation became known, I was questioned, and received many severe reproaches; but I refused to confess who was my undoer; and for that obstinacy was turned from the castle. I went to my parents; but their door was shut against me. My mother, indeed, wept as she bade me quit her sight for

ever; but my father wished increased affliction might befall me.

Fred. (*Weeping.*) Be quick with your narrative, or you'll break my heart.

Agatha. I now sought protection from the old clergyman of the parish. He received me with compassion. On my knees I begged forgiveness for the scandal I had caused to his parishioners; promised amendment; and he said he did not doubt me. Through his recommendation I went to town, and, hid in humble lodgings, procured the means of subsistence by teaching to the neighbouring children what I had learnt under the tuition of my benefactress. To instruct you, my Frederick, was my care and my delight; and, in return for your filial love, I would not thwart your wishes when they led to a soldier's life; but I saw you go from me with an aching heart. Soon after, my health declined, I was compelled to give up my employment; and, by degrees, became the object you now see me. But, let me add, before I close my calamitous story, that—when I left the good old clergyman, taking along with me his kind advice and his blessing, I left him with a firm determination to fulfil the vow I had made of repentance and amendment; I have fulfilled it—and now, Frederick, you may look at me again. (*Fred. embraces her.*)

Fred. But my father all this time? (*Mournfully.*) I apprehend he died.

Agatha. No: he married.

Fred. Married!

Agatha. A woman of virtue; of noble birth and immense fortune. Yet, (*weeps*) I had written to him many times; had described your infant innocence and wants; had glanced obliquely at former promises—

Fred. (*Rapidly.*) No answer to those letters?

Agatha. Not a word. But, in the time of war, you know, letters miscarry.

Fred. Nor did he ever return to this estate?

Agatha. No: since the death of his mother, this castle has only been inhabited by servants; for he settled as far off as Alsace, upon the estate of his wife.

Fred. I will carry you in my arms to Alsace. No: why should I ever know my father, if he is a villain. My heart is satisfied with a mother. No, I will not go to him; I will not disturb his peace; I leave that task to his conscience. What say you, mother, can't we do without him? (*Struggling between his tears and his pride.*) We don't want him. I will write directly to my captain. Let the consequence be what it will, leave you again I cannot. Should I be able to get my discharge, I will work all day at the plough, and all the night with my pen. It will do, mother, it will do. Heaven's goodness will assist me; it will prosper the endeavours of a dutiful son for the sake of a helpless mother.

Agatha. (*Presses him to her breast.*) Where could be found such another son?

Fred. But tell me my father's name, that I may know how to shun him.

Agatha. Baron Wildenhaim.

Fred. Baron Wildenhaim! I shall never forget it. Oh! you are nearly fainting. Your eyes are cast down. What's the matter? speak, mother!

Agatha. Nothing particular: only fatigued with talking. I wish to take a little rest.

Fred. I did not consider that we have been all this time in the open road. (*Goes to the inn, and knocks at the door.*) Here, landlord!

Enter Landlord.

Land. Well, what is the matter now?

Fred. Make haste, and get a bed ready for this good woman.

Land. (With a sneer.) A bed for this good woman! Ha, ha, ha! She slept, last night, in that pent-house; so she may to-night.

[Exit, shutting the door.]

Fred. You are an infamous—(Goes back to his mother.) Oh! my poor mother! *(Runs to the cottage at a little distance, and knocks.)* Ah! hallo! Who is there?

Enter Cottager.

Cot. Good day, young soldier! What is it you want?

Fred. Good friend, look at that poor woman. She is perishing in the public road. It is my mother. Will you give her a small corner in your hut? I beg for mercy's sake! heaven will reward you.

Cot. Can't you speak quietly? I understand you very well. (Calls at the door of the hut.) Wife, shake up our bed; here is a poor sick woman wants it.

Enter Wife.

Why could not you say all this in fewer words? Why such a long preamble? Why for mercy's sake, and heaven's reward? Why talk about reward for such trifles as these? Come, let us lead her in; and welcome she shall be to a bed, as good as I can give her, and to our homely fare.

Fred. Ten thousand thanks and blessings on you!

Wife. Thanks and blessings! Here's a piece of work, indeed, about nothing! Good sick lady, lean on my shoulder. (To Fred.) Thanks and reward, indeed! Do you think husband and I have lived to these years, and don't know our duty? Lean on my shoulder. *[Exeunt into the cottage.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in the cottage.

AGATHA, Cottager, his Wife, and FREDERICK, discovered. *Agatha reclining upon a wooden bench; Frederick leaning over her.*

Fred. Good people, have you nothing to give her? Nothing that's nourishing?

Wife. Run, husband, run, and fetch a bottle of wine from the landlord of the inn.

Fred. No, no; his wine is as bad as his heart: she has drunk some of it, which, I am afraid, has turned to poison.

Cot. Suppose, wife, you look for a new-laid egg?

Wife. Or a drop of brandy, husband: that mostly cures me.

Fred. Do you hear, mother? will you, mother? (Agatha makes a sign with her hand as if she could not take anything.) She will not. Is there no doctor in this neighbourhood?

Wife. At the end of the village, there lives a horse-doctor. I have never heard of any other.

Fred. What shall I do? She is dying: my mother is dying. Pray for her, good people.

Agatha. Make yourself easy, dear Frederick; I am well, only weak: some wholesome nourishment—

Fred. Yes, mother, directly—directly. (Aside.) Oh! where shall I—no money—not a farthing left.

Wife. Oh, dear me! Had you not paid the rent yesterday, husband—

Cot. I then should know what to do. But, as I hope for mercy, I have not a penny in my house.

Fred. Then I must—(Aside.) Yes, I will go and beg. But should I be refused—I will then—I leave my mother in your care, good people. Do all you can for her, I beseech you! I shall soon be with you again. *[Exit in haste and confusion.]*

Cot. If he should go to our parson, I am sure he would give him something.

Agatha. (Having revived by degrees, rises.) Is that good old man still living who was minister here some time ago?

Wife. No: it pleased Providence to take that worthy man to heaven two years ago. We have lost in him both a friend and a father. We shall never get such another.

Cot. Wife, wife, our present rector is likewise a very good man.

Wife. Yes, but he is so very young.

Cot. Our late parson was once young, too.

Wife. (To Agatha.) This young man being tutor in our Baron's family, he is very much beloved by them all; and so the Baron gave him this living in consequence.

Cot. And well he deserved it for his pious instructions to our young lady; who is, in consequence, good and friendly to everybody.

Agatha. What young lady do you mean?

Cot. Our Baron's daughter.

Agatha. Is she here?

Wife. Dear me! don't you know that? I thought everybody had known that. It is almost five weeks since the Baron and all his family arrived at the castle.

Agatha. Baron Wildenhaim?

Wife. Yes, Baron Wildenhaim.

Agatha. And his lady?

Cot. His lady died in France, many miles from hence; and her death, I suppose, was the cause of his coming to this estate; for the Baron has not been here till within these five weeks ever since he was married. We regretted his absence much, and his arrival has caused great joy.

Wife. (To Agatha.) By all accounts, the Baroness was very haughty, and very whimsical.

Cot. Wife, wife, never speak ill of the dead. Say what you please against the living, but not a word against the dead.

Wife. And yet, husband, I believe the dead care the least what is said against them; and so, if you please, I'll tell my story. The late Baroness was, they say, haughty and proud; and they do say, the Baron was not so happy as he might have been; but he, bless him, our good Baron is still the same as when a boy. Soon after madam had closed her eyes, he left France, and came to Wildenhaim, his native country.

Cot. Many times has he joined in our village-dances. Afterwards, when he became an officer, he was rather wild, as most young men are.

Wife. Yes, I remember when he fell in love with poor Agatha, Friburg's daughter: what a piece of work that was! It did not do him much credit. That was a wicked thing.

Cot. Have done: no more of this. It is not well to stir up old grievances.

Wife. Why, you said I might speak ill of the living. 'Tis very hard, indeed, if one must not speak ill of one's neighbours, dead nor alive.

Cot. Who knows whether he was the father of Agatha's child? She never said he was.

Wife. Nobody but him, that I am sure. I would lay a wager—no, no, husband, you must not take his part; it was very wicked. Who knows what is now become of that poor creature? She has not been heard of this many a year. May be, she is starving for hunger. Her father might have lived longer, too, if that misfortune had not happened. (Agatha faints)

Cot. See here! help! she is fainting: take hold.

Wife. Oh, poor woman!

Cot. Let us take her into the next room.

Wife. Oh, poor woman! I am afraid she will not live. Come, cheer up, cheer up! You are with those who feel for you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the castle.*

A table spread for breakfast. Several Servants in every disposing the equipage. Enter BARON WILDENHAIM, attended by a Gentleman in waiting.

Baron W. Has not Count Cassel left his chamber yet?

Gent. No, my lord; he has but now rung for his valet.

Baron W. The whole castle smells of his perfumery. Go, call my daughter hither. [*Exit Gent.*] And am I, after all, to have an ape for a son-in-law? No, I shall not be in a hurry: I love my daughter too well. We must be better acquainted before I give her to him. I shall not sacrifice my Amelia to the will of others, as I myself was sacrificed. The poor girl might, in thoughtlessness, say yes, and afterwards be miserable. What a pity she is not a boy! The name of Wildenheim will die with me. My fine estates, my good peasants, all will fall into the hands of strangers. Oh! why were not my Amelia a boy?

Enter AMELIA WILDENHAIM.

Amelia. (*Kissing the Baron's hand.*) Good morning, dear my lord!

Baron W. Good morning, Amelia! Have you slept well?

Amelia. Oh! yes, papa. I always sleep well.

Baron W. Not a little restless last night?

Amelia. No.

Baron W. Amelia, you know you have a father, who loves you; and, I believe, you know you have a suitor, who is come to ask permission to love you. Tell me candidly how you like Count Cassel.

Amelia. Very well.

Baron W. Do not you blush when I talk of him?

Amelia. No.

Baron W. No! I am sorry for that. (*Aside.*) Have you dreamt of him?

Amelia. No.

Baron W. Have you not dreamt at all to-night?

Amelia. Oh! yes; I have dreamt of our chaplain, Mr. Anhalt.

Baron W. Ha, ha! As if he stood before you and the Count to ask for the ring.

Amelia. No, not that. I dreamt we were all still in France; and he, my tutor, just going to take his leave of us for ever. I awoke with the fright, and found my eyes full of tears.

Baron W. Psha! I want to know if you can love the Count. You saw him at the last ball we were at in France; when he capered round you; when he danced minuets; when he—but I cannot say what his conversation was.

Amelia. Nor I either. I do not remember a syllable of it.

Baron W. No! Then I do not think you like him.

Amelia. I believe not.

Baron W. But I think proper to acquaint you, he is rich, and of great consequence:—rich, and of consequence; do you hear?

Amelia. Yes, dear papa. But my tutor has always told me, that birth and fortune are inconsiderable things, and cannot give happiness.

Baron W. There he is right. But if it happens that birth and fortune are joined with sense and virtue—

Amelia. But is it so with Count Cassel?

Baron W. Hem, hem! (*Aside.*) I will ask you a few questions on this subject; but be sure to answer me honestly. Speak the truth.

Amelia. I never told an untruth in my life.

Baron W. Nor ever conceal the truth from me, I command you.

Amelia. (*Earnestly.*) Indeed, my lord, I never will.

Baron W. I take you at your word. And now reply to me truly: do you like to hear the Count spoken of?

Amelia. Good or bad?

Baron W. Good—good.

Amelia. Oh! yes; I like to hear good of everybody.

Baron W. But do not you feel a little fluttered when he is talked of?

Amelia. No. (*Shaking her head.*)

Baron W. Are not you a little embarrassed?

Amelia. No.

Baron W. Don't you wish sometimes to speak to him, and have not the courage to begin?

Amelia. No.

Baron W. Do not you wish to take his part, when his companions laugh at him?

Amelia. No: I love to laugh at him myself.

Baron W. Provoking! (*Aside.*) Are not you afraid of him when he comes near you?

Amelia. No, not at all. Oh! yes; once. (*Recollecting herself.*)

Baron W. Ah! now it comes!

Amelia. Once at a ball he trod on my foot; and I was so afraid he should tread on me again.

Baron W. You put me out of patience. Hear me, Amelia! to see you happy is my wish. But matrimony, without concord, is like a duetto badly performed; for that reason, nature, the great composer of all harmony, has ordained, that when bodies are allied, hearts should be in perfect unison. However, I will send Mr. Anhalt to you—

Amelia. Do, papa.

Baron W. He shall explain to you my sentiments. (*Rings.*) A clergyman can do this better than—

Enter Servant.

Go directly to Mr. Anhalt, tell him I shall be glad to see him for a quarter of an hour, if he is not engaged. [*Exit Servant.*]

Amelia. (*Calls after him.*) Wish him a good morning from me.

Baron W. (*Looking at his watch.*) The Count is a tedious time dressing. Have you breakfasted, Amelia?

Amelia. No, papa. (*They sit down to breakfast.*)

Baron W. How is the weather? Have you walked this morning?

Amelia. Oh! yes: I was in the garden at five o'clock; it is very fine.

Baron W. Then I'll go out shooting. I do not know in what other way to amuse my guest.

Enter COUNT CASSEL.

Count C. Ah! my dear Colonel! Miss Wildenheim, I kiss your hand.

Baron W. Good morning, good morning! though it is late in the day, Count. In the country, we should rise earlier. (*Amelia offers the Count a cup of tea.*)

Count C. It is Hebe herself, or Venus, or—

Amelia. Ha, ha, ha! Who can help laughing at his nonsense?

Baron W. (*Rather angry.*) Neither Venus, nor Hebe, but Amelia Wildenheim, if you please.

Count C. (*Sitting down to breakfast.*) You are beautiful, Miss Wildenheim. Upon my honour, I think so! I have travelled, and seen much of the world, and yet I positively admire you.

Amelia. I am sorry I have not seen the world.

Count C. Wherefore?

Amelia. Because I might thgn, perhaps, admire you.

Count C. True; for I am an epitome of the world. In my travels, I learnt delicacy in Italy; *hauteur* in

Spain; in France, enterprise; in Russia, prudence; in England, sincerity; in Scotland, frugality; and in the wilds of America, I learnt love.

Amelia. Is there any country where love is taught?

Count C. In all barbarous countries. But the whole system is exploded in places that are civilized.

Amelia. And what is substituted in its stead?

Count C. Intrigue.

Amelia. What a poor, uncomfortable substitute!
Count C. There are other things: song, dance, the opera, and war. (*Since the entrance of the Count, the Baron has removed to a table at a little distance.*)

Baron W. What are you talking of there?

Count C. Of war, Colonel.

Baron W. (Rising.) Ay, we like to talk on what we don't understand.

Count C. (Rising.) Therefore, to a lady, I always speak of politics; and to her father, on love.

Baron W. I believe, Count, notwithstanding your sneer, I am still as much of a proficient in that art as yourself.

Count C. I do not doubt it, my dear Colonel, for you are a soldier; and, since the days of Alexander, whoever conquers men, is certain to overcome women.

Baron W. An achievement to animate a poltroon.

Count C. And, I verily believe, gains more recruits than the king's pay.

Baron W. Now we are on the subject of arms, should you like to go out a shooting with me for an hour before dinner?

Count C. Bravo, Colonel! A charming thought! This will give me an opportunity to use my elegant gun; the butt is inlaid with mother-of-pearl. You cannot find better work, or better taste. Even my coat-of-arms is engraved.

Baron W. But can you shoot?

Count C. That I have never tried—except with my eyes, at a fine woman.

Baron W. I am not particular what game I pursue. I have an old gun; it does not look fine; but I can always bring down my bird.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr. Anhalt begs leave—

Baron W. Tell him to come in. I shall be ready in a moment.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Count C. Who is Mr. Anhalt?

Amelia. Oh! a very good man. (*With warmth.*)
Count C. A good man! In Italy, that means a religious man; in France, it means a cheerful man; in Spain, it means a wise man; and in England, it means a rich man. Which good man of all these is Mr. Anhalt?

Amelia. A good man in every country except England.

Count C. And give me the English good man before that of any other nation.

Baron W. And of what nation would you prefer your good woman to be, Count?

Count C. Of Germany. (*Bowing to Amelia.*)

Amelia. In compliment to me?

Count C. In justice to my own judgment.

Baron W. Certainly. For have we not an instance of one German woman, who possesses every virtue that ornaments the whole sex; whether as a woman of illustrious rank, or in the more exalted character of a wife and a mother?

Enter MR. ANHALT.

Anhalt. I come by your command, Baron—

Baron W. Quick, Count; get your elegant gun.

I pass your apartments, and will soon call for you.

Count C. I fly. Beautiful Amelia, it is a sacrifice I make to your father, that I leave for a few hours his amiable daughter. [*Exit.*]

Baron W. My dear Amelia, I think it scarcely necessary to speak to Mr. Anhalt, or that he should speak to you, on the subject of the Count; but as he is here, leave us alone.

Amelia. Good morning, Mr. Anhalt. I hope you are very well. [*Exit.*]

Baron W. I'll tell you in a few words why I sent for you. Count Cassel is here, and wishes to marry my daughter.

Anhalt. (Much concerned.) Really!

Baron W. He is—he—in a word, I don't like him.

Anhalt. (With emotion.) And Miss Wildenheim—
Baron W. I shall not command, neither persuade her to the marriage. I know too well the fatal influence of parents on such a subject. Objections, to be sure, if they could be removed—but when you find a man's head without brains, and his bosom without a heart, these are important articles to supply. Young as you are, Anhalt, I know no one so able to restore, or to bestow, those blessings on his fellow-creatures, as you. (*Anhalt bows.*) The Count wants a little of my daughter's simplicity and sensibility. Take him under your care while he is here, and make him something like yourself. You have succeeded to my wish in the education of my daughter. Form the Count after your own manner; I shall then have what I have sighed for all my life—a son.

Anhalt. With your permission, Baron, I will ask one question. What remains to interest you in favour of a man whose head and heart are good for nothing?

Baron W. Birth and fortune. Yet, if I thought my daughter absolutely disliked him, or that she loved another, I would not thwart a first affection; no, for the world I would not. (*Sighing.*) But that her affections are already bestowed is not probable.

Anhalt. Are you of opinion that she will never fall in love?

Baron W. Oh, no! I am of opinion that no woman ever arrived at the age of twenty without that misfortune. But this is another subject. Go to Amelia; explain to her the duties of a wife, and of a mother: if she comprehends them as she ought, then ask her if she thinks she could fulfil those duties as the wife of Count Cassel.

Anhalt. I will—but—I—Miss Wildenheim—(*confused*)—I—I shall—I—I shall obey your commands.

Baron W. Do so. (*Sighs.*) Ah! so far this weight is removed; but there lies still a heavier next my heart. You understand me. How is it, Mr. Anhalt—have you not yet been able to make any discoveries on that unfortunate subject?

Anhalt. I have taken infinite pains; but in vain. No such person is to be found.

Baron W. Believe me, this burthen presses on my thoughts so much, that many nights I go without sleep. A man is sometimes tempted to commit such depravity when young! Oh! Anhalt, had I, in my youth, had you for a tutor—but I had no instructor but my passions; no governor but my own will. [*Exit.*]

Anhalt. This commission of the Baron's, in respect to his daughter, I am—(*Looks about.*) If I should meet her now, I cannot—I must recover myself first, and then prepare. A walk in the fields, and a fervant prayer—after these, I trust, I shall return as a man, whose views are solely placed on a future world; all hopes in this, with fortitude resigned. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—An open Field.

FREDERICK, alone, with a few pieces of money, which he turns about in his hands.

Fred. To return with this trifle, for which I have stooped to beg! return to see my mother dying! I would rather fly to the world's end. (*Looking at the money.*) What can I buy with this? It is hardly enough to pay for the nails that will be wanted for her coffin. My great anxiety will drive me to distraction. However, let the consequence of our affliction be what it may, all will fall upon my father's head; and may he pant for heaven's forgiveness as my poor mother—(*At a distance is heard the firing of a gun, then the cry of 'hallo, hallo! Gamekeepers and Sportsmen run across the stage. Fred. looks about.'*) Here they come! a nobleman, I suppose, or a man of fortune. Yes, yes; and I will once more beg for my mother. May heaven send relief!

Enter BARON WILDENHAIM, followed slowly by COUNT CASSEL.

Baron W. Quick, quick, Count! Ay, ay, that was a blunder, indeed! Don't you see the dogs? There they run; they have lost the scent. [*Exit.*]

Count C. So much the better, Colonel, for I must take a little breath. (*Leans on his gun. Fred. goes up to him with great modesty.*)

Fred. Gentleman, I beg you will bestow from your superfluous wants, something to relieve the pain, and nourish the weak frame of an expiring woman.

Re-enter BARON WILDENHAIM.

Count C. What police is here! that a nobleman's amusements should be interrupted by the attack of vagrants.

Fred. (*To the Baron.*) Have pity, noble sir, and relieve the distress of an unfortunate son, who supplicates for his dying mother.

Baron W. (*Taking out his purse.*) I think, young soldier, it would be better if you were with your regiment on duty, instead of begging.

Fred. I would with all my heart; but at this present moment my sorrows are too great. (*Baron W. gives something.*) I entreat your pardon. What you have been so good as to give me is not enough.

Baron W. (*Surprised.*) Not enough!

Fred. No, it is not enough.

Count C. The most singular beggar I ever met in all my travels.

Fred. If you have a charitable heart, give me one dollar.

Baron W. This is the first time I was ever dictated by a beggar what to give him.

Fred. With one dollar you will save a distracted man.

Baron W. I don't choose to give any more. Count, go on. [*Exit Count: as the Baron follows, Frederick seizes him by the breast, and draws his sword.*]

Fred. Your purse, or your life!

Baron W. (*Calling.*) Here, here! seize and secure him. (*Some of the Gamekeepers enter, lay hold of Frederick, and disarm him.*)

Fred. What have I done?

Baron W. Take him to the castle, and confine him in one of the towers. I shall follow you immediately.

Fred. One favour I have to beg, one favour only. I know that I am guilty, and am ready to receive the punishment my crime deserves. But I have a mother who is expiring for want—pity her, if you cannot pity me; bestow on her relief. If you will send to yonder hut, you will find that I do

not impose on you a falsehood. For her it was I drew my sword; for her I am ready to die.

Baron W. Take him away, and imprison him where I told you.

Fred. Woe to that man to whom I owe my birth!

Baron W. (*Calls another Gamekeeper.*) Here, Frank, run directly to yonder hamlet, inquire in the first, second, and third cottage, for a poor, sick woman; and, if you really find such a person, give her this purse. [*Exit Gamekeeper.*] A most extraordinary event! and what a well-looking youth! something in his countenance and address which struck me inconceivably! If it is true, that he begged for his mother—but, if he did, for the attempt upon my life he must die. Vice is never half so dangerous as when it assumes the garb of morality. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the castle.

AMELIA WILDENHAIM discovered.

Amelia. Why am I so uneasy, so peevish? who has offended me? I did not mean to come into this room. In the garden I intended to go. (*Going, turns back.*) No, I will not—yes, I will, just go and look if my auriculars are still in blossom, and if the apple-tree is grown which Mr. Anhalt planted. I feel very low-spirited; something must be the matter. Why do I cry? Am I not well?

Enter MR. ANHALT.

Ah! good morning, my dear sir!—Mr. Anhalt, I meant to say. I beg pardon.

Anhalt. Never mind, Miss Wildenheim; I don't dislike to hear you call me as you did.

Amelia. In earnest?

Anhalt. Really. You have been crying. May I know the reason? The loss of your mother still!

Amelia. No; I have left off crying for her.

Anhalt. I beg pardon if I have come at an improper hour; but I wait upon you by the commands of your father.

Amelia. You are welcome at all hours. My father has more than once told me, that he who forms my mind, I should always consider as my greatest benefactor. And my heart tells me the same.

Anhalt. I think myself amply rewarded by the good opinion you have of me.

Amelia. When I remember what trouble I have sometimes given you, I cannot be too grateful.

Anhalt. (*Aside.*) Oh, heavens! (*To Amelia.*) I—I come from your father with a commission. If you please we will sit down. (*Places chairs, and they sit.*) Count Cassel is arrived.

Amelia. Yes, I know.

Anhalt. And do you know for what reason?

Amelia. He wishes to marry me.

Anhalt. Does he? (*Hastily.*) But, believe me, the Baron will not persuade you. No, I am sure he will not.

Amelia. I know that.

Anhalt. He wishes that I should ascertain whether you have an inclination—

Amelia. For the Count, or for matrimony, do you mean?

Anhalt. For matrimony.

Amelia. All things that I don't know, and don't understand, are quite indifferent to me.

Anhalt. For that very reason I am sent to you to explain the good and the bad of which matrimony is composed.

Amelia. Then I beg first to be acquainted with the good.

Anhalt. When two sympathetic hearts meet in the marriage state, matrimony may be called a happy life. When such a wedded pair find thorns

in their path, each will be eager, for the sake of the other, to tear them from the root. Where they have to mount hills, or wind a labyrinth, the most experienced will lead the way, and be a guide to his companion. Patience and love will accompany them in their journey, while melancholy and discord they leave far behind. Hand in hand they pass on from morning till evening, through their summer's day, till the night of age draws on, and the sleep of death overtakes the one. The other, weeping and mourning, yet looks forward to the bright region, where he shall meet his still surviving partner among trees and flowers, which themselves have planted in the fields of eternal verdure.

Amelia. (Rising.) You may tell my father I'll marry.

Anhalt. (Rising.) This picture is pleasing; but I must beg you not to forget that there is another on the same subject. When convenience and fair appearance, joined to folly and ill humour, forge the fetters of matrimony, they gall with their weight the married pair. Discontented with each other, at variance in their opinions, their mutual aversion increases with the years they live together. They contend most where they should most unite; torment where they should most soothe. In this rugged way, choked with the weeds of suspicion, jealousy, anger, and hatred, they take their daily journey till one of these also sleep in death. The other then lifts up his dejected head, and calls out in exclamations of joy, "Oh! liberty, dear liberty!"

Amelia. I will not marry.

Anhalt. You mean to say you will not fall in love.

Amelia. Oh! no. I am in love.

Anhalt. Are in love! (Starting.) And with the Count?

Amelia. I wish I were.

Anhalt. Why so?

Amelia. Because he would, perhaps, love me again.

Anhalt (Warmly.) Who is there that would not?

Amelia. Would you?

Anhalt. I—I—me—I—I am out of the question.

Amelia. No; you are the very person to whom I have put the question.

Anhalt. What do you mean?

Amelia. I am glad you don't understand me. I was afraid I had spoken too plain. (Confused.)

Anhalt. Understand you! As to that, I am not dull.

Amelia. I know you are not. And as you have for a long time instructed me, why should not I now begin to teach you?

Anhalt. Teach me what?

Amelia. Whatever I know and you don't.

Anhalt. There are some things I had rather never know.

Amelia. So, you may remember, I said when you began to teach me mathematics. I said I had rather not know it: but now I have learnt it, it gives me a great deal of pleasure; and (hesitating) perhaps, who can tell but that I might teach something as pleasant to you as resolving a problem is to me?

Anhalt. Woman herself is a problem.

Amelia. And I'll teach you to make her out.

Anhalt. You teach?

Amelia. Why not? None but a woman can teach the science of herself: and though I own I am very young, a young woman may be as agreeable for a tutress as an old one. I am sure I always learnt faster from you than from the old clergyman who taught me before you came.

Anhalt. This is nothing to the subject.

Amelia. What is the subject?

Anhalt. Love.

Amelia. (Going up to him.) Come, then, teach it me; teach it me as you taught me geography, languages, and other important things.

Anhalt. (Turning from her.) Psha!

Amelia. Ah! you won't. You know you have already taught me that, and you won't begin again.

Anhalt. You misconstrue—you misconceive everything I say or do. The subject I came to you upon was marriage.

Amelia. A very proper subject for the man who has taught me love, and I accept the proposal. (Courtesying.)

Anhalt. Again you misconceive and confound me.

Amelia. Ay, I see how it is: you have no inclination to experience with me "the good part of matrimony;" I am not the female with whom you would like to go "hand in hand up hills, and through labyrinths;" with whom you would like to "root up thorns;" and with whom you would delight to "plant lilies and roses." No; you had rather call out, "Oh! liberty, dear liberty!"

Anhalt. Why do you force from me what it is villainous to own? I love you more than life. Oh! Amelia, had we lived in those golden times which the poets picture, no one but you—but, as the world is changed, your birth and fortune make—our union is impossible. To preserve the character and, more, the feelings of an honest man, I would not marry you without the consent of your father. And could I, dare I, propose it to him?

Amelia. He has commanded me never to conceal or disguise the truth. I will propose it to him. The subject of the Count will force me to speak plainly, and this will be the most proper time, while he can compare the merit of you both.

Anhalt. I conjure you not to think of exposing yourself and me to his resentment.

Amelia. It is my father's will that I should marry. It is my father's wish to see me happy. If, then, you love me as you say, I will marry, and will be happy—but only with you. I will tell him this. At first he will start; then grow angry; then be in a passion: in his passion he will call me "undutiful," but he will soon recollect himself, and resume his usual smiles, saying, "Well, well, if he love you, and you love him, in the name of heaven, let it be." Then I shall hug him round the neck, kiss his hands, run away from him, and fly to you; it will soon be known that I am your bride, the whole village will come to wish me joy, and heaven's blessing will follow.

Enter VERDUN.

(Discontented.) Ah! is it you?

Ver. Without vanity, I have taken the liberty to enter this apartment the moment the good news reached my ears.

Amelia. What news?

Ver. Pardon an old servant, your father's old butler, gracious lady, who has had the honour to carry the Baron in his arms; and afterwards, with humble submission, to receive many a box o' the ear from you—if he thinks it his duty to make his congratulations with due reverence on this happy day, and to join with the muses in harmonious tunes on the lyre.

Amelia. Oh! my good butler, I am not in a humour to listen to the muses and your lyre.

Ver. There has never been a birth-day, nor wedding-day, nor christening-day, celebrated in your family, in which I have not joined with the muses in full chorus. In forty-six years, three hundred and ninety-seven congratulations on different occasions have dropped from my pen. To-day, the

three hundred and ninety-eighth is coming forth ; for heaven has protected our noble master, who has been in great danger.

Amelia. Danger! My father in danger! What do you mean?

Ver. One of the gamekeepers has returned to inform the whole castle of a base and knavish trick, of which the world will talk, and my poetry hand down to posterity.

Amelia. What, what is all this?

Ver. The Baron, my lord and master, in company with the strange Count, had not been gone a mile beyond the lawn, when one of them—

Amelia. What happened? Speak, for heaven's sake!

Ver. My verse shall tell you.

Amelia. No, no; tell us in prose.

Anhalt. Yes, in prose.

Ver. Ah! you have neither of you ever been in love, or you would prefer poetry to prose. But excuse (*pulls out a paper*) the haste in which it was written. I heard the news in the fields; always have paper and a pencil about me, and composed the whole forty lines crossing the meadows and the park in my way home. (*Reads.*)

Oh! muse, ascend the forked mount,

And lofty strains prepare,

About a Baron and a Count

Who went to hunt the hare.

The hare she ran with utmost speed,

And sad and anxious looks,

Because the furious hounds, indeed,

Were near to her, gadzooks!

At length, the Count and Baron bold

Their footsteps homeward bended;

For why, because, as you were told,

The hunting it was ended.

Before them straight a youth appears,

Who made a piteous pother,

And told a tale, with many tears,

About his dying mother.

The youth was in severe distress,

And seem'd as he had spent all;

He look'd a soldier by his dress,

For that was regimental.

The Baron's heart was full of ruth,

And from his eye fell brine, oh!

And soon he gave the mournful youth

A little ready rhino.

He gave a shilling, as I live,

Which, sure, was mighty well;

But to some people if you give

An inch—they'll take an ell.

The youth then drew his martial knife,

And seiz'd the Baron's collar;

He swore he'd have the Baron's life,

Or else another dollar.

Then did the Baron, in a fume,

Soon raise a mighty din,

Whereon came butler, huntsman, groom,

And eke the whipper-in.

Maugre this young man's warlike coat,

They bore him off to prison;

And held so strongly by his throat,

And almost stopp'd his whizzen.

Soon may a neckcloth, call'd a rope,

Of robbing cure this elf;

If so, I'll write, without a trope,

His dying speech myself.

And had the Baron chanc'd to die,

Oh! grief to all the nation!

I must have made an elegy,

And not this fine narration.

MORAL.

Henceforth, let those who all have spent,

And would by begging live,

Take warning here, and be content

With what folks choose to give.

Amelia. Your muse, Mr. Butler, is in a very inventive humour this morning.

Anhalt. And your tale too improbable even for fiction.

Ver. Improbable! It's a real fact.

Amelia. What, a robber in our grounds at noon-day? Very likely, indeed!

Ver. I don't say it was likely: I only say it is true

Anhalt. No, no; Mr. Verdun; we find no fault with your poetry; but don't attempt to impose it upon us for truth.

Amelia. Poets are allowed to speak falsehood, and we forgive your's.

Ver. I won't be forgiven, for I speak truth; and here the robber comes, in custody, to prove my words. "I'll write his dying speech myself."

[*Exit.*

Amelia. Look! as I live, so he does. They come nearer: he's a young man, and has something interesting in his figure. An honest countenance, with grief and sorrow in his face. No, he is no robber. I pity him! Oh! look how the keepers drag him unmercifully into the tower. Now they lock it. Oh! how that poor unfortunate man must feel!

Anhalt. (*Aside.*) Hardly worse than I do.

Enter BARON WILDENHAIM.

Amelia. A thousand congratulations, my dear papa.

Baron W. For heaven's sake, spare your congratulations. The old butler, in coming up stairs, has already overwhelmed me with them.

Anhalt. Then, it is true, my lord? I could hardly believe the old man.

Amelia. And the young prisoner, with all his honest looks, is a robber?

Baron W. He is: but I verily believe, for the first and last time. A most extraordinary event, Mr. Anhalt. This young man begged; then drew his sword upon me; but he trembled so when he seized me by the breast, a child might have overpowered him. I almost wish he had made his escape; this adventure may cost him his life, and I might have preserved it with one dollar; but now to save him would set a bad example.

Amelia. Oh! no, my lord, have pity on him! Plead for him, Mr. Anhalt.

Baron W. Amelia, have you had any conversation with Mr. Anhalt?

Amelia. Yes, my lord.

Baron W. Respecting matrimony?

Amelia. Yes; and I have told him—

Anhalt. (*Very hastily.*) According to your commands, Baron—

Amelia. But he has conjured me—

Anhalt. I have endeavoured, my lord, to find out—

Amelia. Yet, I am sure, dear papa, your affection for me—

Anhalt. You wish to say something to me in your closet, my lord?

Baron W. What the devil is all this conversation? You will not let one another speak; I don't understand either of you.

Amelia. Dear father, have you not promised you will not thwart my affections when I marry, but suffer me to follow their dictates?

Baron W. Certainly.

Amelia. Do you hear, Mr. Anhalt?

Anhalt. I beg pardon; I have a person who is waiting for me; I am obliged to retire. [*Exit.*

Baron W. (*Calls after him.*) I shall expect you in my closet. I am going there immediately. (*Retiring towards the opposite door.*)

Amelia. Pray, my lord, stop a few minutes longer: I have something of great importance to say to you.

Baron W. Something of importance; to plead for the young man, I suppose. But that's a subject I must not listen to. [*Exit.*

Amelia. I wish to plead for two young men. For one, that he may be let out of prison; for the other, that he may be made a prisoner for life. (*Looks out.*) The tower is still locked. How dismal it must be to be shut up in such a place; and perhaps—(*Calls.*) Butler! Butler! come this way. I wish to speak to you. This young soldier has risked his life for his mother, and that accounts for the interest I take in his misfortunes.

Enter VERDUN.

Pray, have you carried anything to the prisoner to eat?

Ver. Yes.

Amelia. What was it?

Ver. Some fine black bread, and water as clear as crystal.

Amelia. Are you not ashamed? Even my father pities him. Go directly down to the kitchen, and desire the cook to give you something good and comfortable; and then go into the cellar for a bottle of wine.

Ver. Good and comfortable, indeed!

Amelia. And carry them both to the tower.

Ver. I am willing at any time, dear lady, to obey your orders; but, on this occasion, the prisoner's food must remain bread and water. It is the Baron's particular command.

Amelia. Ah! My father was in the height of passion when he gave it.

Ver. Whatsoever his passion might be, it is the duty of a true and honest dependant to obey his lord's mandates. I will not suffer a servant in this house, nor will I myself give the young man anything except bread and water. But I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll read my verses to him.

Amelia. Give me the key of the cellar; I'll go myself.

Ver. (*Gives the key.*) And there's my verses; carry them with you, they may comfort him as much as the wine. [*Amelia throws them down, and exit*] Not take them! Refuse to take them!

"I must have made an elegy,
And not this fine narration." [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Prison in one of the towers of the castle.

FREDERICK discovered.

Fred. How a few moments destroy the happiness of man. When I, this morning, set out from my inn, and saw the sun rise, I sung with joy. Flattered with the hope of seeing my mother, I formed a scheme how I would with joy surprise her. But, farewell all pleasant prospects: I return to my native country, and the first object I behold is my dying parent; my first lodging a prison; and my next walk will perhaps be—Oh! merciful Providence! have I deserved all this?

Enter AMELIA, with a basket, speaking as she enters.

Amelia. Wait there, Francis, I shall soon be back.

Fred. (*Hearing the door open, and turning round.*) Who's there?

Amelia. You must be both hungry and thirsty, I fear.

Fred. Oh, no! neither.

Amelia. Here's a bottle of wine, and something to eat. I have often heard my father say that wine is quite a cordial to the heart.

Fred. A thousand thanks, dear stranger. Ah! could I prevail on you to have it sent to my mother, who is upon her death-bed, under the roof of an honest peasant called Hubert. Take it hence, my kind benefactress, and save my mother.

Amelia. But first assure me that you did not intend to murder my father.

Fred. Your father! heaven forbid. I meant but to preserve her life who gave me mine. Murder your father! No, no; I hope not.

Amelia. And I thought not; or, if you had murdered any one, you had better have killed the Count; nobody would have missed him.

Fred. Who, may I inquire were those gentlemen whom I hoped to frighten into charity?

Amelia. Ay, if you only intended to frighten them, the Count was the very person for your purpose. But you caught hold of the other gentleman: and could you hope to intimidate Baron Wildenheim?

Fred. Baron Wildenheim! Almighty powers!

Amelia. What's the matter?

Fred. The man to whose breast I held my sword—(*Trembling.*)

Amelia. Was Baron Wildenheim—the owner of this estate; my father.

Fred. (*With emotion.*) My father!

Amelia. Good heaven, how he looks! I am afraid he's mad. Here, Francis, Francis! [*Exit.*

Fred. (*Agitated.*) My father! Eternal Judge! thou dost not slumber. The man against whom I drew my sword this day, was my father. One moment longer, and provoked, I might have been the murderer of my father! My hair stands on end! My eyes are clouded! I cannot see anything before me! (*Sinks down into a chair.*) If Providence had ordained that I should give the fatal blow, who would have been most in fault? I dare not pronounce—(*After a pause.*) That benevolent young female who left me just now, is then, my sister; and I suppose the sop who accompanied my father—

Enter MR. ANHALT.

Welcome, sir! By your dress, you are of the church, and consequently a messenger of comfort. You are most welcome, sir.

Anhalt. I wish to bring comfort, and avoid up-braidings; for your own conscience will reproach you more than the voice of a preacher. From the sensibility of your countenance, together with a language and address superior to the vulgar, it appears, young man, you have had an education which should have preserved you from a state like this.

Fred. My education I owe to my mother. Filial love, in return, has plunged me into the state you see. A civil magistrate will condemn according to the law: a priest, in judgment, is not to consider the act itself, but the impulse which led to the act.

Anhalt. I shall judge with all the lenity my religion dictates: and you are the prisoner of a nobleman who compassionates you for the affection which you bear towards your mother; for he has sent to the village where you directed him, and has found the account you gave relating to her true. With this impression in your favour, it is my advice, that you endeavour to see and supplicate the Baron for your release from prison, and all the peril of his justice.

Fred. (*Starting.*) I—I see the Baron!—I supplicate for my deliverance! Will you favour me with his name? Is it not Baron—

Anhalt. Baron Wildenheim.

Fred. Baron Wildenheim! He lived formerly in Alsace?

Anhalt. The same. About a year after the death of his wife, he left Alsace; and arrived here a few weeks ago, to take possession of this his paternal estate.

Fred. So! his wife is dead; and that generous young lady who came to my prison just now is his daughter?

Anhalt. Miss Wildenheim, his daughter.

Fred. And that young gentleman I saw with him this morning is his son?

Anhalt. He has no son.

Fred. (Hastily.) Oh! yes, he has—(Recollecting himself.)—I mean him that was out shooting to-day.

Anhalt. He is not his son.

Fred. (To himself.) Thank heaven!

Anhalt. He is only a visitor.

Fred. I thank you for this information; and if you will undertake to procure me a private interview with Baron Wildenheim—

Anhalt. Why private? However, I will venture to take you for a short time from this place, and introduce you; depending on your innocence, or your repentance; on his conviction in your favour, or his mercy towards your guilt. Follow me. [Exit.]

Fred. I have beheld an affectionate parent in deep adversity.—Why should I tremble thus? Why doubt my fortitude in the presence of an unnatural parent in prosperity? [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter BARON WILDENHAIM and AMELIA WILDENHAIM.

Baron W. I hope you judge more favourably of Count Cassel's understanding since the private interview you have had with him. Confess to me the exact effect of the long conference between you.

Amelia. To make me hate him.

Baron W. What has he done?

Amelia. Oh! told me of such barbarous deeds he has committed.

Baron W. What deeds?

Amelia. Made vows of love to so many women, that, on his marriage with me, a hundred female hearts will at least be broken.

Baron W. Psha! do you believe him?

Amelia. Suppose I do not; is it to his honour that I believe he tells a falsehood?

Baron W. He is mistaken merely.

Amelia. Indeed, my lord, in one respect I am sure he speaks truth. For our old butler told my waiting-maid of a poor young creature who has been deceived, undone; and she and her whole family involved in shame and sorrow by his perfidy.

Baron W. Are you sure the butler said this?

Amelia. See him, and ask him. He knows the whole story, indeed he does; the names of the persons, and every circumstance.

Baron W. Desire he may be sent to me.

Amelia. (Calls.) Order old Verdun to come to the Baron directly.

Baron W. I know tale-bearers are apt to be erroneous. I'll hear from himself the account you speak of.

Amelia. I believe it is in verse.

Baron W. In verse!

Amelia. But, then, indeed, it's true.

Enter VERDUN.

Verdun, pray have you not some true poetry?

Ver. All my poetry is true—and, so far, better than some people's prose.

Baron W. But I want prose on this occasion, and command you to give me nothing else. (Verdun bows.) Have you heard of an engagement

which Count Cassel is under to any other woman than my daughter?

Ver. I am to tell your honour in prose?

Baron W. Certainly. (Verdun appears uneasy and loth to speak.) Amelia, he does not like to divulge what he knows in the presence of a third person: leave the room. [Exit Amelia.]

Ver. No, no; that did not cause my reluctance to speak.

Baron W. What then?

Ver. Your not allowing me to speak in verse; for here is the poetic poem. (Holding up a paper.)

Baron W. How dare you pretend to contend with my will? Tell me, in plain language, all you know of the subject I have named.

Ver. Well then, my lord, if you must have the account in quiet prose, thus it was: Phœbus, one morning, rose in the east, and having handed in the long-expected day, he called up his brother Hy-men—

Baron W. Have done with your rhapsody.

Ver. Ay; I knew you'd like it best in verse:

*There liv'd a lady in this land,
Whose charms the heart made tingle;
At church she had not given her hand,
And therefore still was single.*

Baron W. Keep to prose.

Ver. I will, my lord; but I have repeated it so often in verse, I scarcely know how. Count Cassel, influenced by the designs of Cupid in his very worst humour,

*Count Cassel woo'd this maid so rare,
And in her eye found grace;
And if his purpose was not fair—*

Baron W. No verse.

Ver. It probably was base.

I beg your pardon, my lord; but the verse will intrude, in spite of my efforts to forget it. 'Tis as difficult for me at times to forget, as 'tis for other men at times to remember. But in plain truth, my lord, the Count was treacherous, cruel, forsworn.

Baron W. I am astonished!

Ver. And would be more so, if you would listen to the whole poem. Pray, my lord, listen to it.

Baron W. You know the family? All the parties?

Ver. I will bring the father of the damsel to prove the veracity of my muse. His name is Baden. Poor old man!

*The sire consents to bless the pair,
And names the nuptial day,
When, lo! the bridegroom was not there,
Because he was away.*

Baron W. But tell me: had the father his daughter's innocence to deplore?

Ver. Ah! my lord, ah! and you must hear that part in rhyme. Loss of innocence never sounds well except in verse.

*For, ah! the very night before,
No prudent guard upon her,
The Count he gave her oaths a score,
And took in change her honour.*

MORAL.

*Then you, who now lead single lives,
From this sad tale beware;
And do not act as you were wives,
Before you really are.*

Enter COUNT CASSEL.

Baron W. (To Verdun.) Leave the room instantly.

Count C. Yes, good Mr. Family Poet, leave the room, and take your doggerels with you.

Ver. Don't affront my poem, your honour; for I am indebted to you for the plot.

*"The Count he gave her oaths a score,
And took in change her honour."* [Exit.

Baron W. Count, you see me agitated.

Count C. What can be the cause?

Baron W. I'll not keep you in doubt a moment. You are accused, young man, of being engaged to another woman, while you offer marriage to my child.

Count C. To only one other woman?

Baron W. What do you mean?

Count C. My meaning is, that when a man is young and rich, has travelled, and is no personal object of disapprobation; to have made vows but to one woman, is an absolute slight upon the rest of the sex.

Baron W. Without evasion, sir, do you know the name of Baden? Was there ever a promise of marriage made by you to his daughter? Answer me plainly; or must I take a journey to inquire of the father.

Count C. No; I dare say, he can tell you no more than you already know; and which I shall not contradict.

Baron W. Amazing insensibility! And can you hold your head erect while you acknowledge perfidy?

Count C. My dear Baron, if every man who deserves to have a charge such as this brought against him, was not permitted to look up, it is a doubt whom we might not meet crawling on all fours. *(He accidentally taps Baron W. on the shoulder.)*

Baron W. (Starts.) Yet—nevertheless—the act is so atrocious—

Count C. But nothing new.

Baron W. (Faintly.) Yes—I hope—I hope it is new.

Count C. What, did you never meet with such a thing before?

Baron W. (Agitated.) If I have, I pronounced the man who so offended—a villain.

Count C. You are singularly scrupulous. I question if the man thought himself so.

Baron W. Yes he did.

Count C. How do you know?

Baron W. (Hesitating.) I have heard him say so.

Count C. But he ate, drunk, and slept, I suppose?

Baron W. (Confused.) Perhaps he did.

Count C. And was merry with his friends; and his friends as fond of him as ever?

Baron W. Perhaps—perhaps they were.

Count C. And perhaps he now and then took upon him to lecture young men for their gallantries?

Baron W. Perhaps he did.

Count C. Why, then, after all, Baron, your villain is a mighty good, prudent, honest fellow; and I have no objection to your giving me that name.

Baron W. But do you not think of some atonement to the unfortunate girl?

Count C. Did your villain atone?

Baron W. No: when his reason was matured, he wished to make some recompense: but his endeavours were too late.

Count C. I will follow his example, and wait till my reason is matured, before I think myself competent to determine what to do.

Baron W. And till that time, I defer your marriage with my daughter.

Count C. Would you delay her happiness so long? Why, my dear Baron, considering the fashionable life I lead, it may be these ten years before my judgment arrives to its necessary standard.

Baron W. I have the head-ach, Count. These tidings have discomposed, disordered me. I beg your absence for a few minutes.

Count C. I obey.—And let me assure you, my lord, that although, from the extreme delicacy of your honour, you have ever through life shuddered at seduction, yet there are constitutions, and there are circumstances, in which it can be palliated.

Baron W. (Violently.) Never!

Count C. Not in a grave, serious, reflecting man, such as you, I grant; but in a gay, lively, inconsiderate, flimsy, frivolous coxcomb, such as myself, it is excusable: for me to keep my word to a woman, would be deceit: 'tis not expected of me. It is in my character to break oaths in love; as it is in your nature, my lord, never to have spoken anything but wisdom and truth. [Exit.

Baron W. Could I have thought a creature so insignificant as that, had power to excite sensations such as I feel at present! I am, indeed, worse than he is, as much as the crimes of a man exceed those of an adiot.

Enter AMELIA WILDENHAIM.

Amelia. I heard the Count leave you, my lord, and so I am come to inquire—

Baron W. (Sitting down, and trying to compose himself.) You are not to marry Count Cassel; and now mention his name to me no more.

Amelia. I won't; indeed I won't; for I hate his name.—But thank you, my dear father, for this good news. *(Sits on the opposite side of the table.—After a pause.)* And who am I to marry?

Baron W. I can't tell.

Amelia. I never liked the Count.

Baron W. No more did I.

Amelia. (After a pause.) I think love comes just as it pleases, without being asked.

Baron W. It does so.

Amelia. And there are instances, where, perhaps, the object of love makes the passion meritorious.

Baron W. To be sure there are.

Amelia. For example; my affection for Mr. Anhalt as my tutor.

Baron W. Right.

Amelia. (Sighing.) I should like to marry.

Baron W. So you shall. It is proper for every body to marry.

Amelia. Why, then, does not Mr. Anhalt marry?

Baron W. You must ask him that question yourself.

Amelia. I have.

Baron W. And what did he say?

Amelia. Will you give me leave to tell you what he said?

Baron W. Certainly.

Amelia. And what I said to him?

Baron W. Certainly.

Amelia. And won't you be angry?

Baron W. Undoubtedly not.

Amelia. Why, then—you know you commanded me never to disguise or conceal the truth.

Baron W. I did so.

Amelia. Why, then, he said—

Baron W. What did he say?

Amelia. He said—he would not marry me without your consent for the world.

Baron W. (Starting.) And, pray, how came this the subject of your conversation?

Amelia. (Rising.) I brought it up.

Baron W. And what did you say?

Amelia. I said, that birth and fortune were such old-fashioned things to me, I cared nothing about either: and that I had once heard my father declare he should consult my happiness in marrying me beyond any other consideration.

Baron W. I will once more repeat to you my sentiments.—It is the custom in this country for the children of nobility to marry only with their equals; but as my daughter's content is more dear to me than an ancient custom, I would bestow you on the first man I thought calculated to make you happy: by this I do not mean to say that I should not be severely nice in the character of the man to whom I gave you; and Mr. Anhalt, from his obligations to me, and his high sense of honour, thinks too nobly—

Amelia. Would it not be noble to make the daughter of his benefactor happy?

Baron W. But when that daughter is a child, and thinks like a child—

Amelia. No, indeed, papa, I begin to think very like a woman: ask him if I don't.

Baron W. Ask him! You feel gratitude for the instructions you have received from him, and you fancy it love.

Amelia. Are there two gratuities?

Baron W. What do you mean?

Amelia. Because I feel gratitude to you; but that is very unlike the gratitude I feel towards him.

Baron W. Indeed!

Amelia. Yes; and then he feels another gratitude towards me. What's that?

Baron W. Has he told you so?

Amelia. Yes.

Baron W. That was not right of him.

Amelia. Oh! if you did but know how I surprised him!

Baron W. Surprised him!

Amelia. He came to me by your command, to examine my heart respecting Count Cassel. I told him that I would never marry the Count.

Baron W. But him?

Amelia. Yes, him.

Baron W. Very fine, indeed! And what was his answer?

Amelia. He talked of my rank in life; of my aunts and cousins; of my grandfather, and great grandfather; of his duty to you; and endeavoured to persuade me to think no more of him.

Baron W. He acted honestly.

Amelia. But not politely.

Baron W. No matter.

Amelia. Dear father, I shall never be able to love another; never be happy with any one else. *(Throwing herself on her knees.)*

Baron W. Rise, I command you.

Enter MR. ANHALT.

Anhalt. My lord, forgive me! I have ventured, on the privilege of my office, as a minister of holy charity, to bring the poor soldier, whom your justice has arrested, into the adjoining room; and I presume to entreat you will admit him to your presence, and hear his apology or supplication.

Baron W. Anhalt, you have done wrong. I pity the unhappy boy; but you know I cannot, must not forgive him.

Anhalt. I beseech you, then, my lord, to tell him so yourself: from your lips he may receive his doom with resignation.

Amelia. Oh! father, see him, and take pity on him; his sorrows have made him frantic.

Baron W. Leave the room, Amelia. *(On her attempting to speak, he raises his voice.)* Instantly!

[Exit Amelia.]

Anhalt. He asked a private audience: perhaps he has some confession to make that may relieve his mind, and may be requisite for you to hear.

Baron W. Well, bring him in; and do you wait in the adjoining room till our conference is over: I must, then, sir, have a conference with you.

Anhalt. I shall obey your commands. *(He goes to the door, and re-enters with FREDERICK.—Exit.)*

Baron W. I know, young man, you plead your mother's wants in excuse for an act of desperation: but powerful as this plea might be in palliation of a fault, it cannot extenuate a crime like your's.

Fred. I have a plea for my conduct even more powerful than a mother's wants.

Baron W. What's that?

Fred. My father's cruelty.

Baron W. You have a father, then?

Fred. I have, and a rich one: nay, one that's reputed virtuous and honourable: a great man, possessing estates and patronage in abundance; much esteemed at court, and beloved by his tenants; kind, benevolent, honest, generous—

Baron W. And with all those great qualities abandons you?

Fred. He does, with all the qualities I mention.

Baron W. Your father may do right; a dissipated, desperate youth, whom kindness cannot draw from vicious habits, severity may.

Fred. You are mistaken. My father does not discard me for my vices: he does not know me; has never seen me. He abandoned me, even before I were born.

Baron W. What do you say?

Fred. The tears of my mother are all that I inherit from my father. Never has he protected or supported me—never protected her.

Baron W. Why don't you apply to his relations?

Fred. They disown me, too. I am, they say, related to no one. All the world disclaim me, except my mother; and there again I have to thank my father.

Baron W. How so?

Fred. Because I am an illegitimate son. My seduced mother has brought me up in patient misery. Industry enabled her to give me an education; but the days of my youth commenced with hardship, sorrow, and danger. My companions lived happy around me, and had a pleasing prospect in their view, while bread and water only were my food, and no hopes joined to sweeten it.—But my father felt not that!

Baron W. (Aside.) He touches my heart.

Fred. After five years' absence from my mother, I returned this very day, and found her dying in the streets for want: not even a hut to shelter her, or a pallet of straw.—But my father feels not that! He lives in a palace, sleeps on the softest down, enjoys all the luxuries of the great; and, when he dies, a funeral sermon will praise his great benevolence, his Christian charities.—

Baron W. (Greatly agitated.) What is your father's name?

Fred. He took advantage of an innocent young woman; gained her affection by flattery and false promises; gave life to an unfortunate being, who was on the point of murdering his father.

Baron W. Who is he?

Fred. Baron Wildenhaim.—*(Baron W. expresses surprise.)*—In this house did you rob my mother of her honour; and in this house I am a sacrifice for the crime.—I am your prisoner. I will not be free: I am a robber; I give myself up. You shall deliver me into the hands of justice. You shall accompany me to the spot of public execution: you shall hear in vain the chaplain's consolation and injunctions: you shall find how I, in despair, will, to the last moment, call for retribution on my father.—

Baron W. Stop! Be pacified—

Fred. And when you turn your head from my extended corpse, you will behold my weeping mother—need I paint how her eyes will greet you?

Baron W. Desist, barbarian, savage, stop!

Enter MR. ANHALT.

Anhalt. What do I hear? What is this? Young man, I hope you have not made a second attempt?
Fred. Yes; I have done what it was your place to do; I have made a sinner tremble.

[*Points to Baron W. and exit.*]

Anhalt. What can this mean? I do not comprehend—

Baron W. He is my son! he is my son! Go, *Anhalt*—advise me—help me—Go to the poor woman, his mother. He can shew you the way. Make haste—speed to protect her—

Anhalt. But what am I to—

Baron W. Go—your heart will tell you how to act. [*Exit Anhalt.*] Who am I? what am I? Mad—raving—no—I have a son, a son! The bravest—I will—I must—oh!—(*With tenderness.*) Why have I not embraced him yet? why not pressed him to my heart? Ah! see—(*Looking after him.*) He flies from the castle!—Who's there? Where are my attendants?

Enter Servants.

Follow him—bring the prisoner back. But observe my command: treat him with respect; treat him as my son, and your master. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Inside of the Cottage.*

AGATHA FRIBURG, *Cottager and his Wife, discovered.*

Agatha. Pray, look and see if he is coming.

Cot. It is of no use. I have been in the road; have looked up and down; but neither see nor hear anything of him.

Wife. Have a little patience.

Agatha. I wish you would step out once more: I think he cannot be far off.

Cot. I will; I will go. [*Exit.*]

Wife. If your son knew what heaven had sent you, he would be here very soon.

Agatha. I feel so anxious—

Wife. But why? I should think a purse of gold, such as you have received, would make anybody easy.

Agatha. Where can he be so long? He has been gone four hours. Some ill must have befallen him.

Wife. It is still broad day-light: don't think of any danger. This evening we must all be merry: I'll prepare the supper. What a good gentleman our Baron must be! I am sorry I ever spoke a word against him.

Agatha. How did he know I was here?

Wife. Heaven only can tell. The servant that brought the money was very secret.

Agatha. (*Aside.*) I am astonished! I wonder! Oh! surely, he has been informed; why else should he have sent so much money?

Re-enter Cottager.

Well, not yet?

Cot. I might look till I am blind for him; but I saw my new vector coming along the road; he calls in sometimes: may be, he will this evening.

Wife. He is a very good gentleman; pays great attention to his parishioners; and where he can assist the poor, he is always ready.

Enter MR. ANHALT.

Anhalt. Good evening, friends.

Both. Thank you, reverend sir. (*They run to fetch a chair.*)

Anhalt. I thank you, good people.—I see you have a stranger here.

Cot. Yes, your reverence; it is a poor sick woman, whom I took in doors.

Anhalt. You will be rewarded for it.—(*To Agatha.*) May I beg leave to ask your name?

Agatha. Ah! if we were alone—

Anhalt. Good neighbours, will you leave us alone for a few minutes? I have something to say to this poor woman.

Cot. Wife, do you hear? come along with me.

[*Exeunt Cottager and his Wife.*]

Anhalt. Now—

Agatha. Before I tell who I am, what I am, and what I was, I must beg to ask, are you of this country?

Anhalt. No; I was born in Alsace.

Agatha. Did you know the late rector personally, whom you have succeeded?

Anhalt. No.

Agatha. Then you are not acquainted with my narrative?

Anhalt. Should I find you to be the person whom I have long been in search of, your history is not altogether unknown to me.

Agatha. That you have been in search of! Who gave you such a commission?

Anhalt. A man, who, if it so prove, is much concerned for your misfortunes.

Agatha. How? Oh! sir, tell me quickly—whom do you think to find in me?

Anhalt. Agatha Friburg.

Agatha. Yes, I am that unfortunate woman; and the man who pretends to take concern in my misfortunes is—Baron Wildenheim: he who betrayed me, abandoned me and my child, and killed my parents. He would now repair our sufferings with this purse of gold. (*Takes out the purse.*) Whatever may be your errand, sir, whether to humble or to protect me, it is alike indifferent; I, therefore, request you to take this money to him who sent it: tell him my honour has never been saleable; tell him, destitute as I am, even indigence will not tempt me to accept charity from my seducer. He despised my heart, I despise his gold; he has trampled on me, I trample on his representative. (*Throws the purse on the ground.*)

Anhalt. Be patient: I give you my word, that when the Baron sent this present to an unfortunate woman, for whom her son had supplicated, he did not know that woman was Agatha.

Agatha. My son! what of my son?

Anhalt. Do not be alarmed: the Baron met with an affectionate son, who begged for his sick mother, and it affected him.

Agatha. Begged of the Baron? of his father?

Anhalt. Yes; but they did not know each other; and the mother received the present on the son's account.

Agatha. Did not know each other? Where is my son?

Anhalt. At the castle.

Agatha. And still unknown?

Anhalt. Now he is known: an explanation has taken place; and I am sent here by the Baron, not to a stranger, but to Agatha Friburg; not with gold! his commission was, "do what your heart directs you."

Agatha. How is my Frederick? How did the Baron receive him?

Anhalt. I left him just in the moment the discovery was made. By this time your son is, perhaps, in the arms of his father.

Agatha. Oh! is it possible, that a man, who has been twenty years deaf to the voice of nature, should change so suddenly?

Anhalt. I do not mean to justify the Baron; but he has loved you; and fear of his noble kindred alone, caused his breach of faith to you.

Agatha. But to desert me wholly, and wed another—

Anhalt. War called him away: wounded in the field, he was taken to the adjacent seat of a nobleman, whose only daughter, by anxious attention to his recovery, won his gratitude; and, influenced by the will of his worldly friends, he married. But no sooner was I received into the family, and admitted to his confidence, than he related to me your story; and, at times, would exclaim in anguish, "The proud, imperious Baroness avenges the wrongs of my deserted Agatha." Again, when he presented me with this living, and I left France to take possession of it, his last words, before we parted, were, "The moment you arrive at Wildenhain, make all inquiries to find out my poor Agatha." Every letter I afterwards received from him contained, "Still, still no tidings of my Agatha." And fate ordained it should be so till this fortunate day.

Agatha. What you have said has made my heart overflow. Where will this end?

Anhalt. I know not yet the Baron's intentions; but your sufferings demand immediate remedy; and one way only is left. Come with me to the castle. Do not start: you shall be concealed in my apartments till you are called for.

Agatha. I go to the Baron's!—No.

Anhalt. Go for the sake of your son. Reflect, that his fortune may depend upon your presence.

Agatha. And he is the only branch on which my hope still blossoms; the rest are withered. I will forget my wrongs as a woman, if the Baron will atone to the mother; he shall have the woman's pardon, if he will merit the mother's thanks.—*(After a struggle.)*—I will go to the castle; for the sake of my Frederick, go even to his father. But where are my good host and hostess, that I may take leave, and thank them for their kindness?

Anhalt. *(Taking up the purse which Agatha had thrown down.)* Here, good friend! Good woman!

Enter the Cottager and his Wife.

Wife. Yes, yes, here am I.

Anhalt. Good people, I will take your guest with me. You have acted an honest part; and, therefore, receive this reward for your trouble. *(He offers the purse to the Cottager, who puts it by, and turns away.—To the Wife.)* Do you take it.

Wife. I always obey my pastor. *(Taking it.)*

Agatha. Good b'ye. For your hospitality to me, may ye enjoy continued happiness.

Cot. Fare you well, fare you well.

Wife. If you find friends and get health, we won't trouble you to call on us again: but if you should fall sick, or be in poverty, we shall take it very unkind if we don't see you. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

BARON WILDENHAIN and FREDERICK discovered.

Baron W. Been in battle, too! I am glad to hear it. You have known hard services; but now they are over, and joy and happiness will succeed. The reproach of your birth shall be removed; for I will acknowledge you my son and heir to my estate.

Fred. And my mother—

Baron W. She shall live in peace and affluence. Do you think I would leave your mother unprotected? No; about a mile from this castle, I have an estate, called Weldendorf; there she shall live, and call her own whatever it produces; there she shall reign, and be sole-mistress of the little paradise: there her past sufferings shall be changed to peace and tranquillity. On a

summer's morning, we, my son, will ride to visit her; pass a day, a week with her; and, in this social intercourse, time will glide pleasantly.

Fred. And pray, my lord, under what name is my mother to live, then?

Baron W. *(Confused.)* How?

Fred. In what capacity? As your domestic, or as—

Baron W. That we will settle afterwards.

Fred. Will you allow me, sir, to leave the room a little while, that you may have leisure to consider now?

Baron W. I do not know how to explain myself in respect to your mother, more than I have done already.

Fred. My fate, whatever it may be, shall never part me from her: this is my firm resolution, upon which I call heaven to witness. My lord, it must be Frederick of Wildenhain, and Agatha of Wildenhain; or Agatha Friburg, and Frederick Friburg. *[Exit.]*

Baron W. Young man! Frederick! *(Calling after him.)* Hasty, indeed! would make conditions with his father! No, no; that must not be. I just now thought how well I had arranged my plans—had relieved my heart of every burden, when, a second time, he throws a mountain upon it. Stop, friend conscience, why do you take his part? For twenty years thus you have used me, and been my torture.

Enter Mr. ANHALT.

Ah! Anhalt, I am glad you are come. My conscience and myself are at variance.

Anhalt. Your conscience is in the right.

Baron W. You don't know yet what the quarrel is.

Anhalt. Conscience is always right—because it never speaks unless it is so.

Baron W. Ay, a man of your order can more easily attend to its whispers, than an old warrior. The sound of cannon has made him hard of hearing. I have found my son again, Mr. Anhalt, a fine brave young man; I mean to make him my heir; am I in the right?

Anhalt. Perfectly.

Baron W. And his mother shall live in happiness. My estate, Weldendorf, shall be her's; I'll give it to her, and she shall make it her residence. Don't I do right?

Anhalt. No.

Baron W. *(Surprised.)* No! And what else should I do?

Anhalt. Marry her.

Baron W. *(Starting.)* I marry her!

Anhalt. Baron Wildenhain is a man who will not act inconsistently; as this is my opinion, I expect your reasons if you do not.

Baron W. Would you have me marry a beggar?

Anhalt. *(After a pause.)* Is that your only objection?

Baron W. I have more—many more.

Anhalt. May I beg to know them likewise?

Baron W. My birth.

Anhalt. Go on.

Baron W. My relations would despise me.

Anhalt. Go on.

Baron W. "Sdeath! are not these reasons enough I know no other.

Anhalt. Now, then, it is my turn to state mine for the advice I have given you. But first I presume to ask a few questions. Did Agatha, through artful insinuation, gain your affection? or did she give you cause to suppose her inconstant?

Baron W. Neither. But for me she were always virtuous and good.

Anhalt. Did it cost you trouble and earnest entreaty to make her otherwise?

Baron W. Yes.

Anhalt. You pledged your honour?

Baron W. (*Confused.*) Yes.

Anhalt. Called God to witness?

Baron W. Yes.

Anhalt. The witness you called at that time was the Being who sees you now. What you gave in pledge was your honour, which you must redeem; therefore, thank heaven that it is in your power to redeem it. By marrying Agatha the ransom's made: and she brings a dower greater than any princess can bestow—peace to your conscience. If you then esteem the value of this portion, you will not hesitate a moment to exclaim,—Friends, wish me joy, I will marry Agatha! (*Baron W. in great agitation, walks backwards and forwards, then takes Anhalt by the hand.*)

Baron W. Friend, wish me joy—I will marry Agatha.

Anhalt. I do wish you joy.

Baron W. Where is she?

Anhalt. In the castle—in my apartments here. I conducted her through the garden to avoid curiosity.

Baron W. Well, then, this is the wedding-day. This very evening you shall give us your blessing.

Anhalt. Not so soon, not so private. The whole village was witness of Agatha's shame; the whole village must be witness of Agatha's re-established honour. Do you consent to this?

Baron W. I do.

Anhalt. Now the quarrel is decided. Now is your conscience quiet?

Baron W. As quiet as an infant's. I only wish the first interview was over.

Anhalt. Compose yourself. Agatha's heart is to be your judge.

Enter AMELIA WILDENHAIM.

Baron W. Amelia, you have a brother.

Amelia. I have just heard so, my lord; and rejoice to find the news confirmed by you.

Baron W. I know, my dear Amelia, I can repay you for the loss of Count Cassel; but what return can I make to you for the loss of half your fortune?

Amelia. My brother's love will be ample recompense.

Baron W. I will reward you better. Mr. Anhalt, the battle I have just fought, I owe to myself: the victory I gained I owe to you. A man of your principles, at once a teacher and an example of virtue, exalts his rank in life to a level with the

noblest family; and I shall be proud to receive you as my son.

Anhalt. (*Falling on his knees, and taking Baron W.'s hand.*) My lord, you overwhelm me with confusion, as well as with joy.

Baron W. My obligations to you are infinite; Amelia shall pay the debt. (*Gives her to him.*)

Amelia. Oh! my dear father! (*Embracing Baron W.*) what blessings have you bestowed on me in one day! (*To Anhalt.*) I will be your scholar still, and use more diligence than ever to please my master.

Anhalt. His present happiness admits of no addition.

Baron W. Nor does mine. And there is yet another task to perform that will require more fortitude, more courage than this has done! A trial that—(*Bursts into tears.*)—I cannot prevent them—Let me—let me—A few minutes will bring me to myself. Where is Agatha?

Anhalt. I will go and fetch her. [*Exit.*]

Baron W. Stop! Let me first recover a little. (*Walks up and down, looks at the door through which Anhalt left the room.*) That door she will come from: that was once the dressing-room of my mother.—From that door I have seen her come many times—have been delighted with her lovely smiles. How shall I behold her altered looks! Frederick must be my mediator. Where is he? Where is my son? Now I am ready; my heart is prepared to receive her. Haste! haste! Bring her in. (*He looks steadfastly at the door.* MR. ANHALT leads in AGATHA FRIBURG; Baron W. runs and clasps her in his arms; supported by him, she sinks into a chair; Baron W. kneels by her side, holding her hand.)

Baron W. Agatha, Agatha, do you know this voice?

Agatha. Wildenheim.

Baron W. Can you forgive me?

Agatha. Forgive you! (*Embracing him.*)

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. (*As he enters.*) I hear the voice of my mother! Ha!—Mother! Father!

[*Frederick throws himself on his knees by his mother; she clasps him in her arms. Amelia is placed by the side of her father, attentively viewing Agatha; Anhalt stands on the side of Frederick, with his hands gratefully raised to heaven.—Exeunt.*]

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION;

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE, IN THREE ACTS:

ALTERED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. SEDAINE.—BY GENERAL BURGOWNE.



Act I.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

KING RICHARD
THE SENESCHAL
SIR OWEN
BLONDEL

FLORESTAN
ANTONIO
GUILLLOT
OLD MATTHEW

A PILGRIM
SERVANTS
SOLDIERS
PEASANTS

MATILDA
LAURETTE
DORCAS
JULIE

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A view of a strong Castle, situated in a wild, mountainous country: on one side, a rustic mansion-house; on the other, a stone seat.

Enter OLD MATTHEW, DORCAS, COLLETTE, and Peasants.

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

Come sing, come dance,
To-morrow's the day;

Come sing, come dance,
Old Matthew's wedding-day.

Yes, to-morrow, you know,
To his house we shall go,
To drink and be gay,
To dance, sing, and play;
Away with all sorrow,
For joy comes to-morrow.

Col. Nor song, nor dance, nor joking,

Can make me gay;
Antonio—how provoking!
Is far away.

Chorus. Come, Collette, sing and play,
For to-morrow's the day;
Yes, to-morrow, you know,
To old Matthew's we go,
To drink and be gay,
To dance, sing, and play;
Away with all sorrow,
For joy comes to-morrow.

Old M. I am happy, I swear,
My Dorcas, my dear,
To think that to-morrow is our wedding-day.

Dor. Tho' we're sixty years old,
Let the young ones behold,
Our age, like our youth, is contented and gay.

Chorus. Come sing, come dance,
To-morrow's the day;
Come, sing, come dance,
'Tis old Matthew's wedding-day.
Yes, to-morrow, you know,
To his house we shall go,
To drink and be gay,
To dance, sing, and play;
Away with all sorrow,
For joy comes to-morrow. [Exeunt.]

Enter MATILDA, led in by ANTONIO.

Mat. Antonio, what sounds were those? surely, they were singing.

Ant. It is only the villagers who are returning from the fields: the sun is setting, and they have done their work.

Mat. Where are we now, my little guide?

Ant. You are not far from a great old castle, with towers and battlements; and there, now, if you had your sight, you might see two soldiers on the walls, with their cross-bows.

Mat. I am sadly tired.

Ant. Stay! this way: here is a stone; it is made into a seat. What a pity you cannot see the prospect! though so wild, it is said to be as fine as any in all Germany. (They sit down.) Now, just opposite to us, is a very well-looking house; 'tis a farm, but as good as any gentleman's.

Mat. Then go, my little friend, and find out whether we can lodge there to-night.

Ant. I will; and, no doubt, you may. The owner is a foreigner; from England, as they say; and though he is very passionate, all the village say he is very good-natured. (Going, returns.) But shall I find you here when I come back?

Mat. Yes, truly, you may be pretty sure of that; those who can't see are not over fond of wandering. But you will not fail to return?

Ant. No, that I won't. (*Going, stops.*) But, sir, there is something I have been wanting all day to tell you.

Mat. Well, Antonio, what is it?

Ant. Why it is—it is—oh! I am so sorry!—

Mat. Speak, child! tell me, what is it?

Ant. Why, it is—and it vexes me sadly—that it will not be in my power to be your guide to-morrow.

Mat. How so, my little friend?

Ant. I must go to a wedding. My grandfather and grandmother keep their wedding-day to-morrow, and my grandson, who is their brother—

Mat. Your grandson! Have you a grandson, Antonio?

Ant. No; their grandson, who is my brother, that's it, is to be married at the same time, to a sweet, pretty, little girl of the village.

Mat. But what will become of me without a guide?

Ant. Oh! I'll engage some one for you, I'll warrant; and you may contrive to come to the wedding, and join in the music, while we dance. We'll manage, never fear.

Mat. You love dancing, Antonio?

SONG.—ANTONIO.

*The merry dance I dearly love,
For then, Collette, thy hand I seize,
And press it, too, when'er I please,
And none can see, and none reprove;
Then on thy cheek quick blushes glow,
And then we whisper soft and low:*

Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

*She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more,
Yet still we are too young, they say,
But we know better, sure, than they;
Youth should not listen to three-score;
And I'm resolv'd I'll tell her so,
When next we whisper soft and low:*

Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

[*Exit.*]

Mat. Antonio! he is gone: now, then, I may safely use my sight. (*Takes the bandage from her eyes.*) A fortress, indeed! there are towers, and moats, and battlements. They say, it is strongly guarded, and almost inaccessible. Its appearance justifies the report that was made to me; for in this wild and sequestered spot, such a pile could only be employed to hide some mighty captive. Oh! Richard, my hero, my beloved! what hardship may you not be enduring! nor have you even the sad consolation to know that your faithful Matilda, exiled for her love to you, has abandoned every hope and duty, and in this poor and base disguise, pursues your name, and wanders through the world: but here my cares and search shall end. If my foreboding soul misleads me, and this spot affords no tidings of its lord, then, if my heart breaks not, in the near convent's cell, I'll hide my woe and shame for ever.

SONG.—MATILDA.

Oh! Richard! oh! my love!

By the faithless world forgot;

I alone in exile rove,

To lament thy hapless lot.

I alone, of all, remain

To unbind thy cruel chain,

By the faithless world forgot;

*I, whose bosom sunk in grief,
Least have strength to yield relief.*

Delusive glory! faithless pow'r!

Thus the valiant you repay:

In disaster's heavy hour,

Faithless friendship's far away.

Yet, royal youth,

One faithful heart,

From tenderest truth,

Tho' hopeless, never shall depart.

Oh! Richard! oh! my love!

By the faithless world forgot;

I alone in exile rove,

To lament thy hapless lot.

But I hear a noise; I must resume my disguise.

Sir O. (*Without.*) I'll teach you to bring letters to my daughter.

Enter SIR OWEN, GUILLOT, and LAURETTE.

Guil. Sir, 'twas the governor sent me.

Sir O. The governor! what's the governor to me?

QUARTETTO.—MATILDA, GUILLOT, SIR OWEN, and LAURETTE.

Sir O. What care I for the governor?

Mat. Oh! should it be this governor! (*Aside.*)

Guil. He sent me, I knew no better,
With the letter.

Sir O. My daughter listen to his art?

What, my Laurette

So far forget

The modest virgin's duteous part?

And thou—I pray, (To Guillot.)

Good knave, shall I the postage pay?

Guil. No, sir, indeed,

There is no need,

I'm gone with speed.

Sir O. Pray, tell your governor,

His hopes are vain,

Laurette to gain.

His lordship is by far too good,

And I would thank him if I cou'd.

Mat. If of this castle he should be

The governor—what joy for me! (Aside.)

Guil. Yet he's my lord the governor.

Sir O. What's he to me, your governor?

Be gone, I say,

You'd best not stay.

And you, if ever I discover (To Laurette.)

You lend an ear

To this designing lover,

Then, then, you shall have cause to fear.

Mat. Ah! should it be, what joy for me! (*Aside.*)

Come, come, my friends, no quarrel, pray;

Your anger cease,

Keep, keep the peace.

Lau. What can this be?

I never see

The governor.

Mat. Ah! should it be this governor!

Ah! should it be, what joy for me! (Aside.)

Come, come, my friends, no quarrel, pray!

Your anger cease,

Keep, keep the peace. [Exit Guillot.]

Sir O. Get into the house: in, I say. [*Exit Laurette.*] She tells me she never sees him, that she never speaks to him, and yet he writes to her. The governor is a very civil gentleman, only he wants to run away with my daughter; and she is very obedient to her father, only she'll do nothing I bid her. I should like to know what all this is now. (*Looking at the letter.*) The governor writes a military hand; his letters edge out a *chevaux-de-frize* fashion; all zig-zag, like his own fortification: I can't make my way through it. I wish I had somebody to decipher it. Oh! here's a sort of an outlandish lad: I may trust him. Youngster, can you read?

Mat. Oh! yes, sir.

Sir O. Well, then, read me this. (*Gives her the letter.*)

Mat. Oh! indeed, sir; I could once; but the cruel Saracens—

Sir O. The Saracens! What did the Saracens do to you?

Mat. The cruel monsters put out my eyes, having taken me prisoner in a great battle, where I was page to a captain in King Richard's army. But have you not seen a little boy?

Sir O. Yes.

Mat. 'Tis he who guides me. He can read, and will do whatever you bid him. (*Returning the letter.*)

Sir O. Oh! here he comes, I believe.

Enter ANTONIO.

Mat. Antonio, is that you?

Ant. Yes, 'tis I.

Mat. Take the letter which the gentleman here will give you, and read it aloud to him.

Ant. (*Reads.*) "*Beautiful Laurette*"—

Sir O. Psha!

Ant. (*Reads.*) "*Beautiful Laurette, my heart overflows with ecstasy and gratitude, for the kind assurances you give me of eternal affection.*"—

Sir O. Eternal affection! and that puts him into an ecstasy! Very well.

Mat. Pray, let him go on.

Ant. (*Reads.*) "*If my attendance on the prisoner, whom I must not quit*"—

Sir O. So much the better!

Mat. The prisoner! (*Aside.*)

Ant. (*Reads.*) "*If my attendance on the prisoner, whom I must not quit, would suffer me to go out during the day, I would hasten to throw myself*"—

Sir O. Into the ditch of your castle, I hope.

Mat. Whom I must not quit! (*Aside.*) Read on quickly. (*To Antonio.*)

Ant. (*Reads.*) "*I would hasten to throw myself at your feet. But if this night*"—Here are some words blotted out.

Mat. Well, what follows?

Ant. (*Reads.*) "*Contrive some means to inform me, at what hour I may speak to you. Your tender, faithful, and eternally constant, FLORESTAN.*"

Sir O. Here's a d—d governor for you! Oh! if I had him in England, on the top of Penmanmawr—

Mat. What! are you a Briton, then?

Sir O. Yes, I am, sir; and an enemy to slaves, of course, in love, or out.

Mat. Glorious nation! But how comes it, sir, that you are settled so far from your native country?

Sir O. Oh! that's too long a story to tell you; but it would not have happened if I hadn't gone to the crusades at Palestine.

Mat. What, under the brave Richard?

Sir O. Brave! ay, I would follow him to the world's end. My ruin was no fault of his. Well, you must know, that when I returned from Palestine, I found that my father was dead—

Mat. He was very old, perhaps?

Sir O. No; but he was slain by a neighbour of his in single combat.

Mat. What was the dispute?

Sir O. A rabbit. My father shot a rabbit on the right side of a hedge, where his neighbour contended he was entitled only to shoot on the left. So he slew my father, and I revenged his death.

Ant. So, there were two men killed for one rabbit.

Mat. Of course, you fled?

Sir O. Yes; with my daughter and wife, who is since dead. My castle and my lands were forfeited; and, after fighting her battles, I was sentenced by an ungrateful country—

Mat. A hard and ill return, indeed!

Sir O. No such thing, sir. 'Twas justice, though severe: I suffer no man to abuse my country but myself.

Mat. Heaven forbid I should traduce it! But, sir, one request.

Sir O. (*Looking out.*) It must be they! Stay, good youth; I see some friends whom I expect.

If you wish refreshment, the poor and friendless are never driven from my door. [*Exit.*]

Enter LAURETTE.

Lau. Pray, good youth, tell me what my father has been saying to you.

Mat. Are you the pretty Laurette?

Lau. Yes, sir.

Mat. Your father is very angry: he knows the contents of that letter from the Chevalier Florestan.

Lau. Yes; Florestan is his name. And did you read the letter to my father?

Mat. No, not I; I am blind, alas! It was my little guide.

Ant. Yes, but didn't you bid me read it? (*Retires.*)

Lau. Oh! I wish you had not done so.

Mat. Some other person would.

Lau. That's true; and what did the letter say?

Mat. It says that on account of the prisoner in that castle—And who is that prisoner?

Lau. Oh! no one knows who it is.

Mat. The Chevalier cannot come to throw himself at your feet.

Lau. Poor Florestan!

Mat. But that this night—

Lau. This night!

SONG.—LAURETTE.

*Oh! would the night my blushes hide,
The truth to thee I would confide.*

*Yes, yes; I own, 'tis true;
Whene'er his eyes I meet,
I feel my heart begin to beat;
It beats, and trembles, too.*

*But when my hand he gently presses,
A struggling sigh, I fear, confesses,
Ah! more than blushes could impart,
And more than words, betrays my heart.*

*Oh! would the night my blushes hide,
The truth to thee I would confide.*

*Yes, yes; I own, 'tis true;
Whene'er his eyes I meet,
I feel my heart begin to beat;
It beats, and trembles, too.*

Mat. You love him, then, Laurette?

Lau. Oh! most dearly, that I do; day and night, truly and sincerely.

Mat. And do you not fear to own it?

Lau. No, not to you. You seem kind and tender-hearted, and you speak gently to me; and then, you cannot see me, whether I blush or not; and so, I am not afraid.

Mat. Pretty Laurette!

Lau. But who told you I was pretty?

Mat. Alas! being blind, I guess only by the voice; the softness and sweetness of that is beauty to me. But let me counsel you, my innocent. These knights, these men of high descent, beware of them; when they seem most devoted to your beauty, they are least forgetful of their own rank; and the nobleness of your soul is overlooked by the pride of their own high birth.

Lau. Well!

Mat. Well! Why, then, their love must be deceit, and their purpose to betray.

Lau. But my birth is not inferior to his, though my father is now in banishment.

Mat. No! and does he know it?

Lau. Yes; and never talks to me but in words of goodness and honour: and if it wasn't that my father is so passionate, I should have told him everything long ago.

Mat. And would you, before you have informed your father, meet this man whom you love so, and converse with him, and in the night, too? Listen to me.

DUETT.—MATILDA and LAURETTE.

Mat. *The god of love a bandeau wears,
Would you know what it declares,
And why his eyes are clouded?
'Tis to shew us that his pow'r
Is ne'er so fatal, ne'er so sure,
As when in darkness shrouded.*

Lau. *Good sir, repeat that pretty strain,
Pray, again, again.
A lesson kind it does impart,
To guard against a lover's art.*

Mat. *With all my heart.
The god of love a bandeau wears,
Would you know what it declares,
And why his eyes are clouded?
'Tis to shew you that his pow'r
Is ne'er so fatal, ne'er so sure,
As when in darkness shrouded.*

Lau. Look, there are two pilgrims meeting my father; see, he embraces one of them: sure, those cannot be the visitors he expected. I must go—

Mat. A moment, Laurette. I have something to say to you.

Lau. About Florestan?

Mat. No.

Lau. Oh! then I can't stay.

[Exit.

Mat. They are coming this way. I can't retire till my guide comes.

Enter SIR OWEN, BLONDEL, and Pilgrim.

Sir O. My brave friend, how rejoiced I am to see you. You are well disguised, indeed; I myself should never have guessed it was Blondel.

Mat. Blondel! what do I hear? (*Aside.*)

Blon. Caution, my friend. My search would be fruitless, indeed, should I be discovered? And see! (*Pointing to Matilda.*)

Sir O. I did not observe: it is a poor blind youth, a wandering minstrel, who diverts the peasants.

Mat. Shall I play, worthy gentlemen? I have a ditty made by a royal lover, on the lady whom he loved. (*Plays.*)

Sir O. Why are you so much astonished?

Blon. That was made by my gallant master: pr'ythee, go on. (*Matilda plays again.*) Oh! how it reminds me of happy days! Tell me, boy, where could you learn that tune?

Mat. I was taught it by a servant of King Richard's camp, who said he had heard the King himself sing to it.

Blon. Even so! he made it for the lovely and unfortunate Matilda—unfortunate, indeed! for, passing through Artois, I learnt that she had left her father's court, and fled, almost alone, upon the rumour that the royal Richard had been treacherously seized, as he returned from Palestine. Oh! if her gallant monarch yet lives, sure, heaven will guide some of those who seek him, to the prison that immures him.

Sir O. Perhaps the fair Matilda alone has had intelligence.

Blon. Oh! no. But yesterday I passed the Seneschal's, her father's trusty friend, who, with a chosen band of troops, was searching to reclaim her; and he had learned, that stripped of her companions by perfidy or death, she had sought the sadder prison of a monastery.

Mat. The Seneschal so near! (*Aside.*) Gracious sir, if my music has pleased you, will you entreat your kind host to lodge, this night, a harmless minstrel, who lost his precious sight in Palestine, and I will play all night to soothe you.

Blon. Poor youth! he will, I doubt not.

Sir O. I had refused him only from the caution I thought due to you. But here is no danger, if yet you choose to be unknown; my servants are all trusty, and not curious. But come, you must forget the pilgrim awhile, and we will have a jovial

health or two, and recollect old times. Some wine, there, and seats! the evening's fair: we'll in to supper soon; and then, when we're alone, you shall inform me of your travels, and all that you have heard of Richard's fortune. (*During this speech, Blondel converses with Matilda, who plays again. Servants bring wine, seats, &c. Other music. Blondel talks apart to Sir Owen.*) The youth is right, so far. Some prisoner of note is lodged there, doubtless; but it were wild indeed to guess it for the King. More wine, boy! We'll have a health to Richard, wherever he is; and then you shall hear a song of mine. Oh! in England, I should have a fine chorus to it. (*Music. Blondel talks to Matilda, who seems disappointed to hear Richard is not likely to be in the castle. Blondel bids one of the Servants bring wine to Matilda, who calls Antonio and gives it to him.*)

Mat. Antonio!

Ant. Here am I.

Mat. Come nearer: here, drink, my good boy. (*Antonio drinks.*)

Sir O. Now, then; and observe the chorus.

SONG.—SIR OWEN.

*Let the Sultan Saladin,
Play the rake in Palestine,
While he claims his subjects' duty,
He's himself a slave to beauty,
Wearing baser chains than they.
Well, well!*

*Every man must have his way;
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.*

Chorus. *But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.*

*Cœur de Lion loves the wars,
Richard's joy is blows and scars;
Conquer'd Pagans fly before him,
Christian warriors all adore him;
Watching, marching, night and day.
Well, well!*

*Every man must have his way.
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.*

Chorus. *But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.*

*You, too, pilgrims, love your trade;
You recruit the bold crusade;
Making zealots cross the ocean,
In a fit of fierce devotion;
Pilgrims love to fast and pray.*

*Well, well!
Every man must have his way;
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.*

Chorus. *But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.* [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The inner Works of an old Fortification. Towards the front is a terrace inclosed by rails and a fosse; and so situated, that when Richard appears upon it, he cannot see Matilda, who is upon the outer parapet.*

Enter KING RICHARD and FLORESTAN.

Flo. The morning breaks: the fresh air is lightened by the dawn; profit of it, sire, for your health's sake. Within an hour your guards must do their duty, and you will be again secluded from the day.

King R. Florestan!

Flo. Sire?

King R. Your fortune is in your power.

Flo. Sire, my honour is.

King R. Honour! to a traitor! a base, perfidious—

Flo. Did I believe him so, I would not serve

him; and not believing, I must not listen, where I dare not answer.

King R. But, Florestan—[*Florestan bows and exits.*] Oh! heart, burst not! Oh, God! Oh, misery! Is this to be my lot for ever? In the vigour of my days, circled with conquering laurels, the Christians' shield, the scourge of haughty Palestine! Am I doomed, by a vile traitor's craft, to wear my life away in ignominious bondage? Oh! that the efforts of my fierce despair could reach the ears of my brave distant soldiers! How would it fire their hearts to learn that their king, their leader—but Richard is forgotten—deserted by his people—by the world! Oh! my glory! Oh! ye records of my valour! Oh! memory of my victories! what do you avail? (*Looks on a picture.*) Image of her I love! Come, oh! calm—console my heart; soothe, for a moment, the keen sorrows that destroy me. Image of her I love! sweet, smiling witness of my former bliss! canst thou recall my bosom's fortitude? No, thou dost redouble all my griefs; thou art my despair. Oh! death, death! I call on thee; thy dart alone can break my chains! my freedom is my grave! (*Walks to the farther end of the terrace, and remains in a posture of deep despair.*)

Enter MATILDA and ANTONIO.

Mat. Antonio, stay awhile; here on this rising ground we'll rest. I love to feel the pure fresh air; it is the balmy breath of morn, whispering the sun's approach. Where are we now?

Ant. Close to the parapet of the castle which you bid me bring you to. (*Matilda offers to get upon the parapet.*) Ah! don't attempt to get upon it; you'll fall into a great moat on the other side, and be drowned.

Mat. Indeed! Well, here, kind boy, take this money, and go buy something for us that we may breakfast.

Ant. You have given me a great deal—

Mat. Keep for yourself what is too much.

Ant. Oh, thank you! and, pray, take care not to go too near the moat. [*Exit.*]

Mat. When you return, we will walk to some shade—shall we? You don't answer me. He is gone, and nearly out of sight: how quickly youth executes a willing duty! Now then—(*Lifts up the bandean, and raises herself on the parapet.*) Ah! not nearer!

King R. (*Returns to the front of the terrace.*) A year, a year is passed! hope is exhausted!

Mat. How still, how silent! Sure, if those walls inclose him, my voice may reach their deepest recesses. Oh! if he is here, he will remember the strain; 'twas the offering of his earliest love in happy days; of love for her, who now, uncertain of his fate, yet shares his misery.

King R. No cheering thought! no glimmering ray of consolation! Oh, memory! Oh, Matilda! (*Matilda plays.*) What sounds! Heavens! the very strain I once—Oh! let me hear.

Mat. (*Sings.*)

One night in sickness lying,
A prey to grief and pain,—

King R. Oh, God! that voice!

Mat. (*Sings.*)

When aid of man was vain,
And hope and life were flying,
Then came my mistress to my bed,
And death, and pain, and sorrow fled.

(*She stops, and raises herself to listen.*)

King R. (*Expresses surprise, hope, and joy.—Sings.*)

The gentle tears soft falling
Of her whom I adore,
My tender hopes recalling,
Did life and love restore.

Mat. (*During this answer appears greatly agitated.—Sings.*)

A mighty king doth languish
Within a prison's gloom;
Ah! could I share his doom!
Ah! could I soothe his anguish!

King R. Is it Matilda? (*Sings.*)

Could I but view Matilda's eyes,
Fortune, thy frowns I should despise.

DUETTO.—KING RICHARD and MATILDA.

King R. The gentle tears soft falling

Mat. My gentle tears fast falling,

King R. Of her so long ador'd,

Mat. For him so long ador'd,

King R. My tender hopes recalling,

Mat. His tender hopes recalling,

King R. Have love and life restor'd.

Mat. Have love and life restor'd.

(*After Matilda has repeated the strain, Florestan requests the King to retire into the castle; he does so; while another party seize Matilda, and passing a draw-bridge, bring her into the front of the works.*)

DUO AND CHORUS.—MATILDA, Guards, &c.

Cho. Speak quickly, quickly, who art thou?

Who sent thee here? whence come, and how?

Mat. Are you strangers passing near,

Pleas'd, perhaps, my song to hear?

Cho. To prison straight, to prison straight;

There he may sing early and late.

Mat. Ah! good sir, no anger, pray;

With pity hear what I've to say:

The Saracens, so fierce in fight,

Have depriv'd me of my sight,

And shut me from the blessed light.

Cho. 'Tis well for thee!

For couldst thou see,

Thou shouldst die by our decree.

Mat. I know not what this anger's for;

I've business with the governor;

'Tis of moment you will see,

And he should know it instantly.

Cho. You know not what our anger's for,

And would speak with the governor?

Mat. 'Tis of moment, you will see,

And he should know it instantly.

Cho. Well, you shall see the governor;

He'll tell you what our anger's for.

But since your business is of weight,

We'll suspend awhile your fate.

Hark! he comes, the governor;

And now, take heed, take heed, pert youth,

To tell the truth;

For if you lie,

If you lie to the governor,

Your fate is fix'd, you surely die.

Enter FLORESTAN.

Mat. Where is the governor?

Flo. Here!

Mat. On which side?

Flo. Here!

Mat. I have something of importance to communicate to him.

Flo. Attempt no trifling, or you perish that instant.

Mat. Ah! sir, those who have lost their sight, are half deprived of life already. Is it for a poor blind minstrel like me to attempt to deceive you?

Flo. Speak, then.

Mat. Are we alone?—Now I think my device can't fail. (*Aside.*)

Flo. Retire. (*To the Soldiers.*) We are.

Mat. Then, sir, the lovely Laurette—

Flo. Speak lower. You may stand farther off. (*To the Soldiers.* Matilda expresses her joy at the success of her plan.)

Mat. The beauteous Laurette, sir, has read to me the letter you sent her yesterday; in which you express your joy at her confessing her love for you, and press so much for an opportunity to speak with her.

Flo. Well, my good friend, and what says she?

Mat. She says you may safely call at her father's house this evening, at any hour you please.

Flo. At her father's house!

Mat. Yes; she says her father has some friends with him, to whom he means to give a fête, and takes the opportunity of a wedding in the neighbourhood to invite all the village to his house, where there will be nothing but feasting, dancing, and merriment; during which, Laurette says, she will find means to speak with you; and you may easily make a pretence for the visit.

Flo. Tell her I will not fail. But how come she to employ you in this business? you are blind.

Mat. The less likely to be suspected. She loves to hear me play and sing; and she has been so generous to me, I would risk anything to serve her: besides, I brought a little guide with me.

Flo. You have managed extremely well: and the noise you made, I suppose, was on purpose to be brought before me.

Mat. For what could it be else? But with your guards, forsooth, I was a spy, a lurking emissary, trying to discover who was imprisoned here. Ha, ha, ha!

Flo. Ha, ha, ha! Ridiculous enough! But you have really done it very well. Here is a purse for—
(Offers money.)

Mat. Pardon, good governor; should any one be near, and observe you reward me, they will suspect something.

Flo. 'Tis very true.

Mat. But Mr. Governor, lest they should—

Flo. Well!

Mat. Oh! you are on that side. I say, lest they should guess at my errand, hadn't you better seem angry, and so reprimand me, and send me back.

Flo. (Signs to the Soldiers to come forward.) You are right. Upon my life, this is a very clever lad, though he is blind.

Mat. Sir, to blame me is most hard,
For the noise, pray, blame the guard.

Flo. They should not send such foolish boys,
For such a message. Such a noise!

Chorus. Silence, fellow, and begone;
'Twas you alarm'd the garrison.

Enter ANTONIO, frightened, and crying.

Aut. Ah! good sir, forgive him, pray;
Ah! hear with pity what I say;
The Saracens, so fierce in fight,
Have depriv'd him of his sight,
And shut him from the blessed light. }

Chorus. 'Tis well for thee!
For couldst thou see,
Thou hadst died by our decree.
So, haste away;
Begone, I say;

And if again we catch you here,
Be assur'd, 'twill cost you dear.

Mat. Sirs, I believe ye,
Nor will deceive ye,
Never more will I appear,
Never more offend you here.

Ant. In truth, if here
He does appear,
It shall be
Without me. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A great Hall in Sir Owen's house.

BLONDEL and Friend, with SIR OWEN, discovered.

Blon. My friend, I would, without profession, trespass on your hospitality, but, in truth, we must

away; our search, I do perceive, is fruitless here; and, till I learn some tidings of my royal master's state, I cannot tarry for mirth's sake; therefore, we leave you to your rural guests, and may gay content be with you.

Sir O. I cannot blame your haste, though I lament it; yet, one night, methinks—you will see gay pastimes, and simple jollity, but such as will divert you, believe me; and see here is my little prattler Julie will join in my request.

Enter JULIE; she is going to speak, but seeing the strangers, she runs to Sir Owen, and whispers him.

Surely, my child! She tells me she has a song which she must sing to-night after the dance, if I approve it.

Julie. Oh! sir, but it were to be a secret; you were not to have said a word about it yet.

Sir O. No! Well, they will not betray you: they are going to leave us, Julie; can't you persuade them to stay?

Julie. They look so grave, I am afraid of them.

Sir O. Oh! go, try.

Julie. (Goes to Blondel and takes his hand.) Pray, sir, don't leave us; how can you think of going away when we are all going to be so merry.

Blon. We are very sorry, my pretty hostess, that it must be so.

Julie. But, indeed, you shall not go; for if you go away, my father will have no one to talk to while we are all dancing and running about.

Sir O. You little rogue, how do you know but I intend to dance myself?

Julie. Lord, sir, that would be pleasant! Ha, ha! I should like to see you dance!

Sir O. Well, you are very good, however, Julie, to wish me to be some way amused; it is very considerate in you.

Julie. Yes, sir, because then you would have something else to do than to mind us.

Sir O. So! very well, innocent!

Julie. Then, pray, gentlemen, don't go; let me entreat you to stay for our festival.

SONG.—JULIE.

Let me, gentle pilgrim, entreat you comply,
I'm sure, by your looks, you cannot long deny;
Kind sir, we beg you'll deign to stay,
To hail with glee our wedding-day,
All on the green, with garlands fresh and fair,
Oh! what delight, would you our pastimes share.

With dance and song
We'll join the throng,
And banish every care;
For such a thrime,
Thought young I seem,
Yet sing I may
One tender lay.
Oh! Love! oh! gentlest pow'r!
Smile on the wedding hour.

You see, my dear father, though young, I can please;
The pilgrim will stay, I have won him with ease:

Yes, yes, I'm sure he can't say nay;
We all shall keep this holyday;
Then, on the green, your pleasure to enhance,
If you but think to Julie to advance,

Although not yet
Tall as Laurette,
I think you'll own I can dance.
With sprightly step
I'll bound, I'll leap,
And sing all day
That happy lay,
Oh! Love! oh! gentle pow'r!
Smile on the wedding hour.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Seneschal is come, leaving his troops above the wood; with a few followers, he waits impatiently to speak to you.

Sir O. I come. [*Exit Serv.*] My friends, it shall not be far well yet; I will return.

[*Exit, leaving Julie, who looks back, and makes signs to Blondel not to leave them.*]

Friend. You still avoid being known to the Seneschal.

Blon. Perhaps I may safely disclose myself; but wherefore, if Richard—

Enter Servant.

Serv. There is a youth without, who says he must be admitted to you.

Blon. To me?

Serv. He that you heard play and sing yesterday.

Blon. Pray, let him come; [*exit Serv.*] and after, we will pursue our journey.

Enter MATILDA.

Mat. How, sir! Did you doubt to see me? I have spent the day requesting it. You should not have paused upon it, but hear me, and alone.

Blon. I knew not your desire sooner: but how is this, good youth; you were blind yesterday?

Mat. True; and ought I not to bless heaven, that the first object which presents itself to my restored sight is Blondel.

Blon. Ha! you know me, then?

Mat. Yes; and can it be that you prepare to fly from hence? Oh! has no powerful impulse worked upon your heart? has no instinctive warning checked the ill-guided purpose, stirred in your alarmed bosom, and chid the rash desertion of your valour's duty? Then perish, royal Richard! waste on, proud soul, in base captivity! thy careless friends pass by thy prison gates, and man and heaven desert thee!

Blon. What can this mean? My royal master—

Mat. Blondel—your king, your leader, your friend—pass but these gates and you behold his prison. But, hold!

Enter SIR OWEN, with the Seneschal, and two Knights.

Sir O. Nay, but the youth you speak of is—

Sen. Matilda, my noble mistress! (*kneels*) thus let me excuse the abrupt intrusion of my duty.

Blon. Matilda!

Mat. Rise, Seneschal! Yes, Matilda! a fugitive from all she owed her station and a father's love: but tell them, peerless Richard was the cause; and tell them, too, that heaven at length has sanctioned what resistless love resolved. Away reserve! Seneschal, I know your zeal, and firm attachment to your master's friend. Sir Owen your monarch is in chains; and you are a Briton—

Sir O. We will deliver him, or die! (*While the symphony plays, some of the Seneschal's party go out and return with more of their friends, to whom they seem to relate what has passed as they range themselves behind Matilda.*)

DIALOGUE AND CHORUS.—MATILDA, BLONDEL, and Cavaliers.

Mat. *Ye Cavaliers, yon castle drear,
Great Richard is a pris'ner there,*

Cav. *Strange the tidings that you bring,
Great Richard, England's mighty king!*

Mat. *Ye Cavaliers, yon castle drear,
Great Richard is a pris'ner there.*

Cav. *Can it be what you relate?
Who explor'd the monarch's fate?*

Mat. *'Twas I, with song and veiled eyes,
Approach'd the walls in safe disguise;
His voice I heard—Ah! doubt ye yet?
And could my heart that voice forget?
No, Cavaliers, yon castle drear,
King Richard is a pris'ner there.
Not long a pris'ner shall he be,
Whom love and valour join to free?*

Cav. *Not long a pris'ner shall he be.*

Let us arm;

Here we swear to set him free.

Give th' alarm!

Blon. *Haste is vain,
'Tis prudence must his freedom gain;
Prudence must your rage restrain.*

Cav. *Let us arm.*

Mat. *Blondel, check the rash alarm.
What should be done, oh! quickly tell;
Cavaliers, oh! listen to Blondel.*

Cav. *Blondel! Blondel! it is Blondel!*

Mat. *Yes, Cavaliers, it is Blondel,
The friend of Richard, mark him well.*

Blon. *Let our deeds our friendship tell,
In the battle, mark Blondel.*

Cav. *Let us arm, &c. &c.*

Mat. Oh! now you give me life. Oh! generous Sir Owen! Oh! faithful Blondel! and you, my gallant friends! But thanks would wrong you; the cause is your's.

Sen. No moment must be lost; the troops I head, select and brave, though small their number, will attempt, at least, whatever you command.

Blon. Our cause and valour shall supply the rest.

Mat. You, Sir Owen, know this governor. Is he a man whom gold—

Sir O. I must be just. He's one whom neither fear nor interest will sway.

Blon. Then force alone's our hope.

Mat. Attend a moment. Sir Owen, Florestan is apprized that you intend this night a rural feast; he means to be a partaker of your mirth, in hopes of speaking with Laurette.

Sir O. How?

Mat. I cannot now explain this; but be assured he will be here. Some chosen guards may then surround him, and demand the king's deliverance. If he refuses—

Blon. Then to arms! Here, indeed, is hope. Seneschal direct your men to pass the wood, and nearer the morass attend our signal. Let us prepare and arm. [*Exit with Seneschal and Cavaliers.*]

Mat. The just avenger of the brave inspire and guide you!

Enter LAURETTE and Servants.

Lau. My father, your village friends will be here straight, and the music is not yet come; then how shall we dance?

Sir O. They will be here, my child; fear not, my dear Laurette. (*He seems to give directions to the Servants.*)

Lau. My dear Laurette! so, he's not angry with me now. (*Aside.*) My dear father, now I am happy! only I wish Florestan could be here tonight.

Mat. (*Aside.*) Charming Laurette! but I dare not trust her yet; 'tis happy, however, that the course we have determined on, is free from any peril to Florestan; in the midst of my own anxieties, I am interested for her happiness. (*Matilda goes to Laurette and talks to her. Laurette expresses surprise at seeing her no longer blind.*)

Sir O. And mark me, you William, set my old buckler and great sword in my closet.

Wil. Sir, they'll be cumbersome to dance in.

Sir O. Fellow, do as I bid you. (*Pushes him out.*) Oh! more lights here in the hall! and, d'ye hear? be ready to welcome all comers. (*Calling.*) So—(*observing Laurette and Matilda.*) I must not, however, appear in their secrets yet,

TRIO.—MATILDA, LAURETTE and SIR OWEN.

Mat. Yes, yes, Florestan will be here,
(*Aside to Lau.*)
After the dance, he will appear.

Lau. Oh! what delight, what joy 'twill be!
Sure, he'll find means to speak to me.

Mat. We no secrets have, good knight, (To Sir O.) }
I am saying that my sight }
Is again restor'd to light. }

Lau. Yes, my father, very true, }
We no secrets have from you; }
The youth's well bred, and honest, too. }

Sir O. I'm sure you have no mystery,
Pray, talk on, and don't mind me.

Lau. But does he know how well I love?
(*Aside to Matilda.*)
And does he swear he'll constant prove?

Mat. Had you but seen the generous youth,
He knelt and vow'd eternal truth.

Lau. Kneel and vow?
Ah! he'll be true, I'm happy now.

Sir O. What, he tells thee that his sight
Is again restor'd to light?

Lau. Yes, my father, very true,
We no secrets have from you:
He is saying that his sight
Is again restor'd to light.

Mat. We no secrets have, good knight, }
I am saying that my sight }
Is again restor'd to light. }

Sir O. What, he tells thee, &c.

Lau. Yes, my father, &c.

Sir O. (*Tabors and pipes heard.*) So, our guests
are at hand. My Laurette give them welcome.
(*Julie runs in and returns.*)

Julie. They are all coming, and all so gay, and so
neatly dressed; indeed, sir, they are; and I saw
the little bride myself, blushing and looking so
pretty. Dear, it must be a charming thing to be
married!

Lau. Yes, they are coming, indeed, sir.

Sir O. And are you ready, my little Julie, with
the dance you—

Julie. Yes, that I am. But, pray, what are all
those fine knights gathering about the house for?
They don't look as if they came to be merry.
Indeed, sister, they look so fierce, you'd be
frightened.

Sir O. Oh! no, my child, they will not hurt us.
Julie. No! then I vow they shall all dance
swords, and helmets, and all. (*She runs to meet the
Peasants, who appear.*)

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

Chorus. Join hearts, join hands,
In loving bands;
None are happy till they're pair'd,
Nothing's joy that is not shar'd.

Pea. When alone the maid sits pining,
Nature's beauties seem declining,
Nothing can afford delight;
But the favour'd youth appearing,
With his presence all things cheering;
Flowers how sweet! the sun how bright!

Chorus. Join hearts, join hands,
In loving bands;
None are happy till they're pair'd,
Nothing's joy that is not shar'd.

Ant. O'er the sultry mountain ranging,
Shade and pasture ever changing,
Soon I tire my flock to tend;

But if chance Collette address me,
Toil and heat no more oppress me,
Soon, too soon, my labours end.

Chorus. Join hearts, join hands,
In loving bands;
None are happy, &c. (*Dance of Peasants.*)

Enter FLORESTAN.

Flo. (*Drums heard.*) Ha! what do I hear?

Sir O. Sir, you are my prisoner.

Flo. Sir?

Sir O. You.

Flo. What treason is this?

CHORUS OF CAVALIERS.

Vain defiance, strive no more;
Yield our king, our chief restore;
Vain resistance; fate's decree
Sets imprison'd Richard free.

Flo. Threats he fears not, who is just
To his honour, to his trust. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Represents the Castle assaulted by
Matilda's troops; BLONDEL and SIR OWEN en-
couraging them. RICHARD appears on the fortress
without arms, endeavouring to free himself from
three armed Soldiers. Blondel mounts the breach,
runs to the King, wounds one of the Guards, and
snatches his sword; the King seizes it. At this
moment is heard the grand Chorus of "Long live
the King!" The besiegers then display the colours
of MATILDA, who appears, followed by attendants,
the Seneschal, and all the rest of the people. She
sees Richard at liberty, and lead by Blondel, flies
towards him, and sinks in his arms. FLORESTAN
is then conducted to the King by the Seneschal and
Sir Owen.

King R. Oh, love! oh, gratitude! you impede
and not inspire my efforts to express the fond
transports which swell here. Neglected by my
subjects; forsaken by the thankless world! When
sorrow had beaten down my heart's defence, coura-
geous hope—but, oh! Matilda, what can I say to
thee, my soul's beloved, my deliverance, my re-
ward? (*Embraces her.—To Sir Owen, &c.*) I have
more thanks to pay. My heart feels all it owes.
And when to my native England I return, so may
I prosper in my subjects' love, as I cherish, in the
memory of my sufferings here, a lesson to improve
my reign: compassion should be a monarch's
nature. I have learned what 'tis to need it: the
poorest peasant in my land, when misery presses,
in his King shall find a friend.

FINALE.

Cho. Oh! blest event! oh! glorious hour!
Liberty and love we sing;
Oh! may they with resistless pow'r,
Protect the blessings which they bring.

Mat. Though, Florestan, you've been just
To your honour, to your trust,
Nothing will your truth avail,
Guilt, with tyrants, is to fail.
A worthier fortune you may prove,
Yield to us, Laurette, and love.
Faithful lovers banish fear,
Our delight, our triumph share.

Cho. Faithful lovers, &c.

TRIO.—MATILDA, LAURETTE, and BLONDEL.

No more shall doubt or sorrow
Disturb my anxious breast;
The sun that bids to-morrow,
At length, beholds me blest.

Cho. Oh! blest event! oh! glorious hour!
Liberty and love we sing;
Oh! may they with resistless pow'r,
Protect the blessings which they bring!
[*Exeunt.*]

TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY ROBERT JEPHSON.



Act II.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

DON PEDRO
DON SANCHO
OCTAVIO

FERDINAND
BORACHIO
LAZARILLO

DONNA CLARA
LEONORA
SERVANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Don Pedro's House.*

Enter DON SANCHO, DON PEDRO, and BORACHIO.

Don S. Here's my hand. Is it a bargain?

Don P. Certainly; we'll have the wedding to-night. The young couple are so much in love, they will be glad to dispense with ceremony. It really looks as if heaven had a hand in this match, for if young Felix had not died so commodiously at Salamanca, we could never have been brothers-in-law.

Bora. Bless me, your honour! is poor Don Felix dead, then? He was a merry young gentleman: I'm sorry for it with all my soul.

Don P. Ay, he is as dead as king Phillip the Second. But did you know Don Felix?

Bora. As well as any hogshhead in my cellar. I have kept a tavern three years at Salamanca, and he was my constant customer. I knew his sister, too; a brave mettled damsel, that made no more of clapping on a pair of breeches, and straddling a horseback, than if she had never been laced in stays or encumbered with a petticoat.

Don P. Well, now she may give a more free scope to her frolics; for she has no brother left to restrain her. We sent for you, Borachio, to provide the wedding-dinner. Let things be as they should be.

Bora. Never trouble your head about it. I'll set you out such a repast. The first course shall be as substantial as the bridegroom, and the second as delicate as the bride; then for wines and a dessert—I don't care if you ask all the Benedictines to sit in judgment upon their flavour and freshness.

Enter a Servant Maid.

Maid. Sir, there's a servant of a strange gentleman, who has a message for you.

Don P. What does he want with me?

Maid. He will not tell his business to any one

but your worship. He has been fooling with me, till I am tired with him.

Don P. Bid him come in.

[*Exit Maid.*]

Don S. Can you guess what business a stranger can have with you?

Don P. Ay, I suppose the old business; some needy spendthrift who has lost his purse at the gaming-table, and wants to try if I am fool enough to take a liking to him, and lend him as much more upon his no security.

Enter LAZARILLO and Maid.

Lazar. I have the honour to be, gentlemen, with the most profound respect, your honour's most faithful, obsequious, and obedient humble servant.

Don S. This fellow begins his speech like the conclusion of a letter.

Don P. Have you any business with me, friend?

Lazar. May I take the liberty to ask your honour a question?

Don P. Ay; what is it?

Lazar. Pray, who may that pretty, plump, cherry-cheeked, round-hipped, buxom, genteel, light-pisterned, black-eyed damsel be?

Don P. What business is that of your's? she's my daughter's maid.

Lazar. I wish your honour much joy of her.

Don P. What does the fellow mean? To your business, friend. Who are you? what do you want with me? who do you belong to?

Lazar. Softly, softly, sir; three questions in a breath are too much for a poor man like me to answer all at once.

Don P. (*To Don S.*) I don't know what to make of this fellow: I believe he is none of the wisest.

Don S. I should rather suspect he was none of the honestest.

Lazar. Are you married, my pretty lass?

Don P. What would the fellow be at? What's your business, I say?

Lazar. Sir, to answer your questions: in the first place, I am my master's servant. *(To the Maid.)* And my pretty one, as I were going to tell you, if the Don had not interrupted me—

Don P. Who the devil is your master?

Lazar. He's a strange gentleman, sir, who has a strong inclination to pay your worship a visit. *(To the Maid.)* And now as to the little affair between us—

Don P. Who is this strange gentleman? what business has he with me?

Lazar. Sir, he is the noble Don Felix de Silva, of Salamanca, who waits below to have the supreme felicity of kissing your honour's hand, and has sent me before to make his compliments to you.—*(To the Maid.)* Well, my dear, have you thought of the proposal? do you think me shocking?

Don P. Mind me fellow. What is this you say?

Lazar. Sir, if you are curious to know particulars about me, I am Lazarillo, of Valencia, as honest a little fellow, though I say it, that should not say it, as ever rode before a portmanteau. *(To the Maid.)* What I pride myself for, more than any other good quality, is, that I am the adorer and faithful slave of your divine and insurmountable beauty.

Don P. Turn this way booby; you're either drunk or mad: why, Don Felix, of Salamanca, is dead.

[Exit Maid.]

Lazar. Dead!

Don S. You may get another master, honest friend, for poor Don Felix has no occasion for you.

Lazar. This is strange news. It must be a very sudden death: perhaps it was only his ghost that hired me, but I never saw anything so like a living creature; he gave me a rap over the shoulders just now, that I thought felt very natural. If he is really a ghost, he won't dare to pretend he's alive, and tell a lie before so much good company.

[Exit.]

Don P. What do you think of this rascal? Is he a knave or a fool?

Bora. To my thinking, he's a brewing of both.

Don S. To my poor thinking, he's crazy.

Don P. 'Fore heaven, brother-in-law that is to be, if Don Felix should be alive, we two should make but a silly figure.

Re-enter LAZARILLO.

Lazar. Truly, gentlemen, this is but indifferent treatment for a stranger, to tell a poor servant like me that his master was dead.

Don P. So he is, I say.

Lazar. And I say that he is not only alive, but in good health, sound as a biscuit, and sprightly as champagne; and at this moment is ready to come in, and give you proof positive by your own eyesight.

Don S. What, Don Felix?

Lazar. Ay, Don Felix.

Don P. De Silva?

Lazar. Ay, De Silva.

Don S. Of Salamanca?

Lazar. Ay, of Salamanca.

Don P. I would recommend to you, friend, to lose a little blood, and have your head shaved; you are mad.

Lazar. This is enough to make me so; I say he is below at this moment waiting in the parlour.

Don P. I'll break your head, you rascal.

Don S. Keep your temper. Stay, let us see this impostor, who calls himself Don Felix. Bid him walk up stairs. *[sururrection.]*

Don P. Ay, ay, you're right; let's see this re-
Lazar. In a twinkling. *[Exit Lazar.]*

Don S. This is some sham, some cheat; but I think we shan't be easily imposed upon.

Don P. Let me alone, let me alone, he must rise early, brother, who makes a fool of Don Pedro.

Enter DONNA CLARA, in man's clothes.

Donna C. Signior Don Pedro, after the many polite letters I have received from you, I could little expect such extraordinary treatment, to be kept half an hour cooling my heels among muleteers and lacquies.

Don P. Sir, I humbly ask your pardon. But may I take the liberty to crave your name or title?

Donna C. My name, sir, is Don Felix de Silva.

Don P. Of Salamanca?

Donna C. The same.

Bora. *(Aside.)* Ha! what's this? Why, this is Donna Clara, the sister of Felix. Let's see what will be the end of this.

Don P. I'm struck dumb with amazement!—Sir, I rejoice to see you safe and sound; which, indeed, is a little extraordinary, considering that we had heard you were dead and buried.—*(Aside to Don S.)* I wish, with all my heart, he were under ground.

Donna C. It was reported, I know, that I were dead; but, in fact, I only received a flesh-wound in a quarrel: a fainting-fit succeeded the loss of blood, and gave occasion to the report of my death; but the moment I recovered strength enough to travel, I mounted my horse, and set out to pay my respects, and keep my engagement.

Don P. I really don't know what to say it: you have the appearance of a gentleman; but I have had such assurances that Don Felix was dead, that, unless I have some strong proofs to the contrary—you'll pardon me, sir; I mean no harm—but, truly, in a matter of this consequence, a little caution, you know—

Donna C. Sir, you're perfectly right; but here are proofs: here are no less than four letters. This is from the governor of the bank; you know the hand and seal, I suppose.

Bora. *(To Donna C.)* Sir, will you permit me to congratulate you upon your recovery, and your arrival in Granada?

Donna C. *(Aside.)* Ha! confusion! my old host of Salamanca; he'll certainly know and will discover me.—I think I recollect you, friend.

Bora. I believe you may, your honour; my face is no stranger at Salamanca; Joseph Borachio is as well known as the high road to Madrid.

Donna C. True, true; I know I was acquainted with you. Hark! a word: don't betray me, and this purse has a twin brother as like it—*(Aside to Borachio.)*

Bora. Never fear, madam; there's something so engaging in your countenance, and so persuasive in your manner, that I would as soon pull down my sign as discover you. *(Aside to Clara.)*—I am, for want of a better, the master of the Eagle, hard by; and will be bold to say, that, for good treatment, soft beds, wholesome food, and old wine, Joseph Borachio will not give the wall to any publican in Granada.

Donna C. Get your best apartments ready, and I'll order my baggage there.

Don P. Why, certainly these letters are addressed to Don Felix; but there are ways, you know, of getting another man's letters; at the same time, sir—

Donna C. Nay, sir, if you still doubt, here's my old acquaintance, Joseph Borachio; he knows me; I suppose you'll take his word, though you seem a little suspicious of mine.

Bora. Lord! sir, I'll give my oath to him. *(Aside.)* I tell twenty lies every bill I bring up for half a dollar, and the devil's in my conscience if I can't tell one for a purse of doubloons. *[Exit.]*

Don P. Sir, I ask a thousand pardons: my doubts are vanished; you certainly are Don Felix. *(To Don S.)* What do you think of this, brother-in-law that was to be?

Don S. Why I think 'tis a little unlucky, that the

dead should get out of their graves to prevent our being relations.

Enter FERDINAND and LEONORA.

Leon. Did you send for me, father?

Don P. I did send for you, my dear; but matters are a little changed within this half hour.

Donna C. Is that young lady your daughter, Don Pedro?

Don P. Ay, sir, that is my daughter.

Donna C. This, then, is the young lady I must pay my addresses to. I hope, madam, the consent of our families to my happiness, has made no unfavourable impression against the person of your humble servant?

Leon. What can I say to him. (*Aside.*) Yes, sir—no, sir—

Donna C. An odd reception! yes, sir—no, sir. Pray, sir, (*to Don P.*) how am I to understand the lady?

Don P. She's a little bashful at present; she'll be more intelligible by and by; she is not much acquainted with you yet; she'll come to presently.

Donna C. I hope so. This gentleman, (*to Ferdinand*) I suppose, is a friend to the family; a near relation.

Fer. A friend of the family, certainly; but no other way a relation, than as I am to call this lady my wife.

Don S. Right! stick to that; don't give up your pretensions. My boy has spirit: that young coxcomb won't carry it swimmingly. (*Aside.*)

Donna C. How's this? I don't understand you, sir. Your wife? what, does the lady intend to have two husbands?

Don P. Young gentleman, pray come with me; here has been a small mistake. Your supposed death—but I'll explain everything to you within—depend upon it I shall fulfil my engagements.

Fer. But harkye, sir; I suppose you are a cavalier of honour, and don't imagine that the affections of a young lady are thrown into the bargain when the old folks are pleased to strike up a contract: you'll ask Donna Leonora's consent I hope.

Donna C. I don't know that. People of fashion never embarrass themselves with such vulgar ideas. Lawyers do all that's necessary on such occasions; if the conveyances are right, affection and that old stuff, follow of course, you know.

Don S. I suppose he'd marry a mermaid if there were a good fishing bank entailed upon her.

Donna C. Sir, I have not been so unsuccessful in gallantry, as to apprehend that the lady will object to me.

Fer. Sir, I perceive you have a very favourable opinion of yourself; but it would be more to the purpose if you could persuade the lady to have the same partiality. But, sir, a word in your ear: you and I must talk of this matter in another place: you understand me. [*Touches his sword, and exit.*]

Don S. Bravo! well said: he's a clip of the old block. Don Pedro, or brother-in-law that was to be, "you and I must talk of this matter in another place: you understand me."

[*Touches his sword, and exit.*]

Don P. Oh, lord! oh, lord!

Donna C. But, charming Leonora, these gallants are so warm, they have not allowed you an opportunity to speak for yourself. What do you say to me, fair creature?

Leon. I say that I look at you with horror, and that my evil genius sent you here to destroy my happiness. [*Exit.*]

Don P. What will become of me! I shall have a quarrel with that old ruffian in spite of me. I'll after him, and try what can be done with my daughter by coaxing: if that fails, I must even have recourse to the old fatherly expedients of locking up, and a diet of bread and water.

Donna C. Hold a moment; for heaven's sake, no harshness! Leave your daughter to me a little

time, and my attention may, perhaps, bring her to reason. But, in the interim, sir, as I have occasion for some ready cash, and my letters of credit are upon you, I must trouble you for two hundred pistoles.

Don P. With pleasure, sir: I have not so much cash about me, but if you will take the trouble just to step into the next street—

Donna C. I am much obliged to you, and will take the liberty to send my servant. I can depend upon his honesty. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Hotel.*

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. Well, I know not how this will end for other folks; but it has had a very promising beginning for me already: a hundred pistoles for keeping a secret, which I could not get a maravedi for discovering. Then there can be no fault found with my charges or my entertainment, though I serve up crows for partridges, and a delicate rain-cat for a fricasee of rabbits. But here comes my adventurer.

Enter DONNA CLARA.

Donna C. Borachio, a word with you: as you know who I am, 'tis to no purpose to make a secret of any part of my history: my brother, you know, is dead; died at Salamanca; but you don't yet understand why I have assumed his sex and character.

Bora. I shall be glad to learn it, my sweet young lady; especially if I can be of any service to you.

Donna C. My poor brother made too free with some choice wine at a vanto near Salamanca. Octavio, my lover, happened to be of the party; a quarrel ensued between my brother's company and a set of strangers, who had just arrived at the same place; in the fray, my brother was run through the body, and left dead on the spot: the officers of justice had orders to search for, and seize all who were present as principals in the murder: to avoid the pursuit, Octavio, as I was informed, fled hither; and with the wardrobe, credentials, and the name of my brother, here I have followed him.

Bora. Ay, madam, you was always a young lady of spirit; and egad! I love spirit: and though I were never to touch a pistole of the other purse you was pleased to promise me, I would no more tell your secret than I would tell my guests my own secret,—how I turn Alicante into Burgundy, and sour cider into Champagne of the first growth of France.

Donna C. I rely upon you. But I wish to see my apartment. Pray, inquire for my servant, and bid him to come to me immediately. I ordered him to wait for me near the Prado.

Bora. May I ask where you picked up that fellow?

Donna C. I found him in my journey. He's an odd mixture of simplicity and cunning; but I have no reason to suspect his honesty, and that's the quality for which at present I have most occasion. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the hotel.*

LAZARILLO discovered.

Lazar. My master desired me to wait for him in the street; but I see no sign of him. 'Tis twelve by the clock; but by my appetite, at least four. There is no watch, clock, or pendulum, in the city, that points to the dining hour with more certainty than the mechanism of my bowels: I feel a craving that must be satisfied. Odzooks! what a delicate flavour of roast, boiled, and baked, issues from these purloons! the very smell is enough to create an appetite. Ay, that way lies to the kitchen: I know it by the attraction of the odour. I'll down—but hold, not a sous, by Fortune; my purse is as empty as my belly.

Enter OCTAVIO, a drunken Porter following with a portmanteau.

Octa. Come along, you drunken rascal!

Porter. Not a step further without payment,

Octa. Why, scoundrel, would you have your hire before you earn it?

Porter. Ay, that I would; as I'd like to make sure of my straw before I were to sleep on it. Pay me directly, or here I stick as fast as a mule up to the girths in the mire.

Octa. Carry in the portmanteau; there's the door, carry in the portmanteau; 'tis not three yards, you sot you.

Porter. Sot in your teeth—pay me. (*Throws down the portmanteau.*)

Lazar. What's this! egad, I may get something by it: it has an omen of dinner. I smell beef in it. (*Aside. Goes up to the porter.*) Why, you drunken, staggering, sputtering beast of burden, with two legs and no conscience, how dare you prate so saucily to a gentleman? Reel off, or I'll teach you manners. (*Beats off the Porter, and then carries in the portmanteau.*)

Octa. A good smart fellow—that looks like a servant. If he has no master, I'll hire him.

Re-enter LAZARILLO.

Come, hither, friend. Do you know me?

Lazar. No, sir. I only know that you are a gentleman—that is, I don't know you are a gentleman, but I have a strong suspicion of it. You look for all the world as if you would not let a man who wanted his dinner, and had an excellent stomach, go without it.

Octa. Are you acquainted with the tavern?

Lazar. I think I am very well acquainted with it. The cellars are full of old wine, and the larder full of butcher's meat and poultry: 'twould make a man's mouth water but to look at them. Sir, does your honour smell nothing?

Octa. Smell! no.

Lazar. Lord bless me, sir! why there are such streams from savoury pies, such a fumette from plump partridges and roasting pigs, that I think I can distinguish them as easily as I know a rose from a pink, or a jonquil from a cauliflower.

Octa. Are you at present in service? have you any master?

Lazar. (*Aside.*) I'll tell a bouncing lie, and disown my master.—No, sir.

Octa. You seem to be a ready intelligent fellow: will you be my servant?

Lazar. Will I eat when I am hungry? will I sleep when I'm weary? Can your honour doubt it? Command me, sir, from one extremity of the kingdom to the other; give me but as much as will keep cold air out of my stomach, and I can never tire in your service. Then, as for wages, to be sure my last master was a very princely sort of a gentleman—he gave me, sir—

Octa. No matter what! I sha'n't be more difficult to please, or less generous to reward, than he was. What's your name?

Lazar. Lazarillo, sir.

Octa. I will employ you immediately. Go to the post-house; take this pistole; inquire if there are any letters for Don Octavio, of Salamanca, and bring them here to me. [*Exit.*]

Lazar. Well done, Lazarillo; between two stools they say a certain part of a man comes to the ground; but 'tis hard, indeed, if I don't take care of myself between two masters.

Enter DONNA CLARA and BORACHIO.

Donna C. So, my gentleman, is this your attention to my commands? I ordered you to wait for me at the Prado: I might have looked for you, it seems, till morning, if by mere accident I had not found you here.

Lazar. By your honour's leave, I waited for you till my very bowels began to yearn; such a craving came upon me, that had pikes, pistols, and pettreares opposed my passage, I could not avoid entering the house in hopes of—

Donna C. No prating. Go directly, order my baggage to be brought hither, then run to the post,

and inquire if there are any letters for Don Felix, or Donna Clara, of Salamanca, and bring them to me directly.

Lazar. Here, sir?

Donna C. Yes, here to this hotel. [*Exit.*]

Lazar. (*Aside.*) Zounds! what shall I do with my other master?

Bora. The post-office is but in the next street; if you should miss your way returning, inquire for me.

Lazar. For you! and pray, who are you, sir?

Bora. Joseph Borachio, the master of the Eagle: everybody knows me.

Lazar. So, sir, you are the master of this house?

Bora. I am.

Lazar. Then you are a happy man. I had a respect for the roundness of your belly, and the illumination of your nose, the first glimpse I had of you; but now my respect is increased to adoration. If you leave money for masses for your soul, take my advice, get the fathers, instead of praying you out of purgatory into paradise, to pray you back into your own kitchen. In my opinion, no paradise can be superior to it. [*Exit.*]

Enter OCTAVIO.

Octa. If this be true that Felix is still alive, I need conceal myself no longer: you say you saw him?

Bora. Saw him! yes, sir; saw him and conversed with him.

Octa. A very sudden recovery! But since 'tis so, I have no business here; I'll just send for my letters, and then back to Salamanca. Borachio!

Bora. Sir? [*With this evening.*]

Octa. Let me have horses ready; I shall set out

Bora. This evening! why your honour has no time to refresh yourself. Our roads, of late, are none of the safest after sun-set. Why, sir, not above a week ago, a calash of mine, with a young cavalier and his new married bride, were attacked on the road by six of the most desperate banditti that ever cried stand to a traveller.

Octa. Indeed!

Bora. Too true, sir. Two of my best mules were shot dead at the first discharge of their carbines. They wounded the gentleman, stunned my drivers, and rifled the poor lady in a terrible manner. In truth, your honour had not better think of venturing till morning, when you have the day fairly before you.

Octa. No, hang it! such fellows seldom attack a single traveller; besides, if your horses are good, I think I could out-gallop them.

Bora. I'll answer for the horses; better never came out of Andalusia: they have straw up to their withers, and barley they may bury their ears in. Poor dumb beasts, I take as much care of them, and love them as well as if they were my fellow Christians.

Octa. What noise is that? Away, landlord, and order the horses. [*Exit Borachio.*]

Enter LAZARILLO, with Porters following him.

Lazar. This way, this way, my lads!—What the deuce, my last master's here still! (*To the Porters.*) Fall back, rascals, and wait for me in the passage. [*Exit Porters.*]

Octa. Lazarillo!

Lazar. Sir?

Octa. I shall set out for Salamanca presently.

Lazar. Before dinner, sir?

Octa. Yes, directly.

Lazar. Mercy on me! no pity on my stomach. Truly, sir, I am but a bad traveller on an empty belly; I get such whims and vertiges, the wind plays such vagaries in the hollow crannies of my entrails, that you will have more trouble with me than if I were a sick baboon.

Octa. I sent you to the post; where are my letters? Quick, quick!—what are you fumbling about?

Lazar. Patience, sir, a little patience. I thought I put them into this pocket—no, they are not there; then they must be in the other pocket. (*Aside.*) The letters are so unwilling to come out for fear they should be obliged to bear witness against me; I have mixed the letters of both my masters, and curse me if I know which I ought to give him.

Octa. You tedious booby! where are my letters?

Lazar. Here, sir, here are three of them; but they are not all for your honour. I'll tell you, sir, how I came by them. As I was going to the post, I met an old fellow servant, who happened to be in a great hurry upon another errand, and he desired me to ask for his master's letters, and keep them for him; one of them belongs to him, but which I don't know; for to tell you the truth, sir, my parents found I had such fine natural parts, they would not throw away money in having me taught anything, so reading was left out among some other accomplishments in my education.

Octa. Let me see them. I'll take my own, and give you back what belongs to your friend's master. (*Takes the letters.*) What's this? to Donna Clara—in Granada!

Lazar. Have you found the letter, sir, that belongs to my comrade?

Octa. Who is your comrade?

Lazar. An old fellow-servant of mine; a very honest fellow; I have known him from a boy, when he was not this high, please your honour.

Octa. His name, puppy?

Lazar. His name, sir—his name—Lopez, sir.

Octa. Where does this Lopez live?

Lazar. Starve me if I can tell, sir,

Octa. How then could you know where to carry him the letter? [honour in a moment.]

Lazar. Oh! for that matter, sir, I'll tell your

Octa. Well, out with it.

Lazar. (*Putting his hand to his cheek.*) Dence take it! I am stung to the bone, I believe.

Octa. What's the matter?

Lazar. A musquitto, sir; a little peevish, whizzing, blood-sucking vermin.

Octa. Where, I say, were you to meet Lopez?

Lazar. I ask pardon, sir—in the Piazza.

Octa. What am I to think of this?

Lazar. Dear Fortune get me out of this puzzle. (*Aside.*) Won't your honour give me my comrade's letter. [open it.]

Octa. No, I have occasion for it; I must

Lazar. Open another gentleman's letter! why, sir, 'tis reckoned one of the most unmannerly pieces of friendship a gentleman can be guilty of.

Octa. Peace I say! I am too much interested to mind forms at present. (*Reads.*) "*Madam,—Your sudden departure from Salamanca has occasioned the greatest consternation among your friends. They have made all possible inquiries, and have discovered that you left this town in your brother's clothes, and the general opinion is, that you are gone in pursuit of Octavio, who was known to pay his addresses to you at Salamanca. I shall not fail to communicate any further intelligence of your affairs that comes to my knowledge, and I remain with great respect,—MANUEL.*"

Lazar. He little cares what may happen to me from his curiosity. (*Aside.*)

Octa. Clara fled from Salamanca, and in pursuit of me! Find this Lopez instantly; bring him here, and I'll reward him for his intelligence.

Lazar. Yes, sir; give me the letter that belongs to him. But how am I to account for its being opened? This may bring an imputation upon my honour, about which I am amazingly punctilious.

Octa. Your honour, mongrel! Say the letter was opened by mistake. Instantly find Lopez. [*Exit.*]

Lazar. Find Lopez! egad if I do I shall be a lucky fellow, for I know no such person. *Lazarillo*, thou hast a head-piece never fails thee at a pinch: if I could read and write, I'd turn author, and invent tales and story-books. But what the

dence shall I say about opening the letter? Let me see! is there no way to disguise it? I remember my mother used to make wafers with bread and water. I have a few crumbs in my pocket, and with a little mouth-moistening, I don't see why it should not answer: here goes for an experiment. (*Takes bread out of his pocket, and chews it.*) Gad-zooks! it has slipped down my throat; it would not go against nature. I'll take more care this time. There it is. (*Seals the letter.*) I think it will do. After all, what signifies how a letter is sealed, provided one likes the contents of it?

Enter DONNA CLARA.

Donna C. Were you at the post? did you get my letter? *Lazar.* Yes, sir; there it is. [letter?]

Donna C. Why, this letter has been opened.

Lazar. Impossible.

Donna C. I say it has; and here it has been patched up again with a piece of bread.

Lazar. Egad! that's very extraordinary.

Donna C. Confess, villain, what trick has been played with my letter; the truth instantly, or—(*Seizing him.*)

Lazar. Hold! sir, have a little patience, and I'll tell the truth: if you frighten me, I shall never be able to tell it.

Donna C. Quick, then, this moment.

Lazar. Then, sir, it was I opened it.

Donna C. Impudent varlet! for what purpose?

Lazar. A mistake, nothing but a mistake as I am a Christian: I thought it was directed to me, and

Donna C. And read it? [I opened it.]

Lazar. No, sir, no; upon my veracity, I read nothing but the first word, and finding it was not for me, I clapped in a wafer just as your honour sees it.

Donna C. You are sure no other person saw it?

Lazar. Sure of it! I'll take my oath. As I am an honest man, as I hope to die in my bed: if your honour has a book about you, I'll swear by it. Any other person! no, no!—lord, sir, I never was so much grieved in my life as when it was opened; I gave myself a great knock on the head for vexation. I believe you may see the mark of it here just over my left eye-brow. (*Donna C. reads the letter.*)

Lazar. There's something in that letter does not please him. I shall have enough to do to manage my two masters. (*Aside.*)

Donna C. There are the keys of my baggage; get my things ready for dressing. [*Exit.*]

Enter DON PEDRO.

Don P. Is your master at home?

Lazar. No, sir.

Don P. Do you expect him back to dinner?

Lazar. Oh! yes, by all means, sir.

Don P. Give him this purse when he returns, with my compliments: there are two hundred pistoles in it. I shall wait upon him myself in the evening. [*Gives a purse to Lazarillo, and exit.*]

Lazar. Yes, sir. But curse me if I know which of my masters 'tis intended for. I'll offer it to the first of them I see, and if it does not belong to him, I suppose he won't take it.

Enter OCTAVIO.

Octa. Have you found Lopez?

Lazar. No, sir, not yet; but I have found a better thing for you.

Octa. A better thing! what's that?

Lazar. Only a purse—full of money. I believe there are two hundred pistoles in it.

Octa. I suppose it was left by my banker.

Lazar. You expected money, sir?

Octa. Yes, I left a letter of credit with him.

Lazar. Oh, then there can be no doubt it was left for you, sir. "Give it to your master," says he—"yes, sir," says I; so there's the money.

Octa. Hold! lock up this money till I want it—take care—put it up safely, for I shall soon have occasion for it. But go find Lopez, and bring him to me immediately. [*Exit.*]

Lazar. Go find Lopez, and bring him to me imme-

diately—but where shall I find him, is another matter—I'll go look for what I am sure of finding, a good dinner. What a fortunate fellow was I not to make any mistake about the money! If a man takes care in great matters, small things will take care of themselves; or if they should go wrong, if the gusts of ill-luck should make his vessel drive a little, honesty is a sheet-anchor, and always brings him up to his birth again. [Exit.]

ACT II.—SCENE I.—*Don Pedro's House.*

Enter DONNA CLARA and LEONORA.

Donna C. I have told you my story; I rely upon your honour, you will not discover me.

Leon. Don't fear me. You have relieved me from such anxiety by your friendly confidence, that I would rather die than betray you; nay, what is still more, I would rather lose my lover.

Donna C. Of that there can be no danger: let matters proceed to the utmost, the discovery of my sex puts an end, at once, to any impediment from my claim to you.

Leon. But may I not tell Ferdinand?

Donna C. No. Pray, indulge me: a secret burns in a single breast; it is just possible that two may keep it; but, if 'tis known to a third, I might as well tell it to the cryer, and have it proclaimed at the great door of every church in Granada.

Leon. Well, you shall be obeyed; depend upon it, I will be faithful to you. Men give themselves strange airs about our sex: we are so unaccustomed, they say, to be trusted, that our vanity of a confidence shews we are unworthy of it.

Donna C. No matter what they say; I think half of their superiority lies in their beards and their doubts.

Don P. (*Within.*) *Leonora!*

Leon. My father calls me: farewell, dear Clara! should you want my assistance, you know you may command me. [Exit.]

Enter FERDINAND.

Fer. So, sir, I have found you. Do you know me, sir?

Donna C. I have so many acquaintances whom I should wish not to know, that I don't like to answer that question suddenly.

Fer. Do you take me for a sharper, youngster?

Donna C. Sharpers wear good clothes.

Fer. And puppies wear long swords. What means that piece of steel dangling there by thy effeminate side? Is thy soft hand too weak to touch it? Death! to be rivalled by a puppet! by a thing made of cream! Why, thou compound of fringe, lace, and powder, darrest thou pretend to win a lady's affections? Answer, stripling, canst thou fight for a lady?

Donna C. (*Aside.*) He's a terrible fellow! I quake every inch of me; but I must put a good face upon it: I'll try what speaking big will do. (*Advancing.*) Why, yes, Captain Terrible! do you suppose I am to be daunted by your blustering? Bless me! if a long stride, a fierce brow, and a loud voice, were mortal, which of us would live to twenty? I'd have you to know, d—n me—

Fer. Draw your sword, draw your sword, thou amphibious thing! If you have the spirit of a man, let me see how you will prove it. (*Draws.*)

Donna C. (*Aside.*) Oh, lord! what will become of me!—Hold, hold! for heaven's sake! What, will nothing but fighting satisfy you? I'll do anything in reason: don't be so hasty. [then?]

Fer. Oh! thou egregiously dastard! you won't fight,

Donna C. (*Aside.*) No, by no means.—I'll settle this matter in another way.—What will become of me? (*Aside.*)

Fer. Thy hand shakes so, thou wilt not be able to sign a paper, though it were ready for thee; therefore, observe what I say to you.

Donna C. Yes, sir.

Fer. And if thou darrest to disobey, or murmur at the smallest article—

Donna C. Yes, sir.

Fer. First, then, own thou art a coward.

Donna C. Yes, sir.

Fer. Unworthy of Leonora.

Donna C. Yes, sir.

Fer. Return instantly to Salamanca.

Donna C. (*Seeing Leonora.*) Ha, Leonora!—Not till I have chastised you for your insolence. (*Draws.*)

Enter LEONORA, who runs between them.

Leon. Heavens! what do I see? Fighting! for shame, Ferdinand! draw your sword on a stranger?

Fer. Don't hold me! (*To Leon.*)

Donna C. Hold him fast, madam; you can't do him a greater kindness.

Fer. (*Struggling.*) Dear Leonora!

Donna C. Thou miserable coward! thou egregious dastard! thou poltroon! By what name shall I call thee?

Fer. Do you hear him, Leonora?

Donna C. Hold him fast, madam; I am quite in a fever with my rage at him. Madam, that fellow never should pretend to you: he was just ready to sign a paper I had prepared for him, renouncing all right and title to you.

Fer. (*To Leonora.*) By heaven you injure me!

Donna C. He had just consented to leave this city, and was actually upon his knees to me for

Fer. Can I bear this? [mercy,—

Leon. Patience, dear Ferdinand!

Donna C. When seeing you coming, he plucked up a little spirit, because he knew you would prevent us; and, drawing out his unwilling sword, which hung dangling like a dead weight by his side there, he began to flourish it about just as I do now, madam.

Fer. Nothing shall restrain me. Loose me; or, by my wrongs, I shall think you are confederate with him.—Now, madam, I see why you were so anxious to prevent me from chastising that coxcomb. It was not your love of me, but your fears for him, ungrateful woman!

Leon. Dear Ferdinand, rely upon it you are mistaken: don't trust appearances.

Fer. Incomparable sex! We are their fools so often, they think nothing too gross to pass upon us. 'Sdeath! weathercocks, wind, and feathers, are nothing. Woman, woman, is the true type of mutability! And to be false to me, for such a thing as that! I could cut such a man out of a sugared cake! I believe a confectioner made him.

Leon. Have you done yet?

Fer. No, nor never shall, till you satisfy me.—Then, adieu! you shall see me no more, but you shall hear of me. I'll find your Narcissus, that precious flower-pot: I'll make him an example. All the wrongs I have suffered from you, shall be revenged on him. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The Hotel.*—*Enter LAZARILLO.*

Lazar. I have often heard that gentlemen, that is, fine gentlemen, had no conscience; but I believe the truth is, they have no stomachs: they seem to think of every thing but eating; and, for my part, I think of nothing else. But here comes one of my masters.

Enter DONNA CLARA, with a paper.

Donna C. Has Don Pedro been here to inquire *Lazar.* Truly, sir, I can't tell. [for me?]

Donna C. Was he here?

Lazar. Ay, that he was, certainly.

Donna C. Did he leave nothing with you for me?

Lazar. Not that I know of.

Donna C. What, no money?

Lazar. Money! [two hundred pistoles.]

Donna C. Ay, money. I expected a purse with

Lazar. I believe I have made a small mistake. The purse belongs to this master, and I gave it to the other. (*Aside.*)—Are you certain you expected a purse with two hundred pistoles? [stare at?]

Donna C. Certain; yes. What does the fellow

Lazar. You are sure they were not for another gentleman that shall be nameless?

Donna C. Is the booby drunk?

Lazar. It must be with wind, then. Why, sir, I did receive a purse with the sum you mentioned, and from Don Pedro; but whether it was intended for you, is a point that requires some consideration.

Donna C. What did Don Pedro say to you?

Lazar. I'll tell you, sir. "Friend," says Don Pedro, "there are two hundred pistoles for your master."

Donna C. Well, dolt-head! and who is your **Lazar**. There's the point, now; there's the puzzle. Ah! sir, there are many things you would not find it easy to explain, though you was educated at Salamanca, and are no doubt a great scholar.

Donna C. Give me the money, fool; and no more

Lazar. There it is, sir. Heaven do you good with it; I think I know some people who would be glad of just that sum, especially if they thought they had a right to it.

Donna C. No more; I expect Don Pedro. Bid Borachio get a good dinner; and here take this letter of credit, look it up carefully; I shall have occasion for a good deal of cash, and this way 'tis most portable: be careful of it, and make no mistakes: I expect dinner to be ready as soon as I return.

Lazar. You shall not wait a moment. This is the pleasantest order I have yet received from either of my masters. Here comes Borachio; I'll try if my host understands anything of a table.

Enter BORACHIO.

Signor Borachio, or Master Borachio, or Don Joseph de Borachio, you come most opportunely. We must have a dinner immediately.

Bora. Name your hour. I am always prepared; two hours hence, an hour, half an hour. My cooks are the readiest fellows—

Lazar. Ay, but this must not be one of your every-day dinners; the first thing that comes to hand; tossed up and warmed over again, neither hot nor cold, like a day in the beginning of April: that's villanous.

Bora. Do you think I have kept the first tavern in the city so long, not to know how to please a gentleman?

Lazar. Some gentlemen are easily pleased; other gentlemen are hard to be pleased: now I'm of the **Bora.** Gentleman, forsooth!

Lazar. A gentleman's gentleman; that is, my master's master in most things; but, in the business of eating, absolute and uncontrollable. But come, Master Borachio, let us have your idea of a

Bora. Two courses, to be sure.

Lazar. Two courses and a dessert.

Bora. Five in the first, and seven in the second.

Lazar. Good.

Bora. Why, in the middle, I would have a rich

Lazar. Made with cray-fish: good!

Bora. At the top, two delicate white trout, just fresh from the river—

Lazar. Good! excellent! go on, go on!

Bora. At the bottom, a roast duck—

Lazar. A duck! a scavenger! an unclean bird! a waddling glutton! his bill is a shovel, and his body but a dirt-cart. Away with your duck! let me have a roast turkey, plump and full-breasted, and his craw filled with marrow.

Bora. You shall have it.

Lazar. Now for the side dishes.

Bora. At one side, stewed venison; at the other, an English plum-pudding—

Lazar. An English plum-pudding! that's a dish I am a stranger to. Now, Signor Borachio, to your second course.

Bora. Roast lamb at the top, partridge at the bottom, jelly and omelette on one side, pig and ham at the other, and olla-podrida in the middle.

Lazar. All wrong, all wrong! What should be at the top, you put at the bottom, and two dishes of pork at the same side. It won't do! it will never do, I tell you.

Bora. How would you have it? I can order it

Lazar. It will never do. Mind, I don't find fault with the things; the things are good enough, very good; but half the merit of a service consists in the manner in which you put it on the table. Pig and ham on the same side! why you might as well put a Hebrew Jew into the same stall at church with the Grand Inquisitor. Mind me; do but mind me! See, now: suppose this floor were the table. (*Goes upon one knee, and tears the paper given him by Donna Clara.*) Here's the top, and there's the bottom: put your partridge here, (*places a piece of the paper,*) your lamb there: (*another piece of the paper:*) there's top and bottom. Your jelly in the middle, (*another piece of the paper,*) olla-podrida and pig at this side, together; (*two pieces of the paper;*) and the omelette and ham at this: (*two more pieces of the paper:*) there's a table laid out for you as it should be. (*Looking at it with great satisfaction.*)

Enter DONNA CLARA and DON PEDRO.

Donna C. Heyday! what are you about, on your knees, there?

Lazar. Shewing mine host how to lay out your honour's dinner: I'm no novice at these matters; I'll venture a wager—there are the dishes.

Donna C. Get up, puppy! What's this? as I live, the letter of credit I left with him to put up for me, all torn to pieces!

Lazar. Oh, the devil! I was so full of the dinner, every thing else slipped out of my memory. (*Aside.*)—Upon my soul, sir, I quite forgot it. I was so taken up about the main chance, I quite forgot the value of the paper.

Donna C. Dolt! idiot! A letter of credit for no less than four hundred pistoles! What amends can you make for such inconceivable stupidity?

Bora. (*To Lazarillo.*) The merit of a dinner consists, you know, in the manner in which you put the things on the table. This is a confounded dear dinner, truly.

Lazar. Plague upon it, it was your fault, and not mine. It never would have happened if you had served up the course properly. Pig and ham on the same side! such a blunder was never heard of.

Donna C. (*To Don P.*) What can I do with this fellow?

Don P. The mischief is not without remedy. You must take up the pieces, join them, and paste them on a sheet of paper. Your bankers won't refuse it.

Donna C. Hear you—do you understand Don **Lazar**. Perfectly. But, in truth, sir, Borachio's stupidity was enough to drive every thing out of one's memory. He wanted, sir—

Donna C. Silence! Take these fragments, and join them as Don Pedro directed you. Make haste, and attend at dinner.

Lazar. Yes, sir: they'll make twenty mistakes, if I am not present to direct them.

Don P. Really, young gentleman, nothing could be more *à-propos* than your arrival. A day's delay longer, had lost you your mistress, and a good portion into the bargain. Have you seen anything of Ferdinand, your rival, since?

Donna C. Yes, and was upon the point of a most desperate combat; but your daughter stepped in, and he ran to her for protection: but I frightened him soundly.

Don P. Indeed!—

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. Gentlemen, your dinner will be ready in less than half an hour.

Don P. Half an hour! Can't you get it sooner? To say the truth, I'm a little hungry.

Bora. What was ordered for you can't be ready sooner.

Donna C. Let us have anything that's ready. Appetite's the best sauce. What say you, Don Pedro?
Don P. Ay, ay; better than all the cooks in France. [Exit.]

Enter LAZARILLO, with a napkin under his arm.

Lazar. Here, waiters, waiters! What, are the fellows deaf? I knew nothing would be done, till I got among them.

Enter first Waiter with a dish.

1 Wait. Who calls? Here— [you going?

Lazar. What have you got there? Where are

1 Wait. To carry it to your master.

Lazar. What is it?

1 Wait. I don't know; the cook made it, not I.

Lazar. Put it down, I'll carry it myself. [Exit Waiter.] It smells well. What is it? I'll try. *(Takes a spoon out of his pocket.)* Like a good soldier, or a good surgeon, I never go without my arms and my instruments. *(Tastes the dish.)* Excellent, 'faith! I'll try it again. Better and better—But here it goes for my master.

Enter OCTAVIO, meeting Lazarillo.

Lazar. Cursed ill luck, here's my other master! *(Aside.)*

Octa. Where are you going?

Lazar. Going, sir! Sir, I was going—I was going to carry this in for your honour's dinner.

Octa. Carry in my dinner, before you knew I was come home?

Lazar. Lord! sir, I knew you was coming home. I happened just now to pop my head out of the window, and saw you walking down the street, so I thought you would like to have your dinner on the table the moment you came in.

Octa. What have you got there?

Lazar. 'Tis a kind of a fricasee; very good, I promise you.

Octa. Let me have soup. What, do you bring meat before soup, you blockhead?

Lazar. Lord, sir! nothing so common. In some parts of the world, soup is the very last thing brought to the table.

Octa. That's not my custom. Carry that back, and order some soup immediately.

Lazar. Yes, sir.

Octa. How unfortunate! to have searched so much, and to have heard nothing of Clara. [Exit.]

Lazar. *(Pretending to go down, returns.)* Now I may carry this to my first master.

[Goes into Clara's chamber.]

Enter second Waiter with a dish.

2 Wait. Where is this man? Lazarillo!

Lazar. *(Running out.)* Who calls? here I am.

2 Wait. Carry this to your master.

Lazar. That I will. Give it to me. [Exit Wait.] I'll carry it to the first. *(Going towards Clara's chamber, is called to Octavio's.)* What do you want? here I am.

Re-enter first Waiter with a dish.

1 Wait. Here's a dish for your master.

Lazar. You're an honest fellow. Come, stir, stir! get the soup as fast as possible. [Exit Wait.] If I can have the good fortune to serve them both without being discovered—

Octa. *(Within.)* Lazarillo!

Lazar. Coming, coming!

Re-enter second Waiter with a dish.

2 Wait. Where is this strange fellow, Lazarillo?

Lazar. Who calls? here I am.

2 Wait. Do you attend one table, and we'll take care of the other.

Lazar. Not at all, not at all; I'll take care of them both, [Exit Waiter.]

Donna C. *(Within.)* Lazarillo!

Lazar. Here.

Octa. *(Within.)* Lazarillo!

Lazar. Patience, a little patience! Coming!

Re-enter first Waiter with a dish.

1 Wait. Master What's-your-name, here's a pudding.

Lazar. A pudding! What pudding?

1 Wait. An English plum-pudding.

Lazar. Lay it down, lay it down. [Exit Waiter.]

This is a stranger; I must be civil to him. He looks like a Mulatto in the small-pox. Let's try how he tastes. *(Takes out his spoon.)* Excellent! admirable! rich as marrow, and strong as brandy! *(Eats again.)* This is meat and drink: no trusting outsiders. This leopard-like pudding is most divine: I can't part with it. *(Eats again.)*

Enter DONNA CLARA, with a cane.

Donna C. I must get another servant. This fellow minds nothing. Where are you, rascal? *(Sees him.)* There he is cramming himself, instead of at—
Octa. *(Within.)* Lazarillo! [tending me.]

Lazar. *(Speaking with his mouth full.)* In a moment, in a moment. [see me?

Donna C. What are you about there? don't you *Lazar.* I was just—tasting this pudding for you. I promise you, sir, you'll like it.

Donna C. Why, 'tis all gone.

Lazar. It slips down so fast, sir, you can't tell the taste of it, till you eat a good deal. [that—

Donna C. *(Beats him.)* Taste that, and that, and

Lazar. Hold, hold, sir, for heaven's sake! Take care, sir; you have no right to more than one half of me, t'other belongs to another gentleman.—Oh, oh, oh! *Enter OCTAVIO.*

Octa. What's this! beating my servant! Loose your hold, sir! What right have you to strike my servant? A blow to the fellow who receives my wages, is an affront to me. You must account with me for this.

Donna C. *(Seeing Octavio.)* By all my hopes, Octavio. *(Aside.)*

Lazar. If this comes to a duel, and one of them fall, I am for the survivor.

Octa. You look surprised, sir! What, is this doctrine new to you?

Donna C. I am not much accustomed to menaces from those lips. Do you not know me, Octavio? *(Aside.)*

Donna C. Is my voice a stranger to you? must you have stronger proofs that I am Clara? If so, let this convince you.

Octa. Oh! unexpected happiness! Art thou, indeed, my Clara? the same sincere, faithful, generous Clara I knew and loved at Salamanca?

Donna C. The same, the very same.—Don Pedro's in the next room; I'll step and explain what has happened, and send immediately for Leonora and Ferdinand. [Exit.]

Lazar. May I take the liberty of offering my poor congratulations on this joyful occasion? Will you believe it, sir, I had a sort of an inkling, a divining, that something of this kind would happen; for I dreamt all last night of cats and dogs and a spread eagle.

Octa. Your dreams, I hope, go by contraries; and you shall be a witness of our harmony, for I intend to keep you in my service.

Enter DON PEDRO, DONNA CLARA, LEONORA, DON SANCHO, and FERDINAND.

Don P. Joy, joy, I give you joy! This discovery has saved us all a great deal of perplexity. Our only strife now shall be, who will fill the greatest quantity of bumpers to the felicity of this double gemini of turtles.

Don S. Brother-in-law that is to be, give me your hand: we will presently drown all animosities in a bottle of honest Borachio's Burgundy.

Lazar. To serve two masters long I strove in vain, Hard words or blows were all my toils could gain; [move,

But their displeasure now no more can If you, (to the audience,) my kinder masters, but approve. [Exit.]

WAYS AND MEANS;

A COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS.—BY GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.



Act II.—Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

SIR DAVID DUNDER
OLD RANDOM
RANDOM
SCRUPLE

PAUL PEERY
CARNEY
TIPTOE
ROUNDLEE

QUIRK
PASSENGERS
BAILIFF
SERVANTS

LADY DUNDER
MRS. PEERY
HARRIET
KITTY

ACT I.—SCENE I.—An Anti-room in an inn.
PAUL PEERY discovered, in a chair, asleep; bar-bell ringing violently. Enter MRS. PEERY.

Mrs. P. Why, Paul! why, husband!

Paul. Eh! what? (Waking.)

Mrs. P. For shame, for shame, Mr. Peery! The bar-bell has been ringing this half-hour; and here you sleep like the rusty clapper of it, and scarce stir when you are pulled: and when you are, you only waddle about a little bit, and then stand still till you are pulled again.

Paul. Pr'ythee, wife, be quiet: you know, I was always famous for giving satisfaction.

Mrs. P. Were you! I wish I could find it out.

Paul. But what's the matter?

Mrs. P. Packets are the matter; diligences are the matter. Sea and land-cargoes and carriages. Four sea-sick gentlemen, from Calais; and four ladies, just stepped out of the mail-coach, from Canterbury. The men, I believe, are making inquiries for the machine to London.

Paul. Are they? Then shew 'em all into one room. I pity the poor gentlemen. Nothing is so dreadful as sea-sickness: so, put 'em all together; and they'll only be sick of one another, you know. (Bells rings.) Enter Waiter.

Wait. Two gentlemen in a post-chaise, with a servant, from London, sir. [Exit.]

Mrs. P. Run, Mr. Peery!

Paul. Ay, ay! You take care of the stage-coaches, and let me alone for the post-chaise gentry. Here, Lewis, John, William! shew a room, here, to the gentlemen, there. [Exit, bawling.]

Enter Waiter, shewing in one French and three English passengers, from the packet.

Wait. Walk in, gentlemen.

Mrs. P. Walk in, gentlemen, if you please. Welcome to England! welcome to Dover, gentlemen!

1 Pas. So! just six o'clock in the morning; be-

calmed at sea; not a wink all night—the devil take this packet, say I! I'm rumbled, and tumbled, and jumbled—

Mrs. P. I'm extremely sorry for it, sir; but—

Fr. Pas. Now, begar! it do me goot.

Mrs. P. I'm vastly happy to hear it: do you choose any refreshment, sir? [in all my life.]

Fr. Pas. Vous avez raison: I never vas so refresh

Mrs. P. I am very glad, indeed, sir.

2 Pas. I'm d—d sick.

Mrs. P. I'm very sorry, I assure you, sir.

Fr. Pas. Ma foi, madame have beaucoup de politesse.

2 Pas. Get me a glass of brandy—ti, tol, lol! I feel confounded qualmish, but—tol, lol, lol, la!—I don't like to own a sea-sickness; and—"Britons ever rule the waves." (Singing.)

Fr. Pas. Briton rule de vave! I tink de vave rule you, ma foi. Ha, ha!

2 Pas. Right, mounseer! in the present case, I grant you. Packet-sailing—mere plain water agrees best with your folks; but, when there is occasion to mix a little of our British spirit with it, why, it's always too much for a French stomach. Now that's the time when an Englishman never feels qualmish at all.

Enter Waiter, shewing in four Women.

Mrs. P. Servant, ladies.

1 Wom. Lard! this mail-coach is the worst conveyance in the world. It squeezes four people together, like two double letters.

Mrs. P. Disagreeable, to be sure, ma'am.

1 Pas. And that infernal packet!

Mrs. P. Nothing can be half so bad, sir.

2 Pas. But, then, the cabin—

Mrs. P. Except the cabin, your honour!

2 Wom. And riding backward in a coach!

Mrs. P. I can't conceive anything so shocking, Fr. Pas. Voila la politesse encore! [ma'am.]

Mrs. P. Beg pardon, ladies and gentlemen. But our house is so full at present, we have but one room to spare; the cloth is laid in it for breakfast, and it will be ready directly: hope you will excuse the—

I Pas. Oh! certainly, hostess: travellers, you know—if you'll give me leave, madam.

I Wom. Sir, you are very obliging. (*The Men hand the Women.*)

Mrs. P. Here, William, wait on the company.
Fr. P. Ah! c'est drole! pair and pair! two by two! [*Exeunt Men, handing out the Women.*]

Mrs. P. Shew 'em into Noah's ark, William, d'ye hear? (*Bell rings.*) Coming! Here, John, Lewis!—Coming! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the inn.*

Enter PAUL PEERY, with RANDOM and SCRUPLE.

Paul. This way, your honours, this way; one step at the door, if you please.

Rand. Step on, sir, if you please: pay the post-boy, and send in the servant (*Peery going*) and, harkye! landlord, what's the name of your house?

Paul. The Ship, your honour. The oldest and best established house in the town, sir.

Rand. Very well; then give us a better room, and get us some breakfast.

Paul. It shall be done, sir. I suppose, gentlemen, you mean to cross to Calais?

Scru. Psha!

Paul. You intend to take water, gentlemen?

Rand. No, sir; but we intend to take your wine. We may stay here some days, perhaps.

Paul. Thank your honours! everything shall be had to your satisfaction; and as far as a cellar and larder can go, I think, I—vastly obliged to your honours. Here, Lewis, William! breakfast for two in the Lion, there! [*Exit.*]

Rand. Well said, my thorough, clumsy, talkative inkeeper! And now, my dear Scruple, after our night's journey, welcome to Dover. Here we are, you see, not with the old, stale intention of taking a voyage to the continent; but a voyage to the island of love.

Scru. But suppose we should find neither wind nor tide in our favour?

Rand. Why, then, we shall be love-bound here a little, that's all. But, hang it! why anticipate evils? If we are to be unlucky, the less we think of it the better: confound all thinking, say I!

Scru. Confound thinking, Mr. Random! I'm sure it's high time to think, and that very seriously.

Rand. Heyday! Moralizing! "Confound thinking, Mr. Random!" Yes, sir, confound thinking! I'm sure, thinking would confound us; and most confoundedly, too, Mr. Scruple, at present.

Scru. Yet one can't help having one's doubts.

Rand. Poh! pr'ythee, don't doubt at all; doubting is mean and mechanical; and never entered the head or heart of a gentleman. Why, now, if you observe from our own daily experience, the people that doubted most were either our tailors, or tavern-keepers, or shoe-makers; or some such pitiful puppies. Zounds! man, don't be faint-hearted now; we shall never win our fair ladies at this rate; besides, haven't we all the reasonable hopes in the world? [*believe.*]

Scru. Why, we are sure of their good wishes, I

Rand. Certainly: and as to any trifling obstacles, such as father and mother, or so, chance must direct us. [*mention—*]

Scru. But may not those trifling obstacles you

Rand. Psha! doubting again! why, you are more of a mandarin, on a chimney-piece, than a man; there's no touching you but your head begins shaking. Consider, we attacked them at Bath, where they were, three weeks ago, on a visit to a female friend, without impertinent relations about them to give them advice, and made, I think, no inconsiderable progress.

Scru. Granted: but they were then suddenly called home to their father's, the baronet's, near

Dover, here; who hinted, in his letter, at no very distant match for both of them.

Rand. Oh! never fear, if the girls are averse to it; and they, at our parting, like simple damsels in romance, bewailed their cruel fate; while we, like true knights-errant, promised to rescue them from confinement. But you had more opportunities with your flame than I: why did not you marry her at

Scru. Because I loved her. [*once?*]

Rand. Well, that's some reason, too: you would have made a d—d unfashionable figure, I confess.

Scru. You mistake me: I had too much honour to impose on my Harriet's amiable simplicity, and have the utmost detestation for marrying merely to make a fortune. In these interested cases, if we keep up appearances, after marriage, the wife becomes a clog and incumbrance; if we throw off the mask, we are making a worthy woman, perhaps, miserable, who has afforded the only means of making her husband easy.

Rand. Mighty romantic, truly! and charming policy for a fellow without a guinea!

Scru. My policy was chosen from the proverb, Random; I thought honesty the best. I confessed to her my embarrassed circumstances—

Rand. Charming!

Scru. Told her I had nothing to boast of but my family; whom my imprudence had disoblighed—

Rand. Excellent!

Scru. And thus, by candidly acknowledging myself unworthy her affections, I, undesignedly, insured them.

Rand. Pooh! this may do well enough for the grave, sentimental, elder sister; but Kitty's the girl for my taste; young, wild, frank, and ready to run into my arms, without the trouble of dying or sighing. Her mind full of fun, her eyes full of fire, her head full of novels, and her heart full of love—ay, and her pocket full of money, my boy!

Scru. Well, we must now find means to introduce ourselves to the family: I dread encountering the old folks, too; people in the country, here, are apt to be suspicious; they ask queer questions sometimes.

Rand. Oh! the mere effect of their situation; where they get more health than polish.

Scru. And yet, old country families—

Rand. Are like old country bacon—d—d fat and very rusty, Scruple. But come, let's to breakfast, and settle our plan over a cup of coffee. But where the devil's our scoundrel? we only hired him overnight, and have scarce set eyes on him since.

Scru. What, our joint lacquey? that we engaged for the expedition, to avoid inquiries; to wait on us both, dress us both, and fly on both our errands, like a shuttlecock between two battledores?

Rand. Yes; or like another Atlas, with all our world upon his shoulders. Only look at him, Scruple!

Enter TIPTOE, with a small portmanteau.

Tip. Gentlemen, shall I put down the luggage?

Scru. Ay, on this table.

Tip. (*Putting it down.*) Whew! It's enough to make a man faint to look at it.

Rand. Why, you scoundrel, it's all you have to bring in; and we have contrived, on purpose to make it easy, to put both our clothes in one portmanteau.

Tip. That's the very reason I complain, sir. You don't know how fatiguing it is to carry double.

Rand. A shrewd fellow this. He may be of use to us. (*Apart to Scru.*)—And now we have to inquire, pray, sir, what may your name be?

Tip. Tiptoe—Tiptoe, gentlemen, at your service. I have seen better days, no offence to your honours: honest Tiptoe once stood above the world; but now all the world stands upon Tiptoe.

Scru. And pray, sir, what were you formerly?

Tip. A decent young man, sir, that could dress wigs, write a running-hand, and preferred a sober, steady family. I shaved my old master, bottled off his wine, copied his papers, and kept the key of

his cabinet and cellar; in short, sir, I was his prime minister.

Seru. How came you to leave him, sir?

Tip. Ruined by party, sir; some of his papers were missing, and as I kept the key, I—

Rand. Began to be suspected; eh! honest Tiptoe?

Tip. Why, I can't tell how it was, sir; but the cabinet was against me; the whole house opposed me; and poor Tiptoe, like other great men—

Rand. Was turned out, I take it?

Tip. Oh, fie! no, sir; I resigned. I then fairly advertised my abilities—"Wants a place—can turn his hand to everything;" you, gentlemen, bid most for me; here I am, and I hope you'll have no cause to complain of my qualifications.

Seru. He'll make no bad ambassador for us, at least, Random; and now to breakfast, and our plan of operations. If they fail, farewell, dear, dear, little England! and yet I am wedded to thee—

Rand. Like modern husbands to their wives, Scruple: it's almost impossible to be seen in one another's company any longer. [*Exit with Scruple.*]

Tip. Very fine company I seem to have got into! hired, in one instant, by two men I had not heard of three moments; set out on a journey at four in the morning; and it had scarce struck five, when I began to suspect they were all sixes and sevens.— [*Enter French Waiter.*—Well, friend!

Fr. Wait. Serviteur, monsieur!

Tip. Friend! Oh, lord! no; it's the enemy. French waiters creep into shabby Dover inns, like French footmen into large London families. French footmen! more shame for their employers! who starve their own poor countrymen, to feed a set of skinny scoundrels, whose looks give the lie to their living, and prove their master's head in much nicer order than his heart. What, you come to carry up the portmanteau, I suppose?

Fr. Wait. Oui, de portmanteau, dat belong to—

Tip. Well, take it; and take care of it, too, monsieur; none of your old tricks of running away.

Fr. Wait. Never you fear; laissez moi faire. "Oh! de roast beef of old England!" [*Exit, singing.*]

Tip. There go all the worldly goods of my two poor masters; and here comes our inquisitive puppy of a landlord. Deuce take the fellow! he asked me more questions at the bar of the inn, than if I had been brought to the bar of the Old Bailey!

Enter PAUL PEERY.

Paul. Ah! my honest friend! sweet, honest Mr. Tiptoe, your servant.

Tip. (*Aside.*) How did he pick up my name, now?

Paul. I hope the two worthy gentlemen, I have shewn above stairs, have everything to their satisfaction. Though I say it, that should not say it, Paul Peery, of the Ship, was ever famous for giving satisfaction. Which of the two do you serve, my

Tip. Humph! Serve! Why—a— [*friend?*]

Paul. His honour in grey? or—

Tip. Ay.

Paul. Or the worthy gentleman in green?

Tip. Yes.

Paul. Humph! Two sweet gentlemen, indeed; and happy is one of 'em in a servant. You seem to give double the attendance of an ordinary footman.

Tip. Why, though I say it, that shouldn't say it, Tim Tiptoe was ever famous for giving satisfaction.

Paul. A close fellow! (*Aside.*) Well, I wish 'em success with all my heart, Mr. Tiptoe. You have lived with 'em a long while, I imagine?

Tip. Why, I have lived with 'em long enough, for that matter, Mr. Peery.

Paul. They are of property, no doubt!

Tip. Of such property, master Peery, it's impossible to describe it.

Paul. Indeed! and where may their property lie at this time? [*coast, at this time.*]

Tip. I believe all their property lies on the sea—

Paul. Oh, oh! the sea-coast! What, in ships, I

Tip. Yes; it's all in the Ship. [*imagine?*]

Paul. So, so! merchants! rich rogues, I'll lay my life. (*Aside.*) Ah! warm, warm! Good men, Mr. Tiptoe; trusted by everybody, I warrant.

Tip. Trusted for a great while, too, I promise you.

Paul. I hope they find everything to their liking. — Must be civil here. (*Aside.*) I hope the room suits their honours? I should be sorry to give any offence. I have given 'em a room I give to the best of company.

Tip. Oh! excellent! make no apologies: your room is as good as your company, master Peery.

Rand. (*Without.*) D—n your house! Here, Tiptoe! Tiptoe, you scoundrel!

Tip. Coming directly, sir. You are right; you were always famous for giving satisfaction.

Rand. (*Without.*) Tiptoe!

Paul. Hark! is it your master?

Tip. Faith! I do not know. It's either his honour in grey, or the worthy gentleman in green. Good b'ye, master Peery.

Rand. (*Without.*) Tiptoe!

Tip. Coming, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Paul. Why, what the devil can these merchants do at Dover? A bit of a smuggling business, perhaps. They must be rich fellows by the servant's being so saucy; and then, they call about 'em, and abuse the house so kindly! Oh! your abusive fellows are the best customers in the world; for none pay so well at an inn as those who are always d—ing the waiters for ill-treatment. (*Bar-bellings.*)

Enter Waiter.

Wait. Sir David Dunder, of Dunder Hall, sir, has had business in the town before breakfast, and steep in, whilst his horses put-to, to go back. [*Exit.*]

Paul. Ods my life! a rich man, a good-natured gentleman, and lives but a mile off: the only great man, I know, whose situation never keeps me at a great distance. An odd fellow, too; and takes more money from my house than a tax-gatherer; I can never keep a guest for his cursed kind invitations. But he pays well while he stays. So, William! wife! hostler! rub down the horses, and shew up Sir David Dunder. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter PAUL PEERY with SIR DAVID DUNDER.

Sir D. Pooh! Paul, you're a blockhead—there's two of 'em you tell me!

Paul. Worth a plum a-piece, Sir David.

Sir D. Plums! figs! How's your wife, Paul, eh?

Paul. She's pretty—

Sir D. Be quiet; I know she is. And so, these two merchants are as rich as—

Paul. Nothing, your honour.

Sir D. D—d good simile! very new, too. Have they taken care of the horses?

Paul. They're going to—

Sir D. Be quiet; I know it. Merchants! hazard! Vessels are lottery tickets; two blanks to a prize.

Paul. Right, your honour; and the sea—

Sir D. Is the worst wheel in the world for 'em, Paul; for when once they stick at the bottom, I would not give a farthing for the chance of their coming up. Where do they come from?

Paul. London: London merchants; and they—

Sir D. I know it, you blockhead—are respected all over the world. London merchants, Paul, are like London porter; a little heavy or so, sometimes; but stout, stiff, heady, old hogsheads, that keep up the vigour of a strong English constitution. Where are they going? [*any intelligence—*]

Paul. I can't tell, Sir David; but if you wish for *Sir D.* You can't give it me. Tell 'em I wish to be introduced, d'ye hear? Sir David Dunder, Dunder Hall—you know the form—Bart: bloody hand, all that—wishes to—Who have we here?

Paul. The very men, Sir David; coming this way, *Sir D.* Then do you get out on't. [*too.*]

Paul. So! two more guests going by his cursed invitations. [*Exit.*]

Sir D. (*Looking out.*) 'Gad! they are youngish men for merchants. Well, why the worse? They may be clever fellows, for all that. If so, the

younger the better; and a man must be clever, indeed, when his enemies can throw nothing but his youth in his teeth.—[Enter RANDOM and SCRUPLE.]

Rand. Nay, prythee, Scruple, one turn on the quay, and—who is he? Egad! the same queer fellow we observed just now under the window.

Scru. Right; giving orders to his coachman.

Sir D. Gentlemen, your servant.

Rand. & Scru. Sir, your very obedient!

Sir D. My landlord tells me—honest Paul, here—you've just left London. Good journey, I hope. Our town of Dover is but an odd, whimsical sort of a—eh! and, after the city, you think it a d—d dirty, dingy kind of a—humph!

Scru. Why, sir, at present, we can't say we are tired of the exchange.

Sir D. The Exchange! Oh, oh! Paul's right! (Aside.) I know it. The Exchange, as you say, for people in your situation is much pleasanter.

Scru. Sir! Our situation!

Sir D. Be quiet; my host has let me into your characters. [anything of—]

Rand. The devil he has! And how should he know

Sir D. Nay, don't be angry; no harm: mere inuendo—didn't tell plump—talked of your dealings.

Scru. Dealings! [sumed to—]

Rand. Why, zounds! the scoundrel has not pre-

Sir D. Must be rich—d—d crusty! (Aside.) You're right, though, can't be too cautious. I would not wish to pry. Mean nothing but respect, upon my soul! How many clerks do you keep?

Rand. & Scru. Clerks!

Sir D. Can't do without them, you know. Fine folks, though, all you, eh! Props of the public; bulwarks of Britain. Always brought forward as an example to the world. Been in the stocks lately,

Scru. Hell and the devil! [gentlemen?]

Sir D. That's right, don't tell. I like you the better. You see what I know of you, and—

Rand. Sir, we suspect what you imagine, and—

Sir D. I know it. You wonder to see me so devilish distant. I live but a mile off: Lady Dunder, a sweet, fine, fat woman—my wife, by-the-by—will be happy to entertain gentlemen of—

Rand. How! Lady Dunder your wife? (Hastily.)

Scru. Is Lady Dunder your wife, sir? (Hastily.)

Sir D. Eh! my wife, my wife! Why, yes, I think so. She is not your's, is she?

Scru. Oh! you'll pardon us, sir; only we have heard the name of Sir David Dunder in this country, before. [known, I believe, everywhere.]

Sir D. Like enough; the Dunders are pretty well

Rand. Certainly; indeed, you were the last person in our mouths, Sir David.

Sir D. Popped in apropos, eh! Never knew it otherwise. Just like Simon Spongy, our curate; never knocks but at dinner, and always comes in with the cloth. But we are notorious for hospitality to strangers of your stamp; and if you can spare a day or two at Dunder Hall—all in the family way, you know: Sir David, that's me; lady and two misses; two fine young women, upon my soul, as any in Kent; tall as hop-poles—will be happy to—eh!

Scru. Sir, you're particularly kind; but—

Rand. We'll attend you with pleasure, Sir David.

Sir D. Will you? that's right. It's close by; quite convenient. And if necessity obliges you to come to the coast here, why, 'tis but a mile. All in my power. I know your business, and we'll have the horses directly. We shall be at home time enough for a late breakfast. Here—eh! I'll step to coach myself; but don't, don't abuse honest Paul; meant no harm, upon my soul! mere inuendo—a slight sketch, but no profession specified. Paul is like other inn-keepers, blunders and talks: a d—d deal of the bull and mouth about him; but no more meaning than a split crow, or a spread eagle, egad! [Exit.]

Rand. Give me your hand, my boy! the day's our own; the luckiest hit in the world!

Scru. Do you think so?

Rand. Think so! Zounds! what's the matter with you? Isn't the very man we have been following, the first man we have met? Hasn't he thrown open his doors to us, when we only hoped to get in at his window? Isn't he our father-in-law that is to be, and hasn't he given us an invitation?

Scru. Granted: and what then?

Rand. What then? Why, then, instead of reconnoitring the whole day round his wall, we have nothing to do but to walk in, whisk away with the girls, and be married immediately.

Scru. And is this to be our return, Mr. Random, for Sir David's kindness?

Rand. Why, how can you make a better, than by giving such a strong proof of your attachment to his family?

Scru. For shame, Random! basely endeavour to injure a man, whose hospitality has brought you under his roof! No, no; our reconnoitring plan, indeed! weak as you may think it, I should prefer going to his wall, as you say, I assure you.

Rand. Very likely; the weakest always go there. Remember, however, I scorn a mean action, as much as any man; but if a good marriage is the readiest road to the reconciliation with our friend, who can, if they choose, make us easy, I see no great injury offered to Sir David, nor his family.

Scru. Why, in that case, to be sure—

Rand. Ay, ay; no more of your cases now, good doctor; but follow my prescriptions, I entreat you. Besides, my father is expected from the south of France every day. He may arrive before we have brought matters to bear; and fathers are apt to spoil sport, you know. [Enter TIPTOE.]

Tip. The old gentleman, sir, with the old coach, is inquiring for you in the court-yard.

Scru. Oh! Sir David! *allons!* Follow us, sirrah. We haven't a moment to spare.

Rand. That's right, Scruple! stick close; for he seems so whimsical an old fellow, that he may get into his carriage, drive off, and forget he has ever given us an invitation. Come along, Tiptoe; quick, quick, you scoundrel! [Exit with Scruple.]

Tip. Quick! Zounds! I'm almost dead. All night, bumping down to Dover, on a ragged, raw-boned, post-horse, with a brace of pistols at my knees; and, as soon as we arrive, clapt up behind a queer, country coach, with a couple of leather straps in my hand, to be rattled back again. Ah! Tiptoe, Tiptoe! you must get into a sober family again, I see. My running-hand will be all I have left for it at last; for I shall be run off my feet, I find, in a fortnight. [Exit.]

ACT II.—SCENE I.—A Room in the Ship inn.

Enter ROUNDLEE and QUIRK.

Round. Why, I told you so, all along; but you have no more head than a smooth shilling.

Quirk. No, but I have a mouth, if you would let me open it.

Round. Yes, and then you'd shut it again; just as you do at my dinners; where you have been opening and shutting it, any time these ten years.

Quirk. What, and haven't I deserved it? haven't I filled more parchments for you than stomachs; more skins than bellies; and closed many an account before I could close my orifice? haven't I given you a character in the courts, good-humouredly establishing your reputation, before I regarded my own? Haven't I sworn for you, and roundly, too, Mr. Roundlee? [good swallow.]

Round. Well, well, I always allowed you had a *Quirk.* Wasn't I, when you were tottering, friend enough to take out a commission of bankruptcy against you? and didn't I kindly make myself a cruel creditor, and insist upon receiving three parts of your effects? [ruin with gratitude?]

Round. And haven't I always acknowledged my *Quirk.* No, nor anything else. I have dangled after half the heirs in town, without an acknow-

ledgment; making myself the imaginary friend of their imaginary wants, merely to introduce 'em to you, as a man of honour and secrecy.

Round. Ay, if required.

Quirk. Granted; it says so in the advertisement. And did not they come to you, when, if it was not for me, they would have been accommodated at a genteel end of the town? Instead of which, I trudged 'em through the Strand, towards the Bar, all winter long, with their boots and high collars, for fear of sore throats, to chew your tough chops in the back parlour. Then they'd clap you on the back, call you by your christian name, tell d—d lies, and swear you were an honest fellow, to make you come down with the ready. And who was the disinterested, moderate man, to settle a proper premium between the parties? Why, I, to be sure.

Round. And is there a worse security in the world than your fellows of fashion? Your snug man of business, when he puts his name to a note, is always punctual in his payment; or else we lock him in limbo; safe in the house of bondage. Now, your man of fashion always gets safe in another house; and if he can't duly pay, why he gets duly elected, and I have a false return for my money.

Quirk. That's not the case here, you know.

Round. No, but it's as bad. A pretty wild-goose chase we have had here! Rammed into a post-chaise, with more expense than speed; gaping at hops, through a cursed small-beer country, and after two youngsters, who, by this time, I take it, have hopped over to Calais. That's another genteel way of chousing an honest creditor. The coast of France is edged with English insolvents. Calais is a King's-bench, and Boulogne little more than a Marshalsea. A parcel of prodigal, web-footed spend-thrifts come here, and take water like ducks—

Quirk. Yes, but they are lame ducks.

Round. While we, who have hatched 'em, like hens, in the shell of their dissipation, stand clucking complaints on the shore, without daring to follow.

Quirk. Come, come, accidents will happen.

Round. And who brought this accident about, but the dapper Mr. Quirk? with your plaguy politico pate! a thick Symond's-inn skull, only fit to peep through a pillory. You must be sending me your two fine St. James's gentlemen. D—e! there's more poor rogues, I believe, in that parish than in St. Giles's: all in a gang, too; knaves of clubs every one of them—and there my two youngsters, coaxed me over with a pretty refreshing story of friends in the country, and rich old fathers, with fine crazy constitutions; charming church-yard coughs, and pretty touches of the rheumatism; sweet bile, and delightful bad livers! It put one in spirits to hear them talk; and you, you booby, to back it.

Quirk. Why, I had it from the best authority. However, young Random's father is abroad for his health; and everybody says in a fine, fair way of dying; and then you'll be in a fair way of recovery. The report is current, my old lad.

Round. Yes, and the son got current cash for it; and now he must go abroad, too; with a cursed consumptive pocket, I warrant: and that other oily-tongued fellow, Mr. Scruple—

Quirk. But why call me in question? Could not you see for yourself? Didn't they ask you to dine with 'em? and weren't you foolish enough to drink, and grow open-hearted? and then, when Random told you he'd take you to Shooter's-hill in his phaë-

Round. Psha! no such thing. [ton—

Quirk. And introduce you to Peggy Pattens, who said you had fine eyes, if you did not squint, and a good walk, if you did not stoop—

Round. Hush!

Quirk. Didn't you chuckle, and whisper he was an honest fellow? and though I kept winking, and pulling your sleeve, did not you take notes which were due the day they set off, and give a draft for the three thousand?

Round. Zounds! it's enough to drive one mad to think on't! You got the warrant backed by the Sheriff of Canterbury?

Quirk. Yes, by the Sub; and all may be repaired at last. We have traced 'em truly to this house, and if the tide hasn't served, we may nab 'em yet. Come along, old Round. We'll pump the waiters, sound our host, and success, no doubt, will crown our inquiries. Come along! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—An Apartment in Dunder Hall.
SIR DAVID DUNDER, LADY DUNDER, RANDOM,
and SCRUPLE, discovered at breakfast.

Rand. We are only mortified, Sir David, as we have not had the pleasure of seeing the young ladies, that we are deprived of their company at breakfast.

Sir D. Psha! Nonsense! Mustn't mind that.—T'other cup, eh? (*To Random.*) Always the case with my girls.—Lump o' sugar! (*To Scruple.*)

Scru. Not any.

Lady D. They are taking their constant morning's round, gentlemen. They always breakfast before the rest of the family; and are generally breathing the air of the shrubbery, while Sir David and I are sipping our tea and chocolate.

Sir D. Be quiet, I know it. Picking posies, gathering daisies and daffy-down-dillies. Pretty pastoral girls, though, I assure you: very like mamma.

Lady D. Oh, Sir David!

Sir D. Hush! The very picture of my dear Lady Dunder. Not so plump, perhaps; but all in good time.—Bit more muffin!

Scru. The young ladies, Sir David, are happy in their resemblance of so accomplished a mother.

Sir D. Yes; like as three peas. My lady, indeed, has more of the marrow-fat. (*All rise.*)

Lady D. Why, people do flatter, I confess. None of our neighbours but are pretty partial to the Dunders. Not an assembly round, but my girls are first called out to move in a minuet; and always stand the head couples in a country-dance.

Rand. We make no doubt, madam. The charms which your ladyship's daughters must inherit—

Sir D. Be quiet. Asked everywhere, I promise you. Quite the delight of Dover. Acted all the tragedy parts, too, at my friend Thing-em-bob's. Harriet got great applause, upon my soul: but Kitty was so cursed comical!—did Desdemona one night; gets killed, you know, by a bolster.

Scru. An agreeable amusement! Gentlemen's playhouses are much to be wished for.

Sir D. Fine fun, isn't it? We had a touch of dramatics once ourselves, at the hall here; gutted a kitchen, and filled it with fly-flaps. All gentlemen-players, you know.

Rand. A kitchen! And how did your players perform? [flat as the dresser.

Sir D. Players! Pokers! Empty as pots; and as *Lady D.* Oh, fie! Sir David! You know, Sir Simon Squab came down from London on purpose; and everybody said his Romeo was charming.

Sir D. Eh! 'gad! that's true; forgot Squab. True, deary; fine, very fine, indeed, for a gentleman: his figure, to be sure, wasn't so cleverly cut out for the character. A fat, fussy phiz, sunk between a couple of round shoulders, and, d—me! he croaked like a toad in a hole. What do you say to a hop in the garden, eh? Look at the lawn?

Rand. Why, at present, Sir David—

Sir D. I know it—rather not. That's right: no nonsense: I hate excuses. Looks like rain; cursed cloudy; and all that. No ceremony here.

Scru. A little rest after a journey is—

Sir D. Right. By-the-by, talking of that, after a journey, I met with Kit—D'ye know Kit Skurry?

Rand. Never heard of him.

Scru. Nor I.

Sir D. An odd, harum-scarum, absent, slightly fish. Old friend of ours; but a d—d quiz: got acquainted in the queerest way in the world.

Lady D. I've heard Sir David mention—

Sir D. Be quiet. Coming from Paul's one night, where I picked you up in an odd sort of a strange

Scru. Why it was rather— [style—

Sir D. Hush! Got into my coach; all alone, dull as hell, dark as the devil: so, to amuse myself, fell

Rand. Entertaining, indeed! [fast asleep.

Sir D. Very—I know it. When the carriage came to the hill, rubbed my eyes to wake, out of one corner, and saw Skurry stuck up in the other. I thought coachy had crammed in a corpse.

Rand. It looked rather suspicious.

Sir D. Took him for dead, as I hope to live.

Rand. How did you behave?

Sir D. Sat still: frightened out of my wits, till I got home; and John came out with a candle.

Scru. And how did he behave?

Sir D. Easy enough. Got drunk upon business; going to town; popped into my carriage for the mail-coach, to secure a good place before the rest of the passengers; and, as the hostler crossed the yard in the dark, bid him shut the door, and be d—d to him. Made us monstrous merry, didn't it,

Lady D. Extremely. [love?

Sir D. Yes, my lady laughed till she was ready to—Go to the farm, eh? Peep at the pigs?

Lady D. Lard! Sir David, how you tease gentlemen to walk, who have scarcely recovered from the rattle of the road: your friends have no relish for pigs now; besides, it's so late, we shall hardly have time to dress for dinner.

Sir D. Eh! 'gad! that's true. No dinner without dressing. Won't walk? Well, do as you like: I leave you here with my dear Lady Dunder. (*To Lady D.*) Talk to 'em, deary, do; give 'em a sketch of the county. Some Dover scandal and Canterbury tales; quite in your way, lovey. She knows

Scru. Indeed! [all about you.

Sir D. Yes, I told all, just as I had it from Paul. Make her prattle to you, do you hear? Devilish deal of solid sense about her, I assure you.

Rand. That we are convinced of.

Sir D. I'll just take a turn, and abuse my people; see what's going on within and without; house and garden; farm and fire-side: look at the plate and the pantry; gape at the geese, and the ducks, and the dogs, and the hogs, and the logs. Must go—d—d sorry: must mind my little cutter of cabbages; an idle, eating, cheating dog! and would sooner be d—d than dig. He's of no more use in the garden than Adam: for he steals every apple he can find, and won't even take the pains of grafting a gooseberry-bush. [Exit.

Scru. I hope we don't detain your ladyship from walking?

Lady D. By no means: Sir David's horse-walks have given me a dislike to so fatiguing an exercise. I drive round the grounds in a whiskey, now and then; or a canter on a pony—

Rand. But, while Sir David is at his farm, your ladyship has probably your menagerie to attend. Is your ladyship fond of birds in that style?

Lady D. Oh! no, I prefer a little canary in my closet, to all the birds of the air in England.

Scru. No getting rid of her, I see. (*Aside.*) I wonder your ladyship has given up walking, too; the air of this garden is delightful.

Rand. Charming! And this lawn before the house here. (*Walking up to the glass-door with Scruple.*)

Enter KITTY, with flowers, HARRIET following.

Kitty. Oh! mamma, mamma! see what a big bundle of flowers I have got.

Lady D. Hush! Kitty—Consider!

Kitty. Eh! what, company? Oh, lud! Two Jemmies, I vow. Do, mamma, introduce us.

Lady D. For heaven's sake! girl—Gentlemen, give me leave to introduce—

Kitty. La! mamma, you are so round about always. I'll go and give 'em one of my best curtsies. You'll see now: I'll do it in half the time. (*Random and Scruple come forward. Kitty goes up to Random,*

begins curtsying, looks in his face, drops the flowers, and screams.) Oh!

Rand. Ah! the young lady's taken ill.

Lady D. Mercy on me! Why, girl! why, Kitty! What's the matter with you? (*They put her in a chair.*)

Kitty. Nothing, mamma—nothing—but something that— [I believe.

Rand. Something that was in the flowers, madam,

Kitty. Yes, yes; a great— [you dropt 'em.

Rand. A great wasp. I heard it buzz by me, as *Kitty.* Yes, a wasp: it was so. I declare it has so flurried me; seeing what I so little expected. (*Looking at Random.*)

Rand. How do you find yourself now, madam? A little flurried still, I'm afraid.

Lady D. And I to be without my smelling-bottle, too! Bless me! why, Harriet, you give no more assistance than—

Har. Excuse me, madam; but seeing my sister so suddenly taken ill—

Scru. Has quite affected Miss Harriet's spirits. One turn in the air will relieve them. If the young lady will give me leave to attend her into the garden.

Lady D. You're extremely kind, sir: go, my love. Poor, dear, sympathetic girl! The gentleman will assist you.

Scru. I'll take the tenderest care of her, be assured, madam. [Exit with Harriet.

Rand. If your ladyship would favour us with a little hartshorn—

Lady D. Lard! that I should be so stupid as to leave my salts on the dressing-table. I'll run for them myself in a minute. Sit still, Kitty, my dear; a little of Dalmahoy's pungent will relieve you presently, I warrant. [Exit.

Rand. And now, my dear Kitty!

Kitty. (*Rising.*) Hush, hush! Lud! you have frightened me out of my wits: I have hardly breath to ask you a question. Where did you come from? who brought you here? how long do you stay? and who do you go away with?

Rand. I came from London; brought here by your father; stay till to-night; and go away with you, my angel. So much for question and answer.

Kitty. With me! You might have asked my consent first, I think.

Rand. Nay, nay, we have no time for forms, now. Your mother will be back instantly, and we may want opportunities: your father knows nothing of me nor my friend; but picked us up at the inn with a common invitation: but delays might produce some cross accident to make our designs known, and defeat our plan. The family retires early, I find: we shall order a post-coach to the garden wall at eleven. Now, Kitty, if we could but find the outside of a certain chamber-door—

Kitty. Oh, gemini! you must not venture along the gallery. You and Mr. Scruple will be at the farther end of it. All the visitors will sleep there. Papa and mamma next to you, and Harriet and I beyond them. I would not venture out for the world.

Rand. No, but if Scruple and I were to venture.

Kitty. Oh! it would be to no purpose. We shall have nothing to do with it: you may creep about in the dark as much as you please, we won't assist you, I promise you. We won't—no, we won't even put a chair on the outside of the door, that you may know our room from the others.

Rand. Thanks, thanks! my dear, sweet, charming, bewitching, little—(*Embracing her.*)

Enter LADY DUNDER, hastily.

Lady D. Here are the salts,

Rand. That's right, madam; lean upon me: walking about will be of infinite service, I am certain.

Lady D. You're very good, indeed, Mr. Random. How are you now, Kitty?

Kitty. Recovered vastly. Much easier since you left us, mamma.

Lady D. Ay, ay, I knew it would be soon over. Foolish girl, to be in a flutter at such a trifle! but,

come, we have troubled Mr. Random too much already: we'll take our leave, and dress for the day. To be alarmed at an insect, indeed!

Kitty. La! mamma, why not? [ship imagines.

Rand. Certainly, there's more in it than your lady-

Lady D. Well, well; you're very good—but—ha, ha, ha! Sir David will laugh finely at this: tottering in a chair, and—you won't forget to tell it at dinner, I dare say.

Kitty. Well, I deserve to be laughed at, I see: foolish enough, to be sure. Come, mamma. (*Taking Lady D.'s arm, and looking archly at Random.*) You won't forget the chair, I dare say. Mr. Random.

[*Exit with Lady D.*

Rand. So! this even exceeds my warmest expectations. If Scruple follows Harriet up closely, our success is certain: but he is so shilly-shally. D—n it, if he lets her reflect, we are lost. Women were never born for reflection; and whenever they have any, it's generally used to turn all our schemes topsy-turvy.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Garden belonging to Dunder Hall.*

HARRIET and SCRUPLE discovered.

Scru. Why, Harriet, why torture me with these needless objections?

Har. Needless! Good heavens! how can I accept your proposals? the indelicacy, the consequences which may follow; the steps, too, your friend is taking with my younger sister—

Scru. My life on't, are guided by honour; and the emergency, the occasion, everything conspires in urging us to take advantage of the moment. The scheme I have proposed is—

Har. In your present situation rash, even to madness: time, too, without so hasty a proceeding, may produce circumstances in our favour. A little delay—

Scru. Will occasion, perhaps, an eternal separation: you know my situation; know that, with prudence, (a virtue, which, I confess, I have hitherto neglected,) it may be essentially altered for the better: but the anxieties I shall suffer by delay; the engagements, which the commands of a father may oblige you to subscribe to; all convince me, if your regard continues, you will favour my warmest wishes. This very evening, Harriet—

Har. Impossible! Press me no further, I beseech you. The peace of a family depends on my conduct. Parents have ties on me, Mr. Scruple, which I should shudder to violate. [for you—

Scru. Absurd! Have not they proposed a match

Har. A detested one, I own: but a thousand accidents may prevent its going forward; and, till I see the strongest necessity for securing my own happiness, I dare not risk the happiness of others, so very, very near to me.

Scru. Still, still, Harriet, this delay!—why take pleasure in tormenting me?

Har. It is not in my nature: bred up in the country, I have imbibed notions, which the refinement of a town education might term romantic; for I have preferred happiness to splendour; nor have I blushed to own to you, the affections of an honest, generous mind, have much more weight with me, than the allurements of pomp and fortune: apprised of these sentiments, tempt me no more, I beg, sir; nor strive to take advantage of a partiality, which would be ill-placed on one who would recommend to me so inconsiderate a behaviour.

Scru. Confusion! But I am to blame, madam; I have relied too much on that partiality, which I see cannot surmount the slightest obstacles. I see I have offended; I shall soon quit a house, madam, where I find my presence is disagreeable. (*Going.*)

Har. Unkind! ungenerous man! you, too, who read my heart; who see its tenderness, and what this struggle costs me: but prudence urges your departure; go, then; I cannot, dare not, follow you: my actions are not at my disposal. Ah! if they were, I'd share my fortunes with you to be happy.

Scru. Dear, sweet simplicity! Oh! Harriet, forgive my petulance; pardon a passion, whose warmth consumes all bonds. Yes, yes, I will be prudent for your sake, Harriet; and yet I must not lose you; but wish and wait for happier times.

Har. The time will come, assure yourself. My father may put off this match.

Scru. If he should hasten it?

[*ness.*

Har. Why, then—Nay, nay, you know my weakness. *Scru.* Then I will be content; you must at last be mine. (*Taking her hand.*) Till then, I'll watch with anxious care about you; still cherish hopes, still curb them at your bidding. Prudence shall chasten passion; prudence, like this fan, my Harriet, tempers the bosom's heat, but never chills it.

Har. Then keep it: (*giving the fan*) keep it as an emblem of your conduct; and when I claim it, which one day, no doubt, I shall, be it from difficulties removed or yet increasing, or from whatever cause, when once I take it, account me all your own.

Scru. My lovely girl! Oh! may that day—

Sir D. (*Without.*) Hallo! girls! plague on't! why, where the deuce—[*Enter SIR DAVID DUNDER.*]—Oh! here you are! aha! got acquainted already—that's right: he's as pretty a promising sprig of a—what's he talking of? somewhat sensible—mentioning me?

[*David?*

Scru. We were just talking of you, indeed, Sir

Sir D. Like enough; what, you've got my young puss in a corner?

Scru. I was explaining to Miss Harriet, sir—

Sir D. I know it: isn't she an apt scholar! had it all from me; sticks to a point, keeps close to a subject: harkye! Hal, got news for you—a letter

Har. About me, papa?

[*from London.*

Sir D. Every tittle. Full of flames, settlements, constancy, contracts, peace, and pin-money—made up the match; here it is, (*showing the letter*) as neat a mixture of love and law! nothing but harmony and business: just like a drum—all music and parchment. You'll stay the wedding, won't you?

Scru. That I'm afraid will be out of my power.

Sir D. Pooh! pr'ythee, 'twon't be long; make us monstrous happy: Random and you now, eh? shall make no noise about it. Just a snugg party. Only a few friends, a roasted ox, a blind fiddler, and a hop in the hall.

Scru. May I ask the gentleman's name?

Sir D. Lord Snolts. D'y'e know him?

Scru. His person only; which is by no means in his favour: his lordship is somewhat gummy, extremely short, too, Sir David.

Sir D. Ah! no great hopes of his growing neither. My lord will be five-and-forty come Lammas, I take it.

[*love.*

Scru. Rather an advanced age to begin making

Sir D. Right; we sha'n't lose a moment: he has been making money, however, this long time; rich as a Rabbi.

Scru. Money, I fear, Sir David, is not the only ingredient necessary in matrimony.

Sir D. No! what else?

Scru. The power of Cupid, sometimes.

Sir D. Curse Cupid! he has not a halfpenny to buy him breeches. A love match won't light you a candle, egad!

Scru. And yet a stupid, old, ugly husband, is—

Sir D. I know it: like a heavy old-fashioned piece of plate—always handsome when he's rich.

Har. (*After reading the letter.*) Be here tomorrow! Bless me, this is so sudden, so unexpected.

Sir D. Right! the best way in the world in these cases. All settled now, but the ceremony; that we'll finish as soon as possible. Marriage is a kind of cold bath, Hal! never stand trembling on the brink: dash away—one plunge, a slight shock, and business is over.

Har. But you know, papa, I have scarcely ever seen his lordship: it will be so hasty.

Sir D. Be quiet! I know it; married so myself,

Hal. Shouldn't have had my dear Lady Dunder, if I had not been hasty. All agreed on before we met; coupled in a quarter of an hour after I saw her; come together as people dance minnets; I bowed, she courtesied, and, egad! I had her by the left hand in a moment.

Scru. But the case here is different. Her ladyship had but little reason for wishing delay: if all husbands, indeed, had equal accomplishments—

Sir D. Eh! why something in that; men aren't all alike; everybody is not blessed with manner and style to—eh!—few such figures as I. But Hal, here, is grave, and studies the mind. My lord has told her his already, you know. So, as soon as he comes, why—

Har. Let me entreat you, sir, not to be so precipitate; let me take a little time to—

Sir D. Take time! Pooh, time steals too fast to be taken, now, Hal. My lord leaves London to-morrow; be here to dinner, to church, in the evening to—eh!—why, what ails you? Look as red, and as pale as— [of the—]

Har. The weather, sir; nothing more—the heat. Sir D. Odso, true; forgot that. Been broiling here in the sun, like a lot of negroes: we'll walk to the house, and—

Har. I attend you; but it has really so overcome me—I—almost want strength to follow you. (Embarrassed.) I want—

Scru. Your fan, madam?

Sir D. Ay, right: a few flaps in the face would bring her about in a second.

Scru. This, madam, which you have just permitted me the honour of carrying for you?

Sir D. Eh! Did she? Give it her. Take it, Hal.

Har. Shall I, papa?

Sir D. To be sure. Can't well do without it, I think, at present. A mighty civil, dangling, well-bred sort of a—carries it on purpose for you, you see, to give you on all occasions.

Har. If then, on this occasion, the gentleman will return it—(Hesitating.) [dam.]

Scru. With the utmost pleasure, believe me, ma— Sir D. Well done, Dangle, egad! Flap away, Hal. Do you a deal of good.

Har. (Fanning.) How refreshing to the spirits!

Scru. Certainly; it is—it is a sign, Sir David.

Sir D. I know it. Women can't do without 'em. All their airs and graces depend upon it. The tap, flap, flirt, crack, peep, pat, and a hundred uses besides, which I have no notion of. [had, papa.]

Har. (Fanning.) It would not be proper if you

Sir D. Like enough: but let's in, and open our budget: quite delight my lady with the news: she'll be in a terrible pucker. A fine fuss with preparations to-morrow, I warrant: up to the neck in beef, gowns, ducks, jewels, ribands, and puff pastry. Come, Hal. (Going out.) Soon have your swain kissing your hand. (Scruple kisses it.) Come along: soon settle this. Kitty will be coupled next. Cares are all over; and I can now safely swear that most of my uneasiness is behind me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The Ship Inn.

Enter PAUL PEERY, meeting ROUNDLEE & QUIRK.

Paul. I hope, gentlemen, you have everything to your satisfaction.

Round. I wish we had, with all my heart.

Paul. I am very sorry anything should happen amiss. I do all for the best, your honours—for people in post-chaises. (Aside.)

Quirk. Well, and how goes your house? are you tolerably full at present, eh, landlord?

Paul. Um! Full enough in the larder, your honour. Plenty of fowls, ducks, geese, and pigeons; and butcher's meat in abundance: mutton chops, lamb chops— [cram us with news.]

Round. D—n chops: we don't want victuals:

Quirk. But what company have you? Anybody of note now? Anybody that makes a noise in your house?

Paul. Let me see—first, there's my wife—

Round. Psha! we have nothing to do with your wife, man; we want an acquaintance or two.

Quirk. Ay, haven't you two—two young gentlemen, for instance, above stairs? [parlour.]

Paul. Hum! there's a very old one in the back

Round. Oh, the devil!

Paul. Two young gentlemen indeed came down from London about seven this morning, and they—

Round. & Quirk. What? What?

Paul. Went away about eight, I believe.

Round. D—n! I thought so. [or—]

Quirk. But were they tall or short, or fat or lean,

Paul. Eh! One was in a grey coat, and the other in a green one. Very inquisitive. (Aside.)

Round. (To Quirk.) The very clothes we heard at the hotel they sat out in. What shall we do, Quirk? How shall we turn?

Quirk. Back.

Round. Let's inquire further, however. I suppose now, landlord, you'd like to see two such gentlemen again in your house? [of your's, I imagine?]

Paul. Certainly, your honour. They are friends

Quirk. Why, we should be glad to see 'em again, I promise you. Do you expect 'em back shortly?

Paul. Oh, yes; in a day or two, I make no doubt.

Round. Indeed! I am rejoiced to hear it.

Paul. Nay, perhaps sooner. I guess where they are gone; hardly out of sight of Dover.

Quirk. Ah! at Calais, no doubt; or at Boulogne, edging the coast, as you say, Mr. Roundfee.

Paul. And from what I could gather from the servant, I make no doubt, but their occasions will make them come quickly to our town again.

Round. Rare news, Quirk: you're a very clever, sensible, intelligent fellow, landlord; I am so happy at the thought of seeing my old friends again, egad! I—I begin to find my stomach returning; so you'll get us a chop, and half a pint of your best port.

Paul. It shall be done, sir. Stingy scoundrel!

(Aside.) Here, Lewis.—[Enter Waiter.]—Lay a cloth in the back room, up two pair of stairs, d'ye hear? [into the harbour, sir.]

Wait. Very well, sir. There's the packet just put

Paul. Ha! anybody particular?

Wait. Mr. Random and another gentleman are

Round. Eh! Who? [coming up the quay, sir.]

Quirk. Random! Put back, by all that's lucky.

Paul. Odso! a rare customer! Run, Lewis. [Exit Waiter.] Your snack shall be ready presently, gentlemen, and—

Quirk. But stop and— [tlemen—and—]

Paul. And everything to your satisfaction, gen-

Round. We want to—

Paul. Hot, and hot, gentlemen.

Round. Plague of your—

Paul. And I am your very humble servant, gentlemen.—Coming! [Exit, bawling.]

Round. Huzza! rare news, Quirk. The luckiest hit in the world. They are just come on shore, you see, and we shall come in for the cash, at least their persons, which is something towards it, directly. Come, come, we'll send for an officer whilst we are at dinner and drinking a merry meeting. Come, my dear Quirk, we'll soon settle the business, I warrant; and then, after our hot post-chaise scamper, and I've made sure of my money, we'll travel back slowly, at our ease, in the Dilly. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.—SCENE I.—A Room in the Ship.

Enter OLD RANDOM, leaning on CARNEY.

Old R. Gently, gently, good Carney! The cursed sea breeze has got hold of my hip, and I can no more move, at first setting off, than a post-horse.

Car. There, there! gently—and now Mr. Random, many welcomes to England again. We have been feeding on French air, like chameleons, and you have grown as strong and as stout as a camel.

Old R. But I have a huge lump of cares on my back, notwithstanding.

Car. But health is the great thing to care about. Why you look as hale and as hearty as ever.

Old R. Indeed! do you think so, Carney?

Car. Think! I know it.

Old R. It has been of service. Before I went over I was as pale and as puffy—flesh without colour, and my face peeping through a parcel of wrappers—

Car. For all the world like a mummy.

Old R. How! why don't you see now—

Car. Oh! quite another thing, sir.

Old R. Another thing, sir! Why, you booby, I am as well as ever I was in my life, except a few pains, a gout, and a cough.

Car. Very true, sir.

Old R. Very true! Then why are you so very costive in your congratulations? Oh! the south of France is the best physician in the world; if it can't cure, it seldom kills, and that's more than most doctors can say for themselves. Then the pleasant time we have passed together; I nursing myself, and you keeping me company, in my room, all the while I was sick, in a fine, charming, warm climate.

Car. Ay, happy days, indeed, Mr. Random. The walks too I enjoyed, in imagination, looking out of your window.

Old R. And so you'd wish to have walked out, and be d—d to you! taking your amusements abroad, whilst poor I was taking physic at home. Here's friendship for you! and a pretty return for the pleasure I found in keeping you close to my bedside all the day long. Lord, lord! what few folks feel for anybody but themselves. [yourself.]

Car. Nay, I'm sure I suffered as much as you did

Old R. Well, well; you are the best of the bunch, I believe—the only man I can agree with. What can be the reason of it, Carney?

Car. The similarity of our dispositions, no doubt; for I talk, eat, drink, and think, exactly as you do, Mr. Random.

Old R. Something in that, I believe; but what a singular, cruel case mine is, that with so many connections and a family to boot, I find such few proofs of people liking me. Plagued with a profligate dog of a son, too; who, because I have indulged in a few trifling pleasures myself, thinks that he must be uninterrupted in his vagaries. Zounds! getting children is worse than getting a fever; they keep an incurable heat in one's blood, and cost a devilish deal of money into the bargain. [hope?]

Car. But there is some prospect of a cure here, I *Old R.* No, no—past recovery, I promise you. The dog will be deucedly disappointed to see me so stout again, I fancy. [Coughing.] Eh, Carney?

Car. Impossible, Mr. Random: I can't think him so depraved. I dare say he'll be overjoyed to see you. I am sure, for my part—[pompously.]

Old R. Ay, ay, you are a good soul, Carney, and don't know what ingratitude means—at least I think you don't, for you are continually telling me so; but he—didn't I intend to make him my sole heir, and leave him everything, except my plate, and my pictures, and my houses, and my money? and see his ingratitude! You are talking to me from morning to night of regard and attachment; now he has never made half a dozen of those fine professions

Car. Where is he now? [in his life.]

Old R. Rattling all over the town, I suppose, with his friend Mr. Scruple, without a guinea in his pocket; living like other fashionable puppies, on what he has least of, his wits; laughing at every man who has sense enough not to act and dress like himself; and this is *ton* and fashion now-a-days. D—e, he's hardly fit for anything. What can I do with him, Carney?

Car. Um! Put him in the Guards, Mr. Random.

Enter PAUL PEERY.

Paul. I hope I see you well, sir? your honour looks charmingly, since I had the honour of seeing your honour.

Old R. See there! How the alteration strikes strangers. [To Carney.] And any news, master Peery? anything stirring lately?

Paul. Nothing; except since your honour arrived—

Old R. Well, and what happened then! Anybody inquiring after me? Who is it?

Paul. Two very inquisitive people.

Old R. Oh! custom-house officers, I imagine.

Paul. No; they came from London: they've asked a vast deal about your honour. Seem rejoiced to hear your honour's arrived.

Old R. Very civil of 'em. I see nothing particular in this, master Peery.

Paul. And I believe they have sent for a constable

Old R. For me, Mr. Peery? [for your honour.]

Car. Impossible! For what?

Paul. Um! perhaps they think his honour's a spy.

Car. Mercy on us! We shall be both apprehended for runners.

Old R. I apprehend that you are a blockhead! Runners! why I can hardly walk, and never spy anything without spectacles. Why, what's the meaning of all this?

Paul. I can guess at no other reason they can have for taking up you, who are just come from France—but perhaps your honour may remember some capital crime you have committed. I am sure, 'Squire Random, a gentleman of six thousand a year, can never want money. [Enter Bailiff and Follower.]

Bai. Is your name Random, sir?

Old R. Well, sir, suppose it is?

Bai. Then, sir, you are my prisoner.

Old R. The devil I am?

Bai. At the suit of Ralph Roundfee, money scrivener, of London, for three thousand pounds.

Paul. The 'squire arrested for debt! it can't be.

Car. I should sooner suspect myself.

Bai. And Mr. Scruple here for the same sum. [Slaps Carney's shoulder.]

Car. Scruple!—Who, I?

Old R. Scruple! Dick's crony, by Jupiter! and I and poor Carney arrested for the dog's debts as soon as we set foot in England: a profligate! a scoundrel! I'll—One moment, if you please: come here, Peery; you see this business?

Paul. Plain enough. [mentions?]

Old R. Do you know of any Mr. Scruple he

Paul. Odso! it's the two young merchants, as sure as a gun, that Sir David carried off in his car-

Old R. Merchants! [riage this morning.]

Paul. Yes; and now I recollect, one called the other Scruple, sure enough.

Old R. Well, well, you see the mistake; you must be bail in this business.

Paul. Who, I! Lord, your honour!

Old R. Come, no words. Who is this Sir David you talk of? [lives hard by.]

Paul. Sir David Dunder, of Dunder Hall—

Old R. Order a post-chaise. I'll drive there immediately. [o'clock.]

Paul. But it's so late, your honour. Past ten

Old R. No matter: I'll raise the house. Zounds! I'll raise the dead, but I'll be at the bottom of all this directly: and if you are shy about bail, why—I'll leave honest Carney here in pawn, till I come back. [Mr. Random.]

Car. I'd rather keep your company, if you please, *Paul.* Why, as it appears like a mistake, sir, and I have known you backwards and forwards so long, and your estate—and—

Old R. Well, trundle these fellows down stairs. You'll accept of his undertaking?

Bai. We desire no better.

Old R. As to this Mr. What's-his-name? Mr. Roundfee, who is in the house, not a word of it to him, till I return; for particular reasons.

Paul. Everything shall be done to your satisfaction, sir. Come, gentlemen, we'll proceed to the cellar, if you please; the best lock-up house in Christendom.

Car. Mercy on us! what an escape!

Old R. An escape! a scoundrel! an abandoned—What do you think now of all this, Carney?

Car. Think! Why, I—What do you think?

Old R. That you are a blockhead, not to see the meaning of all this: that my son's a blockhead to behave so; and that I'm a greater blockhead than anybody to suffer it. Zounds! I can hardly contain myself. I'll never see his face again. Come along, Carney: I'll be with him, and sooner than he suspects, I believe: I'll unkenne! him, I warrant you: I'll disclaim him, I'll discard him, I'll undermine him, I'll undo him; d—e, I'll unget him,—that's, disinherit him: he shall rot in jail: rot me if he sha'n't; I'll teach him what it is to run in debt in person, and get arrested by proxy. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*A Gallery in Dunder-hall. Four chamber doors at equal distances: a chair placed against the farthest door on the right hand. RANDOM opens the second door on the left.*

Rand. So! all quiet: not a soul stirring. (Comes forward.) Sir David, good man, thanks to early hours, is snoring away in the next room to me. I heard him, like a high wind, through the cracks of the old family wainscot. He little dreams of what's to happen before he wakes. Where can Scruple be all this while? He promised to be on the watch, as soon as everything was silent; but he's so cursed slow, and backward in this business. If I were not pretty sure that one woman is as much as any one can manage, I should be tempted to take his nymph away without waiting for him. It's so d—d dark too, that there's no being certain of his door. The chair was a lucky thought; we should have made some confounded mistake without it, I believe. How the plague now shall I make him hear, without disturbing any one else?

Scru. (Opens the farthest door on the left.) Hist!

Rand. Scruple!

Scru. Random, is it you? [as fast as a church.

Rand. Yes! Softly! all's snug. The baronet's *Scru.* And his wife?—

Rand. Pickling, I believe, below stairs in the store-room. The old woman's head is so full of this nonsensical match Sir David has told her of, that she'll be up with the housekeeper, I find, three parts of the night, to make preparations for the wedding. [never get out without her hearing us.

Scru. 'Sdeath! we shall be discovered: we shall

Rand. Pooh! never have done with your doubts and objections? [weight.

Scru. Surely, her being up is an objection of some

Rand. Certainly, she's of great weight in the house; for which reason, she's gone quite to the bottom of it. She must have devilish good ears to hear us there; for we sha'n't come within a mile of her. But have you heard anything of Tiptoe?

Scru. No: do you expect him?

Rand. Yes: I sent him to Dover, with orders to bring the carriage and horses to the back gate of the garden. It's turned of eleven, too, I take it. Look what o'clock, will you?

Scru. Look! why it requires the eyes of a cat. It's as dark as a dungeon.

Rand. Odsó, I had forgot; but he'll be here presently: I have been obliged to let him into the secret: he has procured a key of the back-door, and will slide up to my chamber; which he has had an opportunity of marking, he tells me, in his own way, to give us intelligence.

Scru. Well, if he is but punctual—

Rand. Oh! you may depend on him: but, till he comes, we may as well prepare our fair companions. I'll try and find out the chair, which is against their dressing-room door, where they are in waiting. (Feeling about.) Their bed-chamber is beyond it; so I may enter without infringing the rules of etiquette, you know.

Scru. Hadn't I better go with you?

Rand. No, no; stay here as an outpost: I shall

Scru. Gently, no mistakes now. [soon be back.

Rand. Never fear. So, here's the chair.

Scru. Remember—caution's the word.

Rand. Ay, and expedition too. The house must divide, you know: so the sooner we clear the gallery the better. (Taps; door opens, and he enters the women's chamber.)

Scru. How awkward I feel in this business. It's the first time I ever entered into a scheme of this sort; and am now convinced that no man thinks of running away, without being cursedly frightened. (Tiptoe singing without—"So great a man, so great a man, I'll be!")—Hark! What's that? Ha! a light. How the devil now am I to find out my room again? It comes nearer and nearer. I must venture. I have three chances to one of doing no mischief; and I dare say my unlucky stars (or rather the want of any stars at all) will direct me to Sir David. So, here's somebody's chamber; I must in, at all hazards. (Goes into the same chamber.)

Enter TIPTOE, with a dark-lantern, drunk.

Tip. Here I am at last. What a plaguy parcel of turnings and windings, to get up to this old crazy gallery. Umph! It has made me as giddy as a goose. Now for my masters; d—n my masters! Scamper! scamper! scamper!—'Twon't do—No; never fit for me. Give me a regular, steady, sober family for my money. If it hadn't been for the lantern I begged of the old boy at the inn—I was forced to treat the drunken scoundrel before he would give it to me—I might have tumbled over the bannisters. Mr. Random, now I think on't, ordered me to come in the dark. Umph! Gentlemen think no more of servants' necks now-a-days—they think we've one to spare, like the Swan in Lad-lane, I believe. But, softly, softly! No noise. I must go to the chamber to tell him the carriage is ready. Let me see; it's the last door but one, at one end of the gallery; but whether it's to the right, or to the left, curse me if I recollect. Stay—(turning round, and counting the doors.) One, two, three. D—e, how the doors dance! I shall never find the right, if they take it in their heads to run round so confoundedly. I remember, (taking the chair, and drawing it along) when I lived with old Lady Hobble, she always sat still at Ranelagh to find out her company. Now, as these gentlemen here, (pointing to the doors,) choose to take a Ranelagh round, I think I had better sit quiet in the middle of 'em, till any old acquaintance comes by. (Pulls the chair against the next door, and sits down.) Zounds! how fast somebody sleeps; Sir David, perhaps. I wonder if baronets ever snore. What the devil am I to do now? Get my head broken for not calling my master; and my bones broken, if I should happen to call anybody else instead of him. As that is the case, I'll call nobody, egad! I'll e'en go back to the carriage, and wait till they come for me. So, gently, steady. [Exit, singing.

Scru. (After a pause, opens the door.) Once more everything is quiet. I can't conceive who it could be so long with a light in the gallery. I had best give Random notice of what has happened; that in case we are watched, he may be upon his guard. Hereabouts the door must be—(going to the door Random entered.) Eh! no chair—'sdeath, this is Sir David's! A pretty blunder I should have made! (Goes to the next.) Oh, here it is at last. (Taps at the door.) What a number of accidents this little contrivance has prevented. I had better explain to him what has happened, in the inside of my chamber; for it's dangerous waiting on the outside a moment, I find. What the deuce keeps him so long now? (Taps again; SIR DAVID opens the door in his bed-gown and night-cap.)

Sir D. Well?

Scru. Hush! it's I.

Sir D. I!

Scru. Softly! softly! Zounds, you are so unguarded! Follow me. Quick, quick! Only follow me, and you shall hear all. [Exit into his own chamber

Sir D. Follow me! D—d, if I do, though. Can't stir a step without running the risk of breaking my

nose. Cursed queer! A fellow in the dark with no name, a rascal to rob the house, perhaps—egad, it has put me all in a twitter.

RANDOM comes out with a bundle.

Rand. Hist!

Sir D. Eh?

Rand. 'Tis I.

Sir D. So! here's t'other I. (*Aside.*)

Rand. Where are you? Here! hold this bundle. (*Thrusting it into his hands.*) Why, what makes you shake so? Are you cold here? [*cry out. (Aside.)*]

Sir D. Zounds, a thief! He'll cut my throat if I

Rand. For shame, flurried at such a trifle as this! But there's no knowing even one's friends till they're tried, I see.

Sir D. Like enough. Most of your friends have been tried, I dare say. (*Aside.*)

Rand. But we shall have a whole cargo to carry. Stay where you are now. Don't stir for your life, and I'll be back in an instant. We'll soon make an end, I warrant you. [*Returns to the women's chamber.*]

Sir D. That you will, a pretty public one too, I take it. Mercy on me! How shall I get away? The dog's given me a hundle here as big as a child. I shall be brought up for a new kind of burglary: cast for breaking into my own house, and hanged for robbing myself of property. My lady's locked up below, I suppose; bound back to back with the old house-keeper; or gagged and ravished, poor quiet soul, with the rest of the family females. If I could but contrive to—(*Feeling about.*)

Scru. (*Putting out his head.*) Hallo!

Sir D. Oh, the devil! There's one in every corner, a whole banditti playing at bo-peep. (*Aside.*)
Scru. Come, come, don't trifle now; I've something to say to you. [*deceive him. (Aside.)*]

Sir D. The fellow don't know me in the dark. I'll

Scru. Nay, this delay will—

Sir D. Hush!

Scru. What's the matter? Anybody coming?

Sir D. Yes, yes.

Scru. Ha! we are discovered. In, in! [*Goes in.*]
Sir D. Now, if I could but crawl down this back stair-case—(*Meets Random coming out.*)

Rand. Now, my dear Scruple, all's ready.

Sir D. Zounds! it's the two merchants. (*Aside.*)

Rand. Our packing is all over.

Sir D. Indeed!

Rand. Our two fair ones both equipped for flight.

Sir D. My Harriet?

Rand. Yes, and my Kitty. They'll be in our arms in an instant, you rogue! and we've nothing to do but to lead them to the coach, and away as fast as love, money, and horses, can carry us. Didn't I tell you now, that your doubts were all nonsense? but, 'sdeath! you are so dull about it: your fears have so overcome you, that—Why a'n't you like me—all rapture, all passion?

Sir D. Hem! (*Agitated.*)

Rand. Ay, this is right, now! this is as it should be. But I'll go and bring them out. (*Going, turns back.*) Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing to think what a d-d clatter Sir David will make by-and-by. His fat fussy wife, too, cackling about the house, like an old hen that has lost her chickens.

Sir D. Old hen! D—e, I wish she had never sat to have brought such a brood. (*Aside.*)

Rand. And he, too. Did you ever see such a tedious booby in your life?—But I'll go and conduct our charge.—By-the-by, has Tiptoe been

Sir D. No. [*here?*]

Rand. Careless scoundrel! But we shall find him at the gate with the carriage, I suppose. Now for it. Now to deliver our damsels from the clutches of an obstinate fool of a father. A blockhead! to think to marry women to whom he pleases! No, no; whenever there's any forbidden fruit, it is not in human nature to rest easy till it is tasted. (*Feeling for the door.*)

Sir D. Liquorish dogs! (*Aside.—Retires.*)

Scru. (*Coming out.*) Why, what could he mean! There's no noise: all's quiet as can be. Random.

Rand. Well!

Scru. Are you ready? [*coming.*]

Rand. Yes, yes; didn't I tell you so? We're

Scru. Well, well! Tiptoe has not been here.

Rand. Psha! plague, I know it! you told me so

Scru. Did I? when? [*already.*]

Rand. Why, this instant. But you are in such a flutter, you can't remember a word you say. But you have taken care of the bundle, I hope?

Scru. Bundle! what bundle?

Rand. That which I gave you just now.

Scru. Just now! not you, indeed! Why, you're in a flutter yourself.

Rand. Pooh, pooh! I tell you the bundle I brought out of the room; the bundle that—

Scru. D—n the bundle! I never saw it nor felt it in all my life.

Rand. Now, how can you be so cursed obstinate? I put it into your own hands, and you shook as if you'd an ague.

Scru. Shook! your memory is shook, I believe.

Rand. Egad! I could have sworn I had given it to you. But we must not stand upon trifles, now: time's precious. (*Opens the women's door, and HARRIET and KITTY come out.*) This way, this way! Now, ladies, we attend you.

Kitty. Lud! it's as dark as pitch.

Rand. Never fear.

Har. Heavens! how I tremble.

Scru. Courage now, my Harriet, and we may soon defy every danger.

Rand. Well said, courage! well said, Cæsar, egad! 'Sdeath, madam, if you draw back now, you spoil all. I'll bring you all through, I warrant you

Har. I fear I shall never bear up. The step I am taking, the weight on my spirits—

Rand. Vapours! vapours, from being in the dark; nothing else, believe me, madam.

Har. My mother, too—what will not she feel?

Scru. Nay, pursue this no further.

Kitty. Mamma will be in a sweet bustle, I warrant; rattling about Sir David's ears for bringing you into the house.

Sir D. (*Behind.*) Be quiet—I know it.

Kitty. Yes, that's exactly like him for all the world. Gemini, I shall never find my way!

Rand. Stay; take my arm. Come, madam. Scruple, arm in arm, all four, and then for our march.

Sir D. March! d—e, but I'll muster among ye, though—(*Aside.—Sir David comes forward between them. All arm in arm, Sir David in the middle.*)

Rand. So; thus linked, he must be a cunning and a bold fellow, too, that thinks of dividing us. (*Going, a bell rings.*)

Scru. Hark! somebody rings at the gate.

Har. Oh, mercy! we shall be seen.

Kitty. Lud! there's a light! Hide, hide us, for heaven's sake. It's mamma, as sure as I live.

Sir D. (*Aloud.*) No, no; stay where you are. Come along, my lady; a light will do us a deal of good.—[*Enter LADY DUNDER, with a light.*] Servant, ladies and gentlemen. [*tlumen!*]

Lady D. Mercy on me! Sir David—girls—gen-

Scru. Confusion!

Rand. Sir David!

Sir D. Yes, here we are—been frisking about like a parcel of rabbits: our burrows are all empty.

Lady D. Why, what's the meaning of—

Sir D. Be quiet—meaning? treachery—mean to bamboozle us. Dark night, rope ladders, garden gate, and Greta-green, that's the meaning of it.

Lady D. How! and is this the return for—

Sir D. Hush! ay, is this the return for my open, hospitable, generous—I that put salt in your porridge, bread in your mouth, and steaks in your stomach; crammed everything into you, but gratitude.

Lady D. And come here on purpose, I suppose, with a trumped-up story of—

Sir D. Trump! d—e, this will be their last trump, I take it. And you, too! *(to the women)*—You! *(to Harriet)* you that I intended to link to a lord; to go and give up a peer for a pedler; a merchant; a fellow that lives like a lobster by salt-water; a culler of pepper and spice; a trader in train oil, Greenland blubber, and China pipkins; or a black dealer in devils to sell at American *Scru.* 'Sdeath! what is all this? [markets.

Rand. If you'll give us leave, sir, to—

Sir D. Give! egad, you'd take leave without asking: French leave, if I had not been here; have smuggled my goods in the dark, trotted over the Tweed, and been hammered together by a bare-breached blacksmith. A fine Scotch union, egad! my two rich roses here tied to a pair of poor pitiful thistles!—But, zounds! I'll have satisfaction.

Lady D. For heaven's sake! my dear, cool your choler a little, Sir David.

Sir D. Be quiet. What! have I had a sword bobbing between my legs, at Dover hops and quiet country-meetings, for these twenty years, and now not rub off its rust in the oily guts of a couple of whale-catchers, for what I know to the contrary?

Old R. *(Without.)* Come along, Carney; late as it is, my gentleman can't escape now, I believe.—

Enter OLD RANDOM AND CARNEY.

Heyday! the whole family collected. [of it.

Rand. *(Aside.)* A pretty business we have made *Old R.* I beg pardon for this intrusion; but if Sir David Dunder is here, and sees the occasion—

Sir D. I know it: see it all already. Fine occasion, indeed! And you, too, *(to Old R.)* act as accomplice, do you? an old fellow—Sham! What, you've a wig, now, I warrant, like a young counsellor's; squeezed over a toupee, with a dapper tail peeping out between the ties.

Old R. How!

Car. My worthy old friend means, sir—

Sir D. Hush! he is an old one, is he? Means to run away with my wife, then, I suppose.

Lady D. I fancy he'd find it a difficult matter to carry me off.

Old R. Run away! not I. I came here after a couple of youngsters, that—

Sir D. Did you! There they are. Take them away with you: as pretty a pair as any in England: you can match them against all Europe, egad!

Old R. So, you are two pretty gentlemen, are not you? And how dare you, sir, look me in the face, after your profligate proceedings? *(To Rand.)* Not content, neither, in contracting debts, but you must have me, your poor father, you dog! arrested

Car. Yes, and me, too. [for them.

Rand. I am at a loss how to comprehend, sir—

Old R. But that rascal, that rogue, Roundfee, I think they call him, he can, I believe. Here have I and poor Carney just been taken into custody for you, at Dover; while you have been playing your pranks, at large, all over the country

Sir D. Eh! be quiet. Cursed ungentle, though, in you, if you are his father. Zounds! you have used me worse than they! Get yourself locked up for your son here, with a plague to you! that he and his friend may have time to run off with my daughters.

Old R. I! I have withdrawn my countenance long ago, I promise you.

Sir D. Ah! family failing. The son would have withdrawn his countenance, too, if I'd let him.

Old R. How! what, attempt to—

Sir D. Be quiet! I am the injured party. Let

Lady D. No, Sir David, I'll— [me speak.

Scru. To end all confusion, I'll speak.

Rand. What the deuce can Doubtful say now, after all. *(Aside.)*

Scru. It is yourself, Sir David, who have been chiefly to blame.

Rand. He beats me all to nothing. *(Aside.)*

Scru. Your unguarded kindness to strangers

might have been attended with much more disagreeable consequences. You took our characters from report, I see; characters which we never thought of assuming.

Sir D. Oh! d—n Paul!

Scru. Our invitation was unsought; and though our manner of requiring your favours appears unjustifiable, you may congratulate yourself, that instead of being practised upon by men, unworthy your countenance, you have met with gentlemen.

Sir D. Here's two fine fellows! come into my house, going to carry off half on't on their shoulders, and then—I have met with gentlemen.

Scru. Our conduct, Sir David, is not so culpable as you imagine. A chance, like your present invitation, threw us in your daughters' way at Bath, and our continued affection *(I think I may answer for my friend)* may prove our motives are unguided by interest: as a further proof of it, we disclaim all views of their fortune. Bestow but their hands, Sir David, and we shall be happy. [too.

Sir D. Eh! zounds! something noble in that,

Lady D. But to think of carrying away our two dear rosy girls here; handsomer than all the pale chits of the county.

Sir D. Hush! Handsomer! ay, and richer, too! with pockets full of money, housewives stuffed with bank-notes, and work-bags crammed with guineas.

Old R. Indeed, I begin to think Dick is not such a sad dog as I took him for. Eh! Carney?

Car. I am perfectly of your opinion, Mr. Random.

Lady D. And what has the other gentleman to say for himself? *(To Random.)* [neither.

Kitty. Indeed, mamma, we are not much to blame,

Rand. Love, madam, all powerful love, must plead my excuse; a passion which may once have influenced your ladyship's susceptible bosom.

Lady D. Well, I vow the young man pleads so prettily in his defence, that—

Rand. If your ladyship and my father could forget past occurrences, and join with me in my suit to Sir David for an union with his daughter, I hope my future conduct—

Old R. Um!—Why, as things are so, Sir David, and my connections are pretty considerable, my estate pretty well known—

Car. A good six thousand a year. I have known my good friend here some time, and have had his property under my eye for these five years.

Old R. And his friend, I am happy to tell you, is as well connected as he is.

Sir D. Is he?—Well, as matters are, and my lord might find a flaw here, *(an ugly business not much to his liking,)* I think we can but in honour be off; so, to prevent cursed country scandal, gabbling girls, ugly old maids, and all that, I think we may as well, my lady. [riety!

Lady D. As you think proper, Sir David.—Har-

Har. We are bound now, madam, both by inclination and duty, to follow your commands.

Kitty. Yes, mamma, we are both bound.

Sir D. Well, then—there there!—take one another—no words. [life.

Rand. And now, Kitty, I am your prisoner for *Old R.* Remember Roundfee, though; there you might have been a prisoner not much to your liking.

Sir D. What! an usurer? D—e, let's duck him.

Old R. Oh! he and his gentleman may be settled with at leisure. Their blunders have left them to our mercy, and they merit none, I promise you: fellows, whose business it is to prey upon the unthinking, extort from the needy, and live upon the distresses of mankind, deserve very little compassion, when they are distressed themselves.

Sir D. I know it. But here, however, they shall have no distresses to prey upon: no moping, melancholy looks now. All's well, I hope, at last, as it ought to be; and nothing ought to give any of us here so much pleasure as looking, to-night, on a set of very merry faces. [Exeunt.

HERO AND LEANDER;

AN OPERATIC BURLETTA, IN TWO ACTS.—BY ISAAC JACKMAN.



Act II.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

ABUDAH
DELAH

LEANDER
HYMEN

SOLANO
HERO

SAFRINA
MINERVA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Harvest-scene, at sun-rise, on the banks of the Hellespont.

Turkish Husbandmen and their Wives at work. A perspective view of the castle of Abydos, in Natolia, or the Lesser Asia; the Hellespont appearing to divide the two countries.

Enter SOLANO, SAFRINA, HERO, labouring Men and Women.

Chorus. All hail the cheerful god of day,
Parent of ev'ry human bliss;
Who (ere he wings his heav'nly way)
Salutes his Thetis with a kiss.

Saf. See how creation smiles around!
What melody enchants the grove!

Hero. 'Tis there the voice of nature's found
Responsive to the note of love.

Sol. Well done, my lads; the morning seems to
low'r;

In yonder cloud, methinks, I view a show'r:
Bind up the corn, harness all the cattle,
And let the women quit their idle prattle;
Those lazy sluts are constantly a-gadding;
'Tis such as you that set the fellows madding.
Behold Aurora, with a blushing ray
And rosy fingers, spreads the infant day!

SONG.—HERO.

Ere yet Aurora chase the dews,
The lark his matin song renews;
And seems to chide the swains' delay,
To lose so sweet a part of day.

See, from the ground his mate arise,
And seems to mock our wond'ring eyes;
Still as she soars, her notes decay,
Till the faint warblings die away.

Sol. Well, Safrina, what's the matter now?

Saf. There sits, alas! on gentle Hero's brow,
A settled grief.

Sol. Psha! I know the reason:
Hero's nineteen; and that, you know's the season
When females would be married, if they could.

Saf. Well, what of that? are we not flesh and
blood!

SONG.—SAFRINA.

When I was young, I danc'd and sung,
My heart was lighter than a fly;
No care my youthful bosom stung,
At ev'ry rout, pray, who but I?

At length, the urchin bent his bow,
The vagrant arrow hit the mark;
But Hymen, 'soli'd his skill to shew,
Cur'd poor Safrina in the dark.

Sol. Well done, Safrina! 'fore gad! we all can
tell,

There was a time you bore away the bell.

[Thunder. Exeunt Saf. and Hero.
Away, my lads—the storm is drawing near—
And save the produce of a fruitful year.

(Thunder and lightning.)
Well done, my boys! The clouds are all on fire;
A thunderbolt hath struck the village spire.

(Thunder, lightning, rain, &c.)
The hills are wrapt in stormy clouds on high,
And feel the dread convulsion of the sky;
Tempests arise, on fortune's ocean low'r,
And rolling billows lash th' affrighted shore.

(A Man, standing on a rock, cries out—)
Man. A ship, a ship! 'twixt sea and wind she
strips.

Sol. Fly all, fly all, and save the people's lives!

SONG.—SOLANO.

*Alas! how chang'd the face of things!
Hark, hark! the howling tempest sings;
Ah! now the rebel winds she feels,
Toss'd on the billows, how she reels!
She's now a wreck, behold on high
Exploded thunder rends the sky;
A dread convulsion moves the shore,
And rocks the deep, unmov'd before.*

The Crew now appear landing. LEANDER, disguised.

Welcome on shore, sir, whether friend or foe,
All are our brothers in this scene of woe. [you
Lean. Thanks to you, gentle friends; and, sir, to
Our constant prayers are ever, ever due;
May all the powers divine your labours bless,
And send you friends, if ever in distress! [youth;

Sol. What means that sigh? ah! tell me, gentle
You seem the child of honour and of truth:
Banish your cares, for see, the God of light
Dispels the gloom that wrapp'd the world in night.

Lean. Stern Boreas, frowning, now forsakes the
And smiling Nature visits us again; [plain,
Each tree its wonted foliage re-assumes,
And new-born zephyrs breathe around perfumes.
Where'er we turn to view our ravish'd eyes,
Luxuriant scenes of endless beauty rise.

SONG.—LEANDER.

*Transparent now, and all serene,
The gentle current flows;
While fancy draws the flatt'ring scene,
How fair the landscape shews!*

*But soon its transient charms decay,
When ruffling tempests blow;
The soft delusions fleet away,
And pleasure ends in woe.*

Sol. Tell me, gentle sir, from whence you came;
Declare your sovereign, country, and your name;
Are ye from Nátolia's rebel coast?
If that be so, 'twere better you were lost.

(Trumpet without.)

The chief is rous'd: behold him, great in arms;
Let Hero now subdue him with her charms:
From yonder mountain's brow he saw your sails;
Dreadful he is—a bashaw of three tails.

(Music plays "See the conquering hero comes.")

Enter ABUDAH, on an elephant, with guards.

Abu. What's this I see? A set of rascal minions,
Hanging together, like a bunch of onions.
I'll hang ye all; ay, scoundrels, before night,
If, on the instant, you don't quit my sight.

Sol. Dread sir, we have got some prisoners here,
That seem half dead already with their fear;
Shipwreck'd upon our coast, we sav'd their lives,
And here they are—

Abu. Say, have they any wives?
The women all are mine; yes, if twenty:
Although, indeed, I've petticoats in plenty.

Sol. We found no female, sir, among the crew.
Shall we discharge the men? pray, what say you?

Abu. Let them all breakfast,
Each a loaf of bread;
And then, let ev'ry prisoner—
Lose his head.

CHORUS.—Prisoners.

*Have pity, great chief,
And send us relief;
We're all in a wretched condition.
Oh! spare our poor lives,
And we'll send you our wives:
Accept this our humble petition.*

(Abudah alights.)

Abu. Silence, rascals! I find you, then, can prate;
But, scoundrels, you shall know, my word is fate.
My sword shall treat the vultures with a feast;
Shall lay whole realms, nay, human nature, waste.

Sol. I told them, sir, how great you were in pow'r,
That with a single puff you'd rock a tow'r;
That you were ten feet high—Was not that right?

Abu. Ten feet, at least: five cubits—no, not
Yet ev'ry inch is made of proper stuff, [quite:
Tho' idle nature cast me in the rough.

SONG.—ABUDAH.

*Stand all aloof, ye paltry judges;
And you, ye filthy knives of spades!
How dare you look beyond those pales,
On me, who wear three thumping tails?
Don't you all know, that at a blow,
I'd send you to the shades below?
Begone, or else, I swear, oddsobs!
I'll send you home without your nob's.*

Enter HERO.

*But Hero now her form displays,
And strives to charm a thousand ways;
From head to foot new modes of dress,
Her various arts to please express:
I find I'm caught within the snare,
So I'll enjoy the am'rous fair;
As I'm a soldier great and stout,
This girl has turn'd me inside out.*

Lean. *(Aside.)* It is, it is my love! Ye gods, be
kind! [wind.

Hero. *(Aside.)* 'Tis he! I give my sorrows to the
Abu. What does the fellow stare at? Speak, you
The rascal seems as stupid as a log. [dog!]

Lean. Spare your reproaches, sir; I'm ill at ease,
My life is your's, do with me as you please.

See, tear succeeds to tear—a passage seeks, *(aside)*
And, bursting forth, bedews her lovely cheeks.

Abu. No grumbling, sirrah! Charmer, let's re-
tire; *(Takes Hero by the hand.)*

The god of love shall fan the keen desire;
My body, blood, and soul, are all on fire. *(Going.)*

Lean. Monster, avaunt! Release the heavenly fair,
Or, by all the avenging powers, I swear—
(Seizes Abudah.)

Abu. Seize, seize the villain; drag him to the
block;

Or toss him headlong from the steepest rock.

No; off with his head. As I'm a sinner,
I'll have his knob, before I eat my dinner.

Hero. Mercy! oh! mercy, sir, as you are great!
Oh! save the youth; at least, suspend his fate!

Abu. Who is the vagabond?

Lean. Why, caitiff, hear!
So shall thy savage nature shake with fear:
Know, then, ingrate, from Abydos I came;
Still more—know thou, Leander is my name.

(Throws off his disguise.)

Now slip thy blood-bounds; 'dulse the savage roat;
I stand unmov'd.

Abu. Oh! now the murder's out!
Thanks to thee, prophet; thanks to thee again!
Speak not in his behalf, you sue in vain;
This is the squire, that braves the Hellespont,
And steals, at night, to madam Hot-upon't.
Zounds! I'll souse him in a tub of pickle;
And as to miss, her toby I will tickle.
Drag him away.

Hero. Great chief, be not-cruel, but good as you're
brave,

Remember the hero but conquers to save.

Sol. Give life to the wretched, whose fate's in your
hand;

'Tis humanity graces and blesses the land.

Lean. I sue not for mercy, I stand here unmov'd,
Protected by virtue, by beauty, and love.

All. Look down, oh! ye gods! and let mortals now
prove,
The blessings that wait upon virtue and love.

Hero. Hear me, great sir! Oh! spare Leander's
Grant this request, and Hero is your wife. [life;

Sol. Say, will your actions with your words agree? They will, indeed. [cord?

Sol. Then take her at her word.

Lean. I read my Hero's meaning in her eyes, (Aside.)

Abu. It is all flummery. By heaven, he dies!

Hero. Pardon me, sir, my love for you prevails; What girl can stand a bashaw with three tails?

SONG.—HERO.

*Oh! sir, be consenting, be kind, and relenting;
Release these poor creatures, and send them away;
Do but this, and you'll find
How good-natur'd and kind
I'll prove to my spouse, by night and by day.*

*Oh! come now, sweet lover, a passion discover;
A sly little Cupid now lurks in that smile:
Ev'ry maid must surrender
To such a commander:
You've found out a way my poor heart to beguile.*

*Behold, like Apollo, his ringlets of yellow!
Behold, how like Mars, at this moment he stands!
His breath, too, discloses
The perfume of roses!
How plump his round cheeks, and how taper his hands!
Oh! come now, sweet lover, &c.*

Abu. A pretty soul it is! Say, will you, miss, Give your bashaw the earnest of a kiss?

(She kisses him.)

'Tis done, 'tis done! you're pardon'd, rascals! go, I give you life, my love will have it so. But if that poaching dog comes here again, And braves my anger, as he braves the main, I'll whip the rebel rascal till he's blind. Be scarce, then, scoundrels, now you know my mind.

CHORUS.—Prisoners.

*Happy, happy, happy day!
Ev'ry heart its homage pay.*

CHORUS.—Turks.

*Wake to harmony the voice;
Rejoice, 'tis mercy calls, rejoice.*

(During this Chorus, *Abu'dah* mounts the elephant.)

CHORUS.—All.

*Happy, happy, happy day!
Ev'ry heart its homage pay.
Wake to harmony the voice;
Rejoice, 'tis mercy calls, rejoice. [Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Grove.

Enter *ABUDAH*, *SOLANO*, *SAFRINA*, and *HERO*.

Abu. Come, come, *Solano*; methinks, we tarry; I shall be all a-gog, until I marry.

The loves in council sit, and from above, *Venus* now calls me to the Paphian grove.

Sol. What says my gentle *Hero*, will you go?

Saf. Her heart seems bursting with its grief.

Hero. Heigho!

Saf. Divide your sorrows, *Hero*, give me part. Suppress that sigh, or else you'll break my heart.

SONG.—SAFRINA.

*Alas! I press'd, with growing love,
This darling to my breast;
Not the most favour'd, e'en above,
Was more completely bless'd.*

*Dear innocent! her lovely smiles
Delight me but to view;
And ev'ry pang my Hero feels,
Her mother feels it, too.*

Abu. I see she's coy, yet love is in her eye; She'll know her bashaw better by-and-by;

Come, *Hero*, I hope there's no repenting; The gods, my pretty chicken, are consenting.

SONG.—ABUDAH.

*Gentle Hero, take my hand,
Love and life's at thy command:
Joys surrounding,
Sorrows drowning,
Bliss shall gladden all the land.
But if you refuse me,
And think but to noose me
In love's silken fetters,
And sneer at your betters,
By the gods, now, I swear,
From your bosom I'll tear—
No, stop—I'll do more,
I'll deluge the shore
With blood;
Till nature looks wild,
And before I retire,
I'll kindle a fire,
That shall toast you,
And roast you,
Man, woman, and child.*

Saf. Oh! mercy on us! whither shall we fly?

Sol. He'll ravish you, perhaps.

Saf. No, first, I'll die. [Exit with *Hero*.

Enter *DELAH* and *Soldiers*.

Abu. What's the matter, *Delah*? (Shouting heard.)

Del. Dread sir, attend: We've seen a sail—I'm sure she's not a friend— Hovering on our coast; she's full of people. I saw her first, great sir, from yonder steeple.

Abu. Rally my forces; instant line the strand; They're rebel rascals, from *Natolia*'s land.

[Exit *Delah*. Huzza without.

Like *Mars*, I'll dart the javelin from my car,— I scorn to wait, I'll meet the coming war. (Going; trumpet sounds without.)

Sol. Fir'd by the sound, my genius bids me go, To share the conflict, and repel the foe.

SONG.—SOLANO.

*Hark! the trumpet sounds afar,
The clam'rous harbinger of war;
Rouse, soldiers, rouse, to arms, to arms,
The call my beating bosom warms;
The foe insults our native shore,
And proudly nicks his conqueror.*

AIR.

*Oh! genius of this happy land,
Descend, and bless thy chosen band;
Give us to meet the daring foe,
'Tis liberty shall nerve the blow.*

*So, when the toils of war are o'er,
And meek-ey'd peace unlocks her store,
Each youthful hero then shall prove.
A sweet reward in faithful love.*

Enter *DELAH*.

Del. Dread sir, a prisoner we have taken.

Abu. Off with his head! I'll make the fellow bacon.

Del. If you unhead him, sir, he cannot speak.

Abu. What horrid fear sits trembling on thy cheek?

Del. I find, *Leander*, sir, comes here to-night, To visit *Hero*, and secure her flight.

Abu. Death and the devil! this is news, indeed! Oh! for *Bellona*'s whip, to make him bleed! He should be more than twenty months in dying, 'Twould make me smile, to see the rascal frying.

Sol. Suppose we seize him as he comes to-night, Waylay the villain—nab him?

Abu. That is right.

You counsel well, *Solano*. Come away; My soul's in arms, and eager for its prey. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Night. The Hellespont in perspective. Leander is seen rowing himself over. A light appears in Hero's window, as a direction to her lover.*

Enter ABUDAH, SOLANO, and Soldiers.

Sol. Behold him, sir! his fate, alas! draws nigh, And forces e'en the tribute of a sigh. Like the dread genius of the deep, he steers, Nor shuns the labour, nor the danger fears.

SONG—SOLANO.

Oh! see how he comes, how he moves thro' the gloom, Conducted by fate, and by love, to his doom! Oh! see the fond youth, to the shore now he bends, And quits his companions, his country, and friends; Regardless of danger, he darts through the wave, 'Tis nature commands him, and nature must save.

Abu. The fellow's got on shore, he'll soon be The light conducts him to my faithless fair. [here; Oh! here he comes! he silent all as death, Let not a creature speak above his breath.

Enter LEANDER.

Lean. Well, so far safe; I now must wait to see The bright perfection of a deity. Oh! do not, cruel love, my cares prolong! I'll wake my gentle Hero with a song.

SONG.—LEANDER.

Awake, my sweet Hero, my heart's dearest treasure, Leander now calls you to love and delight; 'Tis Hymen shall sanctify love's softest pleasure, Give our days all to joy, and to rapture the night. Awake, then, my charmer, and share the sweet blessing, The moments now fly me, alas! how distressing! Oh! think of our joys, when caress'd and caressing, Arise, my sweet Hero, love calls you away.

Hero. *(Opens the window.)* Oh! my soul's joy! thy cheering voice I hear, Like notes from seraphs, rushing on my ear. *Lean.* Oh! come, my Hero, bless again my arms; My heart, still constant, beats with love's alarms. Danger could work no change, nor time remove The honest warmth of undissembled love. Haste, then, sweet fair, thy lover's transport meet, Fly to his arms, and make his bliss complete.

(Hero shuts the window.)

That heaven, from which no secret is conceal'd, But ev'ry wish and thought must stand reveal'd, Views not a love more pure, or truer mind, Amongst the various race of human kind; Where neither int'rest nor design have part, But all the warmth is native from the heart.

Enter HERO. (Leander embraces her.)

Oh! bless'd event! let's fly to yonder shore; We've met, my Hero, now, to part no more. Hail, happy groves, retreats of peace and joy, Where no black cares the mind's repose destroy.

Hero. Discharg'd from care, on unfrequented We'll sing of rural joys in rural strains; [plaints, No false, corrupt delights our thoughts shall move, But joys of friendship, tenderness, and love.

DUETT.—LEANDER AND HERO.

Lean. Come now, my sweet love, to the grove, The graces are waiting for you; Thro' roses and woodbines we'll rove, And kiss, as all true lovers do.

Hero. Oh! take both my hand and my heart, My lover I know he is true; Till death shall direct us to part,

We'll kiss, as all true lovers do.

Both. Adieu, then, to doubt, and despair, Fair virtue our loves will pursue; We'll know not a moment of care, But kiss, as all true lovers do.

(They appear retiring to Leander's vessel, but are stopped by Abudah, Solano, Delah, and Soldiers.)

Abu. Bind the villain. Oh! sir, you're caught again!

Knock off his head, and let me have his brain;

Now that my anger's rous'd, my rage is full, I'll make a punch-bowl of the rascal's skull.

MINERVA, in a cloud, attended by HYMEN, descends.

Lean. Oh! now farewell to hope! My love, adieu! I die content, because I die for you. [care,

Hero. Oh! make his cause, ye Powers above, your Let guilt shrink back, and innocence appear! Support his soul, now death demands his prey, And smooth his passage to the realms of day.

Lean. May heaven still guard her, with peculiar And make her happy, as it made her fair! [care, May calmest peace her future days attend, And late may she to endless joys ascend!

Abu. Bring me a cauldron, hot as Alecto's kettle; First Medusa's snaky whip shall try his mettle.

'Sdeath! his blood I'll bottle, and in the dark pro- I'll sprinkle libations, to the furies round. [found, *(Minerva and Hymen come forward.)*

Min. Cease, hell-hound! infernal monster, cease! I come, the blessed harbinger of peace, To join in Hymen's bands this constant pair; The youth deserving, and the virtuous fair; Their constancy and truth deserve my care.

(A flourish of trumpets; they kneel, and Hymen joins their hands.)

'Tis wisdom consecrates the sacred bands.

SONG.—HYMEN.

Sweetest pleasures never ceasing, Blessings, which the gods present, Joys with length of years increasing, Rosy health, and sweet content, Await the fair, and deck the youth, United in the bands of truth.

And when old Time, with solemn pace, Shall call to tell them, both must die; Touch'd, as he views their fond embrace, He'll best them first, then pass them by. Sweetest pleasures, &c.

Abu. What, then, is all my greatness come to this? Am I, then, baffled by a paltry miss!

Your power, madam, certainly prevails; Wisdom, I find, pays no respect to tails.

Lean. Oh! thanks, eternal thanks, to you be given, Thou best and brightest ornament of heaven!

Min. Now strike the sprightly lyre; all care away, To nirth and joy we dedicate the day; I'll raise an altar to love's holy flame, Inscrib'd with Hero's and Leander's name.

FINALE.

Lean. Joy and pleasure now go round, Beauty's triumph is to-day; Ev'ry voice in chorus sound, This is Hymen's holyday. Dress a garland for the fair, Care and sorrow hither go; Daffodillies, Virgin lilies!

Hymen says he'll have it so. Take my hand, you have my heart, Indeed, you've had it long ago; And now we'll never, never part: Hymen says he'll have it so.

Chorus. Joy and pleasure, &c.

Saf. Cupid is a foolish boy, Once he try'd on me his bow; But I never felt a joy, Till Hymen said he'd have it so.

Chorus. Joy and pleasure, &c.

Abu. Must I, then, give up the fair, And see them laughing at my woe; Live and lead a life of care? The devil, sure, would have it so.

Chorus. Joy and pleasure, &c.

Sol. Observe, ye fair, the moral here: Let virtue in your bosoms glow; You then may bid adieu to fear: Hymen says he'll have it so.

Chorus. Joy and pleasure, &c. [Exeunt.

THE MYSTERIOUS HUSBAND;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND.



Act V.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

LORD DAVENANT
SIR EDMUND TRAVERS
SIR HARRY HARLOW

CAPTAIN DORMER
CHARLES DAVENANT
PAGET

LADY DAVENANT
MARIANNE
WAITING WOMAN

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in Lord Davenant's house.

Enter LORD DAVENANT.

Lord D. Did ever man mistake his happiness as I have done! Am I by nature fitted for a husband? am I by temper qualified to be a gamester? and yet, (a plague upon my folly!) I am both. In both I've doubled stakes, and played the losing game: married a wife for money, and a wife for love; and now, nor love nor money will get rid of either: upon my right hand and my left, a plague; over-head, ruin impends; under-foot, lurks discovery. A situation that admits no choice, but choice of miseries. As to my Lady Davenant here, if ever man were punished in a faultless wife, it is my fate to be that man; with beauty to attract, affections to assist temptation, still she stands upon a rock of virtue; nor can I, by the narrowest search, explore a crack or cranny, where the slightest levity might enter, to throw down her barriers, and make way for my escape. When a wife's indiscretion will not save me, well may I rail at fortune; 'tis hard to lose upon a cast, where every chance was in my favour. [*Enter PAGET.*—Now, Paget, before I talk to you, shut the door. (*Paget shuts the door.*) What have you discovered in Lady Davenant since we last conferred?

Paget. Nothing.

Lord D. No doubt you have watched her—

Paget. Closely.

Lord D. Where has she been? whom has she seen? what has she done?

Paget. The journal of one day is the journal of her life: if I had the eyes of a hawk, (and mine are none of the dulllest,) I could not spy a flaw in Lady Davenant,

Lord D. Incredible! Are not you an attorney, and is not she a woman? have not I set you as a spy upon her person; cased the body of a lawyer in the livery of a servant; and, after three months past and more, will you persuade me, that you have discovered, what the world never knew—a wife without a flaw? I'll not believe it.

Paget. Why, then, my lord, you must even strip my livery off my back, and dismiss me to my parchments.

Lord D. You will find flaws enough in them. Of this I'm sure, if anything can outwit a lawyer, it must be the devil; therefore, Paget, I conclude against her ladyship's sanctity. What do you tell me? has this great city lost its temptations, or reformed its morals? There are a hundred fine men of the town, who say she is the finest woman in it.

Paget. Yes; and swear it, too: but she won't believe them.

Lord D. She was credulous enough, when I told her so.

Paget. 'Twas a great weakness; but she is wiser than she was.

Lord D. Does Sir Harry Harlow make no way? He is a fashionable man, and came on with all the gallantry of a Frenchman.

Paget. Yes, and went off like a Frenchman; he'll not rally any more; we have orders never to admit him. She is in frequent conversation with your son.

Lord D. I have remarked it, and shall stop their interviews.

Paget. She has been collecting a sum—

Lord D. What is that for?

Paget. That's more than I can tell: I sold some trinkets for her of her uncle's giving, and exchanged some money into notes this morning.

Lord D. I paid her quarter's pin-money but yesterday: this must be looked into.

Page. Yes, we may look; but it is seeking for day-light with a dark lantern: malice cannot spy a fault in her; mischief cannot make one; and, if I might offer my advice, it should be to desist from any further pains in the attempt: 'tis merely loss of labour, take my word for it.

Lord D. To say the truth, I begin to be of your opinion; but, till a better plan can be struck out, we must persist in this: you know my reasons, *Page*; you alone, of all mankind, are in the secret of that fatal step, which tranks me on in infamy and error. If *Lady Davenant* were in fact, as she is in law, my only wife, I would not act as now; but whilst that second marriage, in Flanders, with *Miss Dormer*, draws off my heart, and keeps me under terror of discovery, if I can't find occasion for a divorce, I must make one.

Page. 'Tis plain your passion for *Miss Dormer* still subsists, else her persuasion of your death, her ignorance of your name and station, and the precautions we have taken to prevent discovery, make these measures needless.

Lord D. I wish I saw it in that light; but what security have I against *Miss Dormer's* coming over? what against her marrying again, believing, as she does, that I am dead? that were a stroke that I should doubly feel. Another danger threatens me; her brother, *Dormer*, may return from sea: his former passion for my *Lady Davenant*, and gratitude for my services in getting him a ship, will expose me to his visits; and I would sooner meet the devil than the man I've wronged so deeply.

Page. 'T would not be pleasant, I confess: but, surely, 'twas reported he was killed in action with an enemy's ship in the East Indies.

Lord D. Wounded, not killed. But, hark! my lady's coming. Vanish! [*Exit Page.*—*Enter LADY DAVENANT.*] Good morning to you, *Lady Davenant*! Dressed so early!

Lady D. 'Tis my uncle's day for visiting, and I made myself ready to receive him.

Lord D. Come, come; that studied elegance of dress can never be put on to receive an uncle; you had some better object in your eye than old Sir Edmund Travers.

Lady D. Perhaps I had.

Lord D. Why, that's sincere; I know you do not set yourself in such array for family visitors.

Lady D. I own it; but a stranger, and a favourite, too—when such an one is in the case—

Lord D. Ay, then you arm at every point for conquest: to this stranger, tell me, who is he?

Lady D. Who is a greater stranger than your lordship? If I'm armed for conquest, here's the heart I aim at.

Lord D. Psha! this is trifling; these are words in course. If man and wife keep forms, 'tis all that is required; but to pretend a passion, and talk of love to a husband—'tis an affectation that lowers your understanding, but cannot impose upon mine. In the name of reason, *Lady Davenant*, make yourself an agreeable wife; but do not sink into that most insipid of all characters, a good sort of woman.

Lady D. And what is your description of a good sort of woman?

Lord D. She is one that keeps the commandments, hears sermons, talks a little innocent scandal, and scolds the servants.

Lady D. Now tell me your receipt for an agreeable wife.

Lord D. An agreeable wife to a man of the world is a woman of the world; one who follows her own pursuits, and does not cross those of her husband. Let me speak to you with sincerity: we married for convenience; there is a disparity in our ages; I was a widower, with a son as old as yourself; you an orphan girl of fortune, a slave to the humours of

your uncle: you purchased liberty by the sacrifice of inclination.

Lady D. How does that appear, my lord?

Lord D. Beyond a doubt; you know your heart was never mine; you know you was in love with *Dormer*, would have married him; was thwarted in your first affection, and took me upon duty—I might have said upon compulsion, for I was your uncle's choice, not your's.

Lady D. Hold there, whilst I declare to you, in truth of heart, if *Dormer* had not given me up—unkindly given me up—it were not duty, no, nor yet compulsion, should have forced me to renounce him.

Lord D. I give you credit for a fair confession, and I draw this natural conclusion from it: the woman who has loved will love again. I am content. Let me speak plainly to you: you are young, handsome, sensible, susceptible: I am declining from the prime of life; a lover of my ease; and, I confess to you, not over uxorious. Why should we restrain each other? Why should marriage, that strikes off other women's fetters, put on your's? Live as women of your rank live; let your life be neither that of a town libertine, nor this, which you now lead, of a matrimonial mope.

Lady D. I understand you, my lord; but if I am better pleased to submit to the chagrin of your neglect, than to the reproaches of my own conscience, you will suffer me to pursue a dull choice, and be the object of your contempt rather than of my own. I'll not disguise from you that my heart is made for love; soft and subject to temptation; therefore, I avoid it: it once belonged to *Dormer*; he returned it wounded, bleeding to its owner; 'twas healed, made whole, and offered to *Lord Davenant*; if you will not receive it, you may send it back to me, as *Dormer* did; but you shall never make it common property, assure yourself.

Lord D. Well, let that pass. I have a question, to which I beg your answer, without evasion or reserve.

Lady D. Propose it.

Lord D. What has passed of late between your ladyship and my son? You have been closetted more than once: what have you conferred upon?

Lady D. Am I bound to tell that?

Lord D. Indispensably; I charge you on your duty; if you will put yourself on your defence, defend yourself. I have remarked a sullenness in *Captain Davenant* that does not please me; a darkness and reserve not proper: and I suspect your ladyship of being party in the occasion.

Lady D. No, no; if ever I am forced to make my sorrows known, it will not be to your son I shall speak unfavourably of his father.

Lord D. No matter; tell me what has passed.

Lady D. Read, then, and satisfy your doubts. (*Gives him a letter.*)

Lord D. (*Reads.*) "*Dear Charles,—As it may be inconvenient to your father to furnish you with the purchase-money for your majority, accept this trifle in aid from your ever affectionate, LOUISA DAVENANT.*" Confusion! Let me see: five hundred pounds! your ladyship is very bountiful to *Captain Davenant*; and very considerate, as you would have it appear, of his father's pocket. If you had studied the necessities of that, madam, why might not your bounty pass through my hands? How know you I approve of this? how can you tell but other calls may be more urgent with me than this of a commission for my son? What if I have duns of honour now at my door! what if I have play-debts, that cannot be put aside! will you unstring your purse; empty your hoard of pin-money for me? I do not find you will.

Lady D. 'Tis in your hands; dispose of it as you see fit.

Lord D. And I do see fit to dispose of mine and my son's concerns without your ladyship's advice

or interference: I shall also expect, and strictly require, that you do not talk and cabal with my son upon anything that now passes, ever did pass, or ever shall pass, between you and me upon the subject.

Enter Servant, introducing SIR EDMUND TRAVERS.

Serv. Sir Edmund Travers. *[Exit.]*

Sir E. Lord Davenant, I kiss your hands. Why, this is as it should be; this is as it used to be in days of yore, when man and wife fulfilled the saying, and were one flesh. I protest to you, I have been let into the houses of three married couple this morning, and found but one and a half at home.

Lord D. Perhaps the hen-birds were on the perch, Sir Edmund; 'tis rather early.

Sir E. Very good, very good; but that was not the case. Lady Turtle, for instance, was on the wing; that dove had left the ark: knowing Sir Philander to be so fond a mate, I asked him of my lady;—she was not in the house. How did she do?—he could not tell. Where was she gone?—he did not care. I stared at this; he, observing my surprise, said, he supposed I had not heard of his misfortune, else I would never have mentioned that vile hussy in his hearing. A plague upon all family affairs! thought I; 'twas not a week ago, this fellow held me by the ear with a detail as tedious as the courtship of Jacob and Rebecca; but I have always said, Lord Davenant and my niece are the only instance of conjugal felicity,—in upper life, at least.

Lady D. If you think us so happy, uncle, why don't you take an agreeable companion to cheer the evening of your days?

Sir E. To hang myself in the evening of my days! how could you name so horrible a thing to me as an agreeable companion?

Lady D. I've observed, that they who rail most against matrimony, are the first to marry.

Sir E. And I've remarked, that they who marry, are the first to rail: lack-a-day! if I did not find you and my lord here together in a family way, as they call it, always civil and courteous to each other, with a smile of complacency on your countenances, what should I think? If I did not see these things with my own eyes, what should I say, when so many busy, tattling fools are whispering it about that you are the most unhappy couple in London?

Lord D. Whispering, Sir Edmund! they'll whisper anything; but who dare say it?

Sir E. That was just my answer; my answer to a tittle: "A plague upon you all!" said I, t'other night, to a knot of old fograms at the Mount, who were caballing over their coffee, not perceiving me snug in a corner box:—"A plague upon you all!" said I—

Lord D. Tedious old blockhead! I'll escape in time. *(Aside, and going.)*

Sir E. My lord, my lord, hear out my story; it is told in three words.

Lord D. I beg your pardon, but I've indispensable business, and have outstaid my engagement. *[Exit.]*

Sir E. Why, look you there, now! 'tis surprising how unwilling people are to hear my stories; not a man in our club will sit them out, except the smokers. 'Twas just the same when I was in parliament, nothing but coughing, hemming, and shuffling of feet; no attention, no desire of information; all their brains a-gadding. And your lord has a piece of that, let me tell you; but a good man in the main, an excellent man in the main, an incomparable husband!

Lady D. I make no complaint.

Sir E. To be sure you don't: complaint, indeed! no, if you had the least cause for that, trust me for finding it out; nothing of that sort could escape me, you know it could not.

Lady D. I should be sorry you had any cause to regret a match so entirely of your own making.

Sir E. Right, child, you are right; 'twas a match of my own making; you owe all your happiness to your uncle; and you now perceive a grey head was a little wiser than a green one: you was once of another opinion, but that's past and over: I don't reproach you, Louisa; indeed, I may charge that error of your life to my own indulgence. I humoured you to a fault in your education; turned my house into a school, to make you happy; let you have as many masters as you pleased; doctors and apothecaries, you might choose amongst them all; but in the important article of a husband, there, indeed, I stepped in; there I had my choice, as was natural I should; and now you see the consequence; now, Louisa, I say, you see the consequence.

Lady D. I do indeed, sir.

Sir E. Why, that's fair; you are perfectly happy, and you own it, that's sincere: and what did I do to make you so? thwarted your inclinations, that were leading you astray. I chose my Lord Davenant here, a man of a certain age, a widower, d'ye see? not only fit to husband you, Louisa, but to father you; whereas, you know, and, if you are honest, you will confess, that if I had indulged you in your choice—

Lady D. I should have chosen otherwise.

Sir E. You would have married young Dormer.

Lady D. I confess it.

Sir E. Oh! the many anxious thoughts I had to prevent it! How did I puzzle my poor brain to make you happy, and break off your connexion with that young fellow!

Lady D. Was there a contrivance in that business?

Sir E. Was there a contrivance, child! to be sure there was; there's a contrivance in everything I do; and I must do Lord Davenant the justice to say, he took some pains in that affair as well as myself: witness Captain Dormer's letter to you.

Lady D. What of that, I beseech you? Let me know all my obligations to Lord Davenant.

Sir E. And 'tis fit you should; every man's good deeds should be known: he wrote every word of that letter himself; not a syllable was Captain Dormer's.

Lady D. Not a syllable!

Sir E. Not a tittle. And my lord never told you this?

Lady D. Never.

Sir E. That's extraordinary; but, indeed, he bound me to secrecy; so you must say nothing of the matter. Oh! he was at uncommon pains for your sake; for he thought you would be a monstrous fortune; and so, to be sure, you will, at my death; but there I outwitted him, too, for I came down with only ten thousand, and saddled him with a humming jointure, and four hundred a-year pin-money. Ah! my dear Louisa, I consulted your happiness in every tittle of your settlement.

Lady D. Since you have been so considerate of me in the bargain you have made with Lord Davenant, let me hope you will now assist him in a family difficulty. His son is treating for the purchase of a majority, and wants a sum of money to complete it; he is an excellent young man, and you would do me a most acceptable kindness, if you would enable me to supply him with five hundred pounds.

Sir E. Ah! Louisa, Louisa, I'm afraid the stories I've heard of your husband's gaining are too true.

Lady D. About as true as what you've heard of our unhappiness; but I thought you treated all such reports with contempt.

Sir E. And so I do: but time flies; 'tis visiting day with me, and I must leave you. Good morning.

Lady D. But you have given me no answer about the money.

Sir E. Answer, child! what signifies answering you, when the thing is impossible? *[Exit.]*

Lady D. So, then, it seems, I have been duped by base contrivances. Dormer is clear, and I am sacrificed. Lord Davenant's conduct is complete; begins with treachery, and ends in tyranny. Most miserable of women, to whom shall I complain? It is too much; I can't support my agony. *(Throws herself on a couch, and weeps.)*

Re-enter SIR EDMUND TRAVERS.

Sir E. Ay, now she's crying, because I refused her the money. What a fond fool it is! I warrant now, she'd pledge her diamonds to redeem her husband—

Lady D. Who's there?

Sir E. 'Tis I, 'tis uncle Edmund. Nay, Louisa, if you cry, 'tis all over with me; take the money—give me a kiss; I am a foolish, fond, old fellow, and cannot bear to see you unhappy. If 'twere as much again, you should have it; but don't ask me for any more, I pray you, don't. 'Tis all in notes; they would have been navy-bills before night; but I'm a foolish, fond, old fellow, that's the truth of it.

Lady D. I thank you, sir, I thank you!

Sir E. Apropos! here is the very gentleman you were speaking of. Come in, Captain Davenant, come in, without ceremony; my lady has got something for you; but I tell no tales, I betray no secrets: so, so! I leave you together. Good bye! I leave you together. *[Exit.]*

Enter CHARLES DAVENANT.

Charles. What is this secret that Sir Edmund has broached? What commands has your ladyship for me?

Lady D. After what my uncle has said, 'tis in vain to deny that I have a request to make, which I beg you not to refuse me.

Charles. If the request shall be, as I suspect it is, to receive fresh favours from you, 'tis the only difficulty you can put me to in obeying you.

Lady D. If you knew what pleasure I receive by tendering to you this trifle towards the purchase of your rank, you would take it for my sake without further scruple: if you have any regard for me, accept it at my hands.

Charles. What shall I say to you, most generous of women?

Lady D. Nothing: neither is it convenient we should converse together: I am obliged to request of you not to mention what has passed.

Charles. Oh! Lady Davenant, Lady Davenant! my heart bleeds for you.

Lady D. Hush! not a word of that—Now, sir?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir Harry Harlow to wait upon your ladyship.

Lady D. Did not I tell you to deny me? I am not at home to Sir Harry Harlow. *[Exit.]*

Serv. What would your honour please to have me do? he is coming up stairs.

Charles. Rascal, begone! *[Exit Servant.]*

Enter SIR HARRY HARLOW.

Sir H. How now, Charles! rating the footman? it is indeed, an untowardly whelp: her ladyship is not very select in the choice of her lacqueys; he would have persuaded me I was not to be let in. But won't your fair mother-in-law make her appearance?

Charles. No.

Sir H. No, man! Is that all the answer you can afford me? The yard-dog would say as much.

Charles. Take your answer from him, then, when you make your next inquiries.

Enter LORD DAVENANT.

Lord D. How now, gentlemen both, at sharps with each other?

Sir H. Captain Davenant seems to guard your lordship's doors, as if it were a crime to enter them; if so, I must confess, it is a crime I am not disposed to repent of, at least, till you tell me I ought to do so. *(Charles walks aside.)*

Lord D. Pooh! 'tis his manner; 'tis the fashion of the times: the young men, now-a-days, and the young women, too, talk no other language to their dearest friends. Harkye! Charles, have the kindness to step into the library; I want a few words in private with you. *[Exit Charles.]* This young man has ruffled you; and, to say truth, his manners are much altered; whether he mistakes in thinking a fierce military air becomes him, or that some secret matter really disconcerts him, I can't pretend to say, for he communicates with me but little: I beg you will think no more of what is past, for my sake.

Sir H. Assure yourself, my lord, 'tis as if it had never been.

Lord D. Here, Harry, I have a play-debt to settle with you; take these notes.

Sir H. As you will for that; choose your own time.

Lord D. Nay, but take them: 'twas a cursed crash I got last night. *(Gives him the notes.)*

Sir H. Deuce take me, my lord, if it does not go to my heart to win your money. I have a thousand times resolved never to play with you again.

Lord D. Why so, in the name of wonder?

Sir H. Because I cannot bear to wear in my pocket what might so much better be employed elsewhere.

Lord D. What is the man moralizing about?

Sir H. Well, I protest and vow, were I the husband of my Lady Davenant—

Lord D. You would be as tired of her as I am.

Sir H. For shame, for shame! what woman can be more engaging?

Lord D. Every woman that is not my wife.

Sir H. That ever matrimony should bring a man to this! As heaven shall be my judge, I'd give one half of my estate to share the other with the woman you are so indifferent about.

Lord D. And I would give this arm from off this body to be quit of her; so there's the difference between you and me: but let us talk no more of the subject—Is your chariot in waiting?

Sir H. It is.

Lord D. Are you going to any distance?

Sir H. Only to a visit in the next street, and then home.

Lord D. If that's all, I should be glad you would take my chair, and lend me your carriage; I have a little business at t'other end of the town.

Sir H. Take it where you please; 'tis at your service: I perceive I shall not have the honour of making my bow to Lady Davenant this morning.

Lord D. To say the truth, I suspect you will not: it does not appear to me, Harry, that you are in train to make your way to her ladyship's good graces; and it requires a very moderate share of resolution to resist temptation, when there is no inclination for the temptation. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in Lord Davenant's house.

Enter LADY DAVENANT and CHARLES DAVENANT.

Charles. I must speak to you; you must give me a few minutes' hearing.

Lady D. Promise, then, you will not name your father.

Charles. 'Tis upon another business quite; and, because you are the friend I best love on earth, you shall be the first to whom I communicate my joy.

Lady D. You have obtained your commission?

Charles. I have, indeed, but not the commission, my dear lady, you are thinking of; not a promotion to rank, but to happiness—I am married.

Lady D. Heaven and earth! To whom?

Charles. An angel: one, who in mind and person is your sister; and, if evil fate had not forbade, might have been such in fact.

Lady D. What do you mean? explain yourself.

Charles. The sister of your Dormer.

Lady D. My Dormer! What is it you tell me? Does your father know of this?

Charles. It is not fit he should: how could he be reconciled to my choice, when he neglects his own?

Lady D. Remember your promise, and no more of this. Where did you meet Miss Dormer? I thought she was resident in Flanders.

Charles. 'Twas there I met her, on my late journey to Spa. How I became acquainted with her; why I concealed from you my passion; with each circumstance of her affecting story, will demand relation more at large: but she is not, as you call her, Miss Dormer.

Lady D. That I can readily conceive, since you have married her.

Charles. But she was not Miss Dormer when I married her: she was the widow of an English gentleman, of the name of Brooke, who lived with her about three months; went to Paris, and there died: there is something mysterious in the conduct of this man; but that, with other matters, I must now defer. We are just returned from a church in the city; but as friendship has its claim upon my heart as well as love, I snatch an hour from my enchanting bride to seek her counterpart; and, as I fear you have few blessings you can call your own, I beg you to accept a share in mine. Farewell!

Lady D. May happiness attend you both! [*Exit Charles.*] Married to Dormer's sister! How that name strikes on my heart! And I the confidante of a clandestine marriage! A dangerous secret for my peace; the transport of the moment never suffered him to think of that. Well, let the danger come! There was a time I should have been more scrupulous, but the base conduct of Lord Davenant makes him loathsome in my eyes; and were my injured hero now to come—Oh, heaven! I will not think of it. Watch over him, ye guardians of the good and brave! waft him, ye winds, to glory! may the ship that bears him, and the star by which he sails, be ever prosperous! and, as he walks the deck by night, amidst the waste of waters, should a thought of my unkindness smite his manly heart with sadness, may some pitying spirit turn aside the thought, and strike out my unhappy name from his remembrance!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Please your ladyship, there is a sea-officer below, inquires for my lord: I told him he was from home, but he says he will wait his return.

Lady D. Where is my lord?

Serv. Gone out in Sir Harry Harlow's chariot. I hope his lordship will not be angry at my letting the gentleman in.

Lady D. I hope not; you should make him give his name, however.

Serv. That I did at first, madam; 'tis our general order.

Lady D. And what is his name?

Serv. He has wrote it down on a card. [*Gives the card.*] Bless me! my lady, something's the matter; shall I run for your ladyship's woman?

Lady D. No, no, be quiet; it will go off. What have I done with the card?

Serv. Here it is. Pray, my lady, forgive my boldness, and let me call your servant.

Lady D. There's no occasion: I charge you not to mention to a soul that I was ill. Shew the gentleman into the eating-parlour; and remember to tell nobody of this trifling disorder.

Serv. Not for the world. The blessing on her! what a sweet lady it is! [*Exit.*]

Lady D. Dormer returned, and in the house!

All-ruling Providence, receive a helpless creature into thy protection! succour my fainting spirits in this dangerous moment, and support my resolution, struggling in a tide of passion, from whose overwhelming force no hand but thine can save me! I obey: it is thy voice that warns me to avoid him; and though to justify myself to Dormer were the dearest object of my life, I will not do it: no, let me suffer as I may, I will not meet him; I will never see him more.

Enter Waiting-woman.

Wait. Oh! madam, oh! my lady, such a thing is come to pass! Captain Dormer's in the house; I have seen him with my own eyes.

Lady D. Well, if he is, what's that to me? Was it well done of you, to expose me by your idle curiosity?

Wait. Indeed and indeed, my lady, I was innocently going into the eating-parlour for your ladyship's netting-box, not thinking anybody was there, when I saw a sea-officer, in his uniform, looking earnestly at your ladyship's portrait, over the chimney; his back was towards me, so I did not know who it was; and on I went, thinking no offence, when suddenly he turned upon me; and then, to be sure, I gave a loud shriek, discovering him to be Captain Dormer.

Lady D. Does he know I am in this house?

Wait. Know, madam! to be sure he knows your ladyship is married to my lord; for he asked me if the portrait was not drawn for you, which, you know, I could not deny; and then he asked me how it came in this house, and so I told him you was married to my lord, which is nothing but the truth; and then, mercy on me, how he started! so I thought I would say no more; but as I was going, madam, he took me by the hand and held me, and then he asked me half a hundred questions, all in a breath, so that I knew not what to answer; but telling him that your ladyship wanted me up stairs, away I run; and if I have done anything amiss, I heartily ask your ladyship's pardon.

Lady D. Amiss! I know not what you've done. Did he ask to see me?

Wait. Oh! most earnestly; but I was afraid to tell your ladyship of that; indeed, he begged very hard to see you.

Lady D. Impossible! It must not be. How does he look? [*him.*]

Wait. Lovelily! you would be charmed to see

Lady D. Pooh! I mean is he in health?

Wait. In perfect health.

Lady D. Thank heaven for that!

Wait. Madam?

Lady D. Restrain your curiosity, if you please, and say nothing of what has passed. Go down to Captain Dormer, and tell him—tell him I am rejoiced—no, that won't do—cruel necessity!—tell him I must never see him more.

Wait. Lack-a-day! my lady, I shall never have the heart to tell him that. Oh, the mischief! here's my lord. [*Exit.*]

Enter LORD DAVENANT.

Lord D. So, your Captain Dormer is come home, and you have admitted him into my house.

Lady D. No, my lord, I have not admitted him.

Lord D. But your ambassadress there has been in treaty; messages have passed; I know they have.

Lady D. My conduct, my lord, is open; I have no secrets; and, if it is any satisfaction to you to know it, I can assure you it is my fixed resolution never to see Captain Dormer any more.

Lord D. A woman's resolution! and you'll keep it accordingly.

Lady D. I hope I shall keep it for your lordship's sake as well as my own.

Lord D. For my sake!

Lady D. Yes, I have the strongest reasons on your account. Captain Dormer is an injured man; interviews might draw on explanations, and these might lead to consequences of an unpleasant nature.

Lord D. You deal in riddles, madam; your tone is raised, too, now your champion's in the house.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Captain Dormer's compliments, and begs to know if your lordship will be pleased to see him.

Lord D. Tell him I'll wait upon him presently.

[*Exit Servant.*] What can she mean by explanations? her confidence alarms me—if Paget has betrayed me—if she has heard of my affair with Dormer's sister, all is lost. I'll prove her further. (*Aside.*) You say that Dormer is an injured man; who tells you so? what is his injury, and who has done it?

Lady D. If letters have been fabricated which he never wrote; and if it may be called an injury to impress with false opinions hearts that were once devoted to each other, then am I warranted in what I say. My uncle is my author.

Lord D. So, your wise uncle has told you this: this is the mighty mystery!—for my share of the artifice, it is amongst the crimes I have repented of most cordially. You cannot execrate the luckless hour that made us one more bitterly than I do.

Lady D. Since it is so, my lord, I shall not aggravate that bitterness by exposing you to the reproaches of Captain Dormer.

Lord D. If you have no other reason for avoiding him but this, you are free to justify yourself at my expense; if you have nothing else to charge me with to Captain Dormer, this I can face, and instantly. Who waits? Nay, I'll prevent you; own to what I've done, and stand by consequences, be they what they may. Stay, you yourself shall hear me.

Lady D. I beg to be excused: I must insist upon permission to withdraw. [*Exit.*]

Enter Servant.

Lord D. Tell Captain Dormer I am ready to receive him. [*Exit Servant.*] For if the time must come when he that does the wrong, and he that suffers it, shall face to face bring their accounts to issue, better that the audit pass in this life than another. Why, then, this sudden tremor! Conscience, conscience, is this fair dealing? slow to admonish, when you might have saved me; loud in reproach, when admonition is too late. What if I told this young man all the wrong I've done him? what if I avowed the horrid injury that's yet unknown; that worm that gnaws my heart; that canker, which the incision of his sword can only cure? I know the awful consummation is at hand; I feel the coming on of things; but when, and in what manner they shall pass, I cannot tell. The hand that rules my fate must fashion it.

Re-enter Servant with CAPTAIN DORMER.

Serv. Captain Dormer.

[*Exit.*]

Lord D. You are welcome to England, sir: I am sorry I was not ready to receive you, and that you have been put to the trouble of waiting for me.

Capt. The apology is due for my importunity, but I consider this as a visit of duty; and as I owe my command to your lordship's recommendation, I was determined that the first door I entered in London should be your's.

Lord D. You are just arrived?

Capt. Within this hour.

Lord D. You do me honour; and I hear, with much content, you've done yourself great honour, and the service.

Capt. Such men and officers as I have served with must ensure success; I must have been the sole defaulter in my ship, if we had flinched our duty.

Lord D. If there is anything I can further obey you in, you will be pleased to command me.

Capt. I humbly thank you; and can only say, though I have been long at sea, I don't wish to be idle on shore. There is a business, however, that I have at heart to settle before I go out again; and as your lordship's favour has enabled me to make a fortune, the same friendship, perhaps, will assist me in the disposal of it.

Lord D. Explain yourself, if you please; you know I have been always at your service.

Capt. I have a sister—

Lord D. (*Starting.*) Sir!

Capt. My lord! I hope you have heard nothing to the contrary.

Lord D. No, on my honour! Please to proceed.

Capt. I hope she is yet living; 'tis a long time since I heard from her: she is the only relation I have left; an orphan girl, my lord; and if she is still at Antwerp, where I left her, I can scarce hope to see her before I am ordered out again. To her I have bequeathed the earnings of my service, and in the meantime, made suitable provision for her support: if you, who are the founder of my fortune, will kindly undertake this friendly trust, and suffer me to deposit in your care an orphan charge, you will put me under everlasting obligation.

Lord D. By heaven, this is too much! (*Aside.*) Sir—Mr. Dormer, I am sensible of the honour you do me; but, you must think, I am a man not used to business of this sort: the commission is a very delicate commission: the charge of a young lady—

Capt. Is a very sacred charge. I feel it such; and, therefore, ardently would wish to rest it with a man of honour. I am sensible of my presumption; I know I am imposing trouble, where I ought only to be paying gratitude; but, my Lord Davenant, I have no friends except in my own profession; they cannot serve me on this occasion. You are my only hope; and, as you have once taken me by the hand, I pray you, do not let it go; I am bold to hope I shall not bring discredit on your protection, and I shall be through life devoted to you for the favour.

Lord D. I am distressed; and if I do not answer you to your wish, it is because I'm sensible I do not merit the good opinion you repose in me: you will allow me some time to reflect on what you desire.

Capt. By all means: I would not take your friendship by surprise. One thing I should naturally have stated to you before; but since I entered your lordship's house, I have been informed of a circumstance, that makes the mention of it a matter of some embarrassment.

Lord D. What may that circumstance be?

Capt. I understand you have the happiness to call a lady your's whom I had once the audacity to aspire to: Miss Travers, I am told, is Lady Davenant.

Lord D. How is she interested in this business?

Capt. Your lordship having been privy to my passion for your most amiable lady, I may be allowed to say to you, that it was my first passion and will be my last. Her uncle's opposition, and her better destiny, traversed my too ambitious hopes, and reserved her to a worthier choice. Though there was something harder than I could have expected in her manner of dismissing me, still, upon reflection, I cannot condemn the lady, who had prudence to reject an insolent pretender with the scorn he merited: nay, I am vain enough to flatter myself her uncle dictated expressions that did not originate with her: be that as it may, I have bequeathed my fortune to her upon failure of my sister and her heirs.

Lord D. Astonishing! When did you take this resolution?

Capt. When I was far enough from thinking I should ever see her more; after the action, when I

was despaired of from my wounds: and though I do not wish your lordship to report this to Lady Davenant, I hope it will be a motive with you for undertaking the trust, when so dear a part of you has an eventual interest in it.

Lord D. So dear a part of me! 'Tis plain that she is such to you; and that her refusal has not yet extinguished your affection.

Capt. No, my lord; her honour and her happiness are still as dear to me as my own; no other object can ever interpose to draw off my attachment: having once had the honour of being regarded by her, I can never descend to think of any other woman; and I hope I have already convinced your lordship, that, so far from bearing enmity to the happy man who possesses her, I rejoice to find that the object of her love, and the friend of my life, is one and the same person. I, therefore, once again entreat you to take my sister also into your protection; and you will then have in charge everything I hold valuable upon earth.

Lord D. This is really so extraordinary, that I must wonder on what grounds you rest a confidence in me so full and so implicit.

Capt. To say the truth, I follow Lady Davenant's choice; persuaded I may trust my interests where she reposes her's.

Lord D. But suppose, for a moment, that compulsion, and not choice, determined Lady Davenant to ally herself to me.

Capt. Impossible! I'll not suppose it for a moment.

Lord D. Nay, let me put a stronger case: suppose this idol of your soul should raise no ecstasies in mine. What if this angel of perfection should to me appear the most indifferent of women? In plainer words, what would you say if Lady Davenant was the object of my fixed aversion?

Capt. What would I say!—but I forbear; and understand such suppositions as a civil intimation that 'tis time I took my leave.

Lord D. Oh! by no means: I have much to say to you.

Capt. Some other time: I've troubled you too long already. [Exit.]

Lord D. Cursed be the hour in which I wronged this man! What a clear spirit! what a lofty soul! There is a stateliness and grace in virtue, which guilty pride can never imitate. 'Sdeath! how I loath myself! D—n! what a wretch I am! If I had worlds, I'd give them to be free. Vain lamentation! vain remorse! Let no man think to take one step in infamy, and then retract. Impossible! The precipice has no degrees; down, down, he falls at once, plunges into the fathomless abyss, and sinks for ever! [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The Apartment of Marianne.*

Enter MARIANNE, hastily.

Mar. Where shall I hide myself? He's in the house. What shall I say? How shall I bear to see him? Wretched, wretched woman! (Weeps.)

Enter CHARLES DAVENANT.

Charles. Joy to my Marianne! my wife, my—Heaven defend me! what's the matter? why are you in tears? My life, my soul! what ails thee? Answer me, or I shall sink with apprehension.

Mar. Alas! my dearest friend, no more my husband—

Charles. What do you mean? I am in agonies.

Mar. My husband is alive; I have seen him.

Charles. What, then, am I?

Mar. Ruined, disgraced, betrayed; and I the cause.

Charles. Oh! insupportable and killing stroke! Can there be misery more deep than this? By heaven! I'll not resign you. Villain, deceiver as he is, he cannot claim what he has faithlessly aban-

doned; and, if he does, my sword shall strike him dead. Blast him, eternal justice! burst underneath his feet, and swallow him, thou violated earth!

Mar. By this our last embrace, I do beseech you moderate your rage; it frightens me; your looks are wild: have patience, and collect yourself to bear this cruel stroke.

Charles. If what extinguishes my happiness, deprives me of my reason, can I help it? If you have seen him, known him, and conversed with him, direct me where he is, and I'll assert my right; for if he were my father, by the Power that made me—

Mar. Pray, no more: hear me, if possible, with some composure.

Charles. Where did this meeting pass? you have not left the house.

Mar. I saw him from my window in his chariot: there was a noise and uproar in the street; some fray between his servants and the driver of a hackney-carriage: he had let down the glass, and stopped his chariot.

Charles. But are you sure 'twas he?

Mar. Too sure: no sooner did my eye glance on his person than, terror-struck, and scarce myself, I ran down to the door, went out, and called to him to stop, for now the carriages were disengaged—

Charles. What did he, then?

Mar. He stopped, looked out, discovered me, and calling eagerly to his coachman, drove furiously away.

Charles. Infamous wretch! abuser of your unprotected innocence! hypocrite, that, counterfeiting piety, stole into the sanctuary of virtue, and robbed the altar of its holiest relic! I never liked his story; always thought his sanctified approaches, under cloak of mock benevolence and pity, were suspicious: then, his pretended death, and the insupportable darkness succeeding it, were proofs demonstrative of fraud. My life upon't, he is some titled profligate. Have you no marks to trace him by? the equipage, arms, liveries? did you not note them?—through the earth I will pursue him to detection.

Mar. I was incapable of such remarks: I have sent my servant amongst the neighbours; his equipage was gay and splendid, and 'tis possible it may be known—but what ensues when it is known?—distraction, death! Oh! leave me, Charles; renounce me, banish my misfortunes from your thoughts, and may some happier woman—

Charles. Madness is in the thought! never will I forsake thee; never, by all that's sacred, whilst I live, will I acknowledge any other wife: in thy embrace is centered all my happiness; here, here, my lovely Marianne, I will both live and die.

Mar. Alas! my dearest Charles, although my soul doats on you, can I, for your sake, suffer it? ought I for my own?

Charles. Are you not, then, my wife? who shall oppose it? Have you any other husband? Let the world's laws interpret as they may, by right of heaven's decree you are mine: let him that forged the lie, fall by the lie. What if the records of his death were false? you thought them true; and in persuasion of their truth, you married; therefore, he's dead to you, though he survives to villany;—the husband is extinct, though the impostor lives.

Mar. For me, who am the child of sorrow, friendless and obscure, the world's opinions are no rule of right; heaven and my conscience give the law to me; but, oh! to sink your fame and fortune, bury all your splendid hopes, your active talents—it is not to be thought of. No; your friends, your family, your country claims you: misfortune is my birth-right; I am encompassed with a sphere of wretchedness, and every one is blighted that approaches me: an orphan in the cradle; one brave youth, one dear beloved brother, was the cordial of my life—of him, perhaps, I am bereft.

Charles. No, Providence restores him to you: this sad accident so filled my thoughts, or I had sooner told you the good tidings of your brother. Dormer's arrived.

Mar. Is he arrived?

Charles. He is arrived, and crowned with glory, crowned with fortune. You are the sister of a hero, who will stand recorded in his country's brightest annals: interest might solicit your alliance; pride might boast of it; even misers now might court the sister of the wealthy Dormer.

Mar. Then I will not despair: amidst the clouds and darkness of my fate, heaven yet shall visit me with one bright gleam of hope.

Charles. Yes, we shall still be happy; I feel my spirits lighten: my love to you is not a brutal heat; 'tis founded on the graces of your mind; brightened, but not blinded, by the charms of your person. I have no part to act; to Dormer, to my father, to the world I will avow my claim; I'll seek your brother, join him in dragging forth to light this dark, mysterious husband. To this I pledge my word; till this be done, however painful the suspense, however dear the sacrifice, I am your friend, not husband. Come, come, then, thou soft affliction, quiet thy distracted thoughts; all things will yet be well. [Exit *unt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Lord Davenant's house.*

Enter LORD DAVENANT and PAGET.

Lord D. I tell you, 'tis impossible. I am beset, embayed; broad, full-faced infamy now stares upon me. If all the demons that are leagued in mischief sat in council for my rescue, hell and its advocates have no resource to ward off my detection.

Paget. I would have had you thought of this before.

Lord D. Pr'ythee, forbear reproach; my own heart is sufficient for that office. Where is my lady?

Paget. In her chamber.

Lord D. Alone?

Paget. I think so.

Lord D. Would she were in her grave! I'll think of that. The sight of Marianne, the glimpse I snatched this morning of her beauties, fatal although it be, has stirred the flame afresh; it burns within me; horror cannot quench it; Dormer's return, his presence, his reproaches can't extinguish it; not even his sword, though it transfigured my heart. But I forget to ask you what intelligence you've gathered. Am I discovered? is my name out in the affair?

Paget. I do not find it is; and if you wish it should not, you must take instant measures with Sir Harry Harlow and his servants; his equipage is known by many, and will lead discovery to you.

Lord D. To him, you mean—and that's to me. Can I set him in front, and skulk behind his friendship like a coward? Will he permit it, think you? No. Can I? There's no evasion left. Now, what's your business?

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord, Sir Edmund Travers is below.

Lord D. Admit him. [Exit *Servant.*] Doating blockhead! blind fool! that cannot see the sun at noon; for that is not more glaring in its full meridian, than the apparent misery that he is author of. Begone! [Exit *Paget.*]

Enter SIR EDMUND TRAVERS.

Sir E. My lord, I've news for you.

Lord D. Dormer's arrived.

Sir E. How your wit jumps!

Lord D. I've news for you. A secret; but you'll keep it?

Sir E. Oh! upon honour!

Lord D. Nay, as you will, for this it is: we are two sorry knaves.

Sir E. Who? you and I?

Lord D. Exactly so! a pair as perfect as iniquity ever matched. We tricked this marriage neatly; did we not? Fine cheats, to pass these letters off upon your niece and Dormer; neat forgeries they were; and precious gulls the lovers, to be trapped so readily. But you are secret, now; true to the gang; you did not blab this to Lady Davenant?

Sir E. What do you mean? I blab it! I to Lady Davenant!

Lord D. You. If you dare, deny it.

Sir E. Deny it! No, I cannot absolutely deny it; but who could think she would be fool enough to broach it?

Lord D. The first that broached it was the fool. You've set the mischief running; now drain the bitter cup of your affliction to its lowest and its foulest dregs. Dormer shall know the plot, which hand-in-hand we've practised to deceive him. The passion which was dead in him shall rise again: I'll urge them on, enflame them to renewed desires; and, when their stimulated hearts rush to forbidden transports, then, in that guilty moment, you and I, like brother villains, will steal in with silent steps, and feast upon the ruin we have made.

Sir E. Oh, horrible! you'll not do this.

Lord D. Why not? such true-bred sons of wickedness as we are have a luxury in mischief. What do you care? you hate your niece; I execrate my wife.

Sir E. Why, you are mad, sure; stark mad and raving. I hate my niece! you execrate your wife! I thought you were the fondest pair on earth; and for my niece—

Lord D. You stole her from an honest man, and sold her to a lord. Now get you home: weigh these things well in your discerning mind; put truth in one scale, titles in the other; and, when you've struck the balance, come and compare accounts with me, and we'll divide the gains. [Exit.]

Sir E. 'Tis as I said: the man's beside himself; out of all line and compass of right reason: I saw it in his eyes: the moon's in the mad quarter. 'Tis jealousy of Dormer; sheer, downright jealousy, and nothing else: 'foregad! and that will do it as soon as anything. He said he'd tell the plot to Dormer, make them both desperately in love afresh, and put them together—a proof of jealousy; he said he execrated his wife—a proof he loves her; and what are love and jealousy but madness? How his poor brains are tumbled topsy-turvy! I pity him at my heart. I must look sharp, and watch this Dormer closely; if I discover them at their old tricks, I shall make bold to read this niece of mine a good round lecture. When so many heads are gone astray, 'tis lucky for the world that some folks have their wits about them. [Exit.]

Re-enter LORD DAVENANT.

Lord D. I will not live in torment; nor shall the preaching of pedantic churchmen fetter this free spirit in this body, when it is weary of its prison. What know they of an hereafter more than we, who never proved it? all is speculation in futurity; and he that travels on in misery, in the hope or fear of what shall meet him at his journey's end, gives up his reason for a dream, and follows a blind guide he knows not whither, and he knows not why.

Enter LADY DAVENANT.

Lady D. I interrupt your meditations.

Lord D. You shall partake of them. Come, I shall probe your spirit; I shall bring you to confession ere we part. Is it not a miserable life we have passed together? is it not a cursed one?

Lady D. It might have been more happy.

Lord D. How! what can make harmony of discord! how can two hearts be brought together, that so widely point asunder? will the weak bands of

marriage draw them nearer? No; we were made by heaven so adverse and unlike in our original construction, that we may safely set the rubric at defiance, and without more process, part.

Lady D. Part!

Lord D. For ever.

Lady D. On what plea?

Lord D. The best and fairest—mutual aversion.

Lady D. Of what can you accuse me?

Lord D. Of hypocrisy, if you persist to live with me: who harbours with the thing he hates? what creature mates with its opposite? Nature protests against it. You hate me: come, I know you do, and you have cause.

Lady D. Remove that cause; break off from those bad courses that degrade a mind not naturally degenerate: 'twill be a worthier separation, a more laudable divorce than from an offending wife.

Lord D. What if I did? you cannot love me.

Lord D. Try; there is virtue in the experiment, at least.

Lord D. You love young Dormer; in your soul you love him: what your foolish uncle has betrayed, endears him to you more than ever; what I now shall tell you, will augment that augmentation, and inflame affection into phrenzy.

Lady D. Stop, then, in time. By every sacred name I charge you to forbear: let me be miserable, but do not make me guilty.

Lord D. I mean to save you both from misery and guilt. I have conversed with Dormer; he adores you; defeated in his hopes, dismissed, and, by our artifices, used most hardly, still he persists to love you. Nay, the deluded generous youth, because I am your husband, even on me devolves his friendship and affection; tenders to me the execution of his will; solicits me (oh! wondrous test of confidence!) to take the guardianship of Marianne.

Lady D. Astonishing!

Lord D. Yes, 'twere astonishing, if you knew all. (*Aside.*) Nay, there is more: he has bequeathed you his whole fortune at his sister's death. Now, what think you of this man? now, Lady Davenant, how do you feel your heart affected by these proofs of unabating love?

Lady D. Deeply, most deeply; yet, not otherwise, I hope, than as becomes your wife.

Lord D. Hence with the name! hence with that idle ceremony, to which our hearts were never pledged! which nature cancels, reason disavows, and we both execrate religiously! Go where your heart invites you; go to Dormer; with him you will be blest; with me, each day, each hour will aggravate your wretchedness.

Lady D. Can you be serious?

Lord D. As death. The bitter moments you have passed are sweet to those that must inevitably follow.

Lady D. My lord, my lord, you put too much upon me, when you urge me to a deed of such disgrace. Your cruelty will shortly bring me to my grave, then you'll be free; but if the process be too slow for your impatience, draw forth your sword; I'll sooner meet its point, than be the guilty thing you would make me.

Lord D. Cursed be these peevish scruples! By the Power that made me, if you will not accord to my proposal, I will render life your torment! And for that bubble, reputation, which you prize so much above its worth, I'll blast it through the world: I'll fasten shame upon you; it shall haunt you like your shadow: ridicule shall dog you at the heels; abuse and slander bark at you like hounds, and tear that virtue, which is but a cloak, to nakedness and rags; and when I've rendered you thus loathsome to behold, I'll take you at your word; bury my sword in your relentless breast, and after plunge it in my own.

Lady D. Alas! my lord, I pity you, and feel

more terror for your desperation, than my own danger. There must be something horrid in your mind, more than you have yet disclosed.

Lord D. Perhaps there is; and it is in pity that I call upon you, now, thus earnestly, thus, for the last time, to save yourself. 'Tis not by nature I am cruel; one dishonourable deed, the impulse of a guilty passion, has distorted all my actions. I would confide it to you, for I hold you worthy every sacred trust, but—[*Enter PAGET.*]—Ah! he is come! Bid Captain Dormer enter. [*Exit Paget.*]

Lady D. Dormer again! then let me go.

Lord D. No; you must stay: by all that's sacred, you shall not depart.

Lady D. Support me, heaven! and witness for me, that I did not seek this interview. 'Tis he!

Enter CAPTAIN DORMER. (Seeing Lady Davenant, he starts.)

Lord D. Stand not amazed, but enter. She whom you seek is here: the faded form, that once you thought so fair, is present. Approach!

Capt. Yes, if my limbs will bear me. Oh! to each sense most dear!—Thou best of women!

Lord D. Add, too, unhappiest!

Lady D. Save me; support me, or I faint. (*Capt. D. supports her in his arms.*)

Capt. Help, help, my lord, she faints.

Lord D. Alas! my touch will murder. Be it your task; your right is preferable; for you she loved, me she only married.

Capt. Can you look on unmoved?

Lord D. How should you know what moves and passes here? I am the author of this interview: it is the tribute of atonement. I am the man who counterfeited that letter that dismissed you from your hopes: the ship my interest procured for you, my jealousy provided. Now, if you wish destruction to your sister, give her in charge to me.

Capt. To infamy as soon. Return, and meet your death. (*Lord D. is going.*)

Lord D. Before you take my life, recover her's; when you've done that, I shall be found: meantime, I leave with you my pledge. [*Exit.*]

Lady D. What's that? where am I? Ah! (*Shrieks.*) Oh! Dormer, Dormer!

Capt. Speak to me; unload your burthened heart; be candid to a friend, whose very soul is your's.

Lady D. I had determined never to have seen you more.

Capt. Oh! exemplary woman! even that I could have borne, had you been happy; but that monster shall not live.

Lady D. Hold, hold! you must not draw your sword upon Lord Davenant.

Capt. Not draw my sword! my wrongs and your redress will sanctify revenge: 'twere criminal to let him live.

Lady D. What! shall I be a party in the assassination of my husband? I tell you, Dormer, if you ever draw your sword upon him, from that moment I renounce you; never will I see you, speak of you, or in meditation call you to remembrance, but with horror.

Capt. Not when he dares me to it.

Lady D. Never in any case, by any call or provocation, if you have love or pity for me.

Capt. If I have love! Oh! if the awful presence of your virtue did not check my tongue, I should have told you at your feet my uncontrolled affection. If I have love, Louisa! notwithstanding your supposed unkindness, spite of all the artifices practised to estrange you from me, my unaltered heart has still been your's. To the world's utmost limits I have carried your beloved image, the companion of each day, and the vision of each night: to the very gates of death it has attended me; it has cheered me in sickness, covered me in battle, and been the guiding star, by which I shaped my course.

Lady D. Oh! Dormer, was it light affliction to a heart like mine to be deprived of all it held most dear? In the moment of my disappointment, when you, as I believed, renounced me, and departed without explanation; in that agony and conflict of my mind did they assail me, urge, compel me to a marriage with Lord Davenant. Why should I accuse him of unkindness? What could such a match produce but misery? The efforts that I made to please him, (though they cost me dear,) could not impose on his sagacity; the laboured tasks of duty, poorly counterfeited the genuine glow of love.

Capt. Now, then, Louisa, since your tyrant must escape unpunished, what do you resolve on? When he has left you to the world, where will you seek a shelter?

Lady D. Where can I shelter, but in my former asylum?

Capt. Go to the wretch that sacrificed you! No: what is this rigid arbiter, propriety, by whose decrees you are thus blindly governed? What is this worldly idol, to whose bloody altars we must offer up our lives?

Lady D. What would you have me do? where would you have a wretched wife resort?

Capt. Is there no friend whose faithful heart is yours? What have I done, that I must be a second time excluded? I have a sister; may not she receive you? My fortune now is ample—oh! reflect upon my sufferings, give me what honour can bestow: I ask no more.

Lady D. What shall I say?

Capt. Do you still love me?

Lady D. Oh! Dormer, do not press me.

Capt. Nay, but resolve me; leave me not in doubt: my life is on your lips. Silence will be my doom: I die, if you forbid it not.

Lady D. Heaven and its blessed angels guard your life!

Capt. Do you still love me?

Lady D. Dearer than life itself.

Capt. Give me a noble proof.

Lady D. What would you have me do?

Capt. Thus, thus for ever let me clasp you to my heart! here let me hold you! This be your asylum! Destined for each other; wedded in our souls; heaven, that has re-united us, now sanctifies our privileged embrace. Spoiled of my heart's best treasure, thus, my Louisa, by that dear loved name, thus, thus I claim thee: now no tyrant husband, no base sordid uncle shall divide us more.

Enter SIR EDMUND TRAVERS.

Sir E. Say you so, sir? I'll try that point with you, however. Oh! scandal to your family! Is this a situation for a wife to be found in?

Lady D. No, I confess it; your reproof is just.

Sir E. Well, sir; and this is honourable conduct, I suppose. (*To Dormer.*)

Capt. Sir Edmund Travers, I would recommend it to you to keep your own temper, and not practise upon mine too far. And let me tell you, sir, there is a mean and tricking quality in all you do. When hearts like ours are rent asunder by device and cunning; when forgery's base artifice is called in aid to separate affections, they will meet again, in spite of hell itself: and if you have stolen by surprise upon that tender moment, when the most rigid virtue softens to endearment, beware of false conclusions; nor from the foulness of your own imagination, judge of ours.

Sir E. Fine talking! but as I have not outlived my senses; am in possession of my eyes and ears; and have unluckily some interest in the reputation of my own niece, I shall take the liberty of appealing to Lord Davenant against such proceeding.

Capt. Madam, I do beseech you, undeceive your uncle; I suspect he does not know the treatment

you receive; he could not else thus obstinately persist to ruin you.

Lady D. Leave us together, then, and I will speak: retire into that room; nay, I request you will. [*Exit Capt. D.*] Now give me patient hearing: 'tis not from the consciousness of guilt, nor to avoid a fair discussion of my sentiments for Captain Dormer, I would wish you to desist; but from a knowledge, which you have not, of Lord Davenant's disposition. You think him a kind husband; because I've troubled you with no complaints, you think I've none to make: you are in error; and so long as error caused content, I left you in it; now that it would lead to misery, I warn you of its danger. My lord and I are on the point to part. Hitherto, he has no shadow of complaint against me; if you resolve to give him one, give this, report this indiscretion, swell it into criminality: perhaps he'll thank you for the office; but the time will come, when you'll reproach yourself.

Sir E. And this you think will blind me: you mistake, I see your drift; I know you are unhappy with your lord, but I also know it is your attachment to Dormer, and his return, that make you so; Lord Davenant told me so himself. The fault is all your own; you have driven him mad. Now, therefore, if you will solemnly engage your word to me never to see Dormer again, I'll stifle what is past; I'll still acknowledge you, protect you, and if Lord Davenant then abandons you, I'll receive you in my house. Now what do you say? I put you to the proof.

Lady D. 'Tis fairly offered; but if every earthly comfort were in your disposal, and they could only be obtained by my renouncing, absolutely and for ever, all future friendly intercourse with that much injured man, I would reject them on such terms: when I've said this, I must implore you not to pass unfair constructions on my resolution; for if you still suspect me, I will pledge my honour to you never to receive his visits, but in your's or other company: will that content you?

Sir E. No, no, my lady; nor cajole me neither; you'll not put out my eyes with dust. Nothing but absolute renunciation of that villain will serve me.

Lady D. Villain! do you call him villain?

Sir E. You'll find him such to you, incorrigible! nay, I can now persuade myself you have.

Lady D. To my lord, then, with what despatch you please. Here comes your judge: prefer your charge against me; I'll abide it.

Enter LORD DAVENANT.

Sir E. 'Tis well you are come, my lord: I hope you will now give me a patient hearing.

Lord D. With such attention as a man, not over-stored with patience, can command, I am prepared to hear you. When last we met, you took me in a hasty moment; if I have offended you, impute it to infirmity, and now proceed.

Sir E. So, so! he's quiet now; his phrenzy comes by fits. (*Aside.*) When I bestowed this lady's hand in marriage to your lordship, I had hope I gave you what would make your life a happy one; had it proved otherwise, I trusted that the fault would not be her's; for she was born of worthy parents, carefully brought up, and educated in the habits of obedience.

Lord D. So much by the way of preface; now to the point.

Sir E. Though she is under the dominion of a husband, still, as her uncle and her guardian, I am interested in her conduct; and when I meet her on the road to ruin—when I surprise her locked in the embraces of a lover—I hold it as a point of honour thus to bring her face to face, and put you on your guard.

Lord D. Locked in the embraces of a lover! Of what lover?

Sir E. Dormer.

Lord D. Do you call him a lover?

Sir E. Can you make that a question? Was he not ever such? you know he was. She'll not deny it; question her yourself.

Lord D. I will not trouble you, madam, with many interrogatories: be pleased to answer plainly. It is objected to you, by your uncle, that you love young Dormer.

Lady D. I have cause.

Sir E. Astonishing assurance! Have not I forbade you?

Lord D. Be patient, if you please. You loved him before you married me.

Lady D. I own it.

Lord D. You was trepanned into a marriage; not only forgery was employed, but force. Had you been left to choose, you would have chosen Dormer, preferably to all mankind?

Lady D. I should.

Lord D. And were I now to die?—

Lady D. I beg you not to put that question.

Lord D. I shall forbear: it does not need an answer. Why, what a criminal you make yourself, Sir Edmund! You an uncle! you a guardian! you to conspire and league against a ward, whose happiness you had in charge! For my share in the fraud, I do repent it from my soul; but I have some excuse: her beauty and fortune were temptations in my way; ambition, avarice, desire, might urge me on. Mine was an interested baseness, yours a natural depravity!

Sir E. Heyday! the fit's returned; you are mad again: one and all mad. 'Tis the distemper of the times: it runs through the nation: hellebore can't stop it.

Lord D. Fly, then, before the infection catches you; keep the small wits you have at home, nor thrust yourself into the sphere of our insanity. When did you ever hear that interference between man and wife was thankfully received, or profitably answered any useful purpose?

Sir E. A word with you, madam, before we part: whatever happens, don't come near my doors; look not for your asylum there. [Exit.]

Lord D. Ridiculous old dotard! Suffer me to lead you to your chamber: your exhausted spirits must demand repose. Give me your hand.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in Lord Davenant's house.

CHARLES DAVENANT AND CAPTAIN DORMER
discovered.

Charles. I have now, Captain Dormer, told you, without reserve, the whole, as it has passed between your sister and myself, to the minutest circumstance; and I wait your answer, without foreseeing what that may be; for, hitherto, your silence has been such as gives no light to guess at your opinion.

Capt. I have heard your story with the deepest attention; for it involves the fortune of an orphan sister, in whose happiness I am closely interested, and of whose reputation I am the rightful protector.

Charles. If you find any cause for discontent in my proceeding, tell it me.

Capt. I find no cause whatever for complaint; but many, many proofs I find of generous manly honesty; and thus with open arms I take you to my heart, and lodge you there till it shall cease to beat. When I've said this, I must confess to you there are some painful incidents in your relation. My sister's marriage in Flanders I must consider as precipitate and rash; the evidence of Brooke's decease at Paris was too readily admitted; and the now distressful state of your engagement might have been avoided by those obvious precautions which your interest pointed out. Your marriage also is clandestine; such are rarely happy; and

though Lord Davenant's consent would be no recommendation of it to me, methinks, it should have been an indispensable preliminary to you.

Charles. I feel the force of all you say. The vehemence of my affection may have out-stepped prudence, and my want of confidence in my father may have violated duty; but towards your lovely sister, I should hope I stand without reproach.

Capt. I cannot doubt your honour; and you'll suffer me to add, there does not live a man on earth I should be so proud to call my brother. Here we must pause: till we have traced the villain out who has abused her confidence, and by a feigned decease, plunged her and you in this distress and doubt, no self-indulging passion must be suffered to complete the yet suspended marriage: this promise you will make?

Charles. And keep religiously. As for discovery, his equipage I hope will lead to that.

Capt. Perhaps it will; if that should be the case, remember, Captain Davenant, it is to me he must account. Now I'll go to my sister.

Charles. Do so. I am sure I need not warn you to speak tenderly to Marianne: commend me to her, cheer her gentle spirits, and assuage, if possible, her anxious thoughts in this uneasy crisis.

Capt. I'll do my best; but still my heart is heavy. Fare you well! [Exit.]

Enter LADY DAVENANT.

Lady D. Was not that Dormer?

Charles. It was.

Lady D. You have told him of your marriage?

Charles. I have.

Lady D. Well, and how passed it? I'm impatient to be told that you at least are happy.

Charles. Happy! alas—

Lady D. What ails you? what has disconcerted you? You have no misunderstanding surely with Dormer?

Charles. With Dormer none.

Lady D. Your father, then?

Charles. I have not seen him. This it is:—I told you Marianne had made a former marriage in Flanders; that her husband, after three months, left her; went to Paris, and there died. She thought herself a widow, till this morning: after I had left you, and with transport flew to embrace my bride, I found her bathed in tears and agonized with grief. The impostor had deceived her; he was living: she had seen her husband.

Lady D. Oh, horrible! her husband living! How have you supported it? what is become of her—of Dormer? Where will this affliction end?

Charles. I know not; I am now in search of the betrayer.

Lady D. Have you no clue to trace him by?

Charles. I think we have; and from a circumstance that I omitted to relate—How now! What news?

A Servant enters, and speaks aside to Charles D.

Lady D. Poor Davenant! how I pity thee! Surely, I had sufficient weight of affliction. How shall a sorrow-broken heart support such overwhelming grief?

Charles. (To the Servant.) Go to your lady; tell her all is well. You'll find her brother with her, Captain Dormer; take him aside, and tell him to repair to me without a moment's loss: your diligence shall be rewarded. Go: make haste. [Exit Servant.] Now the discovery's out. I told you Marianne had seen her husband. His charriot, passing her window, was stopped by accident in the street; the mob and clamour, usual on such occasions, attracted her notice and that of the neighbours: my servant now informs me 'twas the equipage of Sir Harry Harlow.

Lady D. What do you say? Sir Harry Harlow's! No; it must not be. Revoke that word.

Charles. Revoke it! Why should I revoke it? No; I'll drag him to detection.

Lady D. When did this pass, do you say? was it this morning, after you saw me?

Charles. It was: I told you that before:—what interests you so deeply for Sir Harry Harlow?

Lady D. What interests me! what! Oh! Charles, forbear to question me: it stabs my heart. I do beseech you leave me to myself: it turns my brain. Give me a minute's recollection. (*Walks aside*)

Charles. Now, by my soul, 'tis very strange; it staggers me! Suspicious force upon me. Nothing is more evident than her disorder: it smote her like a stroke of death; nay, 'tis most palpable: her eyes are staring wild with horror. Ah! 'tis so; she loves him. Curse upon him! he has prevailed with her, too. Heavens! what a character is overthrown! (*Aside*.)

Lady D. Charles, Charles, you must be patient in this business. Do not trust your information too implicitly; nor hurry on an explanation that you may repent of.

Charles. Must I be patient, madam? must I permit the direst villain to survive? and do you plead for him? No; if my honour was not pledged to Dormer not to take up this affair without him, by my soul, a moment should not pass before my sword should make its passage to the traitor's heart.

Lady D. What traitor's heart? you must not call him traitor.

Charles. Amazement! Miss Davenant, you confound me: 'tis too flagrant. Have I not proof certain?

Lady D. No, no; I tell you, wretched man, you have no proof; and when you have—

Charles. What then? why, then, I'd drag him from the altar; stab him, though your fond arms protected him!

Lady D. You don't know what you say.

Charles. 'Tis you that say you know not what; 'tis you, alas! whom this confusion painfully betrays; you, whom a fatal weakness forces to protect the blackest of mankind. By heaven that gave me life, I thought you late a miracle of truth and goodness: I approached you with a reverence that bordered on idolatry. I leave you, now, with mournful pity and regret; I go, because I can no longer bear to be spectator of the fall of such exalted virtue. [*Exit*]

Lady D. Lost, lost, for ever lost! Go, miserable youth! enjoy the respite of a short mistake. The moment that clears up my innocence, lets fall despair on thee: what a tremendous scene will that unfold! a father husband to thy wife! It must be so: a multitude of circumstances now confirm it. This, this it is that solves the mystery of his unnatural conduct; this is the latent dagger of his mind; this is his horror: this the injury so unattonable to Dormer. The very hour in which he took Sir Harry's equipage; his journey to the continent; his stay abroad, and his long silence whilst in absence from me; rise in horrible array, a host of witnesses, deposing to the dreadful truth. Inextricable distress! What can be done? I see no light. Fate labours as with a mother's pangs; and the fell babe of horror, hell-begotten, presses to the birth. Father of mercies, give me thy support!—Without there! Who attends?

Enter a Servant.

Is your lord still at home?

Serv. My lord is in the library with Sir Harry Harlow.

Lady D. Has Captain Davenant been there?

Serv. No, madam; he has this moment left the house.

Lady D. Run to my lord, tell him to give nobody admittance till I have seen him; and desire Sir Harry Harlow to come hither immediately.— [*Exit Servant*.]—I am not in the fault: I have not driven him to this desperate act! Be witness for me, truth, I have not wilfully occasioned his disgust; but studied, to my utmost, to obey and please him. If by Sir Harry's means I can hold off this fatal explanation, till Lord Davenant takes his measures, an interview, perhaps, may be avoided, that is horrible to think of.—I sent to you, Sir Harry.

Enter SIR HARRY HARLOW.

Sir H. I flew with ardour at your summons; and I await your pleasure, with a heart that throbs to serve you; with a heart, dear lady, that can only cease to love, when it shall cease to beat.

Lady D. 'Tis well; I mean to put your friendship to the proof.

Sir H. Friendship, indeed!—But call it by what name you will; my life is your's; command it to what purpose you see fit.

Lady D. Pray don't mistake yourself or me.—You lent your chariot to my lord, this morning?

Sir H. Madam!

Lady D. Come, come; I know you did: I saw it at my door: I saw him enter it.

Sir H. Then I must not dispute the point with you: to any other questioner, I yield no answer.

Lady D. 'Twill be a service most essential to my happiness, if you will consent to screen Lord Davenant for awhile: I would not put this on you, but for most pressing reasons; nor do I mean that any risk or imputation, thence arising, should ultimately fall on you; therefore, I do beseech you, for an hour or so, that you will be invisible to all inquirers; but, above all, to Captain Dormer and Charles Davenant. Return not to my lord, but quit this house immediately; and if I might prevail, you should not enter your own for some time: they'll seek you there; and if their fury shall compel you to an explanation, I must tremble for the consequences.

Sir H. Most amiable of women! I perceive your drift. You act too nobly by an undeserving husband: but I make no appeal; implicitly I shall obey, because 'tis your command; and, though my life were made the sacrifice, what were more glorious than to die for you? One word, one kind approving look, can overpay the purchase; grant that before we part, and, at your feet, I dedicate for ever to your service my devoted heart.

Enter CHARLES DAVENANT, hastily, followed by CAPTAIN DORMER.

Charles. Villain! stand up, and answer me. Now, Dormer, now will you believe me? Have we found you, sir?

Capt. Draw, wretch! for I am Dormer.

Lady D. You are mad! or sheathe your sword, or pass its murderous point through me.

Capt. Oh! shame, shame, shame! And have I lived to see it? Oh! mortal blow to modesty! Let there be no fidelity in woman; no faith henceforth in man! Come forth, thou sheltered coward! answer with thy life! It is not for thine own enormities alone; it is for her's also thou must now account.

Sir H. I'll answer nothing; but to every tittle of your charge to say, 'tis grossly false. Settle your own precedencies: I am ready.

Lady D. Will you hear reason? Dormer, Charles, I do conjure you both, forbear!

Sir H. Give their rage way! They choose a notable occasion, in a lady's presence, to display their valour.

Capt. Our wrongs are such as will not bear delay; nor will we trust to one who can change

names, shift persons, counterfeit even death itself, to ruin innocence and mock avenging justice.

Sir H. I don't know what you say; but such assassin-like attacks deserve no answer, nor admit of any explanation. You, Mr. Davenant, know me well; you know I may and will be found. Apportion your place; I'll meet you.

Charles. Follow us, then.

Lady D. Help, help! You shall not stir. This is too much.—You are deceived; he's innocent.—Help, help! (*Runs to the door, and meets LORD DAVENANT.*)

Lord D. What is this uproar? Who has frightened you?—Ha! Dormer here! (*Aside*)—Sir Harry, what has passed?

Sir H. Passed, my lord! nothing; all is mystery to me.

Lord D. Why did she scream out?—A word with you. (*Takes Sir H. aside.*)

Charles. (*To Capt. D.*) Dormer, contain yourself; there's something here that's dark and terrifying. Say nothing to my father: let us withdraw, and wait below; there can be no escape. Nay, follow me, I do conjure you.

Capt. Oh! Lady Davenant, reconcile my mind to this mysterious conduct, or break my heart at once. [*Exit with Charles.*]

Lady D. What, then, becomes of mine? it bursts distracted with overwhelming grief!

Sir H. Look to my Lady!

Lady D. No, no; regard not me; I shall not fail: heaven sends me strength for my appointed task.—Let me be private with you. (*To Lord D.*)

Lord D. Not for the world! My thoughts are terrible; I am possessed by fiends. Stay, and be witness to my shame, whilst I confess the black account which I must pass with Dormer. I have betrayed his sister; ruined her by forgeries and falsehoods, as I did you, Louisa: married her!

Sir H. Infamous deed!

Lord D. Yes, sir; there is rebellion in my blood; his sword must let it out: therefore, no more; but let me pass. (*As he is going, Lady D. stops him.*)

Lady D. Hold, hold! you must not stir.

Lord D. What is it you mean? Why do you cross me thus? [*than death.*]

Lady D. To save you from a meeting worse

Lord D. To save your lover from a meeting that may lead to death! Oh! whilst you live, speak truth. 'Tis love of Dormer raises this alarm. Have I not found the cause?

Lady D. No; you have not found the cause: would that you never could!

Sir H. Be cautioned by your lady, and impute to her concern no other than the purest motive: my life upon it, you will find it such. Alas! unhappy man, what treasure have you cast away? Hear her, console her, be advised by her! recover, if you can, her forfeited esteem. She is a miracle of goodness.

Lord D. Dost think me so far sunk in honour as to shrink from this discussion? Dormer's entitled to an honourable satisfaction, and I shall give it him immediately. Before we part, however, Lady Davenant, let me own that I am penetrated with remorse for my conduct to you. Though I ask nothing for myself, I am not out of hope that you will cast an eye of pity and protection on that guiltless sufferer; who, if I fall, will be the partner of your widowhood: she is young and beautiful; and, if your influence over Dormer is exerted in her favour, she may retrieve the unhappy error into which I led her. Farewell!

Lady D. Yet, yet prevent him! Stay! she has a husband! [*word again.*]

Lord D. What do you tell me! Speak that

Lady D. She has a husband! and that husband—How shall I pronounce it?

Lord D. Go on: I'll have it, though it breathes destruction.

Lady D. That husband is your son.

Lord D. Death to my soul! my son!

Lady D. Your son this morning married Dormer's sister.

Lord D. Why do I live a moment? (*Lays his hand on his sword.*)

Sir H. Stop your rash hand! What phrenzy seizes you?

Lord D. Why does the earth not yawn, and whelm me to the centre? Oh! what a day of dreadful retribution!—Why was this marriage secret? which of you were privy to it?

Lady D. I knew it not, nor had suspicion of it: few hours are past since he disclosed it to me.

Lord D. Fatal concealment! horrible event! Oh, God! oh, God! into what misery have I plunged my son! Does he know what I have done?

Sir H. Nor he nor Dormer know it. Take this comfort also to your heart; it is as yet a marriage but in form: the day is not yet passed, in which their hands were joined. Heaven, in its vengeance, has remembered mercy!

Lord D. Call my son here directly.

Lady D. There let me interpose again. Take a short time for serious meditation: we will assist your thoughts. Your friend here has already struck one spark of light amidst your dark despair: patient reflection may bring more in view. Perhaps this meeting with your son, which you, in your mind's present agitation, are for hastening, prudence may postpone.

Lord D. Speak on; for there is something in your voice like comfort; something that falls upon my ear, like music in the dead of night, after distressful dreams.

Lady D. Oh! if a few calm words can lull your ear, think how repentance may assuage your soul: for so much of your offence as falls on me alone, I thank heaven's mercy for its aid, I can forgive it; nay, my lord, I have forgiven it.

Lord D. Nay, but you must abhor me; darkness must be less opposite to light, than I to innocence: so loathsome am I to myself, I should despise the person that could pity me.

Sir H. Come to your chamber: follow your guardian angel where she leads you. If I can serve you in this melancholy hour, command me; if I am in your way, dismiss me.

Lord D. I pray you, leave me not: I have a thing to tell you. It is not known to man, nor can your heart conceive, how dire a deed I've had in meditation: there was a thought struck on my mind too terrible for utterance: but it is past; this stroke, that cuts up all resource of hope, cuts up the bloody purpose that I had in hand. And now I feel, as it were, two natures: my good and evil genius seem at strife within me; this touches me with human kindness and remorse; that tears me with despair and horror. How it will end I know not; for all command is lost, and my mind drives like a wreck before the tempest.—Go with my Lady Davenant; stay by her, I beseech you, I will retire to my chamber. Farewell! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Lord Davenant's house.*

CAPTAIN DORMER discovered.

Capt. 'Tis nearly an hour I have waited here, and still this man appears not. I should suspect he had escaped me, if Davenant had not positively said, there was no other way for him to pass but through this room. No solitude can be more silent than the house. They are in conference still. My mind is on the rack; I am tortured with uncertainty. He comes.—My Lady Davenant!

Enter LADY DAVENANT.

Lady D. Is your friend yet returned?

Capt. No, madam; Captain Davenant is not yet come back.

Lady D. But you expect him soon?

Capt. With every moment. Has your ladyship anything in command for him that I can deliver?

Lady D. No, sir; my servants have my orders, when he comes, to beg that I may see him instantly. (*Going.*)

Capt. Stop! I beseech you, for a moment, stop! Is it with him alone you will confer? Am I not worthy of a word? a look? or, will you turn but when Sir Harry kneels?

Lady D. Yes; I would turn to Dormer could I see him.

Capt. Am I not Dormer? is he not before you?

Lady D. To memory he is present, not to sight. The picture of him in my mind is clear and spotless, traced with benevolence, truth, and courage; it beams with candour, and it glows with love. The picture in my eye is false and faded; smeared by some spurious dawber, patched, distorted; the open smile of honour wrinkled to a leer of livid jealousy; a libel, not a likeness of a man. [*Exit.*]

Capt. Hear only what I have to offer: stay, and hear me. She's gone, and gives no ear: unjust, disdainful! Ha! by my hopes, her scorn shall be repaid. Her paramour approaches. You are found, sir—

Enter SIR HARRY HARLOW.

At last we are alone; and though I find you under Lady Davenant's roof, yet your protectress being absent, that shall no longer be your safe-guard.

Sir H. I own I wished to have avoided you; but since we are met, proceed to state your charge.

Capt. No wonder you should wish to avoid me, for you have done a base, unmanly injury to a defenceless orphan; by a pretended generosity, you stole into her good opinion, married and abandoned her. Base as this is, there is a meanness in the act, that makes it more detestable than open villany: you counterfeited death—paltry expedient! which not only gives your tongue the lie, but stamps it on your life. Draw, then! defend yourself; for 'tis not now a counterfeited death, but the reality, that must determine one of us.

Sir H. Take your own course; I shall repel assault: but first, by way of caution hear me:—'twas once my chance, as it is now, to be called out by a rash, angry boy, to answer with my sword for an imputed injury to a lady, whom he took upon himself to protect. I met him, for his rage was deaf to reason: being master of the sword, I soon disarmed my hot antagonist. When I had given him life, I gave him proof of his mistake: the youth was satisfied, and saved. A second instance may not be so happy.

Capt. I understand you; but the proofs, which in this instance followed, now precede our interview. You'll not deny the equipage was your's; that you were in it; that my sister saw you, called out to you to stop: you did; but, looking out, discovered her, and basely took to flight? These facts bring home to you unanswerable proof, and leave you nothing but confession and atonement.

Sir H. This arrogance compels me to an act, which, in compassion to your youth, and the misfortunes that hang over it, I fain would have avoided. I draw my sword, not to answer to your charge, but to answer your insult. Still I bear so little of revenge about me, that if you'll satisfy my honour with the least apology, I promise you an hour shall not pass before I'll clear my innocence.

Capt. That you can never do; for if by any palliation you could hope to smooth away your injuries to my sister, still there remains a black account of

crimes, which nothing but your life can expiate. These eyes have seen you at the feet of Lady Davenant.

Sir H. Stop your blaspheming tongue! Die, madman, in your error. (*They pass at each other.*)

MARIANNE runs in, followed by CHARLES DAVENANT.

Mar. Hold, for the love of heaven! Charles, Charles, beat down their swords. See, see, my brother bleeds. (*Charles interposes.*)

Capt. 'Tis but a scratch. Stand off!

Mar. What is your quarrel? Why does he assault you?

Capt. Can you ask that? has your fright blinded you? do you not recollect that face?

Mar. I never to my knowledge saw that gentleman before.

Charles. I did suspect this, Dormer; and on that account I brought your sister with me.

Capt. Have patience, if you please. Come hither, Marianne, look at that gentleman: do you forget, or will you not acknowledge your husband?

Mar. Husband! I tell you, he's a perfect stranger.

Capt. If you say this from fear, or false respect for what may follow to affect my safety, you do wrong both to yourself and me; therefore, I charge you, answer me sincerely and without disguise.

Mar. As heaven shall judge me I have spoken the truth.

Capt. I am satisfied. Sir Harry Harlow, I perceive my error; and for so much as affects this lady, I sincerely ask your pardon.

Sir H. So much for one of your mistakes; there is another which you must atone for: a little patience will clear all; reserve your spirits for that trial: you now conceive the reason why my Lady Davenant interposed in my behalf; she knew my innocence, and, therefore, stopped your hand; when you know hers, the sword you pointed at my breast, take care you turn it not upon your own: none but the same defender can preserve you.

Capt. I own, the circumstance of this mistake has cleared that part of Lady Davenant's conduct; it only now remains to account why you were found upon your knees before her.

Sir H. How else should I approach her? When you know all her virtues, you will worship, too: the presence of an angel must demand our knees. But you are wounded, sir; you bleed.

Capt. 'Tis nothing; a mere scratch; the point just glanced upon my arm.

Sir H. 'Tis well it is no worse. Good night to you! (*Going.*)

Charles. Before you go, one word with you, Sir Harry: I am certainly informed the person we are now in search of was in your chariot this morning, when an accident stopped it in the street where this lady lives. I demand of you, as a man of honour, to inform me who that person is.

Sir H. When you take that for granted, Charles, which I have not admitted, and thereon ground a question I'm not bound to answer, you must give me leave to say, you have already had the only satisfaction I shall give. I have been once arraigned, am now acquitted, and shall no longer plead to interrogatories.

Charles. Permit me, then, to tell you, sir—

Sir H. No; tell me nothing I ought not to hear; for I regard you much too well to start a quarrel with you: rather let me tell you, Charles, what you should hear, and thank me for: you and your friend there have arraigned a lady perfect in all goodness, construing the purest motives into criminality. I see her coming, and shall leave you this fair opportunity to make atonement; when you have done that, if you have any further difference to compose with me, I shall attend your call when, where, and how you please. [*Exit.*]

Enter LADY DAVENANT.

Charles. But that I know your heart, I should despair of pardon; suffer me to hope you will forgive my unjust suspicion, and receive into your favour my beloved Marianne.

Lady D. This is the lady: if I survey her for a while with melancholy admiration, I shall not offend. Is this a form to combat rude misfortune? that it should enter in the heart of man to injure such a creature! That artifice and wrong might be employed to gain her I can comprehend, but that they should be a resource for leaving her, surpasses my conception. I find, till now, imagination could not reach the guilt of her betrayer. Give me your hand, my dear; you come into a melancholy house: I cannot welcome you as I would wish.

Mar. And cause there is for melancholy; wherever I am present, it pursues me; I am the bitter fountain of your sorrow. My fatal marriage with this noble youth has been the bane and poison of your peace. I pray you, send me hence; dismiss me, like a thing abhorred; a pestilence, that, if you harbour it, will pay your hospitality with death.

Lady D. Not so; misfortune strengthens your interest in my heart. You have more claims upon me than you know of. You are still married in your heart to Davenant; so was I once to Dormer.

Capt. Oh! I shall sink with shame.

Lady D. Had I been, as you are, thus wretched, thus betrayed, nor wife nor widow, but a nameless orphan, the sport of villany, affliction's victim—you had a brother once, in whose brave heart I should have raised that pity you excite in mine.

Capt. Oh! plead for me, some friend. I dare not speak.

Lady D. No, Dormer, no; when I forgive, you shall not owe it to an advocate: but let that rest; things of more moment press. You must not see your father. *(To Charles.)*

Charles. Why not? your words alarm me.

Lady D. His situation would alarm you more: some strange disorder suddenly has seized him.

Charles. Say, rather, some strange passion of the mind. You told him of my marriage?

Lady D. I did, and he received it like a stroke of death; his frame convulsed with passion. I must for ever lament your not consulting him.

Charles. Does he resent it highly?

Lady D. We'll talk of that hereafter; for the present, you must avoid an interview. If you remain in the house, retire to your own chamber, and let her accompany you; take Mr. Dormer with you, too. Go, my dear child, go with your friend; so you may call him still.

Mar. My heart's too full to utter what it feels. In the expressive language of your eyes, I read my melancholy fate. Farewell! *[Exit with Charles.]*

Lady D. Well, sir, you'll follow that unhappy pair; or do you wait to spring some new detection? Fie upon you! What blemish does your scrutinizing eye discover, that you so steadfastly peruse me over? Oh! that a taint so sickly as suspicion should find admittance in a hero's breast!

Capt. (Runs to Lady D. and falls at her feet.) Hear me, divine Louisa! hear your repentant Dormer: let me kneel for pardon.

Lady D. Rise, rise! this is no time for explanation.

Capt. Stop not my words, now they have found their way, but let me pour them and my tears, thus kneeling at your feet. Before my eyes lose sight of you, confirm my pardon; tell me you forgive what my impatient phrenzy, what my mad suspicion uttered. Penitence never struck a human heart more deep than mine. Demons have cursed the sun; I have done more, I have arraigned thy virtue.

Lady D. Rise, I desire you, rise; you have my full forgiveness.

Capt. Oh! first and last sole object of my heart! how can I thank thee as I ought? *(Kisses her hand.)*

Lady D. If to regain and keep your place in my affection is your wish, spare the attempt to thank me; nor, by this warmth of passion, draw aside my thoughts from the sad theme that fills them. That I have loved you, Dormer, and still love, superior to disguise, accept my free confession; but when example meets me of the precipitancy of passion in Davenant's case; of the deceitfulness of gratitude in Marianne's; I will be guided only by esteem; and on your delicacy, on your discretion in this mournful crisis, will depend, if that affection which I now acknowledge shall subsist or cease. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter LORD DAVENANT and PAGET.

Lord D. The air is fresher here: motion revives me.

Paget. I wish it may: and yet your colour changes; your eyes look heavy, and betoken pain.

Lord D. I've wearied them with writing. Take the papers: this to my son; to Lady Davenant this; and this to Dormer.—Ah!

Paget. What's that? another pang? and now it shakes you like an ague fit: pray, be persuaded; let your physician be sent for.

Lord D. What can he do? my wounds are in the soul. Give me your arm.

Paget. How cold your hand is on me!

Lord D. No matter: 'twill pass off. I'm better now. Make all things ready. I will be gone tonight.

Paget. How can you travel with these pains upon you?

Lord D. I shall feel no pains upon my journey.

Paget. I fear, my lord, you are not fit to undertake your journey.

Lord D. I fear so, too: but, be that as it may, let me have all things ready. Have you put up those parchments for my son?

Paget. They are in the box, sealed and directed for Mr. Davenant.

Lord D. That's very well: now tell my lady that I desire to see her. A word with you before you go: you will find I have not forgot your services; they would have done credit to a better cause; but as I have put you now above necessity, I hope I have put you above meanness also.

Paget. It has not been my choice, but my misfortune. I shall send Lady Davenant to you; and hope she will prevail with you to postpone your journey. *[Exit.]*

Lord D. My journey must be quickened, not postponed. This medicine works too slowly; but here's a remedy of more despatch. Apply it, then. Misery like mine acquires the suicide; when law strikes short, justice should arm the culprit's hand. The occasion's apt. In death there's but one pang, in life a thousand thousand multiplied calamities. Now, now I'll do it. Ha! I'm interrupted.

Enter LADY DAVENANT.

Lady D. I am told you have been seized with sudden indisposition: what is the matter? how are you affected? Are you resolved upon departing immediately?

Lord D. I am resolved; my mind is gone before me; and when I am departed, I shall bequeath you to your heart's first choice.

Lady D. What do you meditate? Your words, your looks are ominous. What was that thing you huddled in your bosom as I entered? My lord, my lord, beware of self-destruction! Your bosom labours, your breath flutters, and your eyes—oh, horrible! what are these ghastly symptoms?

Lord D. If any consolation could have rescued me, thine would have been the medicine of my mind; thou wouldst have been the saving angel, thou most excellent, most injured of women! But

I have sat in council with my reason, ransacked all the resources of my soul, and questioned every rising thought, if it could shew me hope: in all my composition, there is not one trace; night and despair possess me, and there is nothing like a ray of light, save only what the mortal drug administers, that now is sapping the strong-hold of life.

Lady D. Poison! Oh! let me fly, and bring you instant help.

Lord D. Hold, I command you! Assistance is too late; nor would I suffer it, if it came. 'Sdeath! I were a beast without a soul. I, that have kept my station with the highest, now to sink where infamy won't own me; the outcast of society, the pointing stock of scorn, and feed on offal scraps of pity, thrown by charitable fools, to comfort me! it is not to be borne! Despair seized me, and I took poison.

Lady D. Be not extreme with him in judgment, merciful Disposer! He comes, but not in confidence: despair compels him.

Lord D. I thank you! Oh! Louisa, best of women! if I had confidence to pray, it should be for such blessings on your future days, as might redeem and recompense your sufferings past. And yet, I'll strive—oh, horrible! it must not be. My soul is rent with agony. Methought, as I looked up, I saw a thousand threatening faces, that forbade my prayer. Oh! hide me in your arms! Stand off again, lest I infect and stain your purity with my unholy touch. Blest may you be! thrice blest in Dormer's arms! May heaven shower down upon your united hearts perpetual harmony and love! And for the hateful barrier of my life, thus, thus I burst it. (*Stabs himself, and she catches his arm.*)

Lady D. Ah!

Lord D. Let go my arm! my soul is in a loathsome prison, and this stroke delivers it. (*Stabs himself again.*)

Lady D. Help! for the love of heaven, some help!—[*Enter CHARLES DAVENANT and Servants.*]—Oh! Charles, your father has destroyed himself.

Charles. Merciful God! he is dying.

Lady D. The agonies of death are upon him. Assist me to take him off: I can't support him: he will die upon the floor.

Lord D. Yes, yes, 'tis over. Tell not my son the cause till I am dead. This was the only kindness I could shew him. I am sorry to present a spectacle so bloody to you both; but poison worked too sluggishly, nor could I bear its agonies. Oh! keep her from the sight of me! She comes!

Enter MARIANNE, followed by CAPTAIN DORMER.

Mar. What have we here? Oh, horrible! what dying man is this?

Lord D. Oh! hide me! cover me with clouds! I sink, I die—have pity for me, heaven!—'tis past. (*Dies.*)

Mar. Let me come to him: let me see his face. 'Tis he! avenging heaven! it is my husband.

Capt. Lord Davenant your husband! complicated misery!

Charles. Her husband, and my father!

Lady D. The horrid mystery is solved.

Mar. Then, let me die; let my heart burst at once, and bury me for ever in oblivion.

Lady D. No; whilst my arms, my friendship can uphold you, you shall never fall. Come from the body, Charles: cease to contemplate that bloody object.

Charles. Nay, but be silent—it is done—he's dead. I will be dumb, henceforth; but have some care of me; for if my reason fails, and not remembering he was my father, I should shock nature's hearing with a curse, 'twill be the brain's depravity, and not the heart's.

Lady D. Alas! unhappy friends, my spirits will not serve to give you consolation; but let us patiently await, and it will come from heaven: the same dispensing hand, that to the blameless bosom deals the wound, will, in its own good time, administer the cure. [*Exeunt.*]

HE WOULD BE A SOLDIER;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY FREDERICK PILON.



Act IV.—Scene I.

CHARACTERS.

COUNT PIERPOINT
SIR OLIVER OLDSTOCK
COLONEL TALBOT
CAPTAIN CREVELT
MANDEVILLE

WILKINS
CALEB
AMBER
JOHNSON
SERVANTS

LADY OLDSTOCK
MRS. WILKINS
CHARLOTTE
HARRIET
BETTY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter MRS. WILKINS, followed by JOHNSON.

Mrs. W. There's no such thing as stirring out of doors for the fellows, now-a-days. I beg, sir, you would not follow me any further.

Johns. I cannot leave you, my sweet, divine, charming girl!

Mrs. W. To how many, now, have you repeated the same lesson before you met me this morning?

Johns. To how many! Were a dozen such fine women as yourself to appear every day in public, there would be no such thing as walking the streets for you: a man should have a piece of flint in his breast.

Mrs. W. He's a good, handsome fellow, and doesn't talk badly. (*Aside.*)—Then you will persist in following me?

Johns. How can I help it? I follow a fine woman by instinct. Do, my dear, kind, cruel angel, tell me where you live. (*Takes hold of her hand.*)

Mrs. W. But to what purpose? I can never see you.

Johns. Why not, my love?

Mrs. W. Lard! I am an old married woman!

(*Faintly struggling to disengage her hand.*) You wicked devil! leave me. The neighbours will take notice, and I shall get a bad name by you. Do go; I'm just at home.

Johns. But which is the house you live at?

Mrs. W. I can't tell you; besides, I think I see my husband talking to the orange-woman at the door; in the straw hat and scarlet cloak, with a little curly-pole boy in her hand, eating gingerbread.

Johns. Why, that's the George-inn. 'Sdeath! do you live there?

Mrs. W. Oh, the devil! I shall be ruined if ever you come after me.

Johns. Zounds! it's the very house I was going to. Isn't it kept by one Jacob Wilkins?

Mrs. W. Yes, it is.

Johns. We're quite at home now. I suppose you're old Jacob's daughter.

Mrs. W. I happen to be old Jacob's wife, though.

Johns. Pray, my dear, how long are you married?

Mrs. W. A long time, sir.

Johns. Not a long time, I am sure, from your looks.

Mrs. W. Looks are very deceitful, especially those of married folks. I was married Candlemas-day, five long months.

Johns. Poor creature! you have had a tedious time of it.

Mrs. W. But what's your business with Jacob Wilkins? Can't I do it?

Johns. Then you do Jacob's business, sometimes?

Mrs. W. To be sure I do, when he's out of the way. Poor man! it's a great relief to him.

Johns. But this is a matter on which I must see himself. Colonel Talbot, (a gentleman of whom I think you must have heard, if you be Wilkins's wife,) has wrote to him, and desired I would see him in consequence of that letter. Were you at home when he received it?

Mrs. W. No, I was not, sir: but I have often heard of Colonel Talbot; he's an Oxfordshire gentleman: his family, I hear, was the making of Wilkins. Lard! he has been a long time in the Indies; and, I'm told, has made a power of money. But is he come home, sir?

Johns. He is; and since his return has been down in Oxfordshire, in search of Wilkins, where he thought he still lived; and would have come here himself, now, only he's very much indisposed.

Mrs. W. Bless your heart! Jacob Wilkins has been in town, and kept the George-inn these ten years.

Johns. He has made a very ungrateful return to his benefactor, Colonel Talbot. My master thought him dead, not having heard from him so many years: a conduct that was unpardonable; considering his obligations to the Colonel, and the great trust reposed in him.

Mrs. W. Great trust! Lard! sir, what was it?

Johns. Why, Colonel Talbot left a son in his care—But come along, and I'll tell you the whole story by the way.

Mrs. W. We must not be seen together for the world; my husband is as jealous as the vengeance. Take a turn down this next street, and let me go home alone. Follow me in about ten minutes; but take care you don't speak to me as if you had seen me before.

Johns. My dear Mrs. Wilkins, what do you take me for? Do you suppose I never paid a visit to a married woman in my life? [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The Bar of the George Inn.*

Enter CALEB, followed by WILKINS, who appears greatly agitated.

Cal. What do you knock me about for at this rate? Don't I slave like a horse from morning till night? I wish I had gone for a soldier as my brother did!

Wilk. Your brother, you dog! I wish I had never seen either of your faces. What shall I do? I have no son to restore him. *(Bell rings violently.)*

Cal. Coming, coming! There's a bill wanted in the General Elliot.

Wilk. Let them wait.

Cal. But suppose they won't wait, who'll pay off the score?

Wilk. Out of my sight, sirrah! or I'll pay off your score. Don't you see my temper is ruffled?

Cal. Yes; and I feel it, too. *(Bell rings.)* Coming! coming up, sir! [Exit.]

Enter MRS. WILKINS.

Mrs. W. My dear Mr. Wilkins, what's the matter? The whole house seems turned topsyturvy.

Wilk. I am ruined.

Mrs. W. Ruined! -Oh, heaven forbid!

Wilk. I say, woman, I'm undone; and the sooner I'm out of England the better.

Mrs. W. Lard, lard! you terrify me out of my wits, Jacob.

Wilk. Suppose the best friend you had in the world had intrusted an only child to your care, and that through neglect you had lost him, what would you have to say for yourself?

Mrs. W. And is that your case, my dear?

Wilk. It is.

Mrs. W. But tell me how it happened.

Wilk. You have frequently heard me make mention of Colonel Talbot, in whose family I was brought up?

Mrs. W. To be sure I have.

Wilk. It is a son of his I have lost.

Mrs. W. You astonish me! But how came so great a man's son to be left in your care?

Wilk. Why, you must know, that Colonel Talbot, previous to his going abroad, was privately married to a beautiful girl who waited on his mother: he had a son by this girl; and as the child came into the world just as he was obliged to embark with the army for Portugal, (the war before last,) he left him in my care, desiring me to let him pass for my own till his return, and in case he were killed, to continue the deception till the death of his father.

Mrs. W. And has the Colonel never been in England since?

Wilk. Never, till within these few days; therefore, his son continued with me till he was twelve years old, when I lost him.

Mrs. W. In what manner did you lose him?

Wilk. I cannot be certain: but, as he was a boy of great spirit, and ever prattled of being a soldier, I suspect he was inveigled off by a recruiting party, which, at that time, was beating up for men in the village.

Mrs. W. Didn't you acquaint his mother immediately with what had happened?

Wilk. She was dead.

Mrs. W. You wrote to the Colonel, to be sure.

Wilk. There I was to blame. I could not summon up resolution sufficient. I thought he would have attributed the child's leaving me to neglect, or cruel treatment.

Mrs. W. The best advice I can give you is, to tell Colonel Talbot his son is dead.

Wilk. But how shall I produce a certificate of that? Should he examine the parish-register, and no record of such a child's death be found, I should be taken up, and tried on a suspicion of murder.

Mrs. W. Then tell him the truth at once.

Wilk. Worse and worse! He'll suppose this a mere invention of my own, to screen my villany; else, why was I silent so long? and that I had been bribed by his relations to remove an obstacle to their inheriting both his acquired and paternal fortune.

Enter CALEB.

Cal. There's a gentleman from Colonel Talbot desires to see you.

Wilk. What's to be done? I dare not face him.

Cal. What shall I say to him, father?

Wilk. Was there ever anything so provoking as this fellow?

Mrs. W. I have it. Shew him into the parlour, my good boy; and tell him, Mr. Wilkins will be with him presently, my good boy.

Cal. "My good boy!" Ecod! she good boy's me to some tune this morning: I hope there's no mischief in the wind; for I'm sure those are the first good words I have had from her since she was my step-mother. [Aside, and exit.]

Mrs. W. How old is your son Caleb?

Wilk. There is only a week difference between his age and young Talbot's.

Mrs. W. Pass him on the Colonel for his son.

Wilk. How!

Mrs. W. Put a good face on the matter, and you'll not only slip your neck out of a halter, but make your fortune. I can turn Caleb round my finger. Go and speak to this gentleman, and let him know you will introduce young Mr. Talbot to him immediately. Do as I bid you, and leave the management of the rest of the business to me.

Wilk. But what reason shall I give for not writing to him so long?

Mrs. W. You must say you never received one of his letters; and your quitting the country, will make it probable enough they might have miscarried.

Wilk. Then to give his son no better education!

Mrs. W. You must say he would not take any better; and you may find instances enough of as dull heirs to large estates, to give colour to your story.

Wilk. And make a drawer of him, too!

Mrs. W. Well, he'll not be the first great man that has cried "Coming up, sir!" What do you stand confounded for? Away, away, man! and let me break the matter to Caleb.

Wilk. It goes against my conscience; but self-preservation will have it so. [Exit.]

Mrs. W. Now have I my gentleman under my thumb: whenever his tongue wags with the sound of jealousy, I'll threaten to discover upon him; and I'll see my dear, sweet fellow, who followed me home to-day, as often as I please. But to prepare this great booby—Oh! here he comes!

Re-enter CALEB.

Cal. Here, mother, I have brought you the bill.

Mrs. W. Well, never mind the bill; I have something very particular to say to you. Do you know, Caleb, that your father is a man of the first character in this town?

Cal. To be sure he is, for selling the best old port and sherry in the kingdom.

Mrs. W. But come, sit down, and listen to me. (They sit.)

Cal. What signifies hearing so much about father's character: who gets him that character? Why, Caleb. Is there one in the house fit to talk to a gentleman but myself?

Mrs. W. My dear Caleb, let me entreat you to hear me.

Cal. Dear Caleb! Yes, I'd listen to you all day for such words as these; good words are sugar-plums to me: besides, mother, you can't think how pretty folks look when they are pleased.

Mrs. W. Do you know, Caleb, whose son you are?

Cal. Whose son I am! My father's, to be sure.

Mrs. W. Certainly: but that father is not Jacob Wilkins.

Cal. No!

Mrs. W. Colonel Talbot, the great nabob just arrived from the Indies, is your father.

Cal. My godfather, I suppose you mean.

Mrs. W. I tell you he's your own father. You were given when an infant to my husband, and he was ordered to bring you up as his son; it being necessary, for family reasons, which you'll know another time, to conceal your birth.

Cal. I always thought I was a better man's son than I appeared to be. But, mother, isn't this all a joke?

Mrs. W. Can my husband convince you that I am in earnest?

Cal. He has often convinced me that he himself was in earnest, as my shoulders can witness.

Mrs. W. But, dear sir, I beg ten thousand pardons for keeping my seat so long. (Getting up, and courtesying very low. Caleb keeps his seat, with a vacant stare, and chuckling laugh of joy.)

Cal. I thought I'd come to something at last.

Mrs. W. Your father's gentleman, sir, is now waiting to see you.

Cal. My father's gentleman! I suppose I shall have a gentleman, too.

Mrs. W. Oh! no doubt.

Cal. Then there will be a pair of us. But you're sure, now, you are in earnest?

Mrs. W. Will you go and be convinced I am?

Cal. Come along, Mrs. Wilkins; I think that's your name.

Mrs. W. At your honour's service.

Cal. Great men are apt to forget such trifles; but I'll call and see you now and then, though I am a Colonel's son.

Mrs. W. We'll always think there's nothing too good at the George for your honour.

Cal. But, harkye! give old Jacob a hint not to forget himself, and make too free.

Mrs. W. I hope, sir, we shall never forget ourselves in your presence.

Cal. Well, well, I hope not, good woman. A Colonel's son! What a fool I must be not to have found out this of my own accord! But it's a wise child that knows its own father. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Drawing-room in the house of Sir Oliver Oldstock.

Enter CHARLOTTE and HARRIET.

Char. How you tease me about this all-accomplished Sir Charles! I can't abide him.

Har. Can't abide him! I don't think it possible for any woman actually to dislike him.

Char. Yet, he's the last person breathing I should elect for my *caro sposo*. The man's well enough as an acquaintance; he's lively; does not want for understanding: but the best of him is, the talent he possesses for discovering the ridiculous, wherever it is to be found; then he paints it in colours so high, and so pleasantly ill-natured, that a woman takes him in her suite, as the natural appendage of superior understanding, to shew that her wit has raised her above the power of ridicule, and that she has the chief laughs in town upon her side.

Har. What you praise him for is, in my mind, the only exceptionable part of his character.

Char. Lard! what harm is there in a little good-humoured ill-nature? Besides, what would you have people talk of when they meet? As politics are to the men, scandal is to our sex; these two subjects are the vast magazines of the major part of our ideas; between them, the heads of half the nation are furnished.

Har. Have you seen Mandeville to-day?

Char. Poor Harriet! now do I perceive the cause of all this extraordinary zeal for the interests of the handsome baronet; you still are apprehensive, if you don't provide me with a husband, I shall take your beloved Mandeville for you.

Har. As he is sole heir to Colonel Talbot's immense fortune, I know your father will proceed to the last extremities.

Char. Dear Harriet, rest perfectly satisfied in my friendship for you; I never will have him: I don't know what I would not do to avoid it. My heart is, at present, a virgin tablet, on which Love

has not written a single character; however, should things come to the worst, you yourself must be my deliverer.

Har. As how?

Char. Even by taking wing with your beloved swain, for that blessed spot, where law forges no fetters for the heart; and Hymen, with a smile upon his cheek, and his torch burning clear, lights consenting votaries to the temple of real and lasting felicity. Heaven, and a generous uncle be praised, who bequeathed me ten thousand pounds independent of my father, I am not obliged to sacrifice my own and my friend's happiness! Oh! glorious independence! thou parent of every virtue! no wonder so many noble hearts emptied their crimson fountains to preserve thee!

Har. I'm ashamed, Charlotte, to have harboured a suspicion, but for a moment, that a mind like your's could act unworthy of itself.

Char. Now to put my theory into practice. Here comes Mandeville; do you step into the next room, where you may overhear our conversation, and you shall be entertained with a prologue truly antimatrimonial.

Har. Dear Charlotte, I am already perfectly satisfied.

Char. But I insist on your going; it will entertain you. [Exit Harriet.]

Enter MANDEVILLE.

My dear Mandeville, I was just wishing for you: if you had staid much longer, I should have been insupportably vapoured; nothing runs in my head but our marriage; but I was thinking, as the fondest couples have certain dull hours that hang heavy upon their hands, how we two shall kill time during those spiritless seasons.

Man. I suppose we shall follow the example of other people; do all we can to make one another uneasy.

Char. That's one way, to be sure, of killing time: but we shall grow tired of that at last; don't you think so, Mandeville?

Man. When I entertain a good opinion of a lady's wit, it rids me of all apprehension on that score.

Char. Sir, your most obedient.

Man. I thought your cousin Harriet was here.

Char. My cousin Harriet! Lard! what's my cousin Harriet to the purpose? I shall grow jealous of you, at this rate. I wonder, Mandeville, what star shed its influence when our marriage was first talked of; no two people breathing agreed better.

Man. I always thought you the pleasantest companion imaginable.

Char. We were continually laughing at one body's expense or another.

Man. And as soon as we are married, I fancy everybody will be even with us.

Char. Heigho!

Man. What's that for, madam?

Char. Not for a husband, I assure you; it was only a requiem to friendship, going to be laid in the grave of matrimony. Methinks, we two are preparing ourselves for the penance of our future union, as knights-errant of old prepared themselves for the toils of chivalry: I've read somewhere, that those champions of distressed damsels, at first, wore heavy weights to their armour, which they fancied, on removal, would give a comparative lightness to the galling load with which they were about to tax their shoulders.

Enter HARRIET.

Har. Just now, Mr. Mandeville, as I parted from

my cousin, a servant came and told me that your uncle, Colonel Talbot, was arrived. Your father, Charlotte, has received a letter from him. But what do you think? It seems he has a son nobody ever heard of before.

Char. A son! Now, Mandeville, if you can be content with your mistress and a moderate income, I'm satisfied you may have her; as the bulk of Colonel Talbot's fortune will certainly devolve to his son, depend upon it, my father will no more press my ladyship on your worship.

Man. Madam, my uncle may dispose of his property as he pleases. I sincerely rejoice at his safe arrival in England; and as he has an heir, I shall be the first to congratulate him on the event; and I hope that heir may prove an heir to his virtues.

Char. You are a generous fellow, Mandeville; and, if it did not cost you so dear, I should congratulate you on the certain prospect you may indulge, that we two shall never be one.

Man. My dear Harriet—

Char. Now, why don't you say, my dear Mandeville? One as naturally follows the other, as the echo does the sound.

Man. The occasion, ladies, I trust, will apologize for my leaving you thus abruptly.

Char. Oh! go, go; you have my ample consent. But, Harriet, will you let him go off so easily?

Har. How can you be so ill-natured?

Char. She says, she gives you leave to go; but it's on condition that you do not dedicate a second of your time to any human being but herself; longer than common decency requires it. But, Mandeville, do you and I part as we ought—a betrothed pair?

Man. Yes, Charlotte; for we part wedded friends again. [Exit.]

Char. Now, Harriet, are all your apprehensions removed?

Har. They are, my friend; Hope sits smiling at my heart, and once more cheers it with a prospect of happiness. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Sir Oliver Oldstock's house.*

Enter SIR OLIVER OLDSTOCK.

Sir O. This is a devilish lucky hit, the Colonel's having a son; it enables me to provide for both my niece and daughter. I expect, from the latter, a good deal of contradiction in this business, but I like that; I should not love her half so much as I do, if she hadn't spirit enough to contradict me: it shews she has an opinion of her own, and gives me an opportunity to prove that I have one also; but of a much superior kind, and, upon occasions, of a very coercive quality: it's not one time in a hundred I can get anybody to contradict me; but men of large independent fortunes never hear the truth, nobody has spirit enough to oppose them in discourse. Henceforward, I am determined to take no man by the hand who does not speak and look, when we come to debate, as if he would knock me down in an argument. Well, I think I shall be as happy as a married man can be, when my girls are disposed of; my wife, to be sure, has a most unaccountable humour, to suppose I'm jealous of her, now she's in her fifty-fifth year. To do Lady Lucretia Oldstock justice, she was once a charming woman; but, at present, I think her as plain a piece of goods as a man could meet between

Temple-Bar and Whitechapel. Here she comes, brimfull of news.

Enter LADY OLDSTOCK.

Lady O. Was ever anything so wonderful!

Sir O. Nothing upon earth! What's the matter, my love?

Lady O. Why, haven't you heard that Colonel Talbot has a son?

Sir O. A son! A dozen, I dare be sworn, if he would but own them; an old soldier has generally children in all the quarters of the globe.

Lady O. Sir Oliver, you are a censorious man, and judge of everybody by yourself.

Sir O. Upon my soul, my dear, you allow me too much credit; I never was a man of all that gallantry; no, no; I had a domestic magnet that attracted and fixed all my affections; united to such a woman as Lady Oldstock, who could be a rover?

Lady O. Why, to do you justice, Sir Oliver, you have, upon the whole, made a very good husband; and if it was not for the weakness of your temper in one particular, we might live very happily.

Sir O. (Aside.) Now she's off.

Lady O. If, indeed, I were one of the giddy flirts of the day, it would be another thing; but a woman, of whose truth you have had so many years experience, to be jealous of!

Sir O. I tell you, again and again, I am not jealous.

Lady O. Ah! Sir-Oliver, I wish you would make your words good; if any man of the least tolerable appearance pays me a common mark of respect, don't you immediately sneer, and say, that fellow has a design upon you?

Sir O. So I do: I always think that person has a design upon another, to whom he gives their own way in everything: no, no; if I am to choose a friend, and an agreeable companion, give me the honest fellow who contradicts me.

Lady O. Then you are not jealous?

Sir O. No.

Lady O. No?

Sir O. No; d——e, if ever I were jealous of you!

Lady O. You are now more provoking, if possible, than ever; when you find I hold your ridiculous suspicions in contempt, you would wound me another way, and mortify my pride, by insinuating, that I never had attractions sufficient to have a civil thing said to me, like other women.

Sir O. Then it seems, my lady, you have had your civil things said to you, like other women, in your time?

Lady O. There, there it broke forth! What it is to be married to a jealous husband!

Sir O. Well, all this I can bear, because I like contradiction. I consider the mind like a spring; the more you press it, the more vigour you lend to its elasticity: since I can remember, I always delighted to be of a different opinion from other people; there's something wonderfully flattering to human pride in being singular; but in marriage it is absolutely necessary—man and wife are like the contending qualities of bitter and sweet; they naturally quarrel, and exist by downright opposition.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Lady O. I'll submit my cause to the judgment of Charlotte.

Char. Submit your cause to my judgment! my dear madam, by no means; in all cases of matri-

monial litigation, the parties should be tried by their peers.

Sir O. Right, my girl! now, in order to qualify you to be impanelled on suits of the kind, I was that moment thinking about moving the court of Hymen, to shew cause why a rule should not be granted, to provide you with a husband.

Lady O. Whenever you marry, Charlotte, if you wish to be happy, above all things avoid a temper like your father's.

Sir O. And like your mother's, also, if you wish your husband to be happy.

Lady O. I clearly perceive my company is not agreeable.

Sir O. Your strange turn of mind, I confess, Lady Oldstock, is not altogether so agreeable; but you see, it does not make me angry.

Lady O. It's that that tortures me; if I could vex him, it would be a proof I had some power left; but he treats me like a child. *[Exit.]*

Sir O. It's a spoiled one, if I do.

Char. Dear sir, let me follow her.

Sir O. You sha'n't budge a step after her; soothing her in these humours is only adding fuel to fire. Your mother, Charlotte, was born a coquette, and will die one. She was a reigning toast in her youth, and to this hour expects the adulation of those days. She had a whole army of lovers; and, what you'll say ought to make me set a very high value upon her, indeed, (either from necessity or choice,) she hung like an overblown rose on the virgin thorn, full four-and-thirty years waiting for me. But come, sit down, and let me talk to you. *(They sit.)* I have, for some time back, observed, Charlotte, that the match I proposed to you with Mandeville, does not meet your wishes.

Char. I confess, sir, it never did; besides, I know that gentleman's affections to be engaged elsewhere.

Sir O. I understand you; he's fond of my niece, Harriet: well, in the name of happiness, let them go together; I'll never mention his name to you again; nor, indeed, shall I propose any match to you upon which I may expect rational contradiction.

Char. Now, sir, you speak like my father. Oh! how my heart springs with gratitude and joy, to hear those generous words from your own lips!

Sir O. No, my girl, you shall never be sacrificed at the altar of Plutus; I say sacrificed, for what is it, in fact, but a sacrifice, to throw away a fine young woman upon a man it is impossible she should like; as many fathers do every day, who love money more than their children.

Char. The liberality of these sentiments delight me, they are so exactly in conformity with my own! Dear sir, you have given me such spirits! Do you know, when you asked me to sit down, I expected to have quite a different kind of conversation with you?

Sir O. I suppose you thought I had some golden calf to propose to you for a husband?

Char. I own I was so ungenerous.

Sir O. A fellow with nothing but gold in his pocket, and lead in his pate. Ha, ha, ha!

Char. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir O. How liable we are to be mistaken in our surmises of other people's thoughts! No, no, my girl; I have no such match to propose to you: I have a husband for you, it is true, in my eye; and a rich one, too; but it is not to riches you object, it is to the man; and provided he be agreeable, I imagine no woman in her senses can suppose a husband may be too rich?

Char. Provided riches be obtained without leaving a stain upon the principles, it is happiness to possess them, as they give us so much more

ample power of distributing felicity. I never was that romantic fool to imagine there can be happiness where there is not independency; grant me that, and all the wealth beside, which the earth contains, or the sea devours, should not bribe me to sell the free election of my heart, or barter for gold, what gold could never restore me.

Sir O. Give me a kiss, you jade! You are your father's own daughter; but everybody tells me you're the picture of me; and, if the Colonel's son be but as like his father as you are your's, you'll be the handsomest couple in Great Britain.

Char. (Rising.) The Colonel's son, sir!

Sir O. Yes, my old friend, Colonel Talbot's son; one of the finest young fellows, I am told—but no fop; he has none of the vices and follies of your young butterflies of fashion.

Char. No, sir; nor any of their accomplishments, or I'm misinformed.

Sir O. It was an excellent thought of his father's, to have him brought up in a snug private way.

Char. And yet, I'm told, he has lived some time in a snug public way.

Sir O. What, Charlotte, have you been listening to any scandalous reports of the youth?

Char. A pretty youth I understand he is for the husband of your daughter: I am told he was actually a waiter at some horrid place near Smithfield.

Sir O. Oh! infamous scandal! He a waiter at some horrid place near Smithfield! The next report, I suppose, will be, that you were bar-maid at the same place; and that I'm an old tobacconist, who supplied the house with cut and dry, from the sign of the Black Boy in a neighbouring alley.

Char. I am petrified at the very thought of the brute!

Sir O. Look you there, now! she knows I love contradiction in my heart, and, therefore, seems averse to the match, because she thinks it will please me. But, come; you and your mother and my niece shall go pay the Colonel and his son a morning visit.

Char. Sir, as you insist upon it, I will go as I would to see any other great natural curiosity.

Sir O. Was ever anything like this! she has heard a scandalous report of a man, and she won't wait to be undeceived by her own eyes and her own ears; this is downright invincible obstinacy, not rational, well-founded contradiction: and I hate the one, as much as I love the other; besides, I ever thought you a girl of too much sense to lay any kind of stress on a tale of mere rumour.

Char. But, if rumour should speak truth?

Sir O. He's so great a liar, I would not believe him. [Exit.

SCENE II.—An Apartment at Mandeville's.

Enter JOHNSON and COLONEL TALBOT.

Johns. He's a rough diamond, sir; he requires a little polishing, I must confess.

Col. T. Good masters may remove his ignorance, and good company polish his manners; but there is a meanness in the turn of his person, and the cast of his features, which is insuperable: but take man, in every point of view, and he will be found the creature of habit; his body, like his mind, is subdued by education.

Johns. I wonder, sir, you never wrote to any particular friend in England, to have inquired about him, when you received no letter from this man, to whose care you committed him.

Col. T. Who could I trust? None of my own family. Then, what solid friendships, do you suppose, are contracted at the age I left England? I was then but twenty; all my intimates were young fellows, sunk in pleasure and dissipation: if anything like friendship had subsisted between us, the many years we were asunder had dissolved the tie. His mother, I knew, was dead; and from Wilkins's silence, I concluded that he also had paid the debt of nature; therefore, I desisted from writing, thinking it was in vain to hope for any certainty till I had myself reached England.

Johns. I should not have believed it possible your honour could have had such a son, let his education be what it may.

Col. T. I own, Johnson, the weakness of a father induced me to believe I should have found him very different; I fancied I should have seen him emerging from the low contracted sphere to which his fate had consigned him, by the native energy of his own powers; and flattered myself with the pleasing dream of surprising a young man with affluence and distinction, who, in obscurity, had acquired virtue to deserve them.

Johns. I beg your honour's pardon; but, as I cannot see the least likeness of you in this young gentleman's face, I suppose he resembled his mother?

Col. T. His mother! She had the countenance of an angel.

Johns. Then he differs from you both most devilishly! But, sir, the sooner you provide him with a fencing and a dancing-master the better; the latter of these gentlemen seems indispensably necessary, if it's only to teach him to walk; for no raw recruit on the first day of drilling was ever more pigeon-toed.

Col. T. Where is he, now?

Johns. I left him, sir, very busy over his luncheon.

Col. T. His luncheon!

Johns. Yes, sir; a small morsel he takes before dinner, just to stay his stomach, consisting of about a pound of beef-steaks and a tankard of port.

Col. T. Send him to me.—[Exit Johnson.]—I fear he's incorrigibly gone, beyond the power of reformation.

Enter MANDEVILLE.

Dear Mandeville, what course do you advise me to pursue with this untoward boy? With all his faults, I must consider he is my son, and pity whilst he compels me to blush for him.

Man. Sir, we must endeavour to form him as well as we can; but I am rather inclined to think we shall never be able to give him the graces.

Col. T. He's not three-and-twenty; that's young; we have many begin later in life to acquire the rudiments of those sciences in which they afterwards arrived to the highest pitch of eminence. Have you been able to discover how the natural bent of his temper inclines, or if he has any strong propensities?

Man. Why, sir, from what I can collect in my short acquaintance with him, the natural bent of his temper seems inclined to gallantry; and if he has any strong propensity, it is to the game of skittles.

Col. T. No matter how low and vulgar the game be, it shews a spirit of play in him, and it must be crushed; but if he has a turn for gallantry, it gives me the greatest hopes of his reformation. The society of an accomplished and beautiful woman softens and refines the roughest nature; she imparts, by a secret magic, her elegances and her graces; and to converse with her, is a kind of

study that insensibly polishes her admirer. But what reason have you to suppose he is inclined to gallantry?

Man. He has imparted all his amours to me; but one in particular, which very much diverted me, indeed: after having been successful with barmaids, young milliners, and tailors' daughters, out of number, Cupid shot him from a cheese-cake battery, and he fell in love with a pastry-cook's daughter; which, (oh! terrible,) was the cause of his having an affair of honour with an attorney's clerk, in which both parties were bound over: but in painting this Helen, who bred the contention, how shall I do him justice at second-hand? Teniers lent him his pencil for her waist, and Titian for her head; for she was shaped like a Dutch cheese, and her locks were as red as a carrot.

Col. T. I have sent for him; and, as I shall examine him closely, in order to search if there be any latent seeds of ability which culture may bring forth, I wish you, Mandeville, to be present, and that you will also assist me in the inquiry.

Man. Certainly; as my cousin, I think it a duty I owe him. Oh! here he comes with Johnson.

Enter CALEB and JOHNSON.

Cal. (Speaking as he enters.) You don't know what's taste; my hair's the nattiest thing in town, as it's dressed now?

Col. T. Don't you know, sir, I sent for you?

Cal. Ah! father—Cousin, are you there, too?

Man. You don't attend.

Cal. Attend! no: I hope I sha'n't attend any more. Well, father, you sent for me: now, what do you want, my old cock?

Col. T. (Turning away with disgust.) It is in vain to think of cultivating a soil like this!

Man. His manner is terrible, to be sure; but we must correct him.

Cal. Correct him! Why, what have I done to be corrected? I thought I was corrected enough by my last father.

Col. T. Would that correction had taught you to speak!

Cal. That it did; and often to squeak, too, till you could hear me two streets off.

Col. T. Speak to him, Mandeville. There is something so barbarous in everything he says or does, that I can't bear to look at him.

Man. You'll excuse me, dear cousin, for giving you a little advice; but as I mean it well, I'm sure you'll not be offended.

Cal. Bless your heart! you can't offend me: I'm one of the best-tempered boys breathing. But what's the matter with old Firelock? he seems in the sulks.

Man. He's not pleased with your manner and address; it is too rude and abrupt: you should never approach him without evident marks of respect.

Cal. Oh! I understand you; I should always make a bow when I come into a place where he is. Ecod! with all my heart! but what set me wrong, was hearing it said, that to have no manners at all was the best of breeding.

Man. Ceremony is altogether as ridiculous, as rudeness is offensive; you must avoid both.

Col. T. Have you ever read anything in your life?

Cal. Why, do you think I can't read? Then I tell you I can; and write and cipher, too.

Man. He doesn't doubt that; he only wishes to know what kind of reading or books you are fond of.

Cal. Then you may tell him I am fond of histories.

Man. That's a good hearing, 'faith! If he's fond of history, he must possess from nature a strong inquisitive mind under all this unpromising *d'abord*. Men, educated in a low sphere of life, however uncouthly they express themselves, often manifest a strong intellect; and on being put to the test, discover a fund of knowledge the better-educated man would not expect from a slight acquaintance with them: I consider such minds like rich metals, as yet unpurified from alloy; but let it once be known that the ore is gold, and the refiner's hand will soon bring forth the bullion. As you are fond of history, you have, no doubt, dipped into the histories of Greece and Rome?

Cal. The best of their histories.

Man. Whose were they?

Cal. Why, in the first place, I have read "Don Bellianis's History of Greece," and the "Seven wise Masters' History of Rome."

Col. T. Ask him no more questions.

Cal. Then I've read the "History of Colonel Jack," and the "History of the English Rogue," and the "History of Moll Flanders."

Man. He appears as well read in modern as ancient history.

Col. T. I don't know anything more mortifying to human pride, than to pass the better part of a man's life in toil, anxiety, and danger, accumulating wealth, to leave it to a fool at last.

Cal. You can't think, father, how sensible money makes a fool look, and how foolish a wise man looks without it.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Serge, your honour's tailor.

Man. He's come to take measure of my cousin for his regimentals.

Cal. Regimentals! Why, am I to be a colonel as well as my father?

Col. T. Sir, you're to be a soldier.

Cal. A soldier! Why, what's all this? Am I to go for a soldier, after all? Has Doll Blouze been with the parish-officers?

Col. T. I have procured you a commission; no son of mine shall waste his youth in ease and indolence, dissipating that wealth I so hardly earned: the greater part, it is true, he shall enjoy; but he shall first prove, by his courage and his services to his country, that he deserves it.

Cal. There's not a boy within the sound of Bow-bell of a better spirit; I'll fight any man in England of my weight and inches, with fair fists, for a guinea; ay, d—e! if I don't, and say done first.

Man. Hadn't you better step to the tailor?

Cal. Presently, presently, cousin! But now I think of it, I'll not step to him; let the tailor step to me. A captain step to a tailor! Impossible! that's bidding a field-piece dance the hayes after a thimble.

Col. T. I insist upon your going this moment.

Cal. Why, the old boy's in his tantrums. Cousin, a word in your ear: there's one thing before I go, I must beg of you. (*Apart to Man.*)

Man. What's that?

Cal. Why, as you and I will be hand and glove, as a body may say, you'll call me Caleb, and I'll call you Tom, Frank, Harry, or—what is your name?

Man. My name is Frederick.

Cal. Frederick! what a pretty name! I wish my name was Frederick. Can't I be new-christened for one name as well as another?

Man. (Aside.) Till you're new born, I fancy nothing can be done with you.

Cal. But I was going to tell you—if you call

me Caleb, never do it loud, especially in company.

Man. For heaven's sake, why?

Cal. Why, if you were to cry out, as thus now, Caleb! (*Bawling out.*) I should cry, "Coming up, sir!" though you were to make a duke of me.

[*Exit.*]

Col. T. Well, Mandeville, what do you think?

Man. Hope is left us in the worst of times; however, I do not despair of making something of him yet: what I dread most, is introducing him to Charlotte.

Col. T. Why cannot man make over his mind, like his property, to his children? Any distinguishing quality in all other animals survives in the same species by hereditary descent for ever; man continues upon earth only in his name and his revenues. Oh! that he should leave behind him his least valuable part, and all that made him good or great should sink into the dust with him!

Enter JOHNSON.

Johns. Good news! good news, sir! the Carnatic is arrived safe. Captain Crevelt's servant is just come to acquaint you, that his master and Count Pierpoint will be here immediately.

Col. T. Good news, indeed, Johnson; and heavy and afflicted as my heart is, your tidings cheer it. The Count, Mandeville, is an officer of infinite merit; he was my prisoner during the war, and is warmly attached to English manners and our glorious constitution. But, Crevelt! to know the merit of such a man, you must be acquainted with him.

Man. Is he an Englishman?

Col. T. Yes; and you may judge of his merit as a soldier, when I tell you, he has risen from the ranks, at the age of three and twenty, to the commission he now holds of captain. He's the reverse of this ill-fated boy we have been speaking to. He is self-educated; for with scarcely any advantages but those he derived from a most noble and excellent nature, he is the man of sense, the scholar, and the polished gentleman. His father, old Crevelt, was no more than a sergeant, and served in Germany under Lord Granby; he brought this young man with him to India, whilst yet a boy. The first day he was in action, he saw his father fall; and he was found after the battle amongst the slain, close to his body, apparently lifeless with loss of blood, as if he had died in the pious office of defending a parent.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Captain Crevelt, sir.

Man. Let us go and receive him; my heart burns with impatience to call such a man my friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—An Apartment at Mandeville's.

Enter MANDEVILLE, CAPTAIN CREVELT, and COLONEL TALBOT.

Capt. C. I quitted England, Mr. Mandeville, when a boy, and never was in London in my life before. I am charmed with the appearance of this noble city, in which the ease, convenience, and safety of its poorest inhabitant seem consulted.

Col. T. There is no token seen in the streets of an exhausted people, drained by a tedious and expensive war, during which, Great Britain fought

at more unequal odds than any nation on the earth ever did before.

Capt. C. So much the reverse, that I am astonished at the appearance of opulence and prosperity to be met with every where; and the pleasing sensation I feel, to find my country in that state, is indescribable.

Col. T. Let gloomy politicians continue to predict, and foresee calamities that exist only in imagination; whilst the genius of industry continues to smile upon the labours of the husbandman, the mechanic, and the manufacturer, and whilst strict probity is the character of England in her dealings with all other nations, the resources of this country will be found inexhaustible; and though its glory may be veiled by a momentary cloud, it soon recovers its former splendour.

Enter CALEB, in regimentals.

Cal. Here I am, father, in full feather.

Col. T. What, sir, is your dancing-master gone already?

Cal. Bless your heart! no master of any kind for me to-day: I never put on a new snit of clothes in my life, that I did not make holyday.

Man. (*Apart to Col. T.*) We had better, I think, in some degree, give way to him: you cannot expect immediately to reform manners so long confirmed by habit.

Col. T. (*Apart to Man.*) I believe you're right, so I'll try what effect indulgence may have on him. Well, it shall be as you would have it; this day shall be devoted to pleasure and amusement. Crevelt, give me leave to introduce you to my son.

Capt. C. I don't know any circumstance of my life affects me more than the high honour I now enjoy. (*Introducing himself.*)

Cal. Why, lookye, young man, as my father desires it, I'll shake hands with you, with all my heart; but I would not make so free with every old soldier's son.

Col. T. How dare you, sir, insult a man of his merit with language so gross?

Cal. Why, isn't he an old soldier's son? Pretty company truly to introduce me to!

Capt. C. Sir, the humility of my birth I acknowledge; but must tell you, this is the first time it ever brought a blush into my cheek. I am choked with rage! Unused to insult, I cannot receive it without indignation even from the son of Colonel Talbot.

Col. T. I insist upon your asking that gentleman's pardon.

Cal. Why, is he a gentleman?

Col. T. A man of his worth, his honour, and abilities, is a gentleman, though sprung in the lowest vale of society.

Cal. Nay, if you say he's a gentleman, I ask his pardon with all my heart: nothing so common, now-a-days, as one gentleman asking pardon of another; it makes up a quarrel in a trice.

Capt. C. Sir, I accept your apology.

Col. T. (*To Caleb.*) But, sir, I will go farther with you: you must ever consider that man with respect; learn to esteem him, and it will do you more honour than your birth has done.

Enter Servant.

Serv. The gentleman from the India-house, sir, that was here before to-day, has called again.

Col. T. Let him know I'll wait on him immediately. [*Exit Servant.—Apart to Caleb.*]—Young man, I wish to undeceive you in one particular; seize all those opportunities of instruction I mean to give you, and redeem the time you have lost,

which, if you neglect, your provision from me shall be merely independence: my name you may disgrace, but I think it a crime to bestow riches on one who would abuse them; even that youth, whose birth is so inferior in your eye, I should consider as united to me by his merit in nearer ties of kindred. [Exit.]

Cal. (Strutting about.) So, then, I am to be disinherited after all, and for an old soldier's son, too?

Capt. C. What's that you say, sir?

Cal. Say, sir! D—e! he looks so fierce, I don't know what to say to him. These old soldiers' sons are so used to cutting of throats, it's the devil to quarrel with them.

Man. I am ashamed of you, cousin. If you proceed in this manner, you must be locked up from all society.

Cal. I'll beg his pardon again: I know that's all he wants.

Capt. C. I'll spare you, sir, the mortification of descending to so humiliating an act. In respect to your father, I overlook everything you have hitherto said: I now coolly behold all that had past through a different medium; and rather feel for a youth, who, from his prospect of immense wealth, has been, perhaps, from his childhood, surrounded with sycophants, who never let him know what it was to be acquainted with himself; and persuaded him into an opinion, that wealth supplies the absence of every accomplishment and virtue.

Cal. I don't rightly understand you, Captain; but I fancy, (only you mince the matter,) that you meant to say I was much better fed than taught. Well, no matter! Are we good friends again?

Capt. C. Very good!

Cal. Then give me your hand.—(Aside.) He, he, he! I can't help laughing, after all, to think of such a fellow's being a gentleman. But I say, Captain; they tell me you are a devil of a fellow for fighting: now, do you see me, as I am an officer as well as yourself, I'd be glad to know how you generally found yourself before you went into the field of battle.

Capt. C. Much as I do at present.

Cal. What, no more frightened?

Capt. C. No, sir.

Cal. Come, come; no tricks upon travellers, Captain; do you think I'm such a fool as to believe you?

Capt. C. Sir!

Cal. (Terrified.) Sir!—(Aside.) He looks at me like a tiger. I'll ask him no more questions: he has half frightened me out of my commission already—Eh! (Laughing out.) Ecod! yonder I see my father talking to two fine girls; I'll go have a peep at them; Cousin Mandeville, good b'ye—Captain, your servant. (Stiffening a laugh.)—A gentleman, truly! What a fine thing it is to be born one; it saves a world of trouble in learning.

[Aside, and exit.]

Man. The story of this unhappy young man, and how his education came to be so much neglected, is too long to acquaint you of particularly, at present; but you see what he is, and I hope estimate an insult from him accordingly.

Capt. C. I think no more of it; but my heart bleeds for his father.

Man. You talk of leaving town to-day; why, dear sir, will you so suddenly quit friends, who, of all things, covet your society? Is the business which calls you from us, of that urgent nature you cannot postpone it for a few days at least?

Capt. C. It is what I ought not to do; for my relations in England, (if I have any living,) have never heard from me since I quitted the country: but, perhaps, it's better to prepare

them for the meeting; so I shall write to them by this night's post, and continue your guest a little longer.

Man. Now this is truly friendly. I wouldn't for the world have you leave town till after my cousin Talbot's wedding.

Capt. C. Then he's going to be married?

Man. So his father intends, as the only means of reforming him. The lady is one of those two, who came here within this half hour; and whom we left with Count Pierpoint, admiring his magnificent present from the different princes of the east, at whose courts he has been occasionally envoy.

Capt. C. But which of the ladies is intended for Mr. Talbot?

Man. Charlotte; she whom you so much admired: and, short as the Count's acquaintance with them is, he appears already smitten with her cousin Harriet: unluckily for him, she happens to be engaged.

Capt. C. But, Charlotte! It is she, then, who is intended for Mr. Talbot; I think I never saw a finer girl.

Man. She's a divine creature! and though her Adonis is so near a relation, I confess, I wish her a better husband. But I don't know how matters may terminate; she's a girl of great spirit; has a very fine independency; and such is her disposition, that I'm confident there is no temptation in wealth could induce her to marry any man whom she did not like.

Enter HARRIET.

Har. Ha, ha, ha! I beg your pardon, Mr. Mandeville, for laughing so much at the expense of your cousin Talbot; but his manner, person, and conversation, are all so truly original, that gravity itself must be provoked to laughter in his company.

Man. It's very true, Harriet; he is a most extraordinary being, I must confess.

Har. He introduced himself to Charlotte this moment; and such a figure does he cut! He can neither walk, sit, nor stand still, with gazing at his person. Charlotte and he are together; she seems delighted with him.

Capt. C. Then, madam, she likes him?

Har. She likes to laugh at him, sir. Do, Mandeville, come, and take a look at him.

Man. Will you go, Captain Crevelt?

Capt. C. I'll just speak to Johnson, sir, and follow you. [Exit Mandeville and Harriet.] I never saw that woman in my life before, who in a moment has had such a power over me. She will not marry him, they say; but what then? Does it follow of course, that she must like me?

Enter JOHNSON.

Johns. I understand your honour wished to see me.

Capt. C. Yes, Johnson; as you came to London before me, I wished to ask you, if you knew anything of the family of this young lady your master intends his son shall marry?

Johns. Why, sir, I understand she is the daughter of a Sir Oliver Oldstock; an old acquaintance of the Colonel's. Her father, I hear, meant she should marry Mr. Mandeville, supposing he would be my master's heir; but when a son made his appearance, like all worldly men, Sir Oliver changed his note; and the poor young lady is to become a sacrifice to this—I wish he wasn't my master's son.

Capt. C. But she won't, Johnson, be made a sacrifice.

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Johns. I hope not, sir. But, lord! what won't money do? Don't we see money every day couple age and deformity to youth and beauty; a young creature, like an angel, linked to an old skeleton of dry bones; as if the demon of avarice and sin had acquired such ascendancy in the world, as to bring about an union betwixt death and immortality?

Capt. C. Why, Johnson, you speak with great feeling and spirit on the subject.

Johns. Ah! Captain Crevelt, what a charming couple you two would make. I, who have seen your honour in the field, would expect a Granby or a Marlborough from such a marriage.

Capt. C. (Musing.) I promised to follow them; but the less I see her, the better for my peace: it's only feeding a passion I should banish from my heart for ever. Johnson, take no notice that I have asked you any questions concerning Miss Oldstock: should I be inquired for, I am gone to the library: books, or my own thoughts, are the only society I am fit for. *[Exit.]*

Johns. Well, as long as I live, I never will think there is anything in great blood again. Here is a son of one of the best families in the kingdom, with neither person nor mind superior to one of his father's domestics; and if we turn our eyes to the other side, we behold the offspring of an old soldier, with the soul of a prince, and the head of a prime minister.

Enter NANCY, running.

Nancy. Mr. Johnson, Mr. Johnson! here's a letter for you, brought by the post; (*gives it*) and short a time as you have been in London, I'm sure it's a love-letter.

Johns. Ay; pray, Nancy, how have you made that discovery? Is it by the elegant penmanship of its pothook-and-hanger superscription, or by the god of love's own broad seal, stamped upon it by a wafer and thimble?

Nancy. Ecod! Mr. Johnson, you're a knowing hand; I'll engage you have hooked in many a poor girl in your time.

Johns. But I haven't paid the postage.

Nancy. That's always paid beforehand in to the office with the letter.

Johns. But you know, Nancy, letters are conveyed now upon a new establishment, and for fear of mistakes, I'll even pay double postage. (*Kisses her.*)

Nancy. It's mighty well! I suppose when you find this is a mistake, you'll be for having the over-charge back again. *[Exit.]*

Johns. Now for my letter. 'Sdeath! it's from my sweet little Mrs. Wilkins! (*Reads.*) "Mrs. Wilkins's compliments to Mr. Johnson; will be glad of his company this evening to tea, as she wishes to treat with him about those little matters he brought with him from India: if the two sets of China be as handsome as he said they were, she will take them both off his hands; she'll take, besides, some chintz and muslin for gowns, and half a dozen shawls: he need not send her any mandarins; she has more old figures than is worth house room."

"P.S.—Mr. Wilkins is very sorry he can't be at home the whole evening, very particular business calling him to Hogsden."

I was afraid I should have had no postscript; but all's right, I find. Yes, my sweet Mrs. Wilkins, I will go and talk to you about those trifles I brought with me from India; but you shall have no mandarins; indeed, I thought you had one too many of those old figures. *[Exit.]*

Enter CALEB, followed by CHARLOTTE.

Cal. Well, miss, how do you like me? Don't you think I look like a captain?

Char. Like a captain! It would be doing you injustice to compare you to any one officer under his Majesty: I am really at a loss for a comparison to match you with. Come, turn about, and let me see your shapes. Mercy! what a long sword they have tied you to!

Cal. That was all my own thought: I haven't learnt to fence yet; and as I am told a gentleman is nobody till he has fought about a score duels, I was determined the first time I fought, not to be overreached by anybody.

Char. A very prudent resolution, I must confess! valour is by no means incompatible with discretion. But pray, sir, are you so very quarrelsome, that you expect to have all those duels upon your hands?

Cal. Me quarrelsome! Bless your heart, I'm as quiet as a lamb.

Char. Then why do you expect to fight so much?

Cal. Because it's the fashion; and you know a man had better be out of the world than out of the fashion.

Char. Then I think you are taking an excellent method to have your choice.

Cal. Yes; fighting's quite a gentleman-like amusement; besides, it will be put in the newspapers; and I shall read my own name in print, along with the debates of lords and commons; and that's the cause, I suppose, of all duels.

Char. I believe duels have been fought more than once (and, oh! fatal delusion! perhaps a valuable life lost) for a cause altogether as frivolous!

Cal. But now I am dressed, do you see me, I wish to shew myself to some of my old acquaintances; therefore, suppose you and I go this evening to Bagnigge Wells, and drink tea; the hot-rolls are so nice there, you can't think!

Char. Some other time; I can't possibly go this evening.

Cal. Mayhap, you think I won't pay for the tea, but I will; and moreover than that, I'll treat you to the half-play afterwards.

Char. You must, indeed, excuse me, sir.—(*Aside.*) I wish I could get rid of him. This moment poor Crevelt passed me with a dejected air; I followed him with a stolen glance, till I traced him into the library. I wish I knew what was the matter with him; I never saw a man in my life I pity so much.

Cal. (Looking at himself.) How they'd stare at our hop, to see me in this dress!

Char. This fellow takes no notice of me; his regimentals have actually rivalled me! (*Aside.*)

Cal. (With great delight.) Dress I see is everything: such a suit of regimentals would make any man a great officer. How this world goes! fine fellows are made by tailors, and tailors undone by fine fellows!

Char. My Narcissus is so engaged with his person, it would be foolish to lose this opportunity of getting rid of him: I'll drop carelessly into the library—I never saw so sudden an alteration in a man's looks as in poor Crevelt's! I hope he's not in love—Poor Charlotte, if the object be not in England! *[Aside, and exit.]*

Cal. (To himself.) To be sure, Caleb, you haven't a pair of legs! It is not every captain who can beat a march with such a pair of drum-sticks. I wonder how my legs would look in a pair of new boots: I never rode of a Sunday, but in a pair of my father's old ones. Most smart captains, I observe, foot as well as horse, mount the streets in boots. So, you won't go to Bagnigge Wells? (*Looking up.*) Eh! why, she's gone! Ecod! I'm glad of it! and now the coast is clear, I'll have a ramble. What signifies my being dressed, if no-

body sees me? I'll call over to Jacob Wilkins's, and take a glass with him. Who knows, but one of these days, when I return from abroad a great warrior, but old Jacob may take down his sign, and hang me up over his door. [Exit.

Enter LADY OLDSTOCK, followed by COUNT PIERPOINT.

Lady O. Really, my lord, I tremble for the consequences of this interview; if Sir Oliver should meet us, and happen to be in one of his jealous moods, it is in vain to tell him of the innocence of our conversation; he will interpret my very looks, and draw the strangest inferences from even the tone of voice with which I utter the most good-natured sentence.

Count P. Il est bien extraordinaire; it appears to me very strange, madam, that people of fashion, en Angleterre, can be so bourgeois. Mon Dieu! en France, quand un homme est marié, ven ve marry, by gar, our friends cannot nous oblige more dan by take care of our wives.

Lady O. Oh! my lord, you're a refined people; we are, at least, half a century behind you in point of civilization.

Count P. But on my vord, you improve every day; people de fashion in both countries, vil be ver soon les mêmes; at present, voila le difference; at present, see the difference between France and England. Un Anglois est trop brusque, too rough; un François, peut-être trop poli; but dat he fault sur coté droit, on de right side. Suppose nous avous; suppose ve have von traité de commerce, pour un exchange des manieres; Jack Bull is von guinea too heavy; et un Frenchman, entre nous, peut-être un Louis-d'or too light; now to make a de balance even, scrape de Englis, or vat you call sweat a de English guinea, et augmentez le Louis-d'or, and you give de polish to de one, and the proper weight to the other.

Lady O. I blush, my lord, to think my education was so cruelly neglected, that I cannot hold a conversation with you in your own language. People of condition should always speak French.

Count P. Mais j'espère—me hope you understand?

Lady O. Oh! perfectly, my lord; you speak the language of the Graces; and that our sex understand in every country.

Count P. Si j'entends; vous, ma belle ange! If I understand, it is you have give me the instructions.

Lady O. How well he makes himself understood! I never heard such sweet broken English in my life before. (*Aside.*)

Count P. Mais, madam! may I beg leave to solicit—(*Taking her by the hand.*)

Lady O. My lord! Dear count! (*Seemingly confused.*)

Count P. Madam, may I solicit votre pitie, pour un passion qui brûle mon âme—my passion consume a my heart.

Lady O. Oh, heavens! what a discovery is here? How fatal to the happiness of both! I hope, my lord, you will exert your philosophy on this occasion, and consider the insurmountable obstacle.

Count P. Obstacle, madam! quelle obstacle to a man of my rank and fortune?

Lady O. Oh! fie, fie, my lord! can a man of your delicacy talk in this strain?

Count P. Ah! si vous pouviez lire—if you could read a my heart—

Lady O. Go, unhappy youth! and endeavour to extinguish a fruitless flame, that, if it continue to burn, must only prove a source of disquietude to us both: go, too-pleasing seducer! and like the

faithful, but honourable Werter, leave your ill-starred, sympathising Charlotte to her tears! (*Affecting to weep.*)

Count P. My Charlotte! No, it is my Harriet.

Lady O. Harriet! What Harriet?

Count P. Your niece, madam; that petite ange—

Lady O. My niece! Was my niece the object of all this adoration?

Count P. Is there one else living deserves so much?

Lady O. Yes, a hundred, if you had eyes to see.

Count P. Eh bien! Madam, what you say to my proposal?

Lady O. My niece is engaged; or, if she wasn't, you should not have her.

Count P. Mais, le Chevalier Oldstock dit le contraire. Sir Oliver say quite different.

Lady O. Sir Oliver's an old fool, and I suppose didn't understand you, for you speak terrible English. [Exit.

Enter SIR OLIVER OLDSTOCK.

Sir O. Well, Count, what says my wife?

Count P. She does refuse; she vill not consent.

Sir O. I'm glad of it.

Count P. Diable! pourquoi you glad of it?

Sir O. Because now I shall have an opportunity of shewing my authority, and letting her know you shall have my niece in spite of her. She's my own brother's daughter; he left her an orphan in my care, and I'll dispose of her as I like; I asked Lady Oldstock's approbation, only for the pleasure of being refused it. I love contradiction.

Count P. Mon cher chevalier! you transport me.

Sir O. Yes, Count; contradiction's my hobby-horse; I mount him every hour of the day; and the more he kicks and flings, the greater delight I take in riding him. I know you think me a whimsical old fellow; but you are new to our clime and our manners. We delight in thinking of ourselves. Opposition is the very soul of an Englishman; he likes it in himself, and in others also. Peace and prosperity, with good eating and drinking, would throw him into a lethargy, if imagination didn't supply that spur to goad him on constantly to action.

Count P. Now, mon chère père, me vill settle—

Sir O. Odso! that's right. Mind, the foundation-stone of our agreement is, that you settle in England: a niece of mine shall never breed subjects to fight against her king and country!

Count P. Monsieur, you have my vord of honour; and now I vill go visit my pretty miss, vat you call Harriet: mais, monsieur, rest assure me vill die and live in England. [Exit.

Sir O. Well said, monsieur! cart before the horse. But now I am alone, let me see how my accounts stand: I have secured the French nabob for my niece; now it would be a master-stroke if I could obtain the English one for my daughter, and thus centre the two nabobs in my own family. This son of the Colonel's is a downright savage: Charlotte never could like him; or if she could, interest tells me I should not; therefore, her liking's out of the question: there's to be a division of the Colonel's property, between the son and Mandeville: I want the whole, if possible. The Colonel is not fifty; and, in my mind, he's a better looking fellow than either his son or his nephew. Charlotte's having ten thousand pounds independent of me, makes her very obstinate. Debates will run high, I fear; as, indeed, they very often do in my family; where, though I'm constantly left in a minority, I never lose a question. 'Tis true, I

have open mouths upon me from all sides, till, like greater men, I'm fairly badgered: but it's only waiting till the strangers are all out, and I tell the house as I please afterwards. Zounds! here comes Mandeville: I wish I could get decently out of his way.

Enter MANDEVILLE.

Man. I have been in search of you, Sir Oliver.

Sir O. I wish I had known that; I'd have saved you a good deal of trouble. Well, my good sir, had you anything particular to say to me?

Man. Is your conduct towards me consistent with honour?

Sir O. I don't understand you.

Man. How convenient it is to assume ignorance of a subject of which it is painful to hear the truth, even to the man incapable of respecting it! Honour, though shut out from the heart, will still knock at its gates, and tell the guilty there is a register kept in the avenging court of remorse for every act of injustice.

Sir O. Upon my word, Mr. Mandeville, you speak to me in a very strange style; this is not a manner in which I am accustomed to be addressed. You bounce in all of a sudden, transported with rage, (for what cause is best known to yourself,) and with a knock-me-down countenance, treat me as if my age and my rank had no kind of respect due to them.

Man. Sir, no man honours age more than I; or more readily yields rank every respect it can claim, when that rank does not forfeit its title to esteem, by meanly sinking and degrading itself; but, when men in superior stations behave as if their actions were above all censure and control, they must be told that they are deceiving themselves, as well as the world, and that no man is suffered to injure another with impunity.

Sir O. Well, sir, in what particular have I injured you, to provoke the thunder of this terrible philippic?

Man. Can you seriously ask me that question, when you sanction the addresses of Count Pierpoint to your niece?

Sir O. Well, and what then?

Man. Have you forgot, then, your prior engagement to me?

Sir O. Mr. Mandeville, the poet says, that "Every day's a satire on the last," now I say that every day's a contradiction to the last; as circumstances vary, or events fall out, we are compelled by necessity to change our minds. As to my niece, whom I consider in the light of a daughter, I think it my duty, in providing her with a husband, to make the best bargain I can for her.

Man. Sir, have you no regard for what the world will say on this occasion? The world, sir; that harsh, blind, misjudging multitude; whose slander, if it soil the ermine purity of virtue, what will it say, when it has justice upon its side?

Sir O. Nothing that I value. Young man, when you have lived as many years with the world as I have, you'll learn to make your happiness independent of its opinion. Don't you see knaves and fools every day rise into consequence, and all from the opinion of the world. The opinion of the world, sir! it's a mouthful of moonshine!

Man. I believe with you that the world is too indolent; too much occupied with its pleasures, or its miseries, to take up the business of censor. I fear it never examines, thoroughly, any man's pretensions to its favour: the more he asks, the more he generally obtains from the world; hence, folly, confidence, and vice, revel in the arms of luxury, whilst merit, proud and retiring from the con-

scious dignity of genius and virtue, is suffered to perish for want of bread!—But, sir,—

Sir O. But me no more this debate, Mr. Mandeville; the question is put, and I am going. Partial as I am to a polemical mode of discourse, I find that there may be sometimes even too much contradiction. *[Exit.]*

Man. What shall I do with this deceitful, unfeeling man? But can I hesitate whilst I have a particle of spirit left? I'll go this moment, state the matter to Count Pierpoint, and he shall resign or fight for his mistress!

Enter HARRIET.

Har. Dear Mandeville, what is the matter? My uncle has just parted from you, seemingly much out of temper; and the wildness and disorder of your looks, terrify me?

Man. My heart is torn to pieces, Harriet. Indignation at the ungenerous treatment I have met with from your uncle, added to my fears of losing you, distract me.

Har. But can you doubt your Harriet? There is no power upon earth shall force me to be another's; do then, dear Mandeville! strive to calm this tumult in your mind. Betrayed by the violence of your passion, you talked of going in search of Count Pierpoint: let me beseech you not.

Man. You were deceived, Harriet, in what you heard me say. Do not prevent my going; I have business of a most particular nature calls me.

Har. I know perfectly the business that calls you; but let me conjure you, by all that regard you ever professed for me, not to think of it. You say your fears of losing me distract you; judge, then, of the state of my heart, by your own. Has Harriet no fears for her Mandeville, at a moment she sees him eat up with an ungovernable rage; about, perhaps, to hurry himself or a fellow-creature into eternity?

Man. Your apprehensions, Harriet, are groundless. From what I learn of the Count's character, I believe him to be a man of too nice honour; too equitable, too generous, to reduce me to the necessity of proceeding to extremities; I only wish to explain matters to him.

Har. I can recommend a much better course to you, and one much more likely to succeed. Go to your uncle, that good, that noble-hearted man, tell him your story; if anybody has weight with Sir Oliver, it is Colonel Talbot.

Man. Nobody has weight with him, when avarice claims his ear.

Har. You are mistaken: he is not so great a slave to avarice as you suppose him.

Man. He is your uncle, Harriet, and I cannot speak of him with harshness.

Har. I know by your eyes, you are not so angry as you were.

Man. I will be guided by you in everything. There is a fascinating power, Harriet, in your looks and accents, when you would persuade, that cannot be resisted; a melting softness clings about my heart as I listen and behold you: there is, surely, a divinity in angel-beauty! You caused the tempest in my soul, and have calmed it. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room.

CALEB and JOHNSON discovered drinking.

Cal. Come, my boy, since you won't go to Jacob Wilkins's with me, we'll tope a little here. Fill

your glass higher; higher yet; I'll have no skylights. This is a bumper toast.

Johns. Well, what is it?

Cal. Our noble selves. (*Drinks.*)

Johns. I find that you think a sentiment, like charity, should begin at home.

Cal. I do to be sure.

Johns. We should have begun with the king and constitution.

Cal. Then here it goes; and, though it's the second toast now, it shall be first next bottle.

Johns. Next bottle! But, Mr. Talbot, I have a particular engagement upon my hands this evening. I hope you'll excuse my leaving you.

Cal. You sha'n't stir a foot (*Pushes him to his chair.*) Your wine's so good: I wonder how anybody can quit such liquor.

Johns. But suppose there's a lady in the case; you won't press me to stay, surely, after I tell you that?

Cal. D—n it! take me with you!

Johns. Impossible!

Cal. Then sit down and drink with me, for I won't part with you.

Johns. What the devil shall I do? (*Looking at his watch.*) It wants but a quarter to six, and Mrs. Wilkins will be waiting tea for me. (*Aside.*)

Cal. Come, to the charge again, and a brimmer it shall be.

Johns. (*Aside.*) I shall get fuddled, too. I have often in a frolic assumed drunkenness; suppose I practise that stratagem now to get away from him? (*Hiccups.*)

Cal. Why, now I look at you, I think you are getting a little forward.

Johns. But I am not quite so bad as you think. (*Aside.*) Do let me go, Mr. Talbot.

Cal. Do you think I have no more regard for you? I tell you, you must go to bed; now do go to bed.

Johns. How the devil shall I get away from him?—Zounds! sir, I am not drunk. (*Appearing to be sober.*)

Cal. Poor fellow! I am sorry to see you so far gone; but I'll take care of you for this night. No, no; no going out this night. (*Impeding him.*)

Johns. 'Sdeath and fire! Will this convince you that I am sober? (*Walking firmly.*)

Cal. Take another turn, and I'll tell you.

Johns. But will you let me go, then?

Cal. After we have had another bottle.

Johns. Zounds! another bottle!—Well, I'll go down to the cellar for it.

Cal. Mind you don't stay.

Johns. No, no; I sha'n't stay (*aside*)—long in this house, now I have got out of your clutches, young gentleman. [*Exit.*]

Cal. This is a devilish honest bottle; there is half a pint in it yet. Well, my friend is gone, so here goes his health. (*Drinks.*) Poor fellow! I never saw a man so soon drunk and sober. D—n it, how he stays! I long for a glass of wine; though he's not here, ecod! I'll fill my glass. A good bottle of wine is excellent company. (*Drinks.*)

Enter MANDEVILLE.

Man. What, sir, drinking by yourself?

Cal. I'm sure that's not my fault; I shall be very glad if you'll sit down and keep me company: I expect Johnson every minute with the other bottle.

Man. I suppose, sir, Johnson has been your companion?

Cal. Yes; and a choice companion he is; only apt to get muzzled too soon. Come, come, let me fill you a glass.

Man. I'll drink none, sir; nor shall you drink

any more; your father desires to see you instantly.

Cal. You'll let me finish the bottle?

Man. You must drink no more! He puts me beyond all patience. (*Aside.*)

Cal. Ecod! then I'll take it with me. (*Takes it up.*)

Man. Set it down, sir, (*Lays hold of him violently.* Caleb, in a fright, drops a ' breaks the bottle.)

Cal. There, (*looking at it,*) I have set it down, and am ready to go with you: we must be good friends again now we have cracked a bottle together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Library.

CAPTAIN CREVELT discovered reading.

Capt. C. (*Throws the book down.*) It is to no purpose; I cannot read. This adorable girl has taken such entire possession of my mind, it has not room for any other object. When Mr. Mandeville told me she were going to be married, and to whom, my hope died within me; for then I knew all hope was lost; but grant there were no dishonour, no ingratitude in harbouring a passion for a woman intended for the son of my benefactor; how should a low-born, abject thing, like me, aspire to one so much above him? Would not my birth be an insurmountable bar to my hopes? She comes this way—I would avoid her, but have not the power.

Enter CHARLOTTE with a volume of Shakspeare in her hand.

Char. ——— “She never told her love;

But let concealment, like a 'vorm i'th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.”

Bless me! Captain Crevelt, I didn't see you; I was quite absorbed in poor Viola's melancholy relation of undivulged love; this little picture is so highly finished, so delicately coloured with touches of the true pathetic, that I never read it without being wonderfully affected. Don't you think it one of the finest passages in all Shakspeare?

Capt. C. I so much admire it, madam, that I would give the world this moment for the pencil of its immortal writer, to paint one of our sex in the same state of uncomplaining despondency.

Char. I protest you spoke those last words with so serious an air, that I'm half inclined to think you are in love yourself: if that be the case, come, make me your confidante; I'll be as secret and as silent as Shakspeare's own marble Grief and Patience: I have the music of the Avon swan this moment at my heart, and could hear a lover whisper his tale under a tree in which the night-ingale sung, and the moon tipped its boughs with silver.

Capt. C. You speak, madam, like one well versed in the passion.

Char. And is that strange, sir, when I come with Shakspeare in my hand; a master who teaches the whole history of the passions? His keen and ardent eye in a fine frenzy rolling, pierced into the secret chambers of the heart where the passions slumber; and awoke them, as he swept his lyre divine to all their changeful moods of pain and joy, till kindled up to madness, or to ecstasy; but, when he touches upon love, (though the flash be momentary,) it resembles lightning, suddenly rift-

ing the surface of the earth, and disclosing the radiant portal of a diamond quarry.

Capt. C. Were I to wish another laurel on the grave of Shakspeare, it should be planted by the hand of so charming a commentator.

Char. Sir, there is a laurel already planted on his grave by one of our sex, which will flourish till the spirit of his genius and his writings are no more remembered. But to the point, I have pronounced you in love; now let me know who your mistress is?

Capt. C. Madam, I dare not.

Char. Dare not! is that a soldier's phrase? Courage, man; there is nothing impossible to spirit and perseverance: besides, the more difficulties that lay in the road to your mistress, the better she'll like you for surmounting them.

Capt. C. But suppose there were a difficulty not to be surmounted?

Char. If your mistress does not dislike you, I know of no other difficulty which is not to be surmounted.

Capt. C. But even presuming that were the case, (which I have by no means reason to imagine,) I cannot think of her without condemning myself.

Char. Is she so much beneath you?

Capt. C. She's above my praise, and above my hopes.

Char. If she deserves all this adoration, she never will think herself above a man of merit.

Capt. C. Then, madam, you don't think marrying for love entirely out of fashion?

Char. I never should marry for anything else.

Capt. C. (*Aside.*) Then I'm undone; she loves the man for whom she is intended; and the assurance of it, that I have now received from her own lips, was meant as a reproach to a passion she has discovered, in spite of all my efforts to conceal it.

Char. (*Seeing his disorder.*) What's the matter, sir?

Capt. C. I fear, madam, I only interrupt your studies. (*Going.*)

Char. How can you talk so? I don't know any one whose conversation, on so short an acquaintance, is so agreeable to me; this last has been particularly interesting.

Capt. C. It is plain from the sarcasm of that reply, that she understands me; but I am justly punished for my apostacy to honour, in daring to think of her. (*Aside.*)

Char. He appears confused and embarrassed all of a sudden; I fear my vanity has betrayed me too far, and that I have been mistaken in the object of his affections. (*Aside.*)

Capt. C. I have not power to speak to her. (*Aside.*)

Char. No, no; I'm not the object. (*Aside.*)

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Colonel wishes to see you immediately.

Capt. C. What a release from torture! (*Aside.*) I shall wait on him.—[*Exit Servant.*—Madam, your most obedient. [*Exit.*]

Char. So, I have as good as told a man I like him, who, it is plain, is in love with another woman. Unhappy Charlotte!

Enter SIR OLIVER OLDSTOCK.

Sir. O. (*Speaking as he enters.*) Charlotte!

Char. Sir!

Sir O. Sir! How melancholy a monosyllable comes from a woman's mouth; it sounds as dismal as a single bell after a full peal. But, Charlotte, what's the matter? I never saw you so

thoughtful before: I hope it is not your marriage that makes you uneasy.

Char. It never gave me an uneasy moment. I had made up my mind on the subject.

Sir O. Well, well; let the matter rest, then: however, I must confess I should like to see my girl well married and settled before I left the world.

Char. I don't think I shall ever marry.

Sir O. Never marry!

Char. No.

Sir O. Confound those monosyllables! Charlotte, let me have no more of them; the laconic style does not become you: I wonder from whom you take it; for my part I'm fond of the figure of amplification in discourse; and I'm sure your mother deals in an eloquence, copious at times, even to redundancy.

Char. Sir, I have not spirits for conversation.

Sir O. I am surprised at that, when you have everything your own way: you won't marry this body, nor you won't marry t'other; and I, like an easy, indulgent, old soul, humour you in everything, fond as I am of contradiction.

Char. Haven't you all's one as held me up to sale to the highest bidder? I was first intended for Mr. Mandeville, next destined to Colonel Talbot's new-found heir—

Sir O. His new-found bear you should say! But Charlotte, Charlotte, how uncandid you are! when I proposed the last match, I had not seen the man.

Char. Sir, you change your mind so often, and band me about in so extraordinary a manner, that I shall become a topic for public ridicule.

Sir O. Well, and if I do change my mind often, is it not for your good? As one project starts up in my mind better than another, in order to take advantage of that, I must naturally contradict myself. The Spanish proverb says, "A wise man often changes his mind, a fool never."

Char. According to that proverb, you should be a second Solomon. Who you intend for me next, I cannot possibly guess; but as I never will marry without your consent, I trust it will not be deemed undutiful, if I always retain a negative to myself, in a matter which so nearly concerns my happiness as the choice of a husband. [*Exit.*]

Sir O. I fear, like all great projectors and politicians, I refine too much; I spin the wires that compose my nets so fine, that though they answer the purpose of deceiving the eye, when their strength is tried, a touch breaks them. What's to be done? she actually sets my authority at defiance. But this comes of rich uncles leaving fat legacies to their nieces; it converts a father into a cipher.

Enter LADY OLDSTOCK and HARRIET.

Lady O. Sir Oliver, Sir Oliver, the whole world is condemning you!

Sir O. So much the better; a quarter of the world never were right, but the whole is always wrong. You have brought me this good news, I suppose, knowing I was out of spirits.

Har. To contract for me, without my knowledge, and with an utter stranger, too! as if I had not the common privilege of a thinking, rational creature?

Sir O. Ecod! I think you have too much of that privilege: why, you ungrateful minx, do you fly in my face for endeavouring to get a count for you?

Lady O. A count! A strange kind of count; the fellow made love to me.

Sir O. Then, indeed, must be be a strange kind of count.

Lady O. I shall sue for a separate maintenance.

Har. And I shall sue for the little property my father left in his hands.

Sir O. D—n it, since you have begun, come, fire away from both sides, volley after volley; don't spare me, I'll make you raise the siege at last: contradiction's my element, as fire is the Salamander's. I can't have too much of it; my opinion is impregnable.

Har. It's in vain to speak to him.

Lady O. Speak to him, child! now he's in all his glory.

Sir O. Hobbes maintains that the whole world is in a state of warfare, and I believe him. (*Speaking to himself.*)

Lady O. I say, Sir Oliver, are you deaf?

Sir O. But it is a wise law in nature.

Har. Dear uncle, will you listen to me?

Sir O. Opposition calls forth the latent powers of the mind.

Lady O. Was there ever anything so provoking!

Sir O. Your greatest men have been formed by difficulties.

Har. Every moment is big with danger to my happiness.

Sir O. Methinks, I now resemble the memorable column of English infantry at Fontenoy, marching down between two forts, with all their batteries playing upon it: whiz, fly the small shot from the left; and bang go the great guns from the right; but on we march, (firm as a wedge,) without confusion, without disorder, without dismay; and quit the field of battle with honour. [*Exit.*]

Har. My principal fear, is a quarrel between Count Pierpoint and Mr. Mandeville.

Lady O. You had better speak to his friend, Captain Crevelt; for my part, I have no influence with the Count.

Har. Dear aunt, how can you talk thus? So fine a woman will never lose her influence.

Lady O. Pray, Harriet, have you ever read that elegant fellow, St. Evremond's account of the lovely Ninon; she who retained her beauty and power of fascination to the age of eighty?

Har. I have never read St. Evremond, madam.

Lady O. Then you have read nothing: he was the intimate friend of Fontaine, Racine, and Corneille; all the great men of his time valued his friendship. But what most endears him to me, was his esteem for the lovely Ninon: I shall never forget one of her letters, in which she mentions her first wearing spectacles; but, said that charming woman, as I had always a grave look, spectacles become me.

Har. I declare, aunt, I have always thought the same of you, when I have seen you with your spectacles on.

Lady O. But you're mistaken, Harriet, if you suppose I wear spectacles from any necessity I have for them; I wear them by way of prevention.

Har. As I hope to live, here comes the Count; he'll tease me to death if I stay. (*Aside.*)—I never saw you look so well, aunt.

Lady O. You may go, Harriet, and find Captain Crevelt. [*Exit Harriet.*—I'll once more try my influence with this Frenchman.

Enter COUNT PIERPOINT.

Well, Count, I hope you have changed your opinion since our last conversation, and that you're become a little more anglicised.

Count P. Eh bien! Madam, je ne puis pas comprendre, I no understand.

Lady O. Why, we have changed characters; you can't understand me now, and I couldn't understand you before. But, Count, I'd advise you to consider you are in England; and tho' it may be

the etiquette in France to treat a married lady with as much attention as a single, it is, in this country of jealous circumspection, very dangerous: it is almost sufficient to cause a separation.

Count P. Ah! madam, have a some pity on those whom your charms enslave; quand l'amour est dans le cœur; il fait l'esprit comme lui même; dat is, ven love is in de heart, he make a dey understand blind as himself, by gar.

Lady O. The French are certainly the most agreeable people in the world; if they transgress, they make reparation with so good a grace, that it's delightful to be on good or bad terms with them.

Count P. I made von grand faux-pas; but like good general, me vill profit by my loss. (*Aside.*)—Madam Oldstock is vat you call von grand bastion, or outwork: I will take a that first, et la petite citadel, Mademoiselle Harriet, follow of course, by gar.

Lady O. Well, Count, I forgive you; but it's on condition that you are more circumspect in future.

Enter SIR OLIVER OLDSTOCK.

Sir O. If I could lay my hand on Burn's Justice in the library, that would set me right: but I think it's a question for gentlemen of the common law.—Eh! what's all this? (*Seeing Count P. and Lady O.*)

Count P. Madam, permettez-moi baiser votre main; I must kiss a your von pretty hand in sign of reconciliation. (*Kissing her hand.*)

Sir O. I was thinking of the common law; but here promises to arise a question for gentlemen of the civil law. (*Aside.*)

Lady O. Jealousy, Count, is a tree of English growth.

Sir O. It may be a tree of English growth; but it's a tree would never flourish, if a taste for French gardening did not so often make the branches sprout. (*Aside.*)

Count P. Mon Dieu! quelle grand disproportion in your age and the Chevalier Oldstock!

Lady O. When a woman marries very young, my lord, a dozen years' difference is nothing in the age of a husband.

Sir O. A dozen years! D—e, if there's a dozen months between us. (*Aside.*)

Lady O. That's a most beautiful brilliant, Count, on your finger, I think I never saw so large a one: the rich cluster of its rays cast a light actually celestial.

Sir O. If that poor diamond could speak, now, perhaps we'd find it was not very celestially come by. (*Aside.*)

Count P. To reconcile me complete, permettez-moi to make you von present.

Lady O. Dear Count, I cannot think of accepting a ring of such immense value.—No, no, Count; I am not such an infant as to wish to possess everything that I admire.

Sir O. No, to be sure, you a'n't.—Why, Count, how is all this? (*Coming forward.*)

Lady O. Oh, heavens! Sir Oliver!

Sir O. Yes, my lady; does the great disproportion of our years frighten you?

Count P. Upon my word, Monsieur Oldstock, this is not behave with your usual politesse.

Sir O. Why, what the devil, man! aren't you content with one of my chickens, but you must have my old hen into the bargain?

Lady O. Old hen!

Sir O. Yes, my lady; when I had you first you were no pullet.

Lady O. Now there will be no end to his suspicions.

Sir O. Ecod! I think this is putting suspicion out of the question. Well, my lady, what have you to say for yourself? You asked me if I were not deaf; now, are you dumb? D—n it, say something, if it's only to contradict me.

Count P. Monsieur Oldstock, je suis—I am your very good friend.

Sir O. You are, Count; and, what's more, I find you're my wife's friend.

Lady O. Sir Oliver, conscious as I am of the purity of my thoughts, I could look down with contempt on every extravagance to which your jealous temper hurries you; but when I consider how the fairest reputations are every day injured from the slightest foundations—if it should creep into the public prints—

Sir O. Then I'll give you a little comfort; nobody will believe it.

Lady O. The cool malignity of his temper is even more provoking than his jealousy—I can't bear to have been all my life reproached for nothing. [Aside, and exit.

Count P. Monsieur Oldstock—

Sir O. Count Pierpoint, no apologies: I am not at all angry with you, nor do I entertain any suspicion of my wife. Love of admiration is her ruling passion; and as long as she lives, she'll fancy herself an object of that admiration.

Count P. Vous savez très bien my passion pour Mademoiselle Harriet.

Sir O. I know everything. I now see your view, in all this attention to Lady Oldstock: you imprudently made her your enemy, not knowing her character; but you have very wisely rectified your mistake. You see, Count, I'm a keen old fellow; I haven't lived for nothing so many years in the world.

Count P. Mon Dieu! vous êtes un Machiavel.

Sir O. Come along, Count—but, before you go, how do you think your friend Colonel Talbot stands affected as to matrimony? Do you imagine, if a fine girl were thrown in his way, that he'd marry her?

Count P. Nothing more like, on my word; il est un homme de galanterie; sans doute, he has a desire, if dat be no objection.

Sir O. Objection! he should marry for that very reason, and get more sons, if it were only to convince the world that he has mended his hand in the business. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—An Apartment at Mandeville's.

Enter HARRIET and CHARLOTTE.

Har. I am half in love with Count Pierpoint for his noble behaviour. The moment matters were properly explained to him, he withdrew his claim instantly. Well, I never more will hear the French spoken ill of; they carry the point of honour to a pitch of heroism. But, Charlotte, what is the matter? Your spirits are intolerably depressed!

Char. You only fancy so, from the unusual gaiety of your own.

Har. I have a great mind to send Captain Crevelt to you; you are just fit company for each other: two moping, melancholy fools.

Char. From some conversation I have had with him, I take it that he is in love.

Har. And I fancy I have a fair friend much in the same situation.

Char. He leaves town to-day.

Har. Unless you issue your sovereign commands to the contrary.

Char. My sovereign commands! How you trifle: what influence have I over him?

Har. That influence which a beautiful woman will always have over a man of exquisite sensibility. Mandeville told me he was eternally talking of you.

Char. Talking of me! Lud, I wonder what the man can have to say about me?

Har. Oh! a thousand handsome things, I dare say: but if you wish to be satisfied as to the particulars, you may have them from the gentleman's own mouth, for here he comes; so I'll leave you together.

Char. Then you will be so ill natured?

Har. Good natured, sweet cousin! [Exit.

Char. Eternally talking of me! Whence, then, arose his sudden coldness and reserve, when I but too plainly discovered my partiality for him? Yet I may have been mistaken; a mind possessed of so much delicacy as his, might have deemed it criminal to address me on the score of love, at a time he thought I was intended for the son of his friend, Colonel Talbot. It is, it must be so; the pulses of my heart quicken at the thought—But he's here.

Enter CAPTAIN CREVELT.

Capt. C. Miss Oldstock, as I mean to quit town this evening, and possibly may never see you again, I am come to solicit the honour of a few minutes' conversation.

Char. Never see me again! I hope you are not going back to India.

Capt. C. No, madam; that is not my intention.

Char. Oh! then, I understand you; it is that compound of every female excellence, of whom you spoke to me in such raptures, who is the cause of your leaving us.

Capt. C. I own it, madam.

Char. But you talked of never seeing me again. Is your mistress that jealous creature as to exact such a promise from you?

Capt. C. No, madam; that is a punishment I voluntarily inflict upon myself.

Char. You do say the most gallant things, with the most sombre countenance. Your wit and your face, Captain Crevelt, are the diamond and its foil; the dark shade of the one, lends a more vivid glow to the other's sparkling brilliancy: what an alteration the presence of your mistress would make in your looks. Could you look thus in her presence?

Capt. C. In the present state of my heart, I could not look otherwise.

Char. No! not if she smiled upon you?

Capt. C. A smile from her would raise me from despair: but that, madam—Confusion! yonder I see Colonel Talbot; this is the second time to day he has found me in earnest conversation with her. [Aside.]

Char. I didn't think it possible, till now, Colonel Talbot could put me out of temper.

Capt. C. Will he not suspect that I am meanly stealing myself upon her affections, and attribute her dislike of his son to me?—But he comes; I cannot meet his eye in the present state of my feelings. [Aside.]—Adieu, dear Miss Oldstock!

Char. But are we never to meet again?

Capt. C. It is a sacrifice, madam, that pierces and widows my heart for ever; but honour and gratitude demand it. [Exit.

Enter COLONEL TALBOT.

Col. T. Wasn't that Captain Crevelt, Miss Oldstock, that parted from you?

Char. Yes, sir; he has just taken his leave of me, and said I shall never see him again.

Col. T. There is a refinement in Crevelt's temper, that to strangers makes his conduct, at times, appear very unaccountable; but I fancy I have discovered the cause of this extraordinary resolution.

Char. And surely, sir, you can prevail upon him to alter it?

Col. T. Then, my lovely girl wishes he should alter his resolution?

Char. Oh, sir! is it possible to be acquainted with so noble, so accomplished, so brave a youth, and not esteem him? Never see me more!

Col. T. It is as I suspected; and, indeed, as I wish; for who but Crevelt is worthy of such a woman? (*Aside.*)—I hope, Miss Oldstock, you are now perfectly convinced, that I would not purchase the greatest earthly happiness at the price of your peace of mind: highly as my pride, and natural affection would be gratified to call you daughter, I trust I can turn my eye with manly firmness from the bright, the flattering prospect; and, resigned to the dispensations of a Power who never afflicts his creature but for wise and good purposes, point out a man in every respect but birth and fortune deserving of you.

Char. Birth and fortune, Colonel! despicable distinctions! When nature asserts her superior claims to reverence, by ennobling the spirit, how low it lays the insolence of ancestry, and humbles the vanity of wealth.

Col. T. Madam, your words penetrate my very soul; with an aching, joyless heart, I look back to those imaginary scenes of happiness fancy had painted in meeting with a son; the only pledge of love from the first object of my affections, and whose image still warms this desolated bosom. Birth! when I survey my own offspring, and behold poor Crevelt, I am ashamed to think so empty a thing as family pride had ever any influence over me.

Char. But you will prevail upon him to alter his resolution?

Col. T. On one condition, madam.

Char. What is that, Colonel?

Col. T. That you will receive him as my adopted son. Your father's objections I will remove, by making him your equal in fortune.

Char. I don't know how to thank you, Colonel; but, perhaps, he's already gone.

Col. T. Gone, without seeing me first; impossible! But what says my sweet girl to the proposal I have made her?

Char. You are so good, so disinterested, and so generous, that it is impossible not to acquiesce in any proposal of your's: but yet I will not make you an absolute promise, (mind that, Colonel,) till I find you have effectually accomplished my request, and induced Captain Crevelt to alter his resolution.

[*Exit.*]

Col. T. Luckily, Sir Oliver has taken a very great liking to him; and told me that he would insist upon his passing a few days at his house, previous to visiting his relations. Though Crevelt possesses the spirit of a lion, there is a gentleness and flexibility in his nature, which cannot resist solicitation from a friend. Oh! my heart, be still! though I am denied happiness in that quarter whence I fondly expected it, let me enjoy it as heaven thinks proper to bestow the boon, by exerting my best efforts to impart it to the truly deserving.

Enter COUNT PIERPOINT and MANDEVILLE.

Count P. J'espère, Monsieur Mandeville, you are perfectly satisfy: sur mon honneur, had I know Mademoiselle Harriet was engagé, I never would pay l'adresse.

Man. I believe it, Count; and hope you will forgive the warmth, I was at first betrayed into.

Count P. Mon Dieu! il est l'effervescence d'un grande âme; no brave man ever resign sa mal-tresse avec sang froid.

Col. T. Now, Mandeville, to completely remove your fears in regard to Harriet, know, I have made your peace with her uncle—would you believe it? he actually proposed his daughter to me—however by the dint of argument, added to the influence of an old friendship, I at last brought him to reason.

Enter SIR OLIVER OLDSTOCK.

Sir O. Colonel, Colonel, is this strict observance of treaty? the carriages are waiting for us at the door. Were we not all to set off for my house immediately? did you not promise to pass ten days with me when you had contradicted me into consent at last?

Count P. Monsieur Oldstock, your niece was very pretty, to be sure; mais, mon Dieu! votre fille be very pretty, aussi: me understand she will not marry young Monsieur Talbot, and mon ami, the Colonel, will not have her: eh, bien! vat you say to me for von husband?

Sir O. With all my heart and soul, Count! I don't know a French gentleman of a long time I have taken such a liking to. D—e! if you haven't a fine roast-beef countenance.

Col. T. I fancy, Count, that lady's affections are also engaged.

Count P. Je suis très malheureux! all de English lady be engaged! but me be not surprised; for if de foreigner set so much value on de English lady, vat must their own countrymen, who know them better, do?

Sir O. Why, what the deuce, Colonel, is all this? You won't marry my daughter yourself; you won't suffer your son, whatever her inclinations may be, to marry her; and now you put the Count against her.

Col. T. Will you leave the lady to her own choice?

Sir O. The worst of it is, I must do that. Count, a word in your ear: to her yourself; you're a devilish straight, well-looking-fellow; no appearance of frogs about you, except upon your coat. I should like to see an union between France and England, if it were only because it has been so long thought a contradiction in politics.

Col. T. How unsubstantial are all the prospects of man, in whatever hope flatters him with happiness! this unhappy boy distracts me!

Sir O. D—e! if I wouldn't send him down into Wales or Yorkshire; for about fifteen pounds a-year, you may get him decently boarded and clad, and educated into the bargain.

Enter Servant.

Serv. I have been in search of Mr. Talbot, sir, since you spoke to me; and have just heard that he is gone to one Jacob Wilkins's, an innkeeper, near Smithfield.

Col. T. I am exposed you see, already.

Sir O. It's your own fault if you continue to be exposed. Come along, Colonel; yonder I see Captain Crevelt putting the women into the carriages. We'll drive round by this Wilkins's, and take this young mowhawk by surprise: the moment you get possession of him, banish him into Wales.

Col. T. I will myself go in person to Wilkins's; and from his own lips learn every particular respecting this unhappy youth, from the hour I left him in his care; and as you propose going home

that way, Sir Oliver, I will trespass so far upon your patience as to request you will wait for me, whilst I make this inquiry.

Man. Dear sir, don't make yourself so unhappy.

Col. T. What is there wealth can purchase I cannot possess? My feelings are at once a satire and a lesson to avarice. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room at Jacob Wilkins's.

JOHNSON and MRS. WILKINS discovered at tea.

Mrs. W. I'm sure I shall never forget the first time I was in this room; where you see Mr. Wilkins has his honour the Colonel's picture hung up. Dear heart, what a handsome man he is! It's a great pity he does not marry.

Johns. He's very much altered. Consider, it's many years since that picture was painted; his face is parched to the complexion of an old drum head, and his hair is perfectly silver.

Mrs. W. What effect silver hair may have upon your great ladies I will not pretend to say; but this I'll swear to, bait your hook properly with gold, and a poor girl is a trout you may take with a single hair of any colour. If it wasn't for his money, do you think I'd ever have married old Jacob Wilkins?

Johns. Why, no, I hardly think you would; but why, my dear creature, has his name escaped your lips? Should he possess such a treasure! the man worthy of you should always meet you with the ardour of a lover, and dart, as I do, with transport into your arms.

Enter BETTY.

Betty. Oh! madam, madam! my master is come home, and is raving like mad at your leaving the bar, and drinking tea up-stairs.

Mrs. W. He doesn't know I have anybody with me?

Betty. Lard! ma'am, to be sure he doesn't; I told him you were not well, and that you found the bar too cold for you.

Mrs. W. You're an excellent girl.

Johns. How the devil will you get me out?

Betty. I hear his cough at the foot of the stairs: dear madam, he's coming up.

Johns. 'Sdeath! I'll run and shut myself up in that little room yonder.

Mrs. W. By no means! that's our own bed-chamber; his bureau is in it; and as he pays his brewer to-day, perhaps it's there he's going now for money.

Betty. I have it, madam; I'll let down this window-curtain, and the gentleman may get behind it; if my master asks why it is down, you may say you were so ill, the light was too much for you. (*Drops the window-curtain before Johnson.*)

Mrs. W. Such a servant is worth her weight in gold.

Betty. Here, madam, tie this handkerchief about your head; appear very bad, indeed. There, madam, let him come now when he pleases, we are ready for him. [Exit.

Enter WILKINS and AMBER.

Wilks. So, Mr. Amber, you have a curiosity to see the upper part of my house: you can't think how pleasant it is; my wife can tell you what a prospect there is on my upper story.

Amber. Poor Mrs. Wilkins is quite muffled up: she's very bad, poor woman; I'm sorry we disturbed her.

Wilks. Why, Fanny, my love, what's the matter? you were very well when I went out.

Mrs. W. I have been seized all of a sudden, with such a terrible pain on one side of my face, I can hardly get my words out.

Wilks. I am sorry to hear this, Fanny; but what wisecrack has let this curtain down? I can't bear to shut out the light of a fine day.

Mrs. W. Has the brute a mind to be the death of me? (*Seizing him by the arm.*)

Wilks. Will it do you any good to keep me in the dark?

Mrs. W. To be sure it will, when I can't bear the light.

Amber. Friend Wilkins, friend Wilkins, the light is too much for her.

Mrs. W. You're a considerate man, Mr. Amber, and, I dare say, make an excellent husband.

Wilks. Well, well; then let the curtain remain down. Come, Fanny, give your old Jacob a kiss.

Mrs. W. I'm too fond of you, Jacob, and you take advantage of that.

Wilks. No, but I don't. Kiss me again, you fond fool, it will do you good.

Amber. Ah! you're a happy couple; but you take the right method to be so, by giving way to one another.

Wilks. But now we are up stairs, friend Amber, sit down, and I'll go bring some money out of the next room, and pay you.

Mrs. W. I beg of you, Jacob, to take him down stairs and pay him; even your talking sets my head distracted.

Wilks. (*Apert to Mrs. W.*) My dear, I sha'n't be two minutes settling with him; it will affront him if you turn him out of the room; you shall have the place to yourself immediately. [Exit.

Re-enter BETTY.

Betty. (*Apert to Mrs. W.*) Madam, you're undone, if you don't come down stairs immediately! Ned, the new waiter, saw Mr. Johnson, and he as good-as told me he'd acquaint my master.

Mrs. W. (*Apert to Betty.*) What shall I do? I'm afraid to leave the room.

Betty. (*Apert to Mrs. W.*) You needn't stop a minute; it's only squeezing Ned's hand, and slipping a sly half-guinea into it, and all will be right.

Mrs. W. (*Apert to Betty.*) Oh! Betty, I wish he was well out of the house. You'll excuse me, Mr. Amber, a little; I'm wanted down stairs.

[Exit with Betty.

Amber. Don't notice me, child, business must be minded: but let me see; suppose I sign my receipt, and have it ready for him. (*Taking out his pocket-book and ink-horn.*)

Enter WILKINS.

Wilks. Here is the money, my old boy; have you got your receipt ready?

Amber. I was going to sign it; but my eyes are so dim, I can't see with that curtain down.

Wilks. As my wife's not here to complain of the light, I'll draw it up for you. (*Draws up the curtain.*)

Amber. That will do; I have light enough, now.

Wilks. And I have too much—Oh! the Jezabel.

Enter MRS. WILKINS.

Mrs. W. Ruined!

Amber. My dear Mrs. Wilkins, I beg ten thousand pardons for letting so much light into the room, but I declare I could not see to write my receipt.

Wilk. Well, Mr. Johnson, what brought you here? what have you to say for yourself? are you come to rob my house?

Amber. Oh, ho! I fear the dimness of my eyes have made others too clear-sighted. But, friend Wilkins, don't be too hasty in judging.

Wilk. 'Sdeath and fire, man! sha'n't I believe my own eyes?

Amber. Not always.

Wilk. You're devilish considerate!

Amber. But we are apt to be suspicious at times. I'll wish you a good evening. There is my receipt: the fondest couples will spar now and then; but I never like to meddle in family quarrels. [*Exit.*]

Wilk. Go, madam, pack up your alls, and leave my house immediately; if you are in want of a morsel of bread, it would give me pleasure to refuse it to you. As for you, sir, I'll take care your business shall be done with Colonel Talbot. I'll see you both beggars, and that will be some satisfaction to me.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Colonel Talbot is coming up stairs, sir, to speak to you.

Johns. Confusion! I'm undone!

Enter COLONEL TALBOT.

Col. T. Johnson here!

Wilk. Yes, sir, Johnson; your worthy gentleman is here on a visit to that wretch my wife.

Mrs. W. Wretch, Mr. Wilkins!

Wilk. Yes, madam; an ungrateful wretch.

Col. T. I'm sorry, Johnson, for this. I was given to understand you were come in search of my son.

Mrs. W. Wretch! I'll discover all, if I'm ruined for ever. (*Aside.*)—He's not your son, sir! (*Going up to Col. T.*)

Wilk. Devil, devil! what is she going to say? (*Aside.*)

Col. T. Not my son! Speak again, woman.

Wilk. But, dear Colonel, surely, you won't believe what this wicked woman will say?

Col. T. Away, villain! and let me hear her. Alarmed nature stirs up in my heart, and opens a thousand ears to listen to her.

Mrs. W. He lost your son, sir, when he was a boy of twelve years old; and you may be sure, sir, it wasn't the kindest usage made the child leave him. The booby he pained upon you, is his own.

Col. T. Unprincipled, inhuman villain! let me hear the whole truth from your own lips; or, by every power that's sacred and divine, this moment is your last.

Wilk. Dear sir, put up your sword, and I'll tell you everything. What she says is partly true: your son strayed from me when he was about twelve years old; but had he been my own, I couldn't have used him better: as a proof of it, his mother, (in her last illness,) came, as she often did, privately to see him; and was so well pleased with my wife's and my treatment of her son, that she gave me a fifty-pound bank-note. I shall never forget the day; it was the last time I ever saw her: she hung a small picture of herself, set in gold, about the child's neck, and wept bitterly over him.

Col. T. Can you produce that picture?

Wilk. Your son took it with him. He was so fond of it, I could never keep it out of his hands but by locking it up; which I sometimes did, as the severest of all punishments I could inflict upon him.

Col. T. I must have better proof this tale is true,

before I let you escape that justice I fear is due to your wickedness. Johnson, take him from my sight, and let him be secured: I cannot bear to look at him.—Tell the company waiting for me in carriages at the door, to come in; for I am so agitated, and anxious for more particulars, I cannot quit this detested spot.

Johns. They are here, sir.

[*Exeunt all but Col. T.*]

Enter CAPTAIN CREVELT, MANDEVILLE, COUNT PIERPOINT, CHARLOTTE, HARRIET, SIR OLIVER OLDSTOCK, and LADY OLDSTOCK.

Capt. C. Dear sir, what is the matter? Observing a confusion in the house, immediately after you went in, we were alarmed for your safety.

Col. T. Oh! Crevelt, I am the unhappiest of fathers! That creature whom you all suppose my son, is not so.

Char. Good fortune be praised!

Col. T. He's son to the fellow who keeps this house: he says, my poor child strayed from him when a boy; but this tale is so improbable, that I rather fear he has fallen a victim to this fellow's villany and avarice.

Capt. C. Dear sir, compose yourself; and hope human nature cannot be so depraved. It wrings my heart to see you in this distress. But who is this villain?

Col. T. His name is Wilkins.—When I committed my child to his care, he lived at Henly; and he pretends he lost him at twelve years old; and, oh! agony to think! if he, indeed, be living, he is at this moment a wandering outcast and a beggar.

Capt. C. Merciful heaven! what do I hear? Can it be possible! Shall I, in my loved and honoured patron, find a fond and living father? Sir, did that man lose a son of your's at twelve years of age?

Col. T. Yes, Crevelt; I have no son but you, now.

Capt. C. I am your son, sir; your happy son! that son you lost.

Col. T. You! you, Crevelt?

Capt. C. Yes, sir: the veteran, whose name I bear, took me with him, at the age you mention, from Henly; where I lived with the man you have just named, whom I always thought my father. It was the pride of poor Crevelt's heart to have me believed his son: I bore his name, and publicly acknowledged him as my father; for you, sir, could not have loved me better: his dying request to me was, still to retain the name of Crevelt, and never forget the man who made me a soldier.

Col. T. My son! my son! the hand of Providence has surely directed every circumstance of your life: you were brought to me a stranger and a child; I became your parent by resistless instinct: in battle once I owed my life to you, and now a second time you save it.

Char. Oh! Harriet, there is a chord of delight in my heart never touched before: and, surely, he who made that heart, now moves its springs to ecstasy by the finger of an angel.

Col. T. He talked of your taking with you a picture of your mother; had you ever any such thing?

Capt. C. I have it still, sir; and ever wore it next my heart. (*Producing the picture from his bosom.*) You see the frame is shattered; it was by a musket-ball, the day every body thought I were killed.

Col. T. It is, indeed, your mother! and see here those specks under the eye; are they my child's blood, or the tears of a fond parent?

Johns. (To Caleb, without.) You must not come in; I have already explained everything sufficiently.

Enter CALEB and JOHNSON.

Cal. I tell you I will come in. Zounds! will nobody father me?

Col. T. Young man, you have been deceived; you are Wilkins's son, not mine.

Cal. Pooh, pooh! father, do you think I know no better?

Johns. If you don't come out this moment, and no longer disturb my master, I'll take you by the shoulder.

Cal. Why, here's a fellow for you, forgets he is talking to a captain!

Col. T. That is a rank you are so utterly unfit for, that it would only expose you to unhappiness and ridicule; therefore, your commission shall be sold, and, (for being one day my son,) the purchase-money shall be appropriated to setting you up in business.

Johns. Well, what keeps you now?

Cal. You are in a devil of a hurry, Mr. Johnson! I find I must put up with old Jacob again. (*Aside.*) But let me ask you one question, am not I to be entitled to half-pay for my services.

Johns. You shall have full pay, if you don't go about your business. (*Shakes his cane at him.*)

Cal. Well, if I can't be a half-pay captain, I'll be a no-pay captain: for once a captain, and always a captain. [*Exit.*]

Sir O. Captain Crevelt,—I beg your pardon,—Captain Talbot, give me your hand; you want nothing now but a wife, and if my daughter Charlotte—

Count P. Eh bien! Monsieur Chevalier, you have forgot?

Sir O. Why, no, Count, I have not forgot; but you must know, whatever my respect for you may

be, there is not that man living whose alliance I so much desire as Colonel Talbot's; besides, I understand there is another branch of the family of my mind.

Count P. Chevalier, I love and respect the English; and, by gar, me vil have a wife among you.

Man. It is not in words to express my pleasure: to make a bosom friend, and find a near relation, in less time than others form a common acquaintance, overflows my heart with transport.

Lady O. I could wish also to shew this affecting discovery touches me, if I was not apprehensive, Sir Oliver, of your unfortunate suspicious temper.

Sir O. Captain Talbot, be so good as to step this way: do give my wife a kiss; I know, my dear, your lips itch for it; and, with all her faults, believe me, she has a heart that beats in unison to the feelings of all present, and a tear for misery and friendship.

Col. T. Miss Oldstock, it is your father's wish as well as mine, to unite our families; now that I have a son I can propose to you, there is only your acceptance of him necessary to make me happy.

Char. Why, sir, if the gentleman has but courage to speak for himself—

Sir O. As I don't expect the pleasure of contradiction from either party on this occasion, I'll join their hands, (*joining their hands,*) without waiting for an answer. There, Colonel, you are now one of my family.

Col. T. That assurance, Sir Oliver, seals and completes my happiness. You, Mandeville, shall share a portion of my fortune, as a son; and may happiness still wait on you and your lovely Harriet. And now (*addressing the audience*) if this court-martial, (to whom we appeal,) acquit us with honour, I shall bless the hour my boy said—"He would be a soldier."

[*Exeunt.*]

THE GUARDIAN;

A COMEDY, IN TWO ACTS.—BY DAVID GARRICK.



Act II.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

SIR CHARLES CLACKIT
YOUNG CLACKIT

HEARTLY
SERVANT

HARRIET
LUCY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Hall at Mr. Heartly's.

Enter SIR CHARLES CLACKIT, YOUNG CLACKIT, and Servant.

Sir C. Tell Mr. Heartly, his friend and neighbour, Sir Charles Clackit, would say three words to him.

Serv. I shall, sir.

[*Exit.*

Sir C. Now, nephew, consider once again, before I open the matter to my neighbour Heartly, what I am going to undertake for you—Why don't you speak?

Young C. Is it proper and decent, uncle?

Sir C. Psha! don't be a fool, but answer me. Don't you flatter yourself.—What assurance have you that this young lady, my friend's ward, has a liking to you?

Young C. First, then, whenever I see her, she never looks at me; that's a sign of love: whenever I speak to her, she never answers me; another sign of love: and whenever I speak to anybody else, she seems to be perfectly easy; that's a certain sign of love.

Sir C. The devil it is!

Young C. When I am with her, she's always grave; and the moment I get up to leave her, then the poor thing begins—"Stay, you agreeable runaway! stay; I shall soon overcome the fears your presence gives me." I could say more, but a man of honour, uncle—

Sir C. What, and has she said all these things to you?

Young C. Oh! yes, and ten times more—with her eyes.

Sir C. With her eyes! Eyes are very equivocal,

Jack. However, if the young lady has any liking to you, Mr. Heartly is too much a man of the world, and too much my friend, to oppose the match; so do you walk into the garden, and I will open the matter to him.

Young C. Is there any objection to my staying, uncle? The business will soon be ended. You will propose the match, he will give his consent, I shall give mine, miss is sent for, and *l'affaire est fait.* (*Snapping his fingers.*)

Sir C. And so you think that a young, beautiful heiress, with forty thousand pounds, is to be had with a scrap of French, and a snap of your finger? Pr'ythee, get away, and don't provoke me.

Young C. Well, well, I am gone, uncle. When you come to the point, I shall be ready to make my appearance.—*Bon voyage!* [*Exit.*

Sir C. The devil's in these young fellows, I think; we send them abroad to cure their sheepishness, and they get above proof the other way.

Enter HEARTLY.

Good morrow to you, neighbour.

Heart. And to you, Sir Charles; I am glad to see you so strong and healthy.

Sir C. I can return you the compliment, my friend: without flattery, you don't look more than thirty-five; and between ourselves, you are on the wrong side of forty—But, mum for that.

Heart. Ease and tranquillity keep me as you see.

Sir C. Why don't you marry, neighbour? A good wife would do well for you.

Heart. For me? you are pleased to be merry, Sir Charles.

Sir C. No, faith, I am serious; and had I a

daughter to recommend to you, you should say me nay more than once, I assure you, neighbour Heartly, before I would quit you.

Heart. I am much obliged to you.

Sir C. And now to my business.—You have no objection, I suppose, to tie up your ward, Miss Harriet, though you have slipped the collar yourself. Ha, ha, ha!

Heart. Quite the contrary, sir; I have taken her some time from the boarding-school, and brought her home in order to dispose of her worthily with her own inclination.

Sir C. Her father, I have heard you say, recommended that particular care to you, when she had reached a certain age.

Heart. He did so: and I am the more desirous to obey him scrupulously in this circumstance, as she will be a most valuable acquisition to the person who shall gain her; for, not to mention her fortune, which is the least consideration, her sentiments are worthy her birth; she is gentle, modest, and obliging. In a word, my friend, I never saw youth more amiable or discreet—but perhaps I am a little partial to her.

Sir C. No, no; she is a delicious creature, every body says so.—But I believe, neighbour, something has happened that you little think of.

Heart. What, pray, Sir Charles?

Sir C. My nephew, Mr. Heartly—

Re-enter YOUNG CLACKIT.

Young C. Here I am at your service, sir. My uncle is a little unhappy in his manner; but I'll clear the matter in a moment. Miss Harriet, sir, your ward—

Sir C. Get away, you puppy!

Young C. Miss Harriet, sir, your ward, a most accomplished young lady, to be sure—

Sir C. Thou art a most accomplished coxcomb, to be sure.

Heart. Pray, Sir Charles, let the young gentleman speak.

Young C. You'll excuse me, Mr. Heartly; my uncle does not set up for an orator: a little confused or so, sir. You see me what I am; but I ought to ask pardon for the young lady and myself. We are young, sir. I must confess we were wrong to conceal it from you; but my uncle, I see, is pleased to be angry; and, therefore, I shall say no more at present.

Sir C. If you don't leave the room this moment, and stay in the garden till I call you—

Young C. I am sorry I have displeased you—I did not think it was *mal-à-propos*; but you must have your way, uncle. You command, I submit: Mr. Heartly, your's. [*Exit.*]

Sir C. Puppy! (*Aside*)—My nephew's a little unthinking, Mr. Heartly, as you see; and, therefore, I have been a little cautious how I have proceeded in this affair: but, indeed, he has persuaded me, in a manner, that your ward and he are not ill together.

Heart. Indeed! This is the first notice I have had of it, and I cannot conceive why Miss Harriet should conceal it from me; for I have often assured her that I would never oppose her inclination, though I might endeavour to direct it.

Sir C. You are right, neighbour—But here she is.

Enter HARRIET and LUCY.

Har. He is with company; I'll speak to him another time. (*Retires.*)

Lucy. Young, handsome, and afraid of being seen.—You are very particular, miss. (*Apart to Harriet.*)

Heart. Miss Harriet, you must not go.—(*Harriet returns*)—Sir Charles, give me leave to introduce you to this young lady. (*Introduces her.*)—

You know, I suppose, the reason of this gentleman's visit to me?

Har. Sir! (*Confused.*)

Heart. Don't be disturbed, I shall not reproach you with anything but keeping your wishes a secret from me so long.

Har. Upon my word, sir—Lucy!

Lucy. Well, and Lucy! I'll lay my life 'tis a treaty of marriage. Is that such a dreadful thing? Oh! for shame, madam! Young ladies of fashion are not frightened at such things now-a-days.

Heart. (*To Sir Charles.*) We have gone too far, Sir Charles. We must excuse her delicacy, and give her time to recover: I had better talk with her alone; we will leave her now. Be persuaded, that no endeavours shall be wanting on my part to bring this affair to a happy and speedy conclusion.

Sir C. I shall be obliged to you, Mr. Heartly. Young lady, your servant.—What grace and modesty! She is a most engaging creature, and I shall be proud to make her one of my family. (*To Heartly.*)

Heart. You do us honour, Sir Charles.

[*Exeunt Sir Charles and Heartly.*]

Lucy. Indeed, Miss Harriet, you are very particular. You was tired of the boarding-school, and yet seem to have no inclination to be married. What can be the meaning of all this? That smirking old gentleman is uncle to Mr. Clackit; and, my life for it, he has made some proposals to your guardian.

Har. Pr'ythee, don't plague me about Mr. Clackit.

Lucy. But why not, miss? Though he is a little fantastical, loves to hear himself talk, and is somewhat self-sufficient, you must consider he is young, has been abroad, and keeps good company. The trade will soon be at an end, if young ladies and gentlemen grow over nice and exceptious.

Har. But if I can find one without these faults, I may surely please myself.

Lucy. Without these faults! and is he young, miss?

Har. He is sensible, modest, polite, affable, and generous; and charms from the natural impulses of his own heart, as much as others disgust by their senseless airs and insolent affectation.

Lucy. Upon my word!—But why have you kept this a secret so long? Your guardian is kind to you beyond conception. What difficulties can you have to overcome?

Har. Why, the difficulty of declaring my sentiments.

Lucy. Leave that to me, miss.—But your spark, with all his accomplishments, must have very little penetration not to have discovered his good fortune in your eyes.

Har. I take care that my eyes don't tell too much; and he has too much delicacy to interpret looks to his advantage. Besides, he would certainly disapprove my passion; and if I should ever make the declaration, and meet with a denial, I should absolutely die with shame.

Lucy. I'll ensure your life for a silver thimble.—But what can possibly hinder your coming together.

Har. His excess of merit.

Lucy. His excess of a fiddlestick! But come, I'll put you in the way: you shall trust me with the secret; I'll entrust it again to half a dozen friends; they shall entrust it to half a dozen more; by which means, it will travel half the world over in a week's time: the gentleman will certainly hear of it, and then if he is not at your feet in the fetching of a sigh, I'll give up

all my perquisites at your wedding. What is his name, miss?

Har. I cannot tell you his name; indeed, I cannot: I am afraid of being thought too singular. But why should I be ashamed of my passion? Is the impression which a virtuous character makes upon our hearts such a weakness that it may not be excused?

Lucy. By my faith, miss, I can't understand you: you are afraid of being thought singular, and you really are so. I would sooner renounce all the passions in the universe, than have one in my bosom beating and fluttering itself to pieces.

Re-enter HEARTLY.

Heart. Leave us, Lucy.

Lucy. There's something going forward; 'tis very hard I can't be of the party. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Heart. She certainly thinks, from the character of the young man, that I shall disapprove of her choice. [*Aside.*]

Har. What can I possibly say to him? I am as much ashamed to make the declaration, as he would be to understand it. [*Aside.*]

Heart. Don't imagine that I would know more of your thoughts than you desire I should; but the tender care which I have ever shewn, and the sincere friendship which I shall always have for you, give me a sort of right to inquire into everything that concerns you. Some friends have spoken to me in particular; but that is not all—I have lately found you thoughtful, absent, and disturbed. Be plain with me; has not somebody been happy enough to please you?

Har. I cannot deny it, sir; yes, somebody indeed has pleased me. But I must entreat you not to give credit to any idle stories, or inquire further into the particulars of my inclination; for I cannot possibly have resolution enough to say more to you.

Heart. But have you made a choice, my dear?

Har. I have, in my own mind, sir; and 'tis impossible to make a better; reason, honour, everything must approve it.

Heart. And how long have you conceived this passion?

Har. Ever since I left the country—to live with you. [*Sighs.*]

Heart. I see your confusion, and will relieve you from it immediately. I am informed of the whole—

Har. Sir!

Heart. Don't be uneasy; for I can, with pleasure, assure you that your passion is returned with equal tenderness. [happy.]

Har. If you are not deceived, I cannot be more *Heart.* I think I am not deceived; but after the declaration you have made, and the assurances which I have given you, why will you conceal it any longer? Have I not deserved a little more confidence from you?

Har. You have, indeed, deserved it; and should certainly have it, were I not well assured that you would oppose my inclinations.

Heart. I oppose them! Am I, then, so unkind to you, my dear Harriet? Can you in the least doubt of my affection for you? I promise you that I have no will but your's.

Har. Since you desire it, then, I will endeavour to explain myself.

Heart. I am all attention; speak.

Har. And if I do, I feel I shall never be able to speak to you again.

Heart. I see your delicacy is hurt. But let me entreat you once more to confide in me. Tell me his name, and the next moment I will go to him, and assure him that my consent shall confirm both your happiness.

Har. You will easily find him; and when you have, pray tell him how improper it is for a young woman to speak first. Persuade him to spare my blushes, and to release me from so terrible a situation. I shall leave him with you; and hope that this declaration will make it impossible for you to mistake me any longer. [*Going.*]

Enter YOUNG CLACKIT. (Harriet remains on the stage.)

Heart. Are we not alone? What can she mean? [*Aside.*]

Young C. Apropos, 'faith! Here they are together.

Heart. I did not see him; but now the riddle's explained. [*Aside.*]

Har. What can he want now? This is the most spiteful interruption! [*Aside.*]

Young C. By your leave, Mr. Heartly. [*Crosses him to go to Harriet.*] Have I caught you at last, my divine Harriet? Well, Mr. Heartly, *sans façon*—But what's the matter? Things look a little gloomy here; one mutters to himself, and gives me no answer, and the other turns her head and winks at me. How the devil am I to interpret all this?

Har. I wink at you, sir? Did I, sir?

Young C. Yes, you, my angel! but, mum!—Mr. Heartly, for heaven's sake, what is all this? Speak, I conjure you, is it life or death with me?

Har. What a dreadful situation I am in!

Young C. Hope for the best; I'll bring matters about, I warrant you.

Heart. Miss Harriet's will is a law to me; and for you, sir, the friendship which I have ever professed for your uncle is too sincere not to exert some of it upon this occasion.

Har. I shall die with confusion! [*Aside.*]

Young C. I am alive again. Dear Mr. Heartly, thou art a most adorable creature! What a happiness it is to have to do with a man of sense, who has no foolish prejudices, and can see when a young fellow has something tolerable about him!

Heart. Sir, not to flatter you, I must declare, that it is from a knowledge of your friends and family, that I have hopes of seeing you and this young lady happy. I will go directly to your uncle, and assure him that everything goes on to our wishes. [*Going.*]

Har. Mr. Heartly—pray, sir—

Heart. Poor Harriet! I see your distress, and am sorry for it; but it must be got over, and the sooner the better. [*Aside.*] Mr. Clackit, my dear, will be glad of an opportunity to entertain you for the little time that I shall be absent? Poor Miss Harriet! [*Exit.*]

Young C. *Allez, allez, monsieur!* I'll answer for that. Well, ma'am, I think everything succeeds to our wishes. Be sincere, my adorable—Don't you think yourself a very happy young lady?

Har. I shall be most particularly obliged to you, sir, if you would inform me what is the meaning of all this.

Young C. Inform you, miss? The matter, I believe, is pretty clear: our friends have understanding—we have affections—and a marriage follows of course.

Har. Marriage, sir! Pray, what relation or particular connexion is there between you and me, sir?

Young C. I may be deceived, 'faith! but, upon my honour, I always supposed that there was a little smattering of inclination between us.

Har. And have you spoken to my guardian upon this supposition, sir?

Young C. And are you angry at it? I believe not. *Har.* Indeed, sir, this behaviour of your's is most extraordinary.

Young C. Upon my soul, this is very droll. What! has not your guardian been here this moment, and expressed all imaginable pleasure at our intended union?

Har. He is in an error, sir; and had I not been too much astonished at your behaviour, I had undeceived him long before now.

Young C. (*Hums a tune.*) But, pray, miss, what can be your intention in raising all this confusion in the family, and opposing your own inclinations?

Har. Opposing my own inclinations, sir?

Young C. Ay, opposing your own inclinations, madam.

Har. Be assured, sir, I never in my life had the least thought about you.

Young C. Come, come, I know what I know.

Har. Don't make yourself ridiculous, Mr. Clackit.

Young C. Don't you make yourself miserable, Miss Harriet.

Har. I am only so when you persist to torment me.

Young C. And you really believe that you don't love me?

Har. Positively not.

Young C. And you are very sure, now, that you hate me? (*Conceitedly.*)

Har. Oh! most cordially!

Young C. Poor young lady! I do pity her from my soul.

Har. Then why don't you leave me?

Young C. "*She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.*"

Take warning, miss; when you once begin to pine in thought, 'tis all over with you; and, be assured, since you are obstinately bent to give yourself airs, that if you once suffer me to leave this house in a pet—do you mind me?—not all your sighing, whining, fits, vapours, and hysterics, shall ever move me to take the least compassion on you. *Côtez qu'il coûte.*

Re-enter HEARTLY and SIR CHARLES CLACKIT.

Sir C. There they are, the pretty doves! That is the age, neighbour Heartly, for happiness and pleasure.

Heart. I am willing, you see, to lose no time, which may convince you, Sir Charles, how proud I am of this alliance in our families.

Sir C. 'Gad! I will send for the fiddles, and take a dance myself, and a fig for the gout and rheumatism. But, hold, hold! the lovers, methinks, are a little out of humour with each other. What is the matter, Jack? Not pouting, sure, before your time?

Young C. A trifle, sir; the lady will tell you. (*Hums a tune.*)

Heart. You seem to be troubled, Harriet! What can this mean?

Har. You have been in an error, sir, about me; I did not undeceive you, because I could not imagine that the consequences could have been so serious and so sudden; but I am now forced to tell you that you have misunderstood me—that you have distressed me.

Heart. How, my dear?

Sir C. What do you say, miss?

Young C. Mademoiselle is pleased to be out of humour; but I can't blame her; for, upon my honour, I think a little coquetry becomes her.

Sir C. Ay, ay, ay! oh, oh! is that all? These little squalls seldom overset the lover's boat, but drive it the faster to port. Ay, ay, ay!

Young C. Talk to her a little, Mr. Heartly. She is a fine lady, and has many virtues; but she does not know the world.

Heart. For heaven's sake, Miss Harriet, explain this riddle to me.

Har. I cannot, sir. I have discovered the weakness of my heart; I have discovered it to you, sir; but your unkind interpretations and reproachful looks convince me that I have already said but too much. [*Exit.*]

Sir C. Well, but harkye! nephew, this is going a little too far. What have you done to her?

Heart. I never saw her so agitated before.

Young C. Upon my soul, gentlemen, I am as much surprised at it as you can be. The little *brouillerie* between us, arose upon her persisting that there was no passion, no *penchant* between us.

Sir C. I'll tell you what, Jack; there is a certain kind of impudence about you, that I don't approve of.

Young C. But what can the lady object to? I have offered to marry her, is not that a proof sufficient I like her? A young fellow must have some affection that will go such lengths to indulge it. Ha, ha!

Sir C. Why, really, friend Heartly, I don't see how a young man can well do more, or a lady desire more. What say you, neighbour?

Heart. Upon my word, I am puzzled about it; my thoughts upon the matter are so various and so confused. Everything I see and hear is so contradictory—is so—She certainly cannot like anybody else!

Young C. No, no; I'll answer for that.

Heart. Or she may be fearful, then, that your passion for her is not sincere; or, like other young men of the times, you may grow careless upon marriage, and neglect her.

Young C. Ha! Egad! you have hit it; nothing but a little, natural, delicate sensibility. (*Hums a tune.*)

Heart. If so, perhaps the violence of her reproaches may proceed from the lukewarmness of your professions.

Young C. *Je vous demande pardon.* I have sworn to her, a hundred and a hundred times, that she should be the happiest of her sex: but there is nothing surprising in all this; it is the misery of an over-fond heart, to be always doubtful of its happiness.

Heart. And if she marries thee, I fear that she'll be kept in a state of doubt as long as she lives. (*Aside.*)

Re-enter LUCY.

Lucy. Pray, gentlemen, which of you has affronted my mistress? She is in a most prodigious taking yonder, and vows to return into the country again.

Young C. Poor thing!

Heart. I must inquire further into this; her behaviour is too particular for me not to be disturbed at it.

Lucy. She desires that when she has recovered herself, she may talk with you alone, sir. (*To Heartly.*)

Heart. I shall with pleasure attend her.

[*Exit Lucy.*]

Sir C. I would give, old as I am, a leg or an arm, to be beloved by that sweet creature as you are, Jack.

Young C. And throw your gout and rheumatism into the bargain, uncle? Ha, ha! Divine Bacchus! La, la, la, &c. (*Sings.*)

Sir C. I wonder what the devil is come to the young fellows of this age, neighbour Heartly? Why, a fine woman has no effect upon them. Is there no method to make them less fond of themselves, and more mindful of the ladies?

Heart. Lookye! Mr. Clackit; if Miss Harriet's affections declare for you, she must not be treated

with neglect or disdain: nor could I bear it, sir. Any man must be proud of her partiality to him; and he must be fashionably insensible, indeed, who would not make it his darling care to defend from every iniquity the most delicate and tender of her sex.

Sir C. Most nobly and warmly said, Mr. Heartly. Go to her, nephew, directly; throw yourself at her feet, and swear how much her beauty and virtue have captivated you, and don't let her go till you have set her dear little heart at rest.

Young C. Would you have me say the same thing over and over again? I can't do it, positively: it is my turn to be piqued now.

Sir C. D—n your conceit, Jack, I can bear it no longer.

Heart. I am very sorry to find that any young lady, so near and dear to me, should bestow her heart where there is so little prospect of its being valued as it ought. However, I shall not oppose my authority to her inclinations; and so—Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Let the young lady know that I shall attend her commands in the library. [*Exit Servant.*] Will you excuse me, gentlemen?

Sir C. Ay, ay; we'll leave you to yourselves; and, pray, convince her that I and my nephew are most sincerely her very humble servants.

Young C. Oh! yes, you may depend upon me.

Heart. A very slender dependence, truly!

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Young C. We'll be with you again to know what your tête-à-tête produces; and, in the meantime, I am her's—and your's. Adieu! Come, uncle. Fal, la! la, la! [*Sings.*]

Sir C. I could knock him down with pleasure. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Library.

HEARTLY and a Servant discovered.

Heart. Tell Miss Harriet that I am here: if she is indisposed, I will wait upon her in her own room. [*Exit Servant.*] However mysterious her conduct appears to me, yet still it is to be deciphered. This young gentleman has certainly touched her: there are some objections to him; and among so many young men of fashion that fall in her way, she certainly might have made a better choice: she has an understanding to be sensible of this; and, if I am not mistaken, it is a struggle between her reason and her passion that occasions all this confusion. But here she is.

Enter HARRIET.

Har. I hope you are not angry, sir, that I left you so abruptly, without making any apology?

Heart. I am angry that you think an apology necessary. The matter we were upon was of such a delicate nature, that I was more pleased with your confusion than I should have been with your excuses. You'll pardon me, my dear.

Har. I have reflected that the person for whom I have conceived a most tender regard, may, from the wisest motives, doubt of my passion; and, therefore, I would endeavour to answer all his objections, and convince him how deserving he is of my highest esteem.

Heart. I have not yet apprehended what kind of dispute could arise between you and Mr. Clackit: but I would advise you both to come to a reconciliation as soon as possible.

Har. He still continues in his error, and I cannot deceive him. [*Aside.*]

Heart. Shall I take the liberty of telling you, my dear—[*Takes her hand.*] You tremble, Harriet! What is the matter with you?

Har. Nothing, sir. Pray, go on.

Heart. I guess whence proceeds all your uneasiness: you fear that the world will not be so readily convinced of this young gentleman's merit as you are; and, indeed, I could wish him more deserving of you; but your regard for him gives him a merit he otherwise would have wanted, and almost makes me blind to his failings.

Har. And would you advise me, sir, to make choice of this gentleman?

Heart. I would advise you, as I always have done, to consult your own heart upon such an occasion.

Har. If that is your advice, I will most religiously follow it; and, for the last time, I am resolved to discover my real sentiments; but as a confession of this kind will not become me, I have been thinking of some innocent stratagem to spare my blushes, and, in part, to relieve me from the shame of a declaration—Might I be permitted to write to him?

Heart. I think you may, my dear, without the least offence to your delicacy: and, indeed, you ought to explain yourself; your late misunderstanding makes it absolutely necessary.

Har. Will you be kind enough to assist me? Will you write it for me, sir?

Heart. Oh! most willingly: and as I am made a party, it will remove all objections.

Har. I will dictate to you in the best manner I am able. [*Sighs.*]

Heart. Here is pen, ink, and paper; and now, my dear, I am ready. He is certainly a man of family; and though he has some little faults, time and your virtues will correct them. Come, what shall I write? [*Prepares to write.*]

Har. Pray, give me a moment's thought;—'tis a terrible task, Mr. Heartly.

Heart. I know it is. Don't hurry yourself; I shall wait with patience. Come, Miss Harriet.

Har. [*Dictating.*] "It is in vain for me to conceal from one of your understanding the secrets of my heart!"

Heart. [*Writes.*] "The secrets of my heart."

Har. "Though your humility and modesty will not suffer you to perceive it!"

Heart. Do you think that he is much troubled with those qualities?

Har. Pray, indulge me, sir.

Heart. I beg your pardon. "Your humility and modesty will not suffer you to perceive it." So!

Har. "Everything tells you that it is you that I love!"

Heart. Very well.

Har. Yes; "you that I love." Do you understand me?

Heart. Oh! yes, yes; I understand you—"that it is you that I love." This is very plain, my dear.

Har. I would have it so. "And though I am already bound in gratitude to you!"

Heart. In gratitude to Mr. Clackit?

Har. Pray, write, sir.

Heart. Well; "in gratitude to you." I must write what she would have me. [*Aside.*]

Har. "Yet my passion is a most disinterested one!"

Heart. "Most disinterested one."

Har. "And to convince you, that you owe much more to my affections!"

Heart. And then?

Har. "I could wish that I had not experienced!"

Heart. Stay, stay! "Had not experienced."

Har. "Your tender care of me in my infancy!"

Heart. What did you say? Did I hear right, or am I in a dream? [*Aside.*]

Har. Why have I declared myself? He'll hate me for my folly. [*Aside.*]

Heart. Harriet!

Har. Sir?

Heart. To whom do you write this letter?

Har. To—to—Mr. Clackit—is it not?

Heart. You must not mention then the care of your infancy: it would be ridiculous.

Har. It would, indeed! I own it; it is improper.

Heart. Then I'll only finish your letter with the usual compliment, and send it away.

Har. Yes—send it away—if you think I ought to send it.

Heart. (Troubled.) Ought to send it! Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Carry this letter. (*An action escapes from Harriet, as if to hinder the sending the letter.*) Is it not for Mr. Clackit?

Har. (Peevishly.) Who can it be for?

Heart. (To the Servant.) Here, take this letter to Mr. Clackit. [Gives the letter; exit Servant.]

Har. He disapproves my passion, and I shall die with confusion. (Aside.)

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. The conversation is over, and I may appear. (*Aside.*) Sir Charles is without, sir, and is impatient to know your determination. May he be permitted to see you?

Heart. I must retire, to conceal my weakness.

[Aside, and exit.]

Lucy. Upon my word, this is very whimsical. What is the reason, miss, that your guardian is gone away without giving me an answer?

Har. What a contempt he must have for me to behave in this manner!

[Aside, and exit.]

Lucy. Extremely well this, and equally foolish on both sides! But what can be the meaning of it? What a shame it is that I don't know more of this matter; a wench of spirit as I am, a favourite of my mistress, and as inquisitive as I ought to be? It is an affront to my character, and I must have satisfaction immediately. (*Going.*) I will go directly to my young mistress, tease her to death till I am at the bottom of this; and if threatening, soothing, scolding, whispering, crying, and lying, will not prevail, I will e'en give her warning—and go upon the stage. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter HEARTLY.

Heart. The more I reflect upon what has passed, the more I am convinced that she did not intend writing to this young fellow. What am I to think of it, then? Had not my reason made a little stand against my presumption, I might have interpreted some of Harriet's words in my own favour; but can it be possible that so young a creature should even cast a thought of that kind upon me? Upon me! No, no; I will do her and myself the justice to acknowledge, that, for a very few slight appearances, there are a thousand reasons that destroy so ridiculous a supposition.

Enter SIR CHARLES CLACKIT.

Sir C. Well, Mr. Heartly, what are we to hope for?

Heart. Upon my word, sir, I am still in the dark; we puzzle about, indeed, but we don't get forward.

Sir C. What the devil is the meaning of all this? There never, sure, were lovers so difficult to bring together. But have you not been a little too rough with the lady? for as I passed by her but now, she seemed a little out of humour; and, upon my faith, not the less beautiful for a little pouting.

Heart. Upon my word, Sir Charles, what I can

collect from her behaviour is, that your nephew is not so much in her good graces as he made you believe.

Sir C. Egad, like enough. But bold, hold! this must be looked a little into: if it is so, I would be glad to know why and wherefore I have been made so ridiculous. Eh! master Heartly, does he take me for his fool, his beast, his Merry Andrew? By the lord Harry—

Heart. He is of an age, Sir Charles—

Sir C. Ay, of an age to be very impertinent; but I shall desire him to be less free with his uncle for the future, I assure him.

Re-enter LUCY.

Lucy. I have it, I have it, gentlemen! you need not puzzle any more about the matter: I have got the secret. I know the knight-errant that has wounded our distressed lady.

Sir C. Well, and who, and what, child?

Lucy. What, has not she told you, sir? (*To Heartly.*)

Heartly. Not directly.

Lucy. So much the better. What pleasure it is to discover a secret, and then tell it to all the world! I pressed her so much that she at last confessed.

Sir C. Well, what?

Lucy. That, in the first place, she did not like your nephew.

Sir C. And I told the puppy so.

Lucy. That she had a most mortal antipathy for the young men of this age; and that she had settled her affections upon one of riper years and riper understanding.

Sir C. Indeed!

Lucy. And that she expected from a lover in his autumn, more affection, more complaisance, more constancy, and more discretion, of course.

Heart. This is very particular.

Sir C. Ay, but it is very prudent for all that.

Lucy. In short, as she had openly declared against the nephew, I took upon me to speak of his uncle.

Sir C. Of me, child?

Lucy. Yes, of you, sir; and she did not say me nay; but cast such a look, and fetched such a sigh—that if ever I looked and sighed in my life, I know how it is with her.

Sir C. What the devil!—Why, surely—Eh, Lucy! You joke for certain—Mr. Heartly!—Eh!

Lucy. Indeed I do not, sir. 'Twas in vain for me to say that nothing could be so ridiculous as such a choice: nay, sir, I went a little further, (you'll excuse me,) and told her—"Good God, madam," said I, "why he is old and gouty, asthmatic, rheumatic, sciatic, spleen-atic,"—It signified nothing, she had determined.

Sir C. But you need not have told her all that. It can't be me: no, no; it can't be me.

Lucy. But I tell you it is, sir. You are the man.

Sir C. Say you so? Why, then, monsieur nephew, I shall have a little laugh with you. Ha, ha, ha!—Your betters must be served before you. But here he comes—Not a word, for your life. We'll laugh at him most triumphantly. Ha, ha! but mum, mum!

Enter YOUNG CLACKIT.

Young C. Meeting by accident with some artists of the string, and my particular friends, I have brought them to celebrate Miss Harriet's and my approaching happiness. (*To Heartly.*)

Sir C. Do you hear the puppy? (*Apart to Lucy.*)

Heart. It is time to clear up all mistakes.

Sir C. Now for it.

Heart. Miss Harriet, sir, was not destined for you.

Young C. What do you say, sir?

Heart. That the young lady has fixed her affections upon another.

Young C. Upon another?

Sir C. Yes, sir, another; that is English, sir; and you may translate it into French, if you like it better.

Young C. Very well, sir, extremely well.

Sir C. And that other, sir, is one to whom you owe great respect.

Young C. I am his most respectful humble servant.

Sir C. You are a fine youth, my sweet nephew, to tell me a story of a cock and a bull, of you and the young lady, when you have no more interest in her than the czar of Muscovy.

Young C. (Smiles.) But, my dear uncle, don't carry this jest too far; I shall begin to be uneasy: but whoever my precious rival is, he must prepare himself for a little humility; for, be he ever so mighty, my dear uncle, I have that in my pocket will lower his top-sails for him. *(Searching his pocket.)*

Sir C. Well, what's that?

Young C. A fourteen pounder only, my good uncle: a letter from the lady. *(Takes it out of his pocket.)*

Sir C. What! to you?

Young C. To me, sir: this moment received, and overflowing with the tenderest sentiments.

Sir C. To you?

Young C. Most undoubtedly. She reproaches me with my excessive modesty; there can be no mistake.

Sir C. What letter is this he chatters about? *(To Heartly.)*

Heart. One written by me, and dictated by the young lady.

Sir C. What! sent by her to him?

Heart. I believe so.

Sir C. Well, but, then—How the devil—Mrs. Lucy!—Eh!—What becomes of your fine story?

Lucy. I don't understand it.

Sir C. Nor I.

Heart. (Hesitating.) Nor—I—

Young C. But I do; and so you will all presently.

Re-enter HARRIET.

Har. Bless me, Mr. Heartly, what is all this music for in the next room?

Young C. I brought the gentleman of the string, mademoiselle, to convince you that I feel as I ought the honour you have done me. *(Shewing the letter.)* But, for heaven's sake, be sincere a little with these good folks; they tell me here that I am nobody, and there is another happier than myself.

Har. To hesitate any longer would be injurious to my guardian, his friend, this young gentleman, and my own character. You have all been in an error. My bashfulness may have deceived you; my heart never did.

Young C. C'est vrai.

Har. Therefore, before I declare my sentiments, it is proper that I disavow any engagement: but at the same time must confess—

Young C. Oh—ho!

Har. With fear and shame confess—

Young C. Courage, mademoiselle!

Har. That another, not you, sir, has gained a power over my heart. *(To Young Clackit.)*

Sir C. Another, not you; mind that Jack. Ha, ha!

Har. It is a power, indeed, which he despises. I cannot be deceived in his conduct. Modesty

may tie the tongue of our sex, but silence in him could proceed only from contempt.

Sir C. How prettily she reproaches me! but I'll soon make it up with her. *(Aside.)*

Har. As to that letter, sir, your error there is excusable; and I own myself in that particular a little blameable. But it was not my fault that it was sent to you; and the contents must have told you, that it could not possibly be meant for you. *(To Young Clackit.)*

Sir C. Proof positive, Jack. Say no more. Now is my time to begin. Hem! hem!—Sweet young lady!—hem!—whose charms are so mighty, so far transcending everything that we read of in history or fable, how could you possibly think that my silence proceeded from contempt? Was it natural or prudent, think you, for a man of sixty-five, nay, just entering into his sixty-sixth year—

Young C. Oh, misericorde! what, is my uncle my rival? Nay, then, I burst, by Jupiter!—Ha, ha, ha!

Har. Don't imagine, sir, that to me your age is any fault.

Sir C. (Bowing.) You are very obliging, madam.

Har. Neither is it, sir, a merit of that extraordinary nature, that I should sacrifice to it an inclination which I have conceived for another.

Sir C. How is this?

Young C. Another! not you; mind that, uncle.

Lucy. What is the meaning of all this?

Young C. Proof positive, uncle; and very positive.

Sir C. I have been led into a mistake, madam, which I hope you will excuse; and I have made myself very ridiculous, which I hope I shall forget; and so, madam, I am your humble servant.

Heart. What I now see, and the remembrance of what is past, force me to break silence.

Young C. Ay, now for it.—Hear him, hear him!

Heart. Oh, my Harriet! I, too, must be disgraced in my turn. Can you think that I have seen and conversed with you unmoved? Indeed I have not. The more I was sensible of your merit, the stronger were my motives to stifle the ambition of my heart; but now I can no longer resist the violence of my passion, which casts me at your feet, the most unworthy, indeed, of all your admirers, but of all the most affectionate.

Har. I have refused my hand to Sir Charles and this young gentleman: the one accuses me of caprice, the other of singularity. Should I refuse my hand a third time, *(smiling,)* I might draw upon myself a more severe reproach; and, therefore, I accept your favour, sir, and will endeavour to deserve it.

Heart. And thus I seal my acknowledgments; and, from henceforth, devote my every thought, and all my services, to the author of my happiness. *(Kisses her hand.)*

Sir C. Well, my dear discreet nephew, are you satisfied with the fool's part you have given me, and played yourself in the farce?

Young C. What would you have me say, sir; I am too much a philosopher to fret.

Heart. I hope, Sir Charles, that we shall still continue to live as neighbours and friends. For you, my Harriet, words cannot express my wonder or my joy; my future conduct must tell you what a sense I have of my happiness, and how much I shall endeavour to deserve it.

*For every charm that ever yet bless'd youth,
Accept compliance, tenderness, and truth;
My friendly care shall change to grateful love,
And the fond husband still the Guardian prove.*

[Exeunt.]

THE SULTAN; OR, A PEEP INTO THE SERAGLIO:

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.



Act I.—Scene I.

CHARACTERS.

THE SULTAN
OSMYN

ELMIRA
ROXALANA

ISMENA
ATTENDANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Seraglio; the throne in manner of a couch, with a canopy, on the front of which is an escutcheon fixed, with the Ottoman arms crowned with feathers; in the back scenes, the Sultan's door is covered with a curtain.

Enter OSMYN and ELMIRA.

Osmyn. Tell me, what right have you to be discontented?

Elm. When first I came within these walls, I found myself a slave; and the thoughts of being shut up for ever here, terrified me to death: my tears flowed incessantly; Solyman was moved with them, and solemnly promised to restore me to liberty, my parents, and my country.

Osmyn. And yet, when the Sultan agreed to send you back to Georgia, you did not avail yourself of his generosity.

Elm. True; but his munificence, and, above all, the tenderness and love he expressed to me since, have reconciled me to this place, and I vainly thought my charms could have attached him to me.

Osmyn. Why, then, complain? you still possess his heart. Already, you have been twice honoured with the imperial handkerchief.

Elm. His heart! does not this place contain a hundred beauties who equally share his love? Tell the Sultan I'm determined, and ready to accept the first opportunity of returning to my friends and country.

Osmyn. I shall procure you an answer this morning—But, hark! the Sultan approaches.

[Exit Elmira,

The curtain is drawn, and the SULTAN enters, preceded by Mutes, &c. A grand march played.

Sul. Osmyn.

Osmyn. The humblest of your slaves attends. (Bows to the ground.)

Sul. My friend, quit this style of servitude; I am weary of it.

Osmyn. And of the seraglio, too, sir?

Sul. It is even so: and yet, upon reflection, I cannot tell why, unless that, having been accustomed to the noise of camps and the business of war, I know not how to relish pleasures; which, though varied, appear insipid, through the ease and tranquillity with which they are attained. Your voice used to charm me.

AIR.—OSMYN.

*Behold yonder zephyr how lightly it blows,
And copying of lovers it ne'er seeks repose,
But flies to the pink, to the lily, the rose,*

Caressing each flower of the garden and grove.

*Then still let your pleasure variety crown,
'Mongst the different beauties that rove up and down;
Court the charms of the fair, of the black, of the brown,
They're the flowers that embellish the garden of love.*

Sul. I have often told you I am not touched with mere caressing machines, who are taught to love or fear by interest.

Osmyn. And yet your highness must confess, your servant has neglected nothing perfectly to content, particularly in one object he procured you.

Sul. Who is that?

Osmyn. The Circassian beauty—the Sultana Elmira.

Sul. And, truly, she possesses all the charms that can adorn her sex.

Osmyn. You thought so once.

Sul. Once! I think so still.

Osmyn. Indeed!

Sul. Positively, why should you doubt it?

Osmyn. Your word is my law. But, sir, there is matter I must acquaint you with: I cannot manage the seraglio; and, by the beard of Heli, I would rather quit the helm I can no longer guide. That English slave lately brought here, is quite ungovernable; she is sure to do everything she is forbid; she makes a joke of our threats, and answers our most serious admonitions with a laugh: besides, she is at variance with the rest of the women, and shews them such an example, that I cannot longer rule them.

Sul. That is your business: I will have them all agree. How do you call her?

Osmyn. Since she has been here, we have called her Roxalana. [reason.]

Sul. Well, you must endeavour to bring her to

Osmyn. Shall the Sultana Elmira throw herself at your highness's feet, then?

Sul. Let her come; and, do you hear, Osmyn? go to the apartment of that Persian slave, who spoke of yesterday, (she that sings so well,) and send her hither.

Osmyn. I will, most sublime Sultan. [Exit.]

Enter ELMIRA. She kneels.

Sul. I know, beforehand, that you come to upbraid me. We have not met so often lately as our natural inclinations would have made agreeable; but don't attribute that to coldness, which has been the unavoidable consequence of affairs. The business of the divan has taken up so much of my time.

Elm. I don't presume to complain; for your image is so imprinted on my heart, that you are always present to my mind.

Sul. Elmira, you love music; I have sent for the Persian slave, who I am told sings so well; if she answers the description, she will afford you entertainment.

Elm. I want none when you are present; your company suffices for everything.

Sul. Yonder comes our singer.

Enter ISMENA.

Ism. Your slave attends your pleasure. (Kneels. The Sultan makes signs to the Eunuchs, who bring two stools, and beckons Elmira to sit.)

Elm. This is an honour I did not expect. (Taking her seat.)

AIR.—ISMENA.

Bless'd hero, who, in peace and war,

Triumph alike, and raise our wonder;

In peace, the shafts of love you bear;

In war, the bolts of Jove's own thunder.

Sul. Beautiful Ismena, methought, that song did not so well express the effects of love. I never heard anything so charming; her voice is exquisite. What do you think of her? (To Elmira.)

Elm. If she hears all this, it will make her vain. I cannot bear all this; I am ready to burst with indignation and anger. [Aside, and exit.]

Sul. There is something in this slave that interests me in her favour; she shall be received among the Sultana's attendants, and by that means, we shall have an opportunity of hearing her often. (Aside. Turning, perceives Elmira gone.) But, where's the Sultana? I did not perceive she had left us. Follow her, Ismena, and endeavour to amuse her. [Exit Ismena.]

Re-enter OSMYN.

Osmyn. I come to tell your highness, there is no bearing that English slave; she says such things, and does such things, that—

Sul. Why, what is it she does? [too.]

Osmyn. She mimics me; nay, and mimics you,

Sul. Pooh, pooh!

Osmyn. Advice is lost upon her; when I attempt to give it, she falls a singing and dancing. There is no enduring it, if you do not permit me to correct her.

Sul. You take these things in too serious a light. She seems, indeed, a singular character.

Osmyn. She has the impudence of the devil: but just now, I threatened to complain to you of her, she said she would complain of me; and here she comes.

Enter ROXALANA.

Sul. How now?

Rox. Well, heaven be praised, at least here is something like a human figure. You are, sir, I suppose, the sublime Sultan, whose slave I have the honour to be: if so, pray oblige me so far, as to drive from your presence, that horrid ugly creature there, for he shocks my sight; do you hear? go. (To Osmyn.)

Sul. (Gravely.) They complain, Roxalana, of your irreverent behaviour; you must learn to treat the officers of our seraglio, whom we have set over you, with more deference; all in this place honour their superiors, and obey in silence.

Rox. In silence! and obey! Is this a sample of your Turkish gallantry? you must be vastly loved, indeed, if you address women in that strain.

Sul. Consider, you are not now in your own country.

Rox. No, indeed; you make me feel the difference severely; there reigns ease, content, and liberty: every citizen is himself a king, where the king is himself a citizen.

Sul. Have a humour more gentle and pliable; I advise you to alter your behaviour, for very good reasons; and it is for your good; there are very rigorous laws in the seraglio for such as are refractory.

Rox. Upon my word, you have made a very delicate speech, and I admire the gravity with which it was uttered.

Sul. Roxalana, I am serious.

Osmyn. What does your highness think now? Did I tell you the truth? (Apart to the Sultan.)

Rox. Oh, whispering! What is it that monster says? That what-do-you-call him, that good-for-nothing amphibious animal, who follows us like sheep here, and is for ever watching us with his frightful, glaring eyes, as if he would devour us. Is this the confidante of your pleasures, the guardian of our charity? I must do him the justice to confess, that, if you give him money for making himself hated, he certainly does not steal his wages. We can't step one step but he is after us; by-and-by, I suppose, he will weigh out air and measure out light to us; he won't let us walk in the gardens, lest it should rain men upon us; and, if it did, 'tis a blessing we've been long wishing for. [rate?]

Osmyn. There now, don't she go on at a fine *Rox.* Don't mind that ugly creature, but listen to me. If you follow my counsel, I shall make you an accomplished prince. I wish to make you beloved; let your window-bars be taken down; let the doors of the seraglio be thrown open; let inclination alone keep your women within it; and, instead of that ugly, odious creature there, send a handsome, smart, young officer to us every morning; one that will treat us like ladies, and lay out the pleasure of the day. (While she is speaking, the Sultan admires her.)

Sul. Did you ever see so expressive a countenance? (To Osmyn.) Have you any more to say? (To Roxalana.)

Rox. Yes, sir, this; to desire you will not mind him, but attend to me. Men were not born to advise; the thing is expressly the contrary: we women have certainly ten thousand times more

sense. Men, indeed! Men were born for no other purpose under heaven, but to amuse us; and he who succeeds best, perfectly answers the end of his creation. Now, sir, farewell. If I find you profit by my first lesson, I may, perhaps, be tempted to give you another. [Exit.]

Osmyn. Did you ever hear the like, sir? Her insolence is not to be borne.

Sul. I think it amusing.

Osmyn. I shall certainly lose all my authority in the seraglio, if she is not corrected.

Sul. 'Tis a girl; a fool of a disposition, that chastisement would make worse. Go after her, Osmyn, bid her come back and drink sherbet with me.

Osmyn. Sherbet with you, sir? [Exit Osmyn.]

Sul. I have said it. (*Goes on the throne, and takes a pipe.*) Well, for my life, I can't get the better of my astonishment, at hearing a slave talk in so extraordinary a manner. (*Smokes.*) She's not handsome, that is, what is called a beauty; yet her little nose, cocked in the air, her laughing eyes, and the play of her features, have an effect altogether—yet, methinks, I have a mind to sift Roxalana's character; mere curiosity, and nothing else. It is the first time we have seen this place a spirit of caprice and independence: I'll try, at least, what she'll say to me further; there can be no harm to divert myself with her extravagance.

Re-enter OSMYN.

Osmyn. I have delivered your message.

Sul. Delivered my message! where's Roxalana?

Osmyn. In her chamber, where she has locked herself in.

Sul. No matter for her being in her chamber. What did she say?

Osmyn. "Treasure of light," said I, (through the key-hole,) "I come from the sublime Sultan to kiss the dust beneath your feet, and desire you will come and drink sherbet with him." She answered through the key-hole, "Go tell your master, I have no dust on my feet, and I don't like sherbet."

Sul. In effect, Osmyn, the fault is your's; you took your time ill, as you commonly do; you should have waited some time: don't you owe her respect? [come again?]

Osmyn. And, after this, would you have her

Sul. Perhaps I would.

Osmyn. Shall I fetch the Sultana Elmira too?

Sul. What's the meaning of this, Osmyn? I tell you once more, go and bring me Roxalana. (*Curtain moves.*) [curtain.]

Osmyn. Who is that meddles with the great

Sul. Who is it lifts that portal there?

Rox. 'Tis I. (*Coming from behind.*)

Sul. You! and how dare you take that liberty?

Osmyn. Ay, how dare you? Don't you know 'tis death for any to enter there but the Sultan, without being conducted?

Sul. Come, come; she's not acquainted with the customs of the seraglio; so let it pass. Roxalana, I beg your pardon; I am afraid he has disturbed you now.

Rox. Oh! it is only what I expected; you Turks are not reckoned very polite. In my country, a gallant waits upon a lady; but the custom is quite different here, I find. (*Sultan offers her the pipe; she strikes it down.*) What, do you think I smoke?

Sul. How's this? Does your insolence go so far?

Osmyn. What do you command, sir?

Sul. Silence!

Rox. What! angry before a woman? I'm quite ashamed of you.

Sul. This is not to be suffered, and yet there's something so foolish in it too. (*Aside.*) Come hither, Roxalana, I want to speak to you. [am.]

Rox. No, I thank you; I am very well where I

Sul. Tell me then, is it in this light manner women behave in England?

Rox. Pretty near it.

Sul. And suppose I would for once forget your national vivacity, would it make you more cautious for the future? Come, give me your hand; and you may imagine I have forgot all you have said to me.

Rox. So much the worse for you. I told you a great many good things; I see my frankness is disagreeable; but you must grow used to it. Don't you think yourself very happy to find a friend in a slave? one that will teach you how to love, too: for 'tis in my country, love is in its element. It is there all life and tenderness, because it is free; and yet, even there, a husband beloved is next to a prodigy. If it be then so difficult to love a husband, what must it be to love a master? I am your friend; I tell you truth: and do you know why you dislike to hear it? Because it is a language your ears are unaccustomed to: but I don't mind that; I shall make you well acquainted with it. Happy would it be for every prince, if he had a friend near him to tell him the truth.

Sul. But you must treat me with respect.

Rox. I treat you with respect? that would be worse still.

Sul. Indeed!

[rect you.]

Rox. Oh! your notions are horrid! I shall cor-

Sul. Correct me! In what, pray?

Rox. In what concerns you.

Sul. She is the strangest mortal, sure! But let's have no more of this.

Rox. Nay, though you don't take my lessons as patiently as I could wish, I hope you are not displeased with me. I should be sorry to offend you.

Sul. You may easily avoid it, then.

Rox. It will be nothing in time.

Sul. Why, would you consider who I am, and who you are?

Rox. Who am I, and who you are! Yes, sir, I do consider very well that you are the grand Sultan; I am your slave; but I am also a free-born woman, prouder of that than all the pomp and splendour eastern monarchs can bestow.

Sul. As far as I can perceive, then, you would be very glad to get away from me.

Rox. You never were more right in your life.

Sul. Well, but if I endeavour to render the seraglio agreeable to you; if I study to make you happy, might you not, in your turn, try to deserve my favour?

Rox. No.

Sul. Do you speak that sincerely?

Rox. As I think it.

[me—

Sul. And yet there is something that whispers

Rox. Don't believe it; I tell you it deceives you.

Sul. And must I never expect—

Rox. Never; caprice and fancy decide all.

Sul. In caprice and fancy then I rest my hopes; and, in the meantime, you shall sup with me.

Rox. No; I beg to be excused; I'd rather not.

Sul. Why so?—'tis an honour that you ought—

Rox. An honour that I ought! Sir, you ought to lay aside those humiliating phrases; for, while they teach us your superior greatness, they rob you of the pleasure of being agreeable. But to be in good humour, sir, I ought not to accept your proposals; for I know that suppers here tend to certain—things that I can't—indeed, sir.

Sul. Well, as you please.

Rox. That is very well said; you are my pupil, you know, and should give up every point to me; and since that is the case, instead of my supping with you, you shall dine with me.

Sul. With all my heart—be it so. Osmyn!

Enter OSMYN.

Rox. Osmyn, I say, hear my directions; (you know I am to speak;) go to the clerk of the kitchen, and desire him to provide a handsome entertainment in my apartment, as the Sultan dines with me.

Osmyn. Did your highness order—

Sul. What do you stand for? Do as she bids you.

Rox. Are there not some females here that would enliven the conversation; for example, the beautiful Sultana Elmira, that accomplished favourite you love so well; her company must be agreeable; and the Persian slave Ismena, who, I am told, sings enchantingly, and whom you love.

Sul. Yes—but— [a little.]

Rox. I understand, you will have her too.

Sul. It is not necessary; we will be alone.

Rox. Alone—a tête-à-tête would be a great pleasure, to be sure! oh, no!

Sul. I promise you, I expect it.

Enter OSMYN.

Osmyn. Madam, your orders are obeyed.

Sul. Go to Elmira's apartment, and tell her, I shall see her this evening. This evening, do you hear?

Rox. I don't like that whispering there. What's that you say? you know, I have often told you of that ugly trick.

Sul. Nothing—I'll come to her—go. [you.]

Rox. Stay, I say; I have some business with

Sul. Stay! Certainly, there never was anything half so pleasant as this creature. [Exit.]

Rox. Go, Osmyn, to the apartments of the Sultana Elmira, and to the chamber of the slave Ismena, and tell them to come and dine with the Sultan. If you neglect obeying my orders, your head shall answer for it. And, do you hear? don't let them know you came from me with this invitation. Take care of your head. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A royal Apartment, banquet, &c.

Enter ROXALANA.

Rox. Ay, let me alone, now I have got the reins in my own hands, there shall soon be a reformation in this place, I warrant. Heyday! what have we got here? Cushions! what, do they think we are going to prayers? Let me die but I believe it is their dinner. What, do they mean to make me sit squat like a baboon, and tear my meat with my fingers? Take away all this trumpery, and let us have tables and chairs, knives and forks, and dishes and plates, like Christians. And, d'ye hear? let the best part of the entertainment should be wanting, get us some wine. (*Mutes lift up their hands.*) Mercy on us, what a wonder! I tell you, wine must be had. If there is none here, go to the mufti, he is a good fellow, and has some good wine, I warrant him; let the church alone to take care of themselves; they are too good judges of more solid things, not to be provided with them. (*Things are removed, and table, &c. brought on.*) Oh! here come some of my guests: I'll hide. (*Goes aside.*)

Enter ELMIRA and OSMYN.

Elm. It is impossible! A pretty thing, truly, she is to dispute the Sultan's heart with me!

Osmyn. I tell you her ascendancy over him is such, that it requires the greatest art and caution to counteract it.

Elm. Well, Osmyn, be my friend; and here, take this locket, Osmyn; and be sure speak ill of all my rivals, and all the good you possibly can of me. (*Roxalana comes forward.*)

Osmyn. Death and hell! we are deceived.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Rox. Take this locket, Osmyn, and be sure you speak ill of all my rivals. Ha, ha, ha!

Elm. Insidious pleasure! Know this, however, madam, I was the first possessor of the Sultan's heart; and, as such, will maintain my rights, and employ my power to keep it.

Rox. By a locket. Holloa! who waits there?

Enter OSMYN.

Go tell the grand Signior to come here.

Osmyn. I will, madam—I'll be your friend, you may depend on me.

Rox. Go. [*Exit Osmyn.*] Elmira, I don't intend to dispute the Sultan's heart with you; and, to prove it, you must know that it was I invited you to dine with him here; therefore, make the best use you can of the opportunity.

Elm. Is it possible?

Enter SULTAN, ISMENA, and OSMYN.

Rox. Slaves, bring the dinner.

Sul. What do I see? Ismena and Elmira, too!

Rox. What is the matter, sir?

Sul. I thought you would have been alone.

Rox. Not when good company is to be had. Come, salute the ladies. (*He bows.*) A little lower. (*She stoops his head.*) There now, ladies, my guest is a little awkward; but he'll improve.

Elm. Indeed, Roxalana, you go great lengths.

Sul. Let her alone; she knows it diverts me.

Rox. Well, let's be seated; I am to do the honours.

Sul. But what is all this? I never saw anything like it before.

Rox. Where should you? Come—[*Enter Carver with a long knife.*] Who is that? What does that horrid fellow want?

Osmyn. It is the grand carver.

Rox. The grand carver! I thought he came to cut off our heads. Pray, Mr. Carver, be so good as to carve yourself away. Come, Ismena, cut up that, and help the Sultan. The ladies of my country always carve.

Sul. Why, I think this custom is much better than ours. (*To the Carver.*) We shall have no occasion for you.

Rox. Come, some wine.

Sul. Wine!

Rox. Dinner is nothing without wine. Bring it here, Osmyn.

Osmyn. Must I touch the horrible potion! (*Takes the bottle between the skirts of his robe.*) There it is.

Rox. Well, Osmyn, as a reward for your services, you shall have the first of the bottle. Here, drink.

Osmyn. I drink the hellish beverage! I who am a true believer, a rigid mussulman!

Rox. Sir, he disobeys me. (*To the Sultan.*)

Sul. Drink, as you are ordered.

Osmyn. I must obey, and taste the horrible liquor. Oh! Mahomet, shut thy eyes! 'Tis done: I have obeyed.

Rox. Ismena, hold your glass there. Elmira, fill your's and the Sultan's glass.

Sul. Nay, pray, dispense with me.

Rox. Dispense with you, sir! why should we dispense with you? Oh! I understand you; perhaps you don't choose those gentlemen should see you: I will soon turn them off. Gentlemen, you may go: we shall have no occasion for you, I believe. Come, ladies, talk a little; if you don't talk, you must sing. Ismena oblige us with a song. (*Ismena sings.**) Come, sir, I insist upon your drinking.

Sul. I must do as you bid me. (*Drinks.*)

Rox. That's clever.

Sul. How extraordinary is the conduct of this creature, endeavouring thus to display the accomplishments of her rivals! but in everything she is my superior. (*Aside.*) I can rest no longer. (*Gives the handkerchief to Roxalana.*)

Rox. To me! Oh! no; Ismena, 'tis your's; the Sultan gives it as a reward for the pleasure you have given him with your charming song. (*Gives the handkerchief to Ismena.*)

Elm. Oh! (*Faints.*)

Sul. Elmira! 'tis your's: look up, Elmira. (*Snatching the handkerchief from Ismena, gives it to Elmira.*)

* There is no song incidental to the piece; some popular air is generally introduced at the pleasure of the singer.

Elm. Oh! sir. (*Recovering.*)

Sul. For you, out of my sight, audacious! (*To Roxalana.*) Let her be taken away immediately, and degraded to the rank of the lowest slave. [*Exit Roxalana, guarded.*] But she shall be punished, madam, and you sufficiently revenged.

Elm. I do not wish it: in your love all my desires are accomplished.

Sul. If we chastise her, it must be severely. Go, order her to be brought hither.

Elm. What is your design, sir?

Sul. I would, before her face, repair the injustice I were going to do you; excite her envy; and, rendering her punishment complete, leave her in everlasting jealousy.

Elm. I beseech you, think no more of her.

Sul. Pardon me, I think differently. Let her be brought hither, I say.

Osmyn. Sir, they have not had time to put on her slave's habit yet.

Sul. No matter; fetch her as she is: and now, Elmira, let our endearments be redoubled in her.

Elm. Is that necessary, sir? [*sigh.*]

Sul. Oh! it will gall her; I know it will gall her. We feel our misfortunes with tenfold anguish, when we compare what we are with what we might have been.

Elm. It will have no effect; she is a giddy creature; her gaiety is her all.

Sul. No, no, the contrary; that's the thing that strikes me in Roxalana's character. Through what you call her frivolous gaiety, candour and good sense shine so apparent—

Elm. There's an end on't, if you justify her.

Sul. I justify her! far from it; and you shall presently be convinced I mean to make her feel the utmost rigour of my resentment.

Re-enter ROXALANA.

Here she comes: she's in affliction; and her left hand, there, endeavours to hide a humiliated countenance. Approach. (*To Roxalana.*) Elmira, have you determined how you will dispose of her?

Elm. I shall not add to what she suffers.

Sul. How that sentiment charms me! Indeed, Elmira, I blush to think that so unworthy an object should have been able for a moment to surprise me to a degree, even to make me forget your superior merit; but I am your's for ever and ever.

Rox. Ha, ha, ha!

Sul. Death and hell! she laughs.

Rox. Ha, ha, ha! 'Tis involuntary, I assure you; therefore, pray, forgive me; I beg your pardon. *Sul.* 'Tis impudence beyond bearing; but I want to know the meaning of all this?

Rox. The meaning is plain, and anybody may see with half an eye you don't love Elmira.

Sul. Whom do I love, then?

Rox. Me.

Sul. You are the object of my anger.

Rox. That don't signify, love and anger often go together; I am the object of your anger, because I treat you with the sincerity of a friend; but with your highness's permission, I shall take myself away this moment for ever.

Sul. Go, then, and prefer infamy to grandeur.

Rox. I will instantly get out of your sublime presence. (*Going.*)

Sul. No, you sha'n't go. Elmira, do you withdraw. [*Exit Elmira.*] Were I to give way to my transports, I should make you feel the weight of my displeasure; but I frame excuses for you that you scorn to make for yourself. What, despise my favours, insult my condescension? Sure, you can't be sensible of your own folly. Proceed, go on, continue to enrage your too indulgent master.

Rox. You are my master, it is true; but could the robber that sold me to you for a thousand chequins, transfer my mind and inclinations to you along with my person? No, sir; let it never be

said that the great Solyman meanly triumphed over the person of the slave whose mind he could not subdue.

Sul. Tell me who you are; what species of inconsistent being, at once so trifling and respectable, that you seduce my heart while you teach me my duty. [*friend.*]

Rox. I am nothing but a poor slave, who is your

Sul. Be still my friend, my mistress; for hitherto I have known only flatterers. I here devote myself to you, and the whole empire shall pay you homage.

Rox. But, pray, tell me, then, by what title I am to govern here?

Sul. By what title! I don't understand you. Come, come, no more of this affected coyness and dissimbling. I see, I know you love me.

Rox. As Solyman I do, but not as emperor of the Turks: nor will I ever consent to ascend his bed at night, at whose feet I must fall in the morning.

Sul. If it depended upon me, Roxalana, I swear by our holy prophet, that I should be happy in calling you my queen.

Rox. That's a poor excuse. Had the man I loved but a cottage, I would gladly partake it with him; would sooth his vexations, and soften his cares: but, were he master of a throne, I should expect to share it with him, or he has no love for me.

Sul. Or, if you will wait, perhaps time will bring it about.

Rox. Wait, indeed! No, sir. Your wife, or humble servant: my resolution is fixed—fix your's.

Sul. But an emperor of the Turks—

Rox. May do as he pleases, and should be despotic, sometimes, on the side of reason and virtue.

Sul. Then there is our law—

Rox. Which is monstrous and absurd.

Sul. The mufti, the vizirs, and the agas—

Rox. Are your slaves. Set them a good example.

Sul. Besides, what would the people say?

Rox. The people! are they to govern you? Make the people happy, and they will not prevent your being so. They would be pleased to see you raise to the throne one that you love, and would love you, and would be beloved by your people. Should she interpose in behalf of the unfortunate, relieve the distressed by her munificence, and diffuse happiness through the palace, she would be admired, she would be adored; she'd be like the queen of the country from whence I came.

Sul. It is enough; my scruples are at an end: my prejudices, like clouds before the rising sun, vanish before the light of your superior reason: my love is no longer a foible; you are worthy of empire.

Re-enter OSMYN.

Osmyn. Most sublime Sultan, the Sultana Elmira claims your promise for liberty to depart.

Rox. Is that the case? Let, then, the first instance of my exaltation be to give her liberty; let the gates of the seraglio be thrown open.

Sul. And as for Elmira, she shall go in a manner suitable to her rank. [*Osmyn goes out and returns.*]

Osmyn. Sir, the dwarfs and botanges, your highness had ordered, attend.

Sul. Let them come in. This day is devoted to festivity; and you who announce my decree, proclaim to the world, that the Sultana Roxalana reigns the unrivalled partner of our diadem.

Osmyn. There's an end of my office. Who would have thought that a little cocked-up nose would have overturned the customs of a mighty empire?

Sul. Now, my Roxalana, let the world observe, by thy exaltation, the wonderful dispensation of Providence, which evinces that

The liberal mind, by no distinction bound,

Through nature's glass looks all the world around;

Would all that's beautiful together join,

And find perfection in a mind like thine. [Exeunt.]

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY MILES PETER ANDREWS.



J. R. DODD.

Act II.—Scene I.

CHARACTERS.

SIR CHARLES CHOUSE
SAVILLE
FLURRY

LITIGANUS
GRUMP
PALLET

DIARY
MRS. FLURRY
AUGUSTA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Breakfasting-room in Saville's house.

SAVILLE and Servant discovered.

Saville. (Knocking without.) See who's there; I'm not at home. [Exit Servant.] How strange, that though I am sensible of my error, I have not power to correct it! though I feel my ruin, I have not spirit to avoid it! Would I could recall—but 'tis impossible! Last night completed the loss of all my ready money, and if I cannot instantly raise more on my estate—

Diary. (Without.) Not at home! don't tell me, I will see him, whether he be at home or no.

Servant. (Without.) I tell you my master's not at home: coming here with your strange jumble of names which never met before.

Saville. This can be nobody but Diary, Augusta's woman.

Enter DIARY and Servant.

Diary. Not at home, indeed! Why, do you think I, that have read Milton, and Roderick Random, and other historians, am to be deceived by an ignorant—

Saville. Patience, good Diary! I am very happy to see you.

Diary. Sir, I have brought you a letter, sir.

Saville. From Augusta!

Diary. No, sir; from Mr. Flurry.

Saville. From Mr. Flurry!

Diary. (Taking out a book and giving the letter.) Yes, here it is, safe enclosed in my dear Pamela; it has been there these two days, I assure you.

Saville. Why, then, not favour me with it before?

Diary. Because I was sadly afraid it would make you melancholy; and they tell me you're already a cup too low, as old Saucer, the poet, calls it.

Saville. Well, Diary, one must learn to brave

misfortunes. Let us see what the wise star-gazer chooses to predict. (Reads.) "Mr. Saville,—Though my ward, Augusta, is an heiress, she cannot marry without my consent; and I am resolved she shall never be the wife of a libertine!"

Diary. (Reading Pamela to herself.) That Mr. B. was a wicked wretch, to be sure, though Miss Pamela might wear a check apron.

Saville. (Reading.) "I am sorry on account of your uncle, my friend Grump, and wish you were sorry on your own.—PAUL FLURRY."

Diary. (To herself.) What a sad thing it would have been if he had succeeded!

Saville. How! do you come to mock at my distress, Diary?

Diary. Who, I come to mock! I assure you, Mr. Saville, there's no young woman in England enjoys distress more than I do: I never read a book that ends happily, if I know it.

Saville. So! this is what I dreaded, though no more than I had reason to expect:—by your being the bearer of this letter, I am to suppose your lovely mistress agrees with her guardian.

Diary. Yes, sir, she is quite agreeable, as we say: you have so often promised to reform, and so often broke your promise, that—

Saville. True, Diary; but whatever I may feel, I have still pride enough to applaud her conduct, and condemn my own: tell her so, Diary; and tell her besides, though I have adored her from life's early period, and whilst I have breath, can never cease to love her, yet—but no matter; 'tis now too late—

Diary. Never too late to mend, sir. Lard! he's a great general, as they said of Sir Isaac Newton. It grieves me to part with him. (Aside.) Oh! Mr. Saville, if you knew all—

Saville. Knew what, Diary?

Diary. What I have seen, sir.

Saville. Well, what have you seen?

Diary. Oh! such things, sir! but it is not my business to tell secrets, else I know what I know; and when people talk in their sleep, I guess what they would be at, as Lothario, the Fair Penitent, says. Good b'ye, sir!

Saville. For heaven's sake! explain a little—but, perhaps—farewell, good Diary.

Diary. He's a sweet man, as Juliet says to old Capillaire, in the play. (*Aside.*) Ah! Mr. Saville, if you had been my lover—

Saville. What would you have done, my kind friend?

Diary. Anything you had pleased, as your great old ladies did, Juno and Proserpine, and Jane Shore did. Stand out of the way. (*To the Serv.*) Lord! he's a dear fellow, and if my mistress had ran away with him, we should have all got into a novel together. (*Aside.*)

Enter SIR CHARLES CHOUSE.

Your servant, Sir Charles Chouse.

Sir C. Good day, Mrs. Diary; what, still on the same tune, eh?

Diary. Ah! we have played it for the last time, sir. Adieu, Mr. Saville! Out of the way, varlet! [*Exit, followed by Servant.*]

Sir C. What, the happy day is fixed at last, Saville!

Saville. Happy, sir! This is no time for railery. *Sir C.* No, 'faith! marriage is too serious a subject to joke upon; but if it stings you now, what will it do hereafter?

Saville. Oh! Sir Charles, I have lost a treasure.

Sir C. Lost a treasure! When?

Saville. Now, this very moment—the best of women!

Sir C. A woman! thank heaven it's no worse! I thought you had lost the other half of your fortune.

Saville. Fortune! I have lost Augusta; the source—the summit of my hopes. Read that letter.

Sir C. (*Reads.*) Why, how has this happened? you are not more of a libertine than you were.

Saville. But am I not more involved? is not my fortune squandered—gone? am I not discarded by my uncle, the only relation I have that can assist me? without friends—almost without resource?

Sir C. Nay, never droop, man; write to your uncle, promise reformation, talk of prudence and parsimony; get him to raise the wind, and then for another venture: fortune, you know, must wheel about.

Saville. Sir Charles, you revive me. I'll not give way to despondence. I will write to my uncle; though what hopes can I entertain from such an avaricious disposition? meanwhile, I have scarcely a guinea to throw in the way of the blind goddess, were she inclined to favour me.

Sir C. Don't let that distress you; though I have not the means, our new friend will be here in an instant, and he is both liberal and capable.

Saville. Our new friend!

Sir C. Yes, the young hussar officer with the wound in his forehead; who, from his long residence abroad, has been styled the Chevalier. See, here he is, and as gay and lively as ever.

Enter AUGUSTA, in an hussar dress.

Augusta. (*Singing.*) "Care flies from the lad that is merry"—How fares it, my heroes? Eh! melancholy, Saville? what's the matter with you?

Sir C. Hush! don't interrupt him; he's thinking.

Augusta. Thinking! Sure, he can't be so unfashionable. What, turned philosopher, Saville?

Saville. No, Chevalier; I wish I could; but every man ruminates on his losses, and mine are irrecoverable.

Augusta. Not if money will replace them. Come,

come, my friend, you lost a few thousands last night, I won them, and if the loan will assist you, you may command me.

Saville. Are you serious?

Augusta. Ay, serious as a philosopher. Here, in this pocket-book, are notes for nearly five thousand pounds, take and make the most of them.

Saville. What, without thinking when and how you are to be repaid.

Augusta. Thinking again, Saville! psha! what's the use of thinking? true genius is above it; it always acts by instinct: so, take the money, and if you would oblige me, say no more about it.

Sir C. Harkye! Chevalier, if instinct will prompt you to find another pocket-book, give it to me.

Saville. Why, this is the most extraordinary act, Chevalier—but without you name some mode of re-payment, upon my honour, I cannot accept—

Sir C. Stop! I'll settle the difference. You seem not to want the money, and he seems not to want the security: now I want the money, and have no security to give. So the business is settled at once.

Saville. Well, Chevalier, rather than our friend's archness should have no effect, I will accept your offer on one condition—instantly take my bond, payable in three days; and by that time, if my lawyer has not deceived—ay, my estate will be sold, and I shall be in possession of thrice the sum.

Augusta. Well, if you will have it so—

Saville. Nay, I will have it no other way. I'll go and prepare the bond this instant. Sir Charles, you will be kind enough to—

Sir C. (*Aside to Saville.*) Oh! leave me to manage where anything is to be got. [*Exit Saville.*] Bravo! my dear cousin Augusta, bravo! you play your part excellently! in this disguise it is impossible he should know you: why, I scarcely know you myself. Let me look at you.

Augusta. Hush! this further supply will draw him deeper in the toils; for if he plays again and loses—

Sir C. Which he certainly will. I have secured the loaded dice.

Augusta. And I have secured the lawyer: the very man he has employed to raise him more money, is my particular friend; so, when I can get the deeds, the property, and the estate, into my hands, my purpose is effected.

Sir C. But do you seriously wish to complete his ruin? [*ruin?*]

Augusta. Seriously.

Sir C. Why so?

Augusta. Ay, there's the mystery—one day or other you shall know; in the meantime, be assured I love him more than ever.

Sir C. Then why not marry him?

Augusta. What, to prevent the flame from increasing, eh! Mr. Joker? No, no! besides, my guardian will not consent; or, if he would, my heart and fortune would both be squandered away upon a desperate game of chance. With submission, I must have better security for my affection than your loaded dice, Sir Charles.

Sir C. Well, it's not my affair: only remember our agreement—I am to assist you in stripping him; and you are to help me in improving my wardrobe.

Augusta. Without doubt; if through your means I succeed in the enterprise, you shall receive my warmest thanks, and a pocket-book into the bargain.

Sir C. Shall I? then here I swear eternal obedience, and—

Re-enter SAVILLE.

Saville. How, on your knees, Sir Charles?

Sir C. On my knees! I could fall prostrate at the feet of the Chevalier, for his generosity to you.

Saville. Certainly; I owe him every grateful acknowledgment; but I never prostrate myself, except to the ladies.

Augusta. You are right, Saville; I never desire to see you so, but in that capacity. Oh! this is the bond, is it? and now, I hope, your cares are at an end.

Saville. Would they were!

Augusta. Heavens! what a sigh was there! why, sure, you are not in love?

Sir C. Not in love! why, poor fellow, he has just received his *coup-de-grace*; the lady has seen somebody she likes better; perhaps, you, or me, Chevalier.

Augusta. As you say, she may have seen me; and who knows but I may be as likely to please her as anybody else.

Sir C. Very true, upon my honour; the lady is my relation; and if you wish to be acquainted, I'll introduce you whenever you please; indeed, she's a very charming girl.

Augusta. Sir, I have not the least doubt of the lady's perfections.

Saville. The whole world can have but one opinion of Augusta.

Sir C. Nay, she is a perfect angel! Methinks, I see her now before me, with her arch look and roguish leer; such charming talents! such vivacity, with so much feeling!

Augusta. (*Looking in a pocket-glass.*) Egad! you colour so strongly, that I could fancy I saw her too; but that I am sure the picture is too flattering. Will you walk, Sir Charles? Saville, we shall meet at dinner.

Saville. Yes, the club are to dine with me. I shall expect you both. Chevalier, this loan of your's has given me new life.

Sir C. Yes, and it will give the club new life, too. Adieu, Saville! Don't lose your spirits, man.

Augusta. No, none of your woe-begone looks; but put on a cheerful countenance. Zounds! love—I laugh at it. I know no woman I like better than myself. Lookye! I'll stand your friend, Saville: Sir Charles shall introduce me to the cruel fair one; and if I don't laugh her into something, say I am not the Chevalier, that's all, my boy; if I don't make her resume herself, say I'm not the Chevalier. Come along, baronet. [*Exit with Sir C.*]

Saville. What a fine, generous, madcap fellow it is! With this temporary relief, I'll try once more to recover; if I succeed, Augusta may still be mine. Who knows what fortune may yet have in store for me? [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

FLURRY discovered looking through a telescope; a great folio book open before him.

Flurry. Twelve signs of the zodiac! ay, twelve. Let me see: Arus, one; Tarus, two; Gimini, three—

Enter MRS. FLURRY.

Mrs. F. There's my delectable husband, with his head full of nothing but stars and comets, as thick as he's long, yet fancying himself in a decline.

Flurry. Gimini, three; Canker, four; Virago, five—

Mrs. F. Mr. Flurry!

Flurry. Virago, five; there she is—no, she isn't—yes, she is: mercy on me, what a tail!

Mrs. F. He raves! Will you hear me, Mr. Flurry? (*Very loud.*)

Flurry. Oh, dear! my wife's voice! she's so boisterous! Will you never consider my poor nerves? I'm already in a galloping consumption. Where's the sky-volatile?

Mrs. F. Where's your senses, rather say. Will you never leave off these nostrums and nonsense? What's the use of gazing all day after a comet? If it should appear, do you think it will pay you for peeping?

Flurry. Not if I estimate it from you, my dear.

Mrs. F. I have not patience. If I were not the

best wife in the world, I should run distracted; I should never survive it.

Flurry. Shouldn't you? What hopes, then, for me, if you were not quite so good a wife as you are.

Mrs. F. Don't distress yourself on that account any longer. I can't see why my youth should be wasted, and my natural endowments lost, where there is neither taste to relish, or anxiety to preserve.

Flurry. You surely can't say that I want anxiety, my life. I have had nothing else since I knew you.

Mrs. F. Then the portion shall be doubled, my life. Do you hear that?

Flurry. Oh, thunder! I fear I shall never hear again.

Mrs. F. Yes, you will; you will hear that your ward, Augusta, is going to throw herself away upon a young rake.

Flurry. So would all your sex, if they had the opportunity. A rake is your delight, and his youth your excuse.

Mrs. F. His youth our excuse! Then I am an exception to the rule; for I have thrown myself away, without any such apology to plead.

Flurry. Well, well; I have no doubt of preventing her flights; and, perhaps, I may be able to remedy your's.

Mrs. F. I scorn your insinuation and your menace; and trust I may enjoy the innocent pleasures of fashionable life, without endangering my reputation.

Flurry. Oh! certainly, wife, certainly; nothing can be so innocent as fashionable life: but though you don't see your danger, I can feel my own. My friend Grump has opened my eyes.

Mrs. F. What, sir, is my character to be canvassed by such a mean, pitiful, old miser as Grump? A wretch, to traduce me, with his covetous whims and short sentences! as careful of his words as of his money.

Grump. (*Without.*) Will come up, I say; will—that's enough.

Enter GRUMP.

Flurry. Welcome, neighbour Grump! You just come in time to stop my wife's mouth.

Grump. Stop a hurricane! Can't be done, old Shake-about. (*Slaps Flurry on the back, and breaks his bottle.*)

Flurry. A hurricane, indeed! I'm shook to shivers.

Grump. What, broke your bottle, Totteration? So much the better—teach you to be wiser—wrap up in whitey-brown—can't break that.

Mrs. F. Very neat, and vastly civil.

Grump. Don't mind civility—only picks a man's pocket. Well, what say you? give Augusta to my nephew? Had a good fortune once—may have again.

Flurry. Can't possibly think of it, neighbour. I sent him my positive refusal. He is such a spend-thrift and a rake-shame!

Grump. Take a wife to tame him—nothing else can.

Mrs. F. What, sir, do you judge from yourself? Do you look upon every husband as a brute, to be tamed by his wife?

Grump. Brute! ay, first or last—seldom escapes. Advise Flurry to be careful.

Flurry. Oh, dear! why put a man in mind of his misfortunes? I must take a little daffy. Will you have a taste?

Grump. Physic the dogs! hate an apothecary's shop—coloured brick-dust, and white chalk. What's this!—stare at the sun?

Mrs. F. (*Aside.*) Pray heaven, he may break that to pieces!

Flurry. At the sun, neighbour! No—the comet's tail.

Grump. Tale of a tub—all fudge—got something else to make you stare. Send away madam.

Mrs. F. Indeed I shall not stay to be dismissed; but, like my betters, will take leave to retire. So, Mr. Longhead and Mr. Wronghead, you wise cabinet-counsellors, adieu! *[Exit.]*

Grump. Happy riddance! Well, here it is: read your fate, old Tremble; here's a tale for you!

Flurry. What, will it touch us, do you think?

Grump. Touch you! yes, pretty nearly: a kind paragraph in the paper—knew it would get there at last. Listen. *(Reads.)* "If a certain buxom lady, of a thick, punch, fanciful, water-gruel husband"—Do you mind that?

Flurry. It quite disorders one's frame. Go on.

Grump. "Makes assignments with baronets, near an eminent painter's, in Marlborough-street, the exact place of meeting shall be publicly stated."

Flurry. Mercy on me! I am quite relaxed, "An eminent painter!" that must mean my friend Pallet. I'll go there this instant: he'll tell me if there's any house of intrigue near him. I'll go there, that I will. *(Going—returns.)* But suppose it should be all a lie?

Grump. Ay, but truth's as cheap as lies; besides, see what a picture they have drawn of you! "thick, punch, fanciful, water-gruel husband!" Must be you—like as two peas.

Enter LITIGAMUS with parchment and papers.

Liti. Make bold to intrude—but ask pardon for the offence—Reverend sirs, believe I have never had the superlative honour of spreading parchments for either; but if my information is right, one of you two must be the happy man.

Grump. Think you seem the happiest of the bunch, little parchment-spreader. Who the devil are you?

Liti. A proctor, at your service; write, draw, scrawl, scribble, dash, &c. Can fill a skin with the tightest; a license or a will; all the same to Litigamus: marriage or death—both necessary evils. Permit me to have the honour of setting your name down in the divorce list. *(To Grump.)*

Grump. Can't be set down—have no honour for you—there's the happy man! told you so, old Hornbeam. All the world knows of your good fortune.

Flurry. Gracious! what will become of me? Pray, Mr. Lit—tit—gamus, what brought you to my house?

Liti. My own lucky stars.

Flurry. Stars! Oh! then you come here, perhaps, to tell us about the comet?

Liti. Comet! no, no; that's too remote for my practice; some bright luminaries that blaze close at hand best suit my purpose.

Flurry. Blaze close at hand! Oh, lud! oh, lud!

Liti. Yes, my business is to make discoveries of a nearer kind.

Flurry. Nearer! what, in the moon?

Liti. The moon! no, nor the man in the moon neither; by moonlight sometimes, though my satellites mostly shine in the dark. But here's my almanack, *(taking out a newspaper)* and if I am right, as I said before, you are the happy man.

Grump. *(Reads.)* Yes, just such an almanack as mine; foretells the same event—same bill of fare.

Flurry. Bill of fare! where?

Grump. Where! Horn Tavern, Doctors' Commons.

Liti. Yes, that's the place for action; no time to be lost—such a handsome, good-looking gentleman to be so treated—Doctors' Commons is the place—citation, jactitation, excommunication, &c.

Grump. Botheration, I think, too, Mr. Cetera. What can this handsome, good-looking gentleman do?

Liti. Might I presume to recommend, nameless

—I would say—nobody more alert, active, bright; quick at proof, clear in statement, nice in terms: I forbear to expatiate on myself; but only give the cue, in a week you shall be involved, in a fortnight altogether by the ears, thoroughly exposed in less than a month, and a complete happy man in a quarter.

Grump. There's expedition: only give the cue.

Flurry. Mercy on me! I have no cue to give: I know no more of my wife than you do. If we could but consult the stars—

Liti. You had better consult the civilians.

Grump. Yes, stare at a proctor—odd-looking thing enough.

Liti. Thing! Mr. Roughcast, ay, and the best thing a husband has to trust to. We fight his battles, and pepper his adversary without endangering his own noddle.

Grump. No occasion; wife takes care of his head before-hand.

Liti. Let madam do her worst; the stronger the proof, the sooner he becomes a happy man: don't be uneasy, sir, I have not the smallest doubt of your success; facts clear as day, evidence ocular and auricular; the lady totally done up, and yourself the most pitiable object in the world.

Flurry. Oh! my nerves, my poor nerves! I must have something to take; where's my Dalmahoy? Oh, oh, oh!

Liti. *(Taking one arm.)* Take my arm, sweet sir. I'm a specific always at hand.

Grump. *(Seizing the other arm.)* Come, tumble on, old Scarecrow. Here's a coat-of-arms for you; antlers for a crest, and a proctor for one of the supporters. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Pallet's House; a room with pictures; large whole length portrait of Mrs. Flurry, in a conspicuous situation.*

PALLET discovered.

Pallet. A very fine woman, indeed, as I used to say to my wife. I wonder who she can be! my good friend, Sir Charles Chouse, who introduced her here for a touch of my art, has never yet favoured me with her name: wonder at that, too, as I am in most of the baronet's secrets; but great men have their mysteries, and seldom open the budget without a little reserve at bottom.

Sir C. *(Without.)* Your master is quite alone, is he?

Pallet. Oh! here comes the prime-minister himself.

Enter SIR CHARLES CHOUSE.

Sir C. Pallet, my old boy, I am glad to see thee. How goes business?

Pallet. Always ready for employment, as I used to say to Mrs. Pallet.

Sir C. Ay, you're a d—d, wicked, good sort of a fellow, that's the truth of it.

Pallet. I rejoice to find you so early abroad; before, as I may say, the sun has risen, or the nobility got up; but, indeed, the morning air makes gentlemen look as if they would live for ever. As a painter, I quite rejoice; as a physician, I should die myself.

Sir C. True, Pallet; I believe I do look tolerably; but thou hast a pretty way of touching up a picture. What think you of my fair friend on your canvas there?

Pallet. A fine subject, indeed, for a brush; exquisite complexion, charming features, beautiful locks, and a rich prospect in the back ground.

Sir C. Take great care, then, that she is not canvassed elsewhere. Mum is the word.

Pallet. Mute as my own pallet: people who talk only betray secrets; and, talking of talking, I know when it's proper not to talk at all.

Sir C. Betwixt ourselves, she is actually a mar-

ried woman, whose husband is as rich as Cræsus; and who knows but, with a little management, I may be able to dip in the same purse. She is confoundedly virtuous at present; but she has a d—d deal of discernment, and that's all in my favour.

Pallet. Yes, she will soon improve in good company; indeed, she begins to appear like a woman of fashion already; for she talks loud, though she has nothing to say; for ever in a bustle, though she has nothing to do; and, beyond all, thinks she excels in painting.

Sir C. So she does; you may see that in her countenance; but the best of the joke is, that though I have been acquainted with her some time, I have never once seen her husband. She tells me he is always sick, and I am not sorry—

Flurry. (Without.) Eh!

Sir C. Eh! who have we here? take no notice of me.

Enter FLURRY.

Flurry. Servant, servant, Mr. Pallet. I wanted a little word with you; but I am so heated, I can scarcely speak. I have such a woman upon my hands—eh! who's that?

Pallet. Only a discreet friend of mine: nobody you have occasion to be afraid of.

Flurry. Well, then, as I can rely on you, I want to ask your advice. Pray, do you know of a convenient house hereabouts, where people—you understand me—might meet together if they chose it?

Pallet. A woman upon his hands! convenient house! sure, he don't mean mine; or perhaps he does want such a little, snug retreat. (*Aside.*) Why, sir, there are such places, I believe, to be met with; but you, who are a sober married man, would wish, I presume, to have a curtain drawn over the exhibition.

Flurry. Curtain drawn! Me in an exhibition! you suffocate me; sure, you can't think I want such a place myself.

Pallet. Dear me! I beg pardon. Like to have made a sad mistake. (*Aside.*) But talking of wants, pray, may I ask what it is you do want?

Flurry. Why, I have seen a wicked story in the papers, which I am anxious to have confirmed, about a bad house in your neighbourhood.

Pallet. In my neighbourhood?

Flurry. Yes; near an eminent painter, in Marlborough-street.

Pallet. An eminent painter! that, indeed, can mean only me. 'Gad! very near blowing myself. (*Aside.*) Sir, I can assure you, I know of no bad house at all: this gentleman can vouch for it.

Sir C. I—I—yes, I can vouch for it; it's word for word as he states it. Pray, what were you talking of? I hope I don't interrupt business.

Flurry. No, I wish you did interrupt business. I have some reason to suspect a lady of mine being too partial to a dissipated rake of a baronet. Don't you think it very rascally, sir, in a man of fashion, to attack any gentleman's wife, who is a quiet, peaceable, good sort of man, and attacks nobody?

Sir C. Shocking, indeed, sir! What say you, Pallet?

Pallet. Oh, dreadful! and so sweet, so gentleman-like a gentleman! a gentleman who is incapable of using any other gentleman so.

Sir C. Most shameful! Have you any idea of the gallant?

Flurry. Oh! no; but they tell me it's one of your idle fellows about town, and an ill-looking dog, I hear. But are you sure there is no such house of meeting hereabouts?

Pallet. Nothing of the kind, I can venture to say.

Flurry. Ay, it's all an impudent lie, I suppose: well, that's a cordial, indeed. This is a sweet, pretty house of your's, Mr. Pallet. Some charming pictures, too.

Pallet. Happy in such a connoisseur to commend.

Flurry. You know, I promised you should draw my wife's picture some day or other. Eh! zounds! what the devil's that I see? there she is! why, you've got my wife at full length—oh, heavens! I shall faint—where's my Dalmahoy?

Sir C. The devil! his wife! this is certainly Flurry himself. (*Aside to Pallet.*)

Pallet. To be sure it is. Why would not you mention his name before? (*Aside to Sir C.*)

Sir C. What a discovery! Zounds! exert your ingenuity, make some d—d good lie or other. (*Aside to Pallet.*)

Pallet. I'll try. (*Aside to Sir C.*) Ha, ha, ha! My good friend, Mr. Flurry, so it's like your wife, is it? Ah! poor Mrs. Jenkins! It's rather a flattering likeness, though, I should suppose; but I have a way of making my pictures like everybody.

Sir C. 'Gad! so you have, Pallet—very like poor Mrs. Tomkins, now I observe. I know her at once—

Flurry. Tomkins! Jenkins! What is all this? I may as well take another look: ay, there is some difference, now I perceive; no, it can't be my wife, she could never get here.

Enter MRS. FLURRY.

Mrs. F. My dear Mr. Pallet, have you finished my picture?

Pallet. Hush!

Mrs. F. What is the matter? I tell you, Sir Charles is very impatient; he says it is not half handsome enough. Oh! dear Sir Charles, are you there?

Flurry. (*Advancing.*) Yes, and I am here, and you are here, and Mrs. Jenkins is here, and we are all here. Oh! Mr. Pallet, you are a pretty man; and this discreet friend of your's is, I suppose, the ill-looking dog that I was cautioned against. Yes, now I see it is.

Mrs. F. For heaven's sake! Mr. Flurry, how can you expose yourself before strangers?

Flurry. I believe it is you that expose me, but not before strangers.

Sir C. Now to bring her off. (*Aside.*) Upon my honour, I feel myself extremely chagrined to be the innocent cause of sowing dissensions between so deserving a couple; but wishing to have a portrait of my deceased friend, Mrs. Jenkins—

Flurry. Why, just now you called her Tomkins.

Sir C. No, no; Jenkins.

Pallet. Oh! Jenkins.

Sir C. The late widow Jenkins; and hearing your fair lady resembled her in features, I prevailed on her good-nature to sit for an hour or two; that's the whole affair.

Pallet. Yes, a perfect sketch, drawn by a master. *Mrs. F.* I had best pursue the hint. (*Aside.*) Well, if this is to be the consequence of my wish to oblige, Mr. Flurry may break his heart ere he shall find me good-natured again.

Flurry. I don't recollect I ever found you so before.

Sir C. Let me persuade you, sir, not to put wrong constructions on the most harmless—

Pallet. A mere dash of the pencil, effaced in a moment.

Sir C. A circumstance that happens every day.—

Pallet. No sooner seen than blotted out.

Sir C. The first families in town—

Pallet. Flock to my house continually, and no one ever presumed to call it in question.

Enter LITIGAMUS.

Liti. This is the bad house; I've found it out; this is the place of assignation: have had my scouts at work, my client; the parchments are filling, and your exposure will follow immediately. Oh! these,

I suppose, are the parties concerned—an amicable suit, perhaps; quite the same thing to me.

Sir C. Why, who the devil are you, and what is your business here?

Liti. My business is everywhere, never out of my way; if parties are adverse, there am I; if amicable, here stands Liti; a wedding or a divorce, abuse or praise—fill but the parchment—enough for the proctor.

Sir C. Stop his mouth, Pallet. (*Aside to Pallet.*) 'Gad! this friend of your's, Mr. Flurry, is a very facetious fellow. Ha, ha! A very pleasant fellow, indeed.

Flurry. Yes, he came to my house pleasantly, and told me a very pleasant story; advised a pleasant mode of redress, and now seems as pleasant about it as if nothing had happened. Don't you think so, my dear?

Mrs. F. Yes, my dear, a very pleasant business altogether.

Liti. (*To Pallet.*) Sir Charles a generous client, you say?

Pallet. (*To Liti.*) As a prince; besides, he wants nothing of the lady but a little loose cash, perhaps, that he may reward his friends the better.

Liti. Always open to conviction, and love to prevent animosities. (*To Pallet.*) A very whimsical mistake, indeed.

Flurry. What, are you in the mistake, too?

Liti. Oh! yes. Nothing so common in practice. My friend, Mr. Pallet, assures me, there cannot be a more striking likeness, than the one to the other; and dare say, Mr. Flurry is perfectly convinced that Mr. Tomkins, Jenkins—what's his name?—was a most desirable woman; and should my client wish for the picture—

Flurry. Oh! don't mention it; I never desire to see their likeness again; let's be gone.

Liti. Well! *de mortuis nil*—please you, an arm for each. Between man and wife, who so proper to direct the path? lead them right—tread lightly o'er—(*Treads accidentally on Flurry's toe.*)

Flurry. Oh, dear! I shall never tread again; I have no foot left; I shall sink. Oh, oh!

Liti. Ask ten thousand pardons—a little too heavy—Servant, gentlemen! (*Sees Sir C. and Mrs. F. ogling each other*) there, you see how it is. All will be well again from top to toe.

[*Exit with Mr. and Mrs. F.*]

Sir C. This cursed picture has been very unfortunate!

Pallet. An unlucky stroke, but pretty well varnished over.

Sir C. That quivering fool will never suffer his wife to come here again, and he and his proctor together may so watch her motions, that I despair of getting a separate interview.

Pallet. It's hard upon us artists, that a lady mayn't set where she pleases.

Sir C. Therefore, I'm determined to execute a plan which I have sometime had in my head; will you assist?

Pallet. Doubtless.

Sir C. You have heard of your brother painter, Doctor Hubblebubble?

Pallet. What, the great man who cures by a look?

Sir C. Yes; that makes the dumb to roar a catch, and teaches the gouty to dance a hornpipe.

Pallet. Oh! Sir Charles, he's a most wonderful genius.

Sir C. True! then what do you think of passing for him?

Pallet. I imitate the great man! impossible!

Sir C. Why so? I am sure you're quite as wonderful a fellow. I'll be your assistant. Go and procure us a couple of suitable disguises.

Pallet. Egad! quite new: hitherto, I have only painted others; I must now go and try to paint myself.

Sir C. Lose no time: at present, I have another engagement on my hands. Adieu! I've no doubt of success, as I've such a d—d wicked, good sort of a fellow for an ally. [*Exit.*]

Pallet. Yes, I'm up to anything, as I used to say to Mrs. Pallet. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Saville's house.*

Enter AUGUSTA, SAVILLE following.

Saville. You shall come back.

Augusta. No, while I have my senses, I'll keep them.

Saville. Keep your senses! psha! don't you wish to be on a footing with the rest of the company?

Augusta. Faith! I am not so ambitious; I hate wine. You forget I have lived abroad, Saville; I can't sit like a dull Englishman, a whole afternoon, grinning at table-jokes, and prosing over politics: my mind is active, all life and fire.

Saville. Come, come, confess you are going to sigh away the evening with some fair incognita.

Augusta. With a woman, Saville? No, hang it! that wouldn't answer my purpose. If Sir Charles does not come soon, the scheme is undone. (*Aside.*)

Saville. Where are you going, then?

Augusta. Oh! perhaps, to judge of the play, by a lounge in the lobby; or enjoy the opera, by a strut in the coffee-room; or else, take a nap in the gallery of the House of Commons, to prove my patriotism; in short, like the bulk of mankind, anywhere to avoid reflection.

Saville. That's just my own case; follow my example; if you would avoid reflection, the best remedy is at hand; to lose sight of care, take a bumper, my boy.

Enter SIR CHARLES CHOUSE.

Sir C. You are wrong there, that's the way to see it double. If the man hates thinking, send him to me: the only reflecting thing in my house is a looking-glass.

Augusta. Well, Saville, as our friend, Sir Charles, is here, I've no objection to return for a few minutes; but remember our agreement—no play for me. A word, Sir Charles: are the false dice ready? are we sure of success? (*Aside to Sir C.*)

Sir C. Yes; my confederates are in the next room; and, my life on't, we strip him of the last shilling. (*Aside to Augusta.*) Come, let's despatch. See, the lads are at it already; the bones are in motion.

Saville. Are they? then flesh and blood can't resist; and now, Chevalier, we'll lose sight of reflection for ever. [*Exit with Sir C. and Augusta.*]

Enter GRUMP, with a letter.

Grump. Got a letter from my nephew: come to see if it's true. (*Reads.*) "Dear uncle,—I am sensible of my error—grown quite another being—live with friends as prudent as yourself. Favour me with a little supply, to forward the reformation. Your ever obliged GEORGE SAVILLE." Prudent as myself! can't be; however, something in it, perhaps; wish to be good-natured—lend him a guinea.

Re-enter AUGUSTA.

Augusta. So, they are already deeply engaged, and I have given them the slip; while he is pigeoned, it's better I should be out of the way. Who have we here?

Grump. One of the prudent set, I suppose; not much like me, though—pump him. Servant!

Augusta. Servant, old Truopenny! what brings you here? warrant in your pocket—arrest, the word, eh?

Grump. Yes, that's the word—don't like it, mayhap! Where's my nephew?

Augusta. His nephew! as I live, old Grump. He is rich, and I may assist Saville without injuring my own designs. (*Aside.*) Oh! sir, I ask ten thou-

sand pardons; your nephew is quite an altered man.

Grump. Hear so; begins to reform.

Augusta. Begins—finished! He has already shunned all his old friends.

Grump. That's right: hate old friends; apt to borrow money. Don't much like new ones.

Augusta. A wise maxim, sir; therefore, I should be happy to borrow a little, as being neither one nor t'other; for, betwixt ourselves, your nephew is grown so close of late—

Grump. Think he is—keeps close in his hole—why not come out?

Augusta. No; I mean close-fisted; penurious, wary. I dare say he outdoes you in everything: you keep no servants, perhaps, and only starve yourself; now he keeps several, and starves them and himself too.

Grump. Starves them, does he? Then you are not one of his keeping, that's certain. However, if he is so miserable, step on—enjoy it with him.

Augusta. Stop, stop! you haven't heard all yet. He is grown excessively fond of study, and is, at this moment, up to the elbows in Blackstone.

Grump. What, law, eh? Don't like it—keep out of the way—interrupt him, perhaps.

Augusta. Yes, you had better come another time. Good day, Mr. Grump! I give you joy, your nephew is grown quite studious. Good b'ye! So studious, so peaceful, so quiet! Your very humble servant!

Grump. Ay, call another time. Paid my visit—saved a guinea. Servant! Glad to find everything so quiet. (*A laugh within.*) Ah! what's all that?

Augusta. Plague take their clamour! (*More noise within.*)

Grump. What, hell broke loose? Blackstone in a passion?

Augusta. Stay, sir, I'll explain the whole affair. The fact is this: men of the first character and learning, who countenance your nephew, are met in the next room, to discuss literary subjects.

Grump. Literati! what, in blue stockings, eh? ay, laugh at their own jokes; never laugh at those of another. Take one peep at the blue-stockings, however.

Augusta. Stop, sir! for heaven's sake! sir, stop. If they see you, they may grow desperate; they may lampoon you—write your life.

Grump. Write my life! so much the better! get into good company; shine in the *tête-à-têtes*. Will take a peep.

Enter SIR CHARLES CHOUSE.

Sir C. Joy! give me joy, Chevalier! I have carried off the golden fleece. I have won everything. Here, here, my friend, here's your cash again, and his notes for as much more.

Augusta. Stop your tongue. Don't you see?

Sir C. See! yes, I do see; and a fine-looking fellow it is; just one of us. Come, take a round, Trusty. 'Slife! you shall enter, and get as drunk as the rest of the party.

Grump. Drunk! what, literati get drunk?

Augusta. No, no; he means intoxicated with science, and flushed with the heat of argument—don't you, Sir Charles?

Sir C. I mean flushed with the juice of the grape, and as drunk as pipers.

Augusta. Why, you've lost your senses.

Grump. Not he: can't lose what he never had. Smoke the whole. Literati, indeed! Button my pockets.

Augusta. Indeed, sir, you misunderstand him: they may have been drinking a little to quicken their fancy, and deciding their controversial subjects by betting. Nothing so common, is it, Charles?

Sir C. You never were more out in your life. Come along with me, old Crabstick, and I'll give

you ocular proof, proof positive, my Trojan. There—seven's the main, and nothing's the chance; now are you satisfied?

Grump. Yes; see how they starve themselves! Off while I'm safe.

Sir C. Nay, you must not go thus, my little money-flinger; they are all so mad, you might pick their pockets without being discovered.

Grump. Might I! not a bad halfpenny amongst them, though. Get my own picked; perhaps, hanged into the bargain. No, off while I can. (*Laughs.*) Good b'ye, Literati! [*Exit.*]

Augusta. So, you have amused yourself to some purpose. You don't know Saville's uncle, old Grump, when you see him?

Sir C. No; never saw him in my life.

Augusta. Except this instant, that you frightened him away, when I had persuaded him of Saville's reformation. 'Slife! though I have my motives for ruining him, there's no reason why I should not keep his uncle as a *corps de reserve*.

Sir C. Don't be vexed at my talking more than yourself; but step in, and enjoy the victory. Ha! here he comes; I must to my physical scheme on old Flurry. Adieu! my sweet cousin; what you would be at, heaven knows; only two things I am sure of: you love mystery, and I love money; and so, as he has none at present left to lose, fare you well! [*Exit.*]

Enter SAVILLE.

Saville. Confusion! Day after day, the same unwearied persecution—never one fortunate hour! You here, sir! As you would not be present while we played, I think you might have avoided witnessing your friend's defeat.

Augusta. Why so? One may hurt less than 't'other.

Saville. How, sir! is this a time for mirth?

Augusta. Nay, don't be angry, Saville: when a man has lost his senses, he can't expect to keep his money, you know.

Saville. Death and fire! keep your temper, sir; restrain your warmth.

Augusta. Warmth, Saville! I never was cooler in my life; and what's more, I believe you'll never find a way to warm me.

Saville. Lookye! sir, I have lost some thousands; and if you'll be temperate—(*Augusta sings*)—temperate, I say, sir, for one moment—Distraction! Will you hear me?

Augusta. Why, I do, I do hear you.

Saville. Then out of pure good-nature—merely out of good-nature, I will give you a throw for five thousand.

Augusta. Nay, Saville, I never game; besides, it would be playing for nothing—you have none of the ready left.

Saville. Then, by heavens! I'll be calm no longer. Harkye! sir, you add insult to my despair; and here I tell you, I have been duped—duped by knaves and cheats.

Augusta. Cheats! Zounds! I hope you don't allude to me, sir.

Saville. Yes, sir, I suspect you were in the combination; and to be plain, sir, I have no doubt but you advanced the money only to ensnare me; and if you do not instantly give me a chance of retrieval, I will proclaim you to the world a thief and an impostor.

Augusta. (*Aside.*) Oh, lord! nobody near: I'm frightened to death.

Saville. Come, sir, I have called you impostor.

Augusta. No, you haven't; indeed, you haven't.

Saville. Then I add coward to the stigma; and now I am resolved on having satisfaction, one way or other. Come, sir, on evasion—the sword or the dice.

Augusta. Oh, lord! sir, I never gave a gentleman satisfaction in my life.

Saville. Mean, dastardly wretch! defend yourself this instant.

Augusta. (Kneeling.) Oh! have pity, sir: if you'll be calm, I'll give you a thousand pounds—

Saville. A thousand devils! Give me a fair chance.

Grump. (Without.) Tell him not to write any more—won't pay postage.

Enter GRUMP.

Augusta. (Rising.) D—n you, sir, what do you mean by offering me a thousand pounds? (*Draws and offers to fight. Saville retires.*) Come on, I say, sir. What, you've had enough, have you? D—me! I knew I should humble you.

Grump. What, young Flash-away turned duelist.

Augusta. Sir, I have been so insulted, that I shall leave the house while I can keep my temper. Mr. Saville, if you can shake off your natural timidity, you will let me hear from you; if not, I shall be obliged to expose you; I shall, indeed.

Grump. Fine fellow! lick some of my debtors into payment. What, George, Literati too fierce, eh?

Saville. Sir, this is no time for explanation. As for you, mean wretch as you are! think not to escape my resentment.

Augusta. What, you can bully now! Sir, if you'll believe me, when you came, the hectoring combatant you now see, was down on his knees for pity, offering a thousand pounds.

Grump. Ay, ay, great bully, I warrant—not worth so many pence.

Augusta. Yes, sir, he would have frightened any other man out of his senses; but I, sir—I have humbled him. Come, go about your business; I pardon you.

Saville. Pardon me! but you are too contemptible for notice. Dear uncle, permit me to retire for a moment to recollect myself. [*Exit.*]

Augusta. Contemptible, indeed. 'Sblood! I'll follow and chastise him this instant.

Grump. Great mind to let him—the dog deserves it; no, spare him this time; walk with me.

Augusta. Well, sir, out of mere respect to you; else, zounds! if I didn't know you'd prevent me, I'd—But no matter, I am cool.

Grump. That's right—more adapted to literati; come, walk side by side; there now, two heroes together. Od! lick the world, eh! brother Alexander.

Augusta. Yes, my little Clytus, when you come to know me, you'll find that I'm a match for any man—if I choose to engage with him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in an old house, with electrical and magnetical apparatus.*

Enter SIR CHARLES CHOUSE and PALLET, in disguise, as a doctor and his man.

Sir C. Bravo! master Pallet; excellent! how well one painter can copy another. You look like the real Doctor Hubblebubble himself. I always said you had a good knack at disguise. What think you of me for your journeyman?

Pallet. Not an apothecary's 'prentice in town can be better prepared for a pestle and mortar; and, with submission, I may say, disguise sits natural upon us both.

Sir C. I have borrowed this old house, and provided the trumpany that you see, to give a better colour to the plan.

Pallet. But are you sure Flurry will venture hither?

Sir C. Quite certain: I knew he had heard of Doctor Hubblebubble's late fame in magnetism, and other modern wonders; therefore, sent him a line in the Doctor's name, assuring him that he

would make a complete cure of him, gratis, for the sake of his own reputation. You may easily imagine our valetudinarian bit at the proposal.

Pallet. No doubt: but how can I bite him when he comes? My brother brush may understand something of physic, but I confess myself quite a novice in the science.

Sir C. Novice! so much the better: what signifies science in this age? puff your own ignorance, take advantage of the credulous, and you are sure to have a multitude at your heels. You must talk to him in High Dutch.

Pallet. I could as soon converse with him in Chinese.

Sir C. No matter, any jargon will suffice; his folly will keep pace with your's, I warrant you. Do but detain him here, till I can have an interview with madam, and the business is done.

Flurry. (Without.) Ha! hem!

Sir C. Hush! here he comes: to your studies; adjust your periwig, and fix your brow.

Flurry. (Without.) Mercy on me! what a terrible steep old stair-case! I'm up at last.

Enter FLURRY.

Oh, dear! where's the Doctor? Is that the great man that promises to cure me with a touch, gratis?

Sir C. Yes: the worse you are, the sooner you'll be well.

Flurry. Dear me! how lucky it is that I'm so bad! May I speak to him? he seems quite taken up with himself. I expected to have seen the whole town at his door.

Sir C. Hush! no noise! this is a private day; don't interrupt his meditations; and above all, mind how you tread; the whole room is one electrical matter: if you touch a nail, you'll be convulsed.

Flurry. Oh, lord! lay hold of me. (*Pallet puts out the lamp.*) Dungeons and death! why, we are almost in the dark.

Sir C. In the dark! to be sure; that's the way your great physicians practise, always in the dark. Now, sir, prepare yourself.

Flurry. Yes—I—I will—what must I do?

Sir C. Draw near the Doctor: as the first proof of his art, he'll put you to excessive pain.

Flurry. Excessive pain! Oh, lud! I'm in a cold sweat already.

Sir C. Never fear, you'll soon be warmed. Now, Doctor, here stands your patient.

Pallet. Bring out de surprising magnetic chair.

Sir C. (Bringing it.) Ay, this is the panacea: this is the universal remedy. Come, sir, lose no time—get into it. (*Aside.*) Once fix him there, and I'll be off.

Pallet. Fix de patient, and go fetch de instruments.

Flurry. Instruments! Oh, mercy! I shall be cut up alive.

Sir C. Quick, quick! lose no time; I haven't a moment to spare.

Flurry. Why, what are you about? would you truss me up like a rabbit?

Sir C. So! he seems pretty safe; and now to secure his lady. (*Aside.*) Doctor, don't lose sight of your patient. [*Exit.*]

Flurry. What are you going to do, Doctor?

Pallet. Now for de cure; first, dis Asiatic cap must be put over your face: come, no struggle.

Enter AUGUSTA.

Augusta. (Aside.) I met Sir Charles rushing out of this door in such a dress, and in such haste, he could not answer me.

Flurry. Take it away, take it away. Mercy, Doctor! What, would you iron-mask me?

Augusta. Here's something mysterious; perhaps Saville is in the plot. (*Aside.*)

Pallet. Put on de cap, or I sall give you endless pain.

Flurry. I won't—I won't be blind-folded. Oh, lud! will nobody help me?

Augusta. (*Oversets the table with all the electrical apparatus.*) I'll aid the confusion to secure our retreat.

Flurry. Oh, lud! oh, dear! the world's at an end. We shall all be burnt in our beds. Help, help!

Pallet. (*With the dark lanthorn looking about.*) Sounds, what a crash! Sure, some one must have got into the room. D—n the chair! (*Tumbles over it.*) I don't see anybody. I'm as much terrified as Flurry himself.

Augusta. (*Aside.*) Are you so? then it's high time I should take courage.

Pallet. Well, I have finished my doctorship; and so periwig begone. Now, if he does but succeed with Mrs. Flurry—

Augusta. Who succeed with Mrs. Flurry?

Pallet. Oh! forgive me my sins.

Augusta. Peace, blockhead! who is to succeed with Mrs. Flurry—Sir Charles, or Saville?

Pallet. Dear, sweet sir—

Augusta. Don't prevaricate.

Pallet. I won't. Saville, did you say?

Augusta. Ay, Saville, sir. Come, confess, or I'll do you more mischief than you intended to that old trembletonian.

Pallet. If I betray Sir Charles, I ruin everything; better lay it to Saville. (*Aside.*) Well, sir, since I must confess the truth, the whole is a scheme of Mr. Saville's.

Augusta. So!

Pallet. He prevailed on Sir Charles and me to lure Mr. Flurry into this old house, that he might pass an agreeable half hour with his wife; and Sir Charles is now gone to inform him of our success.

Augusta. Conduct me to them, then.

Pallet. What, sir, would you spoil sport?

Augusta. Sport do you call it! Shew me the way this instant.

Pallet. I will, sir! Oh, lord! I never was so frightened in all my life. If I can but get safe into the street, little Pallet will soon brush off. (*Aside.*) [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Outside of the house.

Enter AUGUSTA and PALLET.

Augusta. Come along, sir; no more electrical tricks, if you please; follow me.

Pallet. To be sure, sir; but first let me secure old Puzzleplate from following us. (*Aside.*)

Augusta. Why do you loiter so? Come sir, lead the way.

Pallet. That I will, and make away too—if I can. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter LITIGAMUS.

Liti. Charming fellow, Sir Charles! a few more such baronets would support a new Doctors' Commons. Crim. con. as plenty as hops. Old Flurry little thinks what he's about now.

Flurry. (*From the window.*) Help, help!—Where am I?

Liti. What, my dear Mr. Flurry up in the cock-
Flurry. My dear friend Liti, is it you? where are we?

Liti. Where are we?—in Knight Rider-street, Doctors' Commons.

Flurry. What, are you come to the Doctor to be cured with a touch, gratis?

Liti. A touch, gratis! Oh! no; that would not do for me: when I am touched, I always take.

Flurry. Oh dear! how shall I find the way out of this confounded old mansion. Will you step up and assist me?

Liti. Swift as thought—But ho! proceedings are stopped; the door is locked: it will be impossible to join issue on this occasion.

Flurry. The door locked! Oh, mercy! I shall be robbed and murdered. I'll try to get out of the window.

Liti. Heaven forbid! you'll break your neck. I may lose a client. (*Aside.*) There's a ladder yonder, by that house that's repairing. I'll go and fetch it directly. [*Exit.*]

Flurry. Be quick, be quick! While I'm here, my wife may be going off with her gallant. Oh! if ever I think of a touch again—

Re-enter LITIGAMUS, with a ladder.

Liti. Now, dear sir, make haste and descend; but take care; one false step you know—

Flurry. Yes, yes, I know. I'll be after them. Hold it fast, Mr. Proctor. Am I fair? There now—I'll be after them as quick as a lamplighter. [*Runs out.*]

Liti. (*With the ladder on his shoulder.*) 'Gad! I think I look more like a lamplighter. Ha, ha! A whimsical suit this. No matter; a good proctor can carry anything. [*Exit, with ladder.*]

Enter MRS. FLURRY and SIR CHARLES CHOUSE.

Sir C. Surely, my dearest madam, you are not serious.

Mrs. F. Haven't I reason to be serious, Sir Charles? I am not the dupe you wished me. My servant told me Mr. Flurry was here; and I insist that you let me enter the house directly.

Sir C. I tell you he is not there; but if he were, you would not come in search of your husband? Why if this were known, it would ruin you in polite life for ever.

Re-enter PALLET, with the key.

Pallet. Thanks to fortune, I have escaped from my troublesome companion—Ha!

Mrs. F. Don't prevent me, Sir Charles; I insist on looking after him. Sir, open the door immediately.

Pallet. What, put man and wife in the same piece?

Mrs. F. I will no longer be trifled with.

Sir C. Think of the difference between the lover and the husband

Pallet. Yes; a good copy, and a bad original.

Mrs. F. Unhand me, I say. Nay, then 'tis time to call—help! help!

Enter SAVILLE.

Saville. How! a lady in distress! Release her this instant, or by heavens—

Sir C. Silence, Saville; don't interrupt pastime.

Saville. Sir Charles, is it you? I hope, then, there is no occasion for my interference.

Mrs. F. Sir, if you have any spirit or humanity, you will prevent my being detained any longer from my husband, who is locked up in that house.

Saville. Mrs. Flurry, the friend of Augusta! Why, Sir Charles, you would not keep the lady from her husband?

Pallet. Her husband! the old story. Harkye!—

Saville. Stand by, sir; I know the lady well, and the respect that is her due. Say no more; but let her enter the house directly.

Sir C. Zounds! Saville, is this your friendship?

Saville. Friendship! I am sorry, Sir Charles, to find you so unworthy of it. Come, madam, favour me with your hand: there! Be assured while I have life, no power on earth shall interrupt you. [*Puts her in.*]

Sir C. Death and fury! Do you know what you have done, sir?

Saville. Yes; released a lady from violence; and, perhaps, saved my friend from dishonour.

Sir C. Mighty well; I understand this irony; but let me follow her, or by all that's—

Saville. Spare your warmth, Sir Charles; you have heard my determination.

Sir C. Then you shall hear mine. Let me pass this instant, or abide the consequences.

Saville. The first I will not, the last I'm prepared for,

Pallet. (With a tuck-stick.) Come out my two-edged brush; you shall give the finishing-stroke, I warrant.

Saville. Is this your usual bravery!

Sir C. No matter, sir; I will pass.

Enter AUGUSTA.

Augusta. (Aside.) Saville in danger! Let me forget my sex, and fly to save him. (Placing herself on the side of Saville.)

Flurry. (Without.) Oh, lud! I can't find her anywhere.

Sir C. Augusta and Flurry coming! Confusion! We must retire. Saville, you shall repent this insult. [Exit with Pallet.]

Saville. I have much to repent of; but this I shall ever reflect upon with pleasure.

Enter FLURRY.

Flurry. I have lost my wife! I have lost my wife! and now I have lost the proctor!

Enter MRS. FLURRY.

Mrs. F. Oh! Mr. Flurry, how happy I am to find you. Where have you been? How did you get out of the house?

Flurry. How did you get into it? Where's your gallant? Oh! if I could but find the proctor!

Augusta. (Aside.) So, all is as I suspected; and I have been fighting in the defence of a rival.

Mrs. F. Indeed, sir, I have been much obliged to this gentleman in your absence; and while I live his generosity must be engraven on my heart.

Augusta. (Aside.) A very passionate acknowledgment, indeed!

Flurry. Ha! what, I am obliged to more gentlemen than one. I thought, Mr. Saville had been attached to my ward, and not to my wife.

Augusta. (Aside.) So I thought, too.

Flurry. Oh, lud! at this rate, my poor nerves will be played upon by every fellow in town. However, I am now going to a place where they will put me in a way to reward you all: Doctors' Commons for me. Oh! if I could but catch the proctor.

[Exit.]

Mrs. F. Mr. Saville, your most obedient; I shall find a better time to thank you. [Exit.]

Augusta. (Aside.) I suppose so.

Saville. How comes it, Chevalier, after what has passed, we meet as friends? though you would not fight with me, I see you dare to draw in my defence.

Augusta. The truth is, I am a strange creature. Saville; nay, so very contradictory, that, at times, you would almost think me a woman. I bullied before your uncle to prove your temper; I offered the thousand pounds to try your generosity; and I could do no less than assist you in your love affairs, especially when the lady is so deserving.

Saville. You mistake; I was her protector only, not her lover.

Augusta. Come, come, confess she is a very beautiful woman; and you wanted to mar Sir Charles's happiness by making your own—Ha! what's the matter with you? Heavens! there's blood upon your arm.

Saville. I know it; a mere scratch, not worth a thought.

Augusta. Not worth a thought! Oh! here take my handkerchief, and bind it directly. Come, you must, you shall: nay, then, I'll bind it myself. Let me see: heavens! what a wound! Oh, Saville!—

Saville. What agitates you?

Augusta. The sight of blood dissolves me; it penetrates my soul: I can't support it.

Saville. This from an enemy?

Augusta. I am not your enemy, Saville; I am your friend; one whose heart bleeds for every wound in your's. But while we talk, you grow fainter. Let me conduct you to Mr. Flurry's; there, perhaps, the lady who loves you, will console you.

Saville. Why will you misconceive me; I never loved but one nor ever can. The angel I was attached to, was as superior to the rest of her sex—But I'll trouble you no longer. Farewell.

Augusta. Stay! let me accompany you.

Saville. No; I have private business, and will detain you no further. Give me your hand, Chevalier; you are a generous fellow, and I feel much distressed from the thought of having injured you. We shall meet again. [Exit.]

Augusta. Poor Saville! he little thinks how well I know where his private business is; but as his lawyer happens to be mine, too, I hope to get possession of his remaining property by to-morrow at farthest.

Enter a Lawyer's Clerk.

Clerk. Sir, my master, Counsellor Gab, hath ordered me to run after you with a letter.

Augusta. From Saville's lawyer; the very man I was thinking of. (Reads.)—"Dearest of ladies,—Circuits, nisi prius, manifold briefs, and some motions of course, oblige me to move out of town. Must defer client Saville's distress till return—hope no distress to you; can but be more done up. Have said the needful, could say more, but desist: I am a man of few words. Your's very—GABRIEL GAB."—Bless me, this delay may be fatal. Saville's circumstances can never suffer him to wait for this man of few words: he will most likely apply elsewhere, and my plans be entirely overset. Let me consider: I have it. As I find Saville has no knowledge of his lawyer's person, I'll pop my friend's tie over this little noddle of mine; borrow his chambers in his absence, and prove myself as wise in one gown as another. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Chambers in the Temple.

Enter a Lawyer's Clerk, shewing in SAVILLE.

Clerk. Pray, sir, walk in; I expect my master from Westminster-hall immediately; he begged you would not go away.

Saville. I believe it is somewhat past the time appointed.

Clerk. I dare say, sir, he'll be here in a minute. Pray sir, sit down.

Saville. Thank you, friend, I shall amuse myself.

Clerk. (Aside.) I wonder how madam, my sham master, will escap ebeing discovered—but women and lawyers talk equally fast, therefore, her task won't be so difficult. [Exit.]

Saville. My distresses crowd upon me so rapidly, I know not whither to turn myself: the money I am now about to raise, is my last stake; half of that is gone already. My uncle has refused every assistance—but what does it signify; I have lost all hope of my Augusta, and the charm of living is no more.

Augusta. (Without.) Thomas, pay the coachman sixpence; counsellor Coaxem pays the other taster: we stopped ten yards short of Temple Bar on purpose.

Enter AUGUSTA, dressed as a counsellor.

Your name, sir, I presume, is Saville. Sorry I have been so detained and stopped by cause why, at Westminster-hall; but if so be it should be so, as that I have not made you wait, there is nothing lost by not putting in appearance.

Saville. No apology, sir, is necessary, I assure you; you know my business, and I understand can do it; the deeds are all in your hands, and you approve them; your letter so informs me.

Augusta. Sir, my name is Counsellor Gab, and when Counsellor Gab says a thing, that is, when a thing is said, then he says no more about it: you want to find, raise, and make up a sum of money. Counsellor Gab has client to that effect. You shew cause of security, and then effect follows cause, as in cases out of number. I am a man of few words.

Saville. I like few words full as well as yourself. I am in want of money, and have shewn cause, as you say.

Augusta. True; want of money is like a chancery suit, a trial of patience.

Saville. I perceive it is, indeed; but if everything is ready, there can be no occasion for further delay, and in that case, I have only to satisfy you.

Augusta. As to the money, all that remains is a bill on bankers in form, due at sight, payable to bearer; perfectly legal, but avoids stamps, and shall be sent to-morrow; but if so be as that you like, wish, or request mode that is different, Counsellor Gab is always ready to satisfy client, without making use of many words; and if you wish for an opinion—

Saville. By no means, Mr. Counsellor; I would not wish to trespass on your time.

Augusta. You're right; a trespass on the case is, as I said before,—*Vide* cases out of number, suits, pleas, costs, taxes and demurrers; for instance, if a man loses his mistress—

Saville. I beg you will not trouble yourself.

Augusta. Or, to prove clearer; suppose plaintiff has lost fortune to sharpers, the action—

Saville. Needs no rhetoric to condemn it.

Enter Clerk.

Clerk. A lady desires to speak with you, sir.

Augusta. A lady! well, desire the lady to walk in.

Saville. I fear I intrude.

Augusta. Oh! not in the least; the lady shall be despatched immediately; I never throw away my time upon women.

Enter DIARY.

Diary. If I may be so inquisitious as to ask, your name is Mr. Lawyer Gab? I waited on you from my mistress, Miss Augusta Melmoth. Lord, Mr. Saville here; who would have supposed it? But I beg pardon, as Orestes said to his friend, Pilgarlic—

Saville. Well, what of your lady? don't be afraid of me. I hope she is well, and I ought to wish that she is happy.

Diary. Now to act my part, as well as my mistress. (*Aside.*) Nay, as for the matter of that, my young lady wants nothing; that is, nothing more than other young ladies want too. She wished to know, whether Mr. Lawyer here, had examined the marriage articles on her side, and whether Mr. Lawyer, on t'other side, had examined them too; and whether they were ready on both sides? And so I came to inquire, like the Busy Body there, in the Way of the World.

Saville. What did you say? Marriage articles! Sure, your young lady, Augusta, is not going to be married?

Diary. Lord, sir, and why not? If gentlemen deal cards one way, ladies must play their cards another; as Skippio says in Gil Blas. Don't you think so, Mr. Lawyer?

Augusta. Skippio! Never saw an opinion of his in my life: but as to cards, if two females engage with one gentleman, it's odds but he'll be put to his trumps.

Saville. You seem merry, sir.

Augusta. Yes, during term, smile and talk: in vacation, sad and silent.

Saville. Permit me, Mrs. Diary, to ask only one question. Who is destined to be the possessor of that heart the proudest might aspire to; and which once the humblest was bold enough to solicit?

Augusta. I swear, by the assizes, Mr. Saville, but you seem as if, as how you wanted to take a client out of my hands. If the young lady chooses to marry; if A wants to join issue with B, what has D to do with it?

Diary. Ay, what has D to do with issue? So pray let us alone, Mr. Saville; and do you, Mr. Lawyer, be pleased to send home the marriage ceremonies, that my mistress may put her hand to them as soon as possible; for when we women take a thing in our heads, we are determined to go through with it, as Cæsar says in his dictionary.

[*Exit.*]

Saville. I ought certainly to beg your pardon for the earnestness of my inquiries; but the lady mentioned, was one whom I was weak enough—But no matter, I shall only intrude further on your patience.

Augusta. Not in the least; I feel interested in that warmth which does you so much honour; but perhaps the lady may be ignorant of it.

Saville. That is not now material. Bless me, I have exceeded my time; I have an appointment with Sir Charles Chouse, which obliges me to be punctual.

Augusta. Obliges you to be punctual! There is surely something in your manner that seems to indicate what I hope is not true, that you have an affair of honour on your hands—Can I be of service?

Saville. Sure, sir, I ought to be surprised at the alteration of your style.

Augusta. Oh dear, sir! we lawyers have two languages; one for forms and courts, another for feeling and friendship.

Saville. I am obliged to you, sir, for the compliment; but all I have to request is, that you will send the money to-morrow.

Augusta. Counsellor Gab has promised, and performance follow of course. Would I could detain him till I had seen Sir Charles. (*Aside.*) Sir, on second thoughts, if so be the laws' delay is irksome, as necessity has no law, please to wait in that library till I return, and I'll endeavour to get the sum specified on notice immediate.

Saville. It is impossible for me to stay—to-morrow must suffice.

Augusta. Let me advise you, sir, to tarry; sha'n't be long; you'll find pretty recreation in my library: Statutes at Large—Burn's Justice, new edition—Lawyer's Vade-mecum—Every Man his own Attorney—Pleadings at Nisi Prius—

Saville. Very instructive, but I can't profit by them at present: your servant.

Augusta. Pray, sir, stay a little.

Saville. It is not in my power.

Augusta. Do, take counsel.

Saville. I tell you, I have had enough of counsel.

Augusta. I hope, sir, you don't doubt my ability.

Saville. Not in the art of talking, I assure you.

Augusta. If you did but know me, you would not wonder at my excellence in that.

Saville. I wonder at nothing in a lawyer, but the difficulty of getting rid of him. Adieu. [*Exit.*]

Augusta. I will but stay to disengage myself from these law incumbrances, and try if I can't be before-hand with Sir Charles; for I am determined to prevent this dreaded rencontre, if possible. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A large Exhibition Room in Pallet's house, with various pictures, and a whole length of Mrs. Flurry; a sofa, &c. The window-curtain down.

Enter LITIGAMUS, with a large pocket-book and pencil.

Liti. Here am I, still upon the look-out in master Pallet's seminary, though he himself is no party to this motion; for his friend, Sir Charles, I find, though a good maker of clients, is but a sorry one

himself; therefore, I am gone over to my first opinion. Old Flurry has got it into his head that his lady is coming here again to meet her paramour; so he has sent me slyly to take notes of proceedings. Ah! bless all billing and cooing, I say! they are the sack and sugar of Doctors' Commons. Give me a dashing wife to lead up the dance, and a good husband to pay the piper. Surely, I hear somebody; I had better conceal myself; it will look so treacherous to pretend friendship, and then discover the parties. No, at all events, I'll betray with honour. Where shall I go? Oh! ay, ay, this sofa will do the business. (*Conceals himself under the sofa.*)

Enter MRS. FLURRY and SIR CHARLES CHOUSE.

Mrs. F. Leave me, sir: I will no more be deceived.

Sir C. My, dear Mrs. Flurry, hear reason.

Mrs. F. No, sir; I'll hear nothing: I insist on your pursuing me no further. I had never ventured here again, had I not seen you at the end of the street, and stepped in on purpose to avoid you.

Sir C. Now, my dear madam, how can you be so ungenerous?

Mrs. F. Ungenerous, do you call me; can I forget your treachery, your disrespect, your violence!

Sir C. The irresistible effect of your charms, my angel! believe me, a pretty woman should always forgive the transports which her own beauty occasions.

Mrs. F. I tell you again, sir, leave me.

Sir C. No, I will still be your shadow; you know the sincerity of my passion for you.

Liti. (*Peeping.*) Ay, now my business is going to begin. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. F. Whither would you lead, Sir Charles? Don't I know you?

Sir C. I swear you misinterpret all my sentiments. Love—pure disinterested love is the foundation of those attentions which must occupy my life. Those who view you, could not doubt it; then let us thus seal our reconciliation,

Liti. This is a case in point: A kisses B's hand.

Mrs. F. I beg, Sir Charles, you will desist.

Liti. (*Peeping.*) All nonsense.

Sir C. Come, come, opportunity is the bliss of love.

Liti. (*Peeping.*) Five thousand pounds damages

Pallet. (*Without.*) But my dear Mr. Flurry, have a little patience; depend upon it, your lady can't come into my house without my knowing it.

Mrs. F. Oh, heavens! my husband! I'm undone, if he sees us again together. Whither shall I fly! Can't we get out of the room?

Sir C. Zounds! they're at the door. Here let us step behind your picture; the fair copy shall conceal the beautiful original. (*They go behind the picture.*)

Liti. (*Peeping.*) Five thousand pounds reduced to a cipher.

Enter PALLET, FLURRY, and GRUMP.

Pallet. There, now you have searched the whole house, and you see what I told you is true; no Mrs. Flurry to be found.

Grump. Glad of it: better never found again; don't you think so, old Incredulous?

Liti. Fresh company; I must turn over a new leaf. (*Aside.*)

Flurry. Dear me, I scarcely know what I'm about. There is the confounded picture I told you of.

Pallet. Yes, though I say it myself, the copy is as if the original were there, too.

Grump. (*Pulling the sofa round to look at the picture.*) Ay, one as bad as t'other; but come, let's

look: looking at a picture costs nothing. What's that behind, a lamb or a goat?

Pallet. (*Discovering Litigamus.*) Oh, mercy! A man concealed?

Flurry. Murder! thieves and robbers!

Grump. Ha! what, rob me! Wish he would. Was robbed once, and never had a better day in my life: hanged the man, and got forty pounds by it.

Liti. Don't abuse me, gentlemen; I come here on business; I am no robber, I am a limb of the law.

Grump. All the same thing; better lopped off.

Pallet. My house is no place for law, I can assure you; we never have any bad people here.

Flurry. Yes you have, Mr. Pallet, bad enough; my wife is a proof of it. As to Litigamus, I sent him myself to see what he could make out.

Grump. Make you out a bill that will make you sick.

Pallet. Come, master Proctor, step out of my house; no law's delays here; you'll find nothing to make a bill from in this apartment.

Liti. Are you sure of that, 'squire Pallet; perhaps there may be objects in the back ground that may swell the landscape amazingly; figures out of sight.

Pallet. I protest and vow, I don't know what figures you are prating about.

Flurry. Prate away, dear Litigamus, have you discovered anything wicked? Do speak and make me happy.

Liti. Perhaps, yes,—perhaps, no: the picture, indeed, is not quite finished; sorry, on my own account, it is not, as well as my client's—a great deal out of both our pockets; but undone now, may be done another time: Sir Charles is a man to wheedle over a lady.

Pallet. As I hope to be E—R—A—I don't comprehend a word. What Sir Charles do you allude to?

Liti. Why, the same Sir Charles that puzzled you about Mrs. Jenkins and Mrs. Tomkins; that was himself so generous, and made love to another man's wife, merely for the sake of a little loose cash to reward his friends the better.

Flurry. Oh! that my wife did but hear that!

Pallet. Red and white lead, Mr. Turncoat! How dare you go about thus to disgrace me under my own roof?

Grump. Can't be disgraced; thought no worse of here than every where else.

Liti. Nay, if you doubt my evidence, I'll call him in the twinkling of an eye, to speak for himself; he's within a yard of somebody's elbow.

Flurry. Oh, lud!—I'm frightened to death.

Pallet. You audacious dirtier of parchment, do you think I suffer any dark doings in my house, when I am out of it?

Liti. I don't mind abuse, it's what I am used to; so I'll make bold to draw up that curtain, and throw a new light upon the subject.

Pallet. (*Goes up to the window, draws up the curtain, and on seeing Sir Charles, lets it drop again.*) I'll save you the trouble, for I defy your malice; Sir Charles has not been here, I can't say when; and should he presume to come without my knowledge, I should soon let drop—

Sir C. (*Giving Pallet a purse.*) Hush! the proctor knows I am here. Stop his tongue, and hold your own.

Liti. Yes; you do drop, indeed.

Pallet. (*Giving a purse to Litigamus.*) Why, what does the man mean? Do you want the sun to put your eyes out?

Liti. (*Takes the purse.*) Oh, no! I had much rather be hoodwinked. Perhaps I am mistaken: I thought that—but—what was it that we were talking about? Mr. Pallet, my hands are so full of business, that my memory is very treacherous.

Pallet. Nothing can be more likely for a gentleman of great practice, as I frequently find myself. When I mentioned Sir Charles, I hardly recollected what I was doing; the best artists may begin a design without knowing how it will be finished.

Grump. No good design here—bad beginning—worse ending.

Flurry. Mercy on us! We're all as much in the dark as ever; I'll go and open the curtain myself. *(Going towards the window.)*

Pallet. Sweet sir, can't think of troubling you: besides, your proctor has satisfied himself.

Liti. Quite so: Mr. Pallet's arguments are irresistible.

Flurry. No matter, I will draw up the curtain.

Grump. That's right; peep for nothing; lend you my spectacles.

Pallet. *(Stopping him.)* My pictures are not yet dry; you may put out some of the figures.

Flurry. I will go to the window.

Pallet. *(Struggling to keep him back.)* You must not.

Mrs. F. *(Disengaging herself from Sir Charles.)* Unhand me, Sir Charles.

Flurry. *(Starting.)* Oh, heavens! my wife cooped up with her gallant.

Grump. Yes; you have put out the figures, indeed.

Mrs. F. Mr. Flurry, to you, sir, only I owe any apology, if apology be necessary; but, conscious of my own innocence, I feel no fear in appearing before you.

Flurry. Oh, cockatrice! don't think of imposing upon me; I have already been frightened out of my senses upon your account; and now don't I find you here hid behind your own self? Oh! Mr. Pallet; what, you blush, do you?

Pallet. Dear sir, you know I live by colouring. Good madam, do me justice. Tell any story to save us both. *(Aside.)*

Mrs. F. I disdain prevarication, sir, and want no such aid; I came here actually to avoid this gentleman, who I saw at one end of the street and who, unknown to myself, followed me in at the other.

Liti. Very right; so that's the way both ends meet.

Mrs. F. Let me hope, sir, you will not insult, unjustly, a woman's feelings; if you have been present all the time, you can testify what has passed.

Liti. Perfectly right in your statement; I have the whole down upon paper, with the damages that would have been, but for interruption.

Flurry. There, there! I told you what would have happened; the proctor is a loser as well as myself; but I'll bring my action against you, Sir Charles, nevertheless.

Sir C. Mr. Flurry, I beg we may understand each other; hitherto I have taken compassion on your weak side.

Grump. So he did; took compassion on your wife.

Sir C. But if you are not satisfied, I have further satisfaction at your service. [me?]

Flurry. Lud! lud! What, would you murder

Liti. What, put an end to the suit before term, or cause shewn, or before one doctor of the civil law has spoken upon the case?

Sir C. Peace, you ignorant—

Liti. Ignorant!

Sir C. Yes, ignorant.

Liti. Oh, oh! Ignorant! A lawyer, too; that's a libel.

Sir C. Silence, babbler! the lady will, I am sure, clear me from all attempts on her honour; and as for you, *(to Flurry)* lookye, sir; should you presume to attack mine—I say, lookye, sir—you will follow me immediately [Exit.

Liti. Heaven forbid! trust to the law, my client. We don't want courage in the courts; leave your quarrel to me; I'll call out the parties—citation, jactitation—

Mrs. F. A truce to your jargon, Mr. Proctor; we can quarrel enough, without any interference.

Flurry. That we can, without any interference at all. Bless me! what a happy man I am, to have my wife painted for nothing; my proctor convinced by a look, and my throat cut by way of satisfaction. Oh! what a fortunate husband am I!

[Exit with Mrs. F.]

Grump. Yes, fortunate as wise. Such a head for matrimony! Always judge of a tree by its branches.

Pallet. What an unlucky thing it is to exhibit a picture, without first examining the back-ground.

Liti. *(Counting the money.)* And yet, my good Mr. Pallet, how wonderfully you shine in your profession.

Pallet. *(Putting his hand to his mouth.)* And my dear Mr. Litigamus, how greatly you excel in your's.

Liti. Do you think so? Then you shall paint my picture.

Pallet. Ha, ha, ha! then, in return, you shall make my will.

[Exeunt, laughing and wheedling each other.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in Augusta's house.

Enter DIARY.

Diary. We women are always upon the 'change, as they say in the city; and I am sure my mistress would make an excellent weather-cock. Once I thought she was all love and rapture about poor Mr. Saville; but now—Oh! here she is, *propria quæ maribus*, as the heathens call it.

Enter AUGUSTA, in her own dress.

Glad to see you, ma'am, come to yourself again; but as you was bold enough to wear the breeches before marriage, I think you might have as well continued them on till afterwards.

Augusta. Suppose I don't mean to marry at all, Diary.

Diary. Not marry at all, ma'am! Why, now you have ruined Mr. Saville, you must give him satisfaction, as poor Polydore the orphan says.

Augusta. Better one should be ruined, than both of us, Diary. What prospect of happiness can I have with a man, whose irregularity of life is so conspicuous: his rage for play is equalled only by the inconstancy of his heart—Mrs. Flurry—

Diary. Mrs. Flurry! dear madam, have you forgot Counsellor Gab; his concern about the marriage settlement; his anxious inquiries—

Augusta. Not to be depended on, Diary, in the least: light and unsettled in his nature, he flies from one scene of dissipation to another. On hearing, as I suppose, of the discovery at the painter's, and finding his inamorata as faithless as himself, he had immediate recourse to the gaming-table, and there lost every farthing of that money, which I had, under my assumed character, taken so much pains to supply him with.

Diary. Poor dear Mr. Saville! then he is now quite stripped; as bare as parson Adams himself: he'll never be a Pyramid to your Thisbe.

Saville. *(Without.)* I must, and will see her.

Diary. As I'm a maid, Mr. Saville himself! My dear mistress, think of his distress; stay and take pity.

Enter SAVILLE, in disorder.

Saville. Augusta!

Diary. Ah! sir, I fear it's all in vain: you're an undone man.

Saville. I am, indeed; the last blow is struck, and hope has forsaken me for ever. What, avoid me, Augusta? Believe me, there is no occasion: I come not here to interrupt your happier hours. Gay, blooming, and surrounded with life's brightest projects, I ask you not to share the sorrows of a wretch, who suffers justly for his own imprudence.

Diary. Lord! sir, that's just what my mistress says herself.

Saville. I doubt it not; her looks betray the sternness of her heart. Turn not away, Augusta; hear me but a moment; 'tis the last request I shall ever make: I came to bid you an eternal adieu.

Diary. Dear, dear! what a dismal word that is.

Saville. If I have been thoughtless and extravagant, believe me, Augusta, my love has never been estranged from you; amidst all the torments of a torn, distracted bosom, your sweet idea still has twined around my heart. Even now, the fond remembrance of those dear delights that mutually engaged our earlier years, doubles my distress, and makes the agony I feel extreme.

Diary. I cannot bear it any longer. What a Sampson Agonistes he is!

Saville. I leave you, madam, to that happiness I was not born to bestow. But if I am now ruined beyond a possibility of recovery, know that I have plunged myself deeper and deeper, from the delusive hope of again retrieving my shattered fortune, only to lay it at Augusta's feet. I should have thought a single tear of tender recollection, would not have cost too dear. My friend, the Chevalier, can testify how strenuously I have vindicated your conduct, and arraigned my own.

Augusta. (Coolly.) The Chevalier, sir, entertains the same opinion of you as Augusta does.

Saville. Yes, madam, I see how it is. Too late I find, of what little moment my peace of mind is to you: Saville, the proud, the prosperous, and the affluent, you might have condescended to receive; but poor, abject, and disconsolate; his fortune ruined, and his heart broken down; not only love disdains, but even pity will not spare a sigh. From this hour I fix my opinion of your sex. Weak is the man who expects to find sympathy or feeling in a woman's breast.—[Exit Augusta.]—Confusion! does she mean to insult my sorrows? Can she triumph over my mistress? Unkind Augusta!

Diary. Dear sir, don't take it so to heart; be calm.

Saville. Calm, Diary! Impossible! Who that has ever loved like me—Oh, oh!

Diary. Lord, lord! I can't stand it; it's too much. Mr. Saville, sir, don't think I've a heart like my mistress; I pity you, I feel for you, indeed I do. Oh! if she had ever read Pluto's Lives, or the great heroes of antiquity, she would have known what real sympathy was.

Saville. She has certainly formed some other attachment, and I will know the worst. (Aside.) My good Diary, I thank you for the part you take in my concerns: accept this purse; 'tis all the recompense I have in my power to make you; and now tell me, as the last favour I shall ask, who is to be the happy partner of your lovely mistress?

Diary. Don't, sir, don't—Oh! Mr. Saville, I could discover—but I won't take it, indeed I won't.

Saville. Take it; I insist upon it; and now tell me everything you know.

Diary. (Taking the purse.) You have been cruelly deceived; indeed you have—My artful mistress!

Saville. How, Diary?

Diary. I used to think it was all out of kindness to you; but now, I fear, she is as false as Queen Dido.

Saville. Keep me not on the torture of suspense; but go on.

Diary. Well, then, under another name—

Saville. Another name!

Diary. Yes, under another name, she has contrived to get possession of great part of your fortune.

Saville. Amazement!

Diary. In short, sir, she was the very lawyer that prated away so fast, and talked you out of your bonds and parchments.

Saville. Astonishing! But what can that avail her? she gave me the full amount of their value.

Diary. Yes, but in another disguise. As the lively Chevalier, she contrived to have it all won from you at the dice-table.

Saville. Augusta, the Chevalier! Now I see it all: treacherous, deceitful woman. Sir Charles the partner of her iniquity. He is to be the happy man—to share the fortune of the plundered Saville. He introduced me to the Chevalier, as to an honourable friend; he recommended the lawyer; he constantly held out the allurements of the gaming-table, while she, whom I adored,—Oh! false dissembler.

Diary. Be comforted, sir; weeping is in vain. Better try to forget her; she is not worth your thinking of. (Bell rings.) There's her bell; I'll go and give in my discharge. Well, the best friends must part, as poor Dapple said to Sancho Pancho. Adieu, Mr. Saville; I'll keep the purse for your sake. Adieu! (Weeps.) Lord love him, he's a sweet, much wronged, and most injurious man.

[Exit.]
Saville. No wonder Sir Charles failed in his appointment; with such a complication of guilt and baseness, how could he face me honourably in the field? But the hour of retribution is not far off.

Enter MRS. FLURRY.

Mrs. F. I am happy to meet you here, Mr. Saville, and to take the first opportunity of returning my thanks for those obligations, which my husband would neither understand, or permit me to acknowledge.

Saville. Mention them not, madam; I know of none.

Mrs. F. You seem disturbed, sir. Has anything unpleasant happened? I hope you are not as unfortunate as myself.

Saville. Oh! madam, I am unfortunate, indeed: Augusta has undone me.

Mrs. F. She is, I fear, an artful woman, and in league with that designing man, who would have undone me.

Saville. Yes, she has not only joined to deceive, but plotted to defraud me.

Mrs. F. May the companion of her guilt be the author of her punishment. I have good reason to think, Sir Charles will soon be united to her. I overheard them just now in close conversation. He left the house but this instant, and the last thing she desired of him, was to procure a license directly.

Saville. Villain! but he shall not triumph long; your injuries, as well as mine, shall be atoned for.

Mrs. F. Moderate your transports, sir; think not of me; my wrongs have been sufficiently avenged; and to speak truly, my own indiscretions have left me not entirely blameless.

Saville. Ah! madam, touch not that string, it is torture inexpressible.

Enter FLURRY.

Flurry. Mr. Saville here! How dare you show your head, you young libertine, after your behaviour to-day? Not content with inveigling my ward, do you want to seduce my wife?

Saville. Sir, I scorn, in either instance, an action so dishonourable; my exertions, in behalf of your lady, will, if you give yourself the trouble to inquire into them, entitle me to your regard. My attachment to your ward, Augusta, was, on my part, sincere; but to spare you any further uneasiness, on that head, you will find she is going to bestow her hand to another more conformable to her inclinations; and I am free to confess, better adapted to promote her views in life. Farewell.

[Exit.

Flurry. Ha! how! What, give her hand to another? Exertions for this, and attachment to t'other! Pray, madam, what does all this mean?

Mrs. F. You have hitherto so carefully avoided all proper explanation, and have so greedily listened to every reproachful censure on your wife, that I am at length wearied of endeavouring to exculpate myself: your senseless jealousy distresses me every day more and more; and if you cannot grow more generous, I am determined to leave you, and retire into the country.

Flurry. Ay, do; leave me; I won't faint! I can take care of myself. I'll send for Mrs. Tomkins and Mrs. Jenkins, to bear me company.

Mrs. F. Barbarous man! when I am driven from the society of my friends; when I have banished myself for ever from you, you will find, too late, what injustice you have done my fame. (Weeps.) You see, sir, to what your inhumanity has reduced me: I leave you to your triumph.

Flurry. She weeps! Oh, lud! I can't stand it: anything but that; it looks like innocence; it does; for I weep, too. Oh, lud, lud!

Enter GRUMP and SIR CHARLES CHOUSE.

Grump. What, crying old Snivelface! Wife seems in tears, too. Wet summer, mayhap.

Flurry. Yes; no sunshine for me, friend Grump: quite a cloudy prospect; but, perhaps, I've wronged her.

Grump. Well, what if you have? Right her again; stand the steadier.

Sir C. You have wronged her, Mr. Flurry; I came on purpose to vindicate her character, and ask your pardon for my own intemperate warmth: I alone have been to blame. When old gentlemen marry young ladies, we rakes, you know—

Grump. Will try to join in the family compact. Always told you so, old Liquorish.

Sir C. Come, Mr. Grump, you have heard the story, and I am sure will assist in justifying innocence.

Flurry. Ha! will you, friend? Lud! I never could have thought to make the poor thing weep. Well, let's go and sob together.

Grump. Yes, sob away; tears cost nothing. More showers less storms. Get along, Tricklebeard.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A superb Apartment in Flurry's house.

Enter SAVILLE and a Servant of Flurry's.

Saville. Mr. Flurry you say is not come home.

Serv. No, sir.

Saville. Do you know whether Sir Charles Chouse is expected here?

Serv. I believe he is, sir; I understand he has been into the city on some business for Miss Augusta Melmoth, and they are to meet here to consult her guardian upon it.

Saville. Then, if you please, I'll wait their arrival. [Exit Servant.] 'Tis as I expected; Sir Charles has procured the license, and now Flurry is to be bullied or cajoled into consent: I shall, however, have one opportunity of exposing, if not of chastising my worthless rival. Ha! Augusta alone! I was not prepared for this: she shall find my pride equal to her own. I'll quit the room.

Enter AUGUSTA.

Augusta. How! Avoid me, Saville? Trust me, there is no occasion. Think you I came hither to share the sorrows of a man who suffers for his own imprudence?

Saville. Far from it, madam; you came to share the wreck, that imprudence has supplied.

Augusta. Rather say, by caution and foresight, I have prevented my property from being embarked in the same precarious bottom.

Saville. Ungenerous Augusta! think not by taunts to shelter yourself from my just reproaches.

Augusta. How, sir! is a woman to be reproached for keeping guard over her passions, and not suffering her love to lead to her undoing?

Saville. Talk not of love; had I possessed the wealth of India, and you had continued the same tender, faithful fair, my fond heart once thought you; though poor and friendless, a wanderer through the world, bereft of everything but truth and virtue, I would have snatched you to my sheltering breast, and shared with you each blessing I enjoyed. Talk not of love, you know it but my name.

Augusta. Your mistaken opinion, sir, moves my pity, not my anger; I will now confess that once I cherished for you as pure and ardent a flame as ever warmed a youthful bosom. You first engaged my unsuspecting heart; even in the dawn of life, I loved you; and amid the gladsome round of childish joys, my little fluttering breast preferred its Saville.

Saville. Oh! Augusta, why thus dissemble still?

Augusta. Hear me, sir. As we advanced in years, I beheld—heaven knows what agony it gave me!—I beheld you wedded to dissipation; to every species of riot, intemperance, and extravagance; while a determined and desperate attachment to the gaming-table engaged your whole soul, and marked you for destruction.

Saville. And, then, conscious of my weakness, you prudently united with your friends, to profit by my distress.

Augusta. What else remained for me? instead of the flattering prospect my early fancy pictured, I saw attendant upon you only ruin and dismay. Instead of a discreet, affectionate husband to guide and protect me; instead of a tender companion to cheer the walk of life, to soothe the little cares we all must know, and share the tranquil pleasures of a peaceful home, what did your conduct offer to my view? a sullen partner of an unquiet dwelling: his temper soured by disappointment; his mind alienated from his family; his house a torment; his wife a burthen, and himself a victim to despair.

Saville. Add to the picture, a base designing woman; who, lost to every sense of generosity and honour, meanly took advantage of that unhappy victim's folly to aggrandize her own fortune, and bestow it on adventurers as worthless as herself.

Augusta. Sir, you grow scurrilous: I shall not stay to be affronted.

Saville. Madam, madam, you shall hear me; 'tis now my turn to upbraid; and I'll not lose this, perhaps the only opportunity: I am no stranger to your deceptions; you personated the lawyer to get the deeds and writings of my estates into your own hands.

Augusta. I did.

Saville. You were disguised as the Chevalier—

Augusta. I was.

Saville. Your pretended friendship was but to blind me to your arts; your loan of money to entice me into deeper play, that you and your associate, Sir Charles, might carry off the spoil.

Augusta. You are right.

Saville. Shameless effrontery! and now that base associate has, by your direction, procured a license for your marriage.

Augusta. He has.

Saville. You mean, then, to bestow your hand and fortune on that cowardly partner of your fraud and treachery.

Augusta. I shall bestow my hand and fortune where I please; nor know I what right you have to question me.

Saville. Grant me patience, unfeeling hardened woman! on this head, at least, I have a right to to question you. Why did you enrich yourself at my expense? why did you pursue me thus in various shapes to abet my follies, and hasten my undoing? Could you not be blessed unless I were miserable? what, what could induce you to swell your cup of happiness with the embittered dregs of my misfortunes?

Augusta. Love! that powerful passion which you say I know not, but by name. If I laid aside the delicacy of my sex, 'twas but to save you from ruin; if I won your money, 'twas to secure it from the hands of the sharpers; if I got possession of your deeds, 'twas but to keep it from the clutches of the usurer; and if I have procured a license for my marriage, I have procured it in my Saville's name, and shall be proud and blessed to share it with him.

Saville. My soul! my angel! can you forgive—

Augusta. Oh! Saville, we have our failings, too: you must, in your turn, forgive. Sir Charles has explained the circumstance of the rencontre in the street, and I blush for the injustice of my suspicions.

Saville. Believe me, none but yourself ever held a place in my affections. Oh! Augusta, you have now an added power over me; and my heart assures me, that checked by your sweet reproofs, and swayed by your charming admonitions, no temptation on earth will ever again lead me to risk that happiness which you so feelingly described—the tranquil pleasures of a peaceful home.

Augusta. Hush! here comes my guardian—now for our last trial.

Enter SIR CHARLES CHOUSE, MR. and MRS. FLURRY, and GRUMP.

Grump. Bravo, old Totteration! Wife too good for you after all.

Flurry. Od! I'm the merriest new, old reconciled husband alive. Dear wife, give me a kiss. 'Slife! I am so hearty, I could—I sha'n't want my Dalmahoy this twelvemonth.

Grump. Tell a story—want it in half an hour.

Saville. Mr. Flurry, I am rejoiced to see you in such charming spirits. May I presume—

Flurry. Yes, you may presume; I have heard of your losses and crosses, and your pains and your gains. Your defending my wife, and your challenging Sir Charles; who, though a sad dog, one must allow is a very candid fellow.

Augusta. His alertness to procure the license in your name proves that. Do you know but for me he would have met you in the field?

Sir C. I hope the good part of my character in this drama will apologize for its defects; and that my friend Saville will not think of cutting my throat till he is tired of the noose I have been labouring to provide for him.

Saville. Give me your hand, Sir Charles. Should that ever be the case, my ingratitude to this paragon of her sex, would make it more than proper you should cut mine.

Grump. Eh! brother—that is, sister Alexander—Baronet has told us all—give joy—profligate—see you've got the lady—more than you deserve—friend Flurry consents now to oblige me; don't you, old Whimsical?

Flurry. Ay; there, there; may you be as happy—that is, nearly as happy as myself and Mrs. Flurry.

Grump. Well said, Waste-away; love your wife, and don't fear growing thin.

Mrs. F. I sincerely congratulate you both; and hope my example may prove a caution to my sex, and teach young married women, that with the purest intentions they may, by indulging idle vanity, expose themselves to every misfortune, and encounter every disgrace.

Sir C. And now, as matters are settled, may I my dear cousin, throw in a little hint about instinct?

Augusta. I understand you, sir: there is the promised pocket-book: may its contents make you comfortable, and past errors teach you to be wiser.

Sir C. Ten thousand thanks, my dear madam, for your counsel and its accompaniments. When rich, we are always wise; 'tis poverty only makes us yield to our weakness. Let me see: one hundred, two hundred—

Enter LITIGAMUS, with a brief.

Liti. Joy, joy, my client! Defendant there seems to have money enough now to pay damages. No compromise, I beseech you: here's a brief sufficient to blacken the whole sex.

Grump. Too late for such kindness—a day after the fair, eh! Master Blackball! No more sofasoned with peep-bo—Cut up brief for patty-pans.

Liti. Eh, what! no divorce—no action?

Sir C. No, Mr. Hoodwink; not one doctor of civil law to speak upon the case; and, what is worse, none of my notes in your pocket.

Liti. Bless me, a very bad case, indeed!

Flurry. To tell you the truth, Litigamus, you discovered so little, and I have found out so much, that I don't wish to be exposed any further.

Liti. Perfectly right, my client; as well pay for silence as loquacity. Put up my brief, and make proper charges. As there is no divorce, I am right happy to hear the next best thing—a marriage is going to take place: you and this lady, I presume, sir; never saw a finer couple; make no doubt but she's the most amiable of her sex at present; but should any little accident happen, any *faux-pas*, Litigamus is the man. Tack or separate; paper or parchment; make no odds, Litigamus is the man for anything.

Augusta. That we see plain enough; and whenever there's occasion, you shall have the earliest intelligence. Meanwhile, as I have already worn the gown, permit me to address this court.

*Do not with hasty judgment sternly chide,
Let your good-nature your discernment guide;
Should then your kindness sanction our endeavour,
Who shall dispute, "'Tis better late than never?"*

[*Exeunt.*]

GIOVANNI IN LONDON;

OR, THE LIBERTINE RECLAIMED:

AN OPERATIC EXTRAVAGANZA, IN TWO ACTS.—BY W. T. MONCRIEFF.



Act I.—Scene I.

CHARACTERS.

DON GIOVANNI
DEPUTY ENGLISH
LEPORELLO
FINIKIN
POPINJAY

DRAINEMDRY
POROUS
SIMPKINS
MERCURY
PLUTO

CHARON
DEMONS
PROSERPINE
MRS. ENGLISH
MRS. LEPORELLO

MRS. DRAINEMDRY
MRS. POROUS
MRS. SIMPKINS
CONSTANTIA
SQUALLING FANNY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Infernal Regions by fire and torch-light*
—DON GIOVANNI lying on the ground, in the
centre of the stage; FIREDRAKE standing over
him, flashing his torch.

DUETT and CHORUS.—FIREDRAKE, GIOVANNI,
and Demons.

AIR—"Fly not yet."

Fire. Come along, tis just the hour,
When Demons have the greatest power
To feed the libertine's desires,
And make him burn with real fires,
So bring your flambeaux near.

Enter Demons with torches, and female Furies with
wands twined with serpents.

Giov. Oh pray! oh stay!
No log an I, your flames restrain;
Burn not yet, for oh! 'tis pain;
Then take your links away.

Dem. Nay! nay! Nay! nay!
We are like earth's gas-lights here,
We always burn when night is near,
Make light of it, we pray.

CHORUS.—FIREDRAKE and Demons.

AIR—"Round about the May-pole."

Round about the sinner, let us trot,
Scot,
Lot,

Hissing hot!

Turning,

Burning,

Torching,

Scorching,

Perplexing, vexing, and what not.

Round about the sinner, &c.

(During this Chorus, the female Furies
dance round Giovanni—Demons flash
their torches.)

SONG.—GIOVANNI.

AIR—"Pray Goody."

Pray, Demons, please to moderate the fury of your
fire,

Nor flash those sparks of sulphur from each link;
Remember, I'm but flesh and blood, so kindly check
your ire,

And, 'pon my soul, I'll treat you all to drink.

Ply me,

Try me,

Prove me, ere you fry me;

Do not roast me

Pray, but toast me,

I'll soon find the chink!

Pray, Demons, please, &c.

Fire. Zounds, Don! you sing so sweetly, and
speak so civilly, that you'd wheedle the devil
himself, much more his imps. But you should ap-
prove this warm reception of ours; you know,

when you was above, you always burnt for women, and surely you should not refuse to burn for them now you are below: however, to oblige you, Don, we'll be off. Good b'ye; come on, lads, we've plenty more to burn: you'll treat us with a glass when we come back? (*To Giovanni.*)

Giov. Honour! you shall each of you have a flash of lightning. [*Exeunt Furies and Demons.*] Thanks to Old Nick, they're gone; I save my skin this time, at all events; not but I'm singed, ay! like a Michaelmas goose, by these—I may spare my execrations; and yet, I've a little lightened my situation by making love to all the Devil-esses here; yes, love ever stunds my friend—and see, to wile the sultry hours away, by all my hopes, a Fury comes: I can't say that I'm much enamoured of Furies: *n'importe*—I'm a man; she wears a petticoat, so here goes!

Enter SUCCUBUS. (*Advances towards Giovanni, who makes love to her.*)

SONG.—GIOVANNI.

AIR—German Melody, by Kunzen, from "Die Weinesele."

Gentle Fury, see me languish,
And in pity quench my flame;
Lovely Brimstone, ease my anguish;
No tongue my warmth can name.

I burn, I burn,
Gentle Fury—yes!
Burn with a flame, I must not express.
Pretty devil,
Oh be civil!

I am scorching with love!
I'm on fire,
With desire,

Then a match let it prove.

She's won! the Fury's won! I must be civil to her. (*Aside.*) Give me a kiss, you pretty little devil, do. (*Kisses Succubus.*) Oh! the deuce! to spoil my recreation, here comes a little Tartar I have been amusing myself with; there'll be a precious row between them both! What in the old gentleman's name am I to do? (*Aside.*)

Enter TARTARUS, sees Succubus and becomes jealous; advances towards Giovanni, and reproaches him—Succubus becoming jealous in turn, does the same; they alternately pull him towards each other.

Sweet Brimstone! (*To Succubus, aside.*) Charming Tartar! (*To Tartarus, aside.*) Flour of the one, and, oh! cream of the other! (*They turn away angry.*)—Out of the frying-pan into the fire, faith! (*Aside.*) What the plague shall I do to soothe them, and make up matters?

SONG.—GIOVANNI.

AIR—"I've kiss'd and P've prattled."

I've kissed and I've prattled with fifty She-devils,
And changed them sans ceremonie;
But of all the sweet Furies that e'er drove man mad,
Flour of Brimstone's the Fury for me.

(*Aside to Succubus.*)
Of all the sweet Furies that e'er drove man mad,
Cream of Turtur's the Fury for me.

(*Aside to Tartarus.*)

(*Furies appear inclined to mollify.*)

Enter PROSERPINE, enraged.

Pro. And can GIOVANNI be so base, so mean-spirited, as to leave the infernal queen, the too-susceptible, too-trusting Proserpine, for such petty furies as these? I'll be revenged! What, ho! My faithful slaves, appear! (*calling*)—Tear these vile furies in ten thousand pieces!

Enter all the Fiends, flashing torches at each other. PLUTO descends on a fiery Dragon, and comes forward—Dragon ascends.—Infernal uproar.

Pluto. Zounds! here's a row! confound your tricks, be quiet, can't you? all by the ears! who has dared to raise this rumpus?

All the Fiends. 'Twas that base, perjured villain, Don Giovanni!

Pluto. Plague take that fellow; he's one too many for us; but when he first came amongst us, we were warned that he'd soon make the place too hot to hold us! Oh! he's by far too wicked to stay here; he'd very soon corrupt us all, there's no doubt of that! He has seduced my furies, nay, my better half: fatal confession for a tender husband, I actually caught the scoundrel kissing my Proserpine! What's to be done? I have it! to spite mankind, egad, I'll send him back to earth again; yes!—So, Giovanni, to the right about; turn out from our infernal regions, Don; or, egad, we'll turn you out, ay, neck and crop!

CHORUS.—Demons.

AIR—"Turn Out."

From our regions infernal turn out, turn out!
From our regions infernal turn out!
Since first here you came,
You've set hell in a flame,

So now, Don Giovanni, turn out, turn out!
So now, Don Giovanni, turn out!

A match for the Devil, turn out, turn out!
A match for the Devil, turn out!
For us, Don Giovanni,
You've prov'd one too many;

So, as quick as you can, Don, turn out, turn out!
As quick as you can, Don, turn out!

[*Pluto, Demons, Furies, &c. turn Giovanni out, amidst a variety of combustible matter.*]

SCENE II.—*The river Styx, by twilight. Entrance to the Infernal Regions, emitting flames, on one side. River Styx in the back ground.—MERCURY enters; calls CHARON, signs him to ferry over condemned souls; Charon exits in his boat—Mercury watches till the boat re-appears.—CHARON re-enters in boat with a well-known Lawyer from Finsbury Square, (not Florence,) and a Methodist from over the water.*

GLEE.—Condemned Souls.

AIR—Canadian Boat Song.

[Sung behind the scenes.]

Ply the oar, Charon, and speed the boat,
While o'er Styx' dusky waves we float—
Erebus' tide! the trembling moon
Will see us in purgatory soon.
But ere our souls from hence shall fly,
We'll raise our parting stave on high;
Row, Charon, row, the Styx runs fast,
The Devil is near, and the daylight's past.

Cha. Before you land, my souls, tip me my fare, and then I'll commit you to Mercury, who is such an obliging gentleman he'll hand you in a twinkling to the Devil. (*Lawyer and Methodist give Charon money, and land.*) Here, Merky!

Enter MERCURY.

Mer. Well, Cary, what fresh sport now? another cargo of souls from earth, eh? the more the merrier!—stop, sir, (*to Lawyer*) be good enough to tell me, what your honest soul was sent below for?

Law. I am a lawyer, from Finsbury Square.

Mer. That will do; of lawyers we have always *plus quam suff.* Not a term passes but plenty of your tribe are sent here to practice in our courts

below. Walk in, walk in, we've lots of room for you; and you, my methodical genius, (to *Methodist*.) Erebus will always find room for one of your cloth. [*Mercury and Charon drive Lawyer and Methodist in; Mercury exits with them.*]

Cha. A good day's work; I've made a pretty penny this morning, and faith, I think my life's as good as any one's. (*Voices of all the Demons heard without.*)

"From our regions infernal, turn out, turn out,
From our regions infernal, turn out."

(*Charon to MERCURY, who re-enters.*) Hey! Merky, what means that infernal shout?

Enter GIOVANNI, in double quick time, as if driven out by Furies.

Giovanni! yes, 'tis he, sure enough! pray, my good friend, what's all this row about?

Giov. Old Chary, how d'ye do? Merky, my lad, upon my soul, I'm very glad to see you: they've turned me out, 'tis fact, upon my honour; but, in a stave, I'll tell you all about it. (*During symphony of the following air, Mercury takes off his heel-wings, and leaves them on a bunk.*)

SONG.—GIOVANNI.

AIR—"Love among the Roses."

*Stern Pluto sought th' infernal bow'rs,
With Proserpine to pass the hours,
'Midst pitch and tar, and fire and smoke,
The brilliant gas, and pleasant coke,
The Devils were at play, it sure is,
And found Giovanni 'mongst the Furies.*

*Oh, happy day! oh, joyous hour!
They kick'd Giovanni from their bower—*

Mer. Well?

Giov. Well, that's all; I'm not deceiving you; they've kicked me out, my boy, and here I am. Pray which is the nearest way to London, for I sup there to night; therefore, must wish you good day. Old Chary, turn your boat and ply your oar, and whisk me over to the other side, my lad.

Cha. With all my heart; but pay me my fare first, if you please: lug out your brass, you know I never give credit.

Giov. Plague on't, I've none—treating the fiends to drink, with hot and hot, has swallowed all my rhino.

Cha. Then here you stay. (*Mesdames DRAINEMDRY, POROUS, and SIMPKINS, three condemned souls, call without "Cary! Cary! Cary!"*)

Cha. Heyday! another fare! three females! [*Charon gets in boat and exits. Mercury looks out.*]

Giov. Yes, and pretty fair they are too. What's to be done? I cannot pay this fellow; no matter, I must get away somehow. Here are Merky's wings; as I'm about to fly, I'll pocket them; they may be useful to me. (*Aside.*)

CHARON and the Ladies enter in a boat. Charon gets out.

Cha. My fare before you land. (*They give money; Charon and Mercury come forward. The Ladies beckon Giovanni to take boat with them.*)

Cha. (*Looks at money.*) A sovereign! that's a novelty: the first I've seen here. Merky, give me change.

Mer. (*Looks at money.*) Stay; let me see if it is a good one: there's a deal of smashing about, you know.

Giov. (*After taking Mercury's wings, jumps into the boat, and pushes it off.*) Huzza! we're off!

Cha. Heyday! that fellow's got into my boat. Stop, stop!

[*Charon and Mercury run up the stage. Scene closes on the confusion.*]

SCENE III.—*A Street in the Borough: exterior of the Magpie and Punch-bowl public-house, by day-light.*

Enter MRS. DRAINEMDRY, MRS. POROUS, and MRS. SIMPKINS, with GIOVANNI.

Giov. So, here, my lovely souls, we are at last. Thanks to Merky's wings, we've travelled briskly enough; we've left the mail and steam-boat far behind us:—and this is London? (*Looks about.*)

Mrs. D. Yes, dear Don; and this is my house, the Magpie and Punch-bowl—you see the sign—my husband's face and mine are painted on it; he's famed for drinking punch, and I for chattering; so they call him the punch-bowl, and me the magpie. Order the best, you may command everything here.

Giov. Thanks. (*Kisses her.*) I'll repay you, love: you understand.

Mrs. D. Fie!

Giov. I'faith! you've had a rare escape, you rogues! What were you condemned for? Come, confess the cause.

Mrs. D. Why, dearest Don, between you and me, I was sent down because I was a shrew.

Giov. And you? (*To Mrs. Porous.*)

Mrs. P. 'Faith! I was sent for scolding, as well as she.

Giov. And, pray, what were you sent to old Nick for, my love? (*To Mrs. Simpkins.*)

Mrs. S. If I must tell you—though, really, it makes me blush—I was sent below for a slight faux faux, Don.

Giov. Oh, fie! you rogue.

Mrs. S. Nay, you should make some allowance for me; my husband is a tailor.

Giov. Oh! that's a different thing: a tailor, eh? I'll deal with him; I can pay his wife here. (*Aside. Laughing heard inside the public-house.*) Eh! some one comes.

Mrs. D. My spouse, as I live. (*Peeping in at the door.*)

Mrs. P. And mine. (*Peeping also.*)

Mrs. S. Mine, too. (*Peeping also.*)

Mrs. D. Let's stand aside, and watch them; they'll finely stare to see us here again; and will be rarely rejoiced, no doubt.

Giov. Don't be too sure of that. (*Giovanni, Mrs. Drainemdry, Mrs. Porous, and Mrs. Simpkins stand aside, the wives occasionally peeping at the proceedings of their husbands.*)

Enter DRAINEMDRY, POROUS, and SIMPKINS, with a jug, from the house.

GLEE.—DRAINEMDRY, POROUS, and SIMPKINS.

AIR—"Deadly Lively."

*We are three jolly widowers,
That have just lost our wives;
And ne'er, since we were bachelors,
So blest have been our lives.
They lie in yonder church-yard,
And there we'll let them be;
Peace to their souls! they're now at rest,
And so, for once, are we.*

Fol, dol, lol, &c.

Mrs. D. Mrs. P. and Mrs. S. (*Peeping from behind.*) Oh! the vile fellows! but they shall dearly pay for this. (*Leporello sings within.*)

Giov. (*Peeping.*) Here comes another! who's this fellow, eh!

Enter LEPORELLO, from public-house.

STAVE.—LEPORELLO.

AIR—"Galloping Dreary Dun."

*A master I had, a wicked and sly,
Amorous, fighting Don;
He's gone to the devil, and so won't I;
No, I'll take care of number one.*

Giov. (Peeping.) Eh! do I dream? surely I know that face—why, zounds! it is my rascal, Leporello!

Lepo. (To Drainemdry, &c.) I must be off—

Simp. Don't leave us.

Lepo. I must go; my wife is sitting up for me: besides, she'll read me a curtain-lecture, if I don't.

Simp. Vell, and that's nat'ral, if you neglects her.

Lepo. Hum! You've no wife at home?

Porous. No, thank heaven! mine died last week: rest her soul!

Drain. So did mine.

Simp. And mine.

Porous. Well, then, let's have another pot of good brown stout to keep our spirits up. Come, here's old England and liberty! (*Drinks.*)

Drain. Old England and liberty! (*Drinks.*)

Simp. Old England and liberty! (*Drinks.*)

Lepo. Old England! you'll excuse the liberty; my wife's not dead, you know.

Porous. Leporello, you have often, my prince of fellows, promised to tell us all about your master, Don Giovanni.

Lepo. Have I? well, then, as I'm in a merry humour, I'll be as good as my word for once.

Porous. I knew you'd not refuse us. I've oft heard of this devil of a Don.

Giov. (Aside.) Now for my character: I refused to give him one.

Lepo. I shall be liberal with him.

SONG.—LEPORELLO.

AIR—"Heigho! says Rowley."

There liv'd in Spain, as stories tell, oh!

One Don Giovanni,

Among the girls a deuce of a fellow;

And he had a servant they call'd Leporello,

With his primo, buffo, canto, basso:

Heigho! said Don Giovanni.

He serenaded Donna Anna,

Did Don Giovanni;

He swore she was more sweet than manna;

Then into her window he stole to trepan her,

With his wheedle, tweedle, lungo, dillo;

Oh! wicked Don Giovanni.

The Commandant her guardian true,

Caught Don Giovanni;

Says he, "You're a blackguard—run, sir, do!"

"I will," says Gioveo, and run him through,

With his carte-o, tierce-o, thrust-o, pierce-o;

When away run Don Giovanni.

A wedding he met, and the bride 'gan to woo:

Fie! Don Giovanni!

"I am running away, will you run away, too?"

Said he—"Yes," says she, "I don't care if I do,

With my helter, skelter, questo, presto;"

What a devil was Don Giovanni!

To a church-yard he came, being once at a loss;

Lost Don Giovanni!

Where the Commandant's statue sat on a stone horse,

Like King Charles's statue that's at Charing-cross,

With his saddle, bridle, falchion, truncheon.

"Will you give me a call?" said Giovanni.

To call on Giovanni, the statue wasn't slow:

Bold Don Giovanni!

"Will you sup, Mr. Statue?" said he:—"it cry'd,

For you must sup with me in the regions below,

Off my brimstone, sulphur, coke-oh, and smoke-oh!"

"I'll be d—d if I do!" cry'd Giovanni.

Yet he was condemned; for, in spite of all he could say, they took him to old Nick, and there he's frying.

Giov. (Coming forward.) The deuce I am!

[*Drainemdry, &c. retreat, alarmed.*]

Lepo. The deuce are you? Oh, lord! talk of the

dence, you see, and he'll appear.—Who the plague's this? Why, surely, it can't be—Pray, sir, may I request you'll be so kind as just to say, if you're man, ghost, or devil? (*To Giovanni.*)

Giov. You are drunk, rogue.

Lepo. Oh! no, sir; you've sobered me.

Giov. Then, sir, acknowledge me this instant.

Lepo. To be sure it is he! no place can hold him, that's clear; but I'll not know him, or I shall pay dearly for it. (*Aside.*—Acknowledge you, sir! I know you not; never saw you, sir. (*Advancing.*)

Giov. Not know me, rascal? (*Caning him.*) Do you know me now?

Lepo. Oh! yes, sir; these are striking proofs. Get him away; he intends some mischief, dear friends, to a certainty. (*To Drain. Porous, and Simp.*) But can you really be my worthy master? (*To Giovanni.*)

Giov. I am; acknowledge it; or I'll beat it into you, or beat it out of you, one of the two.

Lepo. Why, sir, he went to—yes, sir—legions of fiends took him post-haste to the infernal regions.

Giov. Well, what of that, scoundrel? And I'm come post from the infernal regions back again.

Drain. Come from the infernal regions! Oh! it's very clear he's an impostor; but we'll soon expose him. Here, neighbours! watch! (*Calling.*)

Giov. Stay, sir. (*To Drain.*) You had a wife?

Drain. Yes, sir, I had; but, (rest her!) she's departed this life, sir.

TRIO.—DRAINEMDRY, POROUS, and SIMPKINS.

AIR—"From 'Midas.'"

Oh! what pleasure does abound

Now my wife is under ground!

Green turfs cover her, I'll dance over her.

Tol, lol, lol.

(*They dance round while singing.*)

Giov. I am sorry, messieurs, to disturb your mirth; but know, your darlings are not in the world below; as witnesses that I was really there, I've brought them with me here; and there they are, gentlemen. (*Points to, and turns up stage, when the wives rush forward; each seizes her respective husband.*)

SESTETTO.—Messrs. and Mesdames DRAINEMDRY, POROUS, and SIMPKINS.

AIR—"Deadly Lively."

Mesdames DRAINEMDRY, POROUS, and SIMPKINS.

You cruel perjured villains!

Messrs. DRAINEMDRY, POROUS, and SIMPKINS.

Oh, zounds, let go our hair!

Mesdames DRAINEMDRY, POROUS, and SIMPKINS.

Disown your laeful wives, now, you scoundrels, if you dare!

Messrs. DRAINEMDRY, POROUS, and SIMPKINS.

Our wives! a pretty joke—it is some hoax, that's clear,

Their bodies in the church-yard lie—

Mesdames DRAINEMDRY, POROUS, and SIMPKINS.

Yes, but our souls are here.

All.

Tol, lol, lol, de rol, &c.

(*The Men dolefully, the Women with great glee.*)

Drain. Brought back our wives! he must be the devil himself, then. (*Calling.*) Neighbours, neighbours! Watch, watch!

Enter Neighbours.

CHORUS OF NEIGHBOURS.

AIR—"Oh! dear, what can the Matter be."

Here, here, what can the matter be?

Dear, dear, what can the matter be?

Oh dear, what can the matter be?

What's all this hubbub, we pray?

TRIO.—Messrs. DRAINEMDRY, POROUS, and SIMPKINS.

Same Air.

*This fellow has come from the regions infernal,
And brought back our wives, who as dead were as
door-nail:*

*Disturbing our quiet with click-clack eternal;
To the round-house pray bear him away!*

CHORUS OF NEIGHBOURS.

Same Air.

*Eh! what! brought back your wives to you?
Why not, mayn't he bring ours back too?
We'll not have with him aught to do;
Let those meddle with him that may.*

[*Exeunt Neighbours, hastily.*

Mrs. Drain. (To Mr. D. &c.) Now, sirs, I hope you'll own we are your wives; the rulers of the roast, yourselves and houses; you all acknowledge us to be your better halves.

Drain. Oh! yes, ducky—(embrace.) needs must when the devil drives. (*Aside.*)

Giov. (To Leporello, who implores pardon.) I pardon you, sir; and as a proof of it, take you into my service once more.

Mrs. Drain. To drink our hero's health, we'll tap a barrel, and have a jig and stave—hang fighting and quarrelling.

GLEE.—Omnes.

AIR—"Away with Melancholy."

*Away with fight and quarrel,
Black eyes, crack'd heads that bring;
Let us attack the barrel,
And jollily, jollily sing.—Tol, lol.*

*Let's drink, like hearty fellows,
Our country and our king;
Burn old King Rose's bellows,
And jollily dance and sing.—Tol, lol.*

[*Exeunt. The Ladies marching Giovanni off in triumph.*

SCENE IV.—St. Giles's, by gas-light—Watchman crosses stage, crying "Past ten o'clock."

Enter MRS. LEPORELLO, with infant, from a house.

Mrs. Lepo. Past ten! where is my husband? as usual, getting drunk. Oh, drat the fellow! Ah, false Giovanni! to what have you brought Anna; who once you swore was sweeter far than honey.—(Child cries.) "Oh! rest thee, babe,"—True love, is sure a fable—"Oh! rest thee, rest thee,"—What can make my babe ill?

SONG.—MRS. LEPORELLO.

AIR—"Oh! rest thee, Babe."

*Oh! hush thee, my darling, the hour will soon come,
When 'thy sire from the ale-house, half drunk will
reel home.* [may,

*Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you
For when he comes there'll be the devil to pay.*

[*Goes into the house.*

Enter GIOVANNI and LEPORELLO.

Giov. Now that you're sober, tell me, Leporello, when last I disappeared, what became of all my wives and ladies? Did they die in despair, or run away?

Lepo. Why, when you went, sir, to—

Giov. 'Sdeath! (*Angrily.*)

Lepo. I beg pardon!

Giov. Did I not tell you, sir, to be on your guard upon that subject?

Lepo. Well, sir; when you went—down stairs, their pretty eyes, of course, were filled with tears: and so I brought them all to England; as poor Donna Anna had waited so long, I took pity upon her myself, and married her; and we have a family—

entre nous, sir, it was a devilish lucky miss for you: Giov. But where's the charming bride I ran

away with? She's one I now should dearly love to toy and sport for half an hour with.

Lepo. The bride! Oh! the young love! The pretty creature! I'll tell you, sir; I'll just clear my voice first.

TRIO.—LEPORELLO, GIOVANNI, and SQUALLING FANNY.

AIR—"Young Love."

Lepo. *Your love she lives in your humble shed,
Where turnips selling,
And "greens, oh!" yelling,
She gets a daily bit of bread,
And wild and sweet is the life she has led;
Her stall has flourish'd,
Her barrow's nourish'd
The natives with savoy and beans:
For working folks must still be fed;
And pickled pork eats best with greens.*

Fetches SQUALLING FANNY from her stall.

Giov. *Zounds! what poor wretch is this I spy,
Who has come hither
Her sweets to wither;
Her beauty now is all my eye;
Plague on't! don't let the witch come nigh.*

Fan. *Dear Don Giovanni,
Don't scorn poor Fanny:
All day my greens for you'll I cry.*

Giov. *My once lov'd Fanny, cry away,
But not for me—no, faith—good b'ye!*

DUETTO.—SQUALLING FANNY and LEPORELLO.
AIR—"Wapping Old Stairs."

Fanny. *Your Fanny has never been false she declares,
Since the man on the horse came and took
you—*

Lepo. *Down stairs.* (*Stopping her.*)

Fanny. *When you vow'd that you still would continue the same,
And you gave me the reticule work'd with
your name.
Then be constant and true, nor your Fanny
forsake;
Still your cossacks I'll wash, and your negus
I'll make.*

S. Fanny. Nay, though I do cry my greens through Covent Garden, don't steel your heart against poor Squalling Fanny; but let's live o'er those charming days, my love, that once I passed with you in native Spain.

DUETTO.—FANNY and GIOVANNI.

AIR—"Guaracha."

Fan. *Oh! remember the time in La Mancha's
plains,
I had just been to church to be wed,
When you swore that my bridegroom wasn't
burthen'd with brains;*

Giov. *And clapp'd two huge horns on his head.
Oh! yes, then you were sweet as the breath
of the south,
And I thought you were truly a prize:
But now crying greens, Fan, has widen'd
your mouth,
Crack'd your voice, ay, and dimm'd your
bright eyes.*

(*Leporello waltzes Fanny off, and returns.*)

Lepo. I have waltzed her off, sir! You should not be surprised, Don, at the dears; consider, you have been—down stairs some time; and time, you know, makes wondrous alterations.

Giov. So it appears!

Lepo. It is vexatious enough—

Giov. And ludicrous, too; but, n'importe; where are the wives of the fishermen I shot?

Lepo. They're here, and still in the fish line, sir: one lives at Billingsgate, and t'other at Fish-street Hill. (MRS. LEPORELLO sings within.)

Lepo. That's Mrs. L.'s voice; she's nursing my little one; instilling into his infant mind the virtues of his father.

Mrs. L. Oh, rest thee, my baby, the hour will soon come,

When thy sire, from the ale-house, blind drunk will come home.

Master Lepo. (Within) Papa, papa!

Lepo. I am coming, Giovee. (Brings Master Leporello out.) Now isn't he a charming little fellow? He is such an anointed one; and has so many tricks, that we have called him after you, sir—"Giovanni." Come here, Giovee—the pretty creature! Now isn't he the image of his pa, sir? Giovee, tell your ma to come here, love—say, that she'll meet an old acquaintance, dear.

Master Lepo. It's no use, pa, taking messages to ma, she can't come—she's busy, frying sausages. [Exit Master Lepo. into house.]

Giov. Never mind; is there no ball, no play I can go to, to pass away the time, and get a sweet-heart, Leporello, eh?

Lepo. Where would you go, sir, with that queer dress on; people would think we were both in masquerade:—egad! there is a masquerade to night—but, if you'd be a beau, take a lesson from me:—

SONG.—LEPORELLO.

AIR—"Quite Politely."

*If in London town you'd live,
Quite politely, quite politely,
Let me, sir, this lesson give,
And be, complete, a beau, sir.
Cossacks you like sacks must wear,
In a Brutus cock your hair,
And wear of Wellingtons a pair,
To shine from top to toe, sir!*

Tol de rol, &c.

*You must get a pair of stays,
Like the ladies, like the ladies;
Through an eye-glass still must gaze,
And stare at all you meet, sir!
With sham collar hide your nose,
Wear false calves like other beaux,
And still a brazen front disclose,
With brass heels on your feet, sir.*

Tol de rol, &c.

*To the Opera you must go,
Don Giovanni, Don Giovanni,
And talk as fashionables do,
Most loudly while they're singing;
You must go to ball and play,
Drink, game, swear, and lie all day,
Protect some graceless chere amie,
Yourself to ruin bringing.—Tol de rol, &c.*

*You must visit, race, and fight,
Betting on, sir, two to one, sir;
Four in hand to drive delight,
Like groom and jockey clever.
With your tailor debts contract,
In the Bench for three months pack'd,
Get out by the white-washing act,
And be as clean as ever.—Tol de rol, &c.*

[Exit Giovanni and Leporello, dancing.]

SCENE V.—Leicester Square by a variegated light.

Masquerade.—Characters enter from different entrances.

CONSTANTIA and FINIKIN come forward.

Con. 'Tis no use teasing, Mr. Finikin.

Fin. Why, miss, are you not shortly to be mine?

Con. Never.

Fin. Your pa, miss, vows and swears you shall.

Con. I vow and swear I won't—Pa's own girl to a T.

Fin. But, my dear creature, I love—

Con. I know,—my thirty thousand pounds; but I'll have a man for my money.

Fin. Confusion!

DUETT.—CONSTANTIA and FINIKIN.

AIR—"Oh! thou wert born to please me."

Con. Oh, thou wert born to tease me!

Fin. Nay, don't say so, my love.

Con. I'm sure you'll never please me.

Fin. I'll sure your pleasure prove.

Con. Oh! never, never!

Fin. Fie, miss.

Con. You cannot!

Fin. Pr'ythee try, miss!

Con. 'Twould be to little purpose, you namby pamby thing! [singing.]

Fin. Oh, cruel! from my tester I very soon shall (Constantia and Finikin retire up the stage.)

Pantomime business; at end of which, LEPORELLO comes forward.)

Lepo. An heirsch! here'll be a catch for my master. Her cash will put everything to rights again. (Brings forward GIOVANNI, and points to Constantia.)

SONG.—LEPORELLO to GIOVANNI.

AIR—"See that pretty Creature there."

*See that pretty creature there,
Oh, how charming! oh, how fair!
Hug her, kiss her, sir, for sounds!
She's got thirty thousand pounds.*

(Leporello, as by accident, treads on Deputy English's gouty toes, who, just at that moment, enters with Mrs. English in search of his ward Constantia; Leporello is beaten off by Deputy English, followed by Finikin and Mrs. English; Giovanni advances towards Constantia, makes love to her, and takes her up the stage. Giovanni and Constantia come forward.)

DUETT.—GIOVANNI and CONSTANTIA.

AIR—"Voulez vous dansez?"

Giov. Will you dance with me, dear ma'am'selle,
Cheer my heart, nor
Slight your partner?
I can quadrille and waltz as well,
La poule et la finale.
In the waltz our forms we'll twine,
Thine to mine, and mine to thine;
And all as sweet
Our hearts shall meet,
Should we in love's circle join.

Con. Willingly, sir, with you I'll dance,
Cheer your heart, nor
Slight my partner,
For ah! who could refuse to prance,
Requested so gently?

(Finikin advances to interrupt Giovanni, and begins setting to Constantia; Leporello seizes the tail of his coat, and dances him off the other way.)

Con. But may I believe you, sir?

Giov. Believe me!

AIR.—GIOVANNI.

AIR—"Gramachree Molly."

*Had I a heart for falsehood giw'n,
To you I should be true:
I sooner could be false to heav'n
Than to those eyes of blue.*

(Giovanni and Constantia going, Leporello calls him aside.)

Lepo. (Coming from the crowd.) Oh! master, master! pray sir, leave her alone! Why, I have found out she's a ward in Chancery; and you know sir, if we treat the Court of Chancery with contempt, they'll clap us in the Fleet. Ay, for life, sir: getting into prison is worse than being down below, sir. You're married too; and if you marry her, they'll transport you for Polly Bigamy—But stay, you've four wives, that will save your bacon; they'll think that quite punishment enough for anything.

Giov. I'll brave the Fleet, and Botany Bay into

the bargain, to live for ever, dear Constantia's slave. Follow me, Leporello. (*Retire up stage.*)

Lepo. (*Sees Mrs. L.*) First, let me try whether this Spanish girl will follow me?

Enter Mrs. LEPORELLO, in a Spanish dress.

Mrs L. There is my husband at his tricks, as usual. Now to entrap the rogue. (*Follows him, and mixes with crowd.*) *Leporello* brings her from the crowd, makes love, falls on his knees; she takes off her mask, slaps his face, all the characters laugh.

Enter FINIKIN.

DUETT.—LEPORELLO and FINIKIN.

AIR—"Blue Bells of Scotland."

Fin. Oh! where, and oh! where is my own dear maiden gone?

Lepo. She's gone with Don Giovanni, and won't a maid return.

Fin. Then it's heigho! my heart, for she's left me all forlorn.

Torn from me! torn from me! Which way did they take her?

Lepo. They've gone to Long Acre, along with a baker. (*Exit Finikin.*) *Giovanni* and *Constantia* advance from crowd, and are going off, but are met by *Deputy* and *Mrs. English*, with *Watchman*; *Giovanni* and *Constantia* try to escape on opposite side, but are met by *Finikin* and *Watchman*; *Giovanni* and *Constantia* are parted; great bustle, and great noise; all the *Masks* in motion. *Curtain* falls on the confusion.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Chalk Farm, Primrose Hill, &c. by daylight; a clump of trees at the back of the stage.

Enter GIOVANNI and LEPORELLO, in modern dresses, the one as a dashing young Man of Fashion, of the present day; the other, a genteel Servant. Leporello carries a pair of pistols with him.

Giov. First on the ground, I see; that's as it should be.

Lepo. Dear sir, let me entreat you not to fight.

Giov. (*Not attending to him.*) I made a pretty job of it the other evening. I lost my girl, got locked up in the watch-house, and now am challenged here to fight her spark!

Lepo. Dear me, they must have very little brains, methinks, who take such pains to lose what few they have. (*Aside.*)

Giov. This challenge is the very thing I was wishing for. Below so long, I famously stand fire! 'Twas lucky I brought back that tailor's wife from Styx; for in my Spanish dress, 'tis very plain, I could not have come here; but, now—

Lepo. You're just the thing, sir; rare luck to get this fig out without dust; for we had neither money, faith, nor credit. [*chaise.*]

Giov. Porous to-day sends home my horse and

Lepo. What, Porous trust you? Well, I am astonished! But, hold! you brought his wife, sir, from—(*Giovanni checks him.*)—down stairs. The devil! it was nearly out again. (*Aside.*)

Giov. They're to be paid by bill, at three months.

Lepo. (*Aside.*) Yes, yes; three months will pay for them, no doubt.

Giov. I've taken a house of Drainemdry, too, who will supply my wine and spirits.

Lepo. But should you fall to-day?

Giov. I shall be in the spirit line myself, and not stand in need of his assistance.

DUETT.—GIOVANNI and LEPORELLO.

AIR—"The Legacy."

Giov. If in death I should chance recline,

A patent coffin get me, do;

Or, else the resurrecti-on men—

Lepo. Will cheat the devil of his due.

Giov. Bid all my sweethearts banish sorrow,
And get fresh lovers as soon as they will,
And try if you ten pounds can borrow.
To pay the undertaker's bill.

Should it so happen, I am done o'er;
Take the goods I have bought on trust,
Carry them to some broker's door,
And raise on them a little dust—
'Twill for my funeral sermon pay;
Then for your services so civil,
Here, Leporello, hear me say.
I'll give you—give you—to the devil.

Lepo. Thanks, sir; I'd give you to him if he'd have you. But no!—

Giov. Be quiet, sirrah, if you value your bones. Where is my rival? I begin to fear he will not come.

Lepo. Don't fear, sir; he is here.

Enter FINIKIN and POPINJAY.

Fin. (*Aside to Popinjay.*) You're sure that you sent for the officers?

Pop. Oh, yes! I went to Bow-street myself after them. [*late!*]

Giov. (*To Finikin.*) Your servant, sir; you're

Fin. (*Aside.*) Late! I think, too soon. Dear, dear! I wish I were in Pinlico, anywhere but here.

Giov. I've waited, sir—but we'll to business at once, and make up for lost time.

Fin. Oh, sir! I can wait; I'm in no sort of hurry, I can assure you. Where are these officers?

(*Aside.*)

Giov. Here, Leporello, measure the ground, eight paces. D'y'e hear, sir?

Lepo. Only eight paces?

Giov. No, sir; they are plenty.

Lepo. If I was going to fight, I'd have eleven-and-forty. (*Aside.*) Then, sir, you've quite made up your mind to have a pop at him?

Giov. Ay, sir; and at you, too, if you don't bestir

Lepo. Oh, lord! [*yourself.*]

Giov. (*To Finikin.*) Your second, sir, will help to measure the ground.

Fin. Oh! sir, assuredly; with a deal of pleasure. Where are these runners? Are there no means of escaping? (*Aside.*)

Pop. Measure the ground! I'd rather be measuring tape, a good deal. (*Aside.—To Leporello.*) Young man, as you appear to have a good understanding, pray step out as much as you possibly can.

Lepo. Don't young man me. One, two, three, four—jump; (*jumps*) five, six, seven, eight—jump. (*Measuring ground.*)

Pop. (*To Leporello.*) I beg your pardon, but really you've miscounted!

Lepo. Upon my honour, no; I've given full measure, you may depend on't.

Pop. Eh, your honour! I'm satisfied.

Giov. (*To Finikin.*) Now, sir, we wait for you.

Fin. You sha'n't wait long, sir; I'll attend you instantly.

Pop. This is a very awful moment!

Giov. (*To Finikin.*) Take your ground, sir.

Pop. Dear me! I'm terribly afraid that I'm about to swoon? Sir Fin, have you any hartshorn about you?

Fin. I have no hartshorn, but here's a little rose-water. (*Giving him a large bottle out of his pocket.*)

Pop. That will do quite as well. You like perfumes; which are you most partial to?

Fin. Just now, I think I should prefer—Lavender. (*Cutting aloud.*)

Giov. (*To Finikin.*) Here are pistols, sir.

Fin. I'm extremely obliged to you; but if it makes no difference, we'll use mine. They're loaded with blank cartridge. (*Aside.*)

Giov. As you please, sir.

Pop. (*To Giovanni.*) You couldn't allow me to go home for a few minutes, or so, could you, sir?

Giov. Go home! when you're a second!

Pop. Oh, true! I'd forgot that.

Giov. (To *Finikin*, who has got behind a tree.) You've taken the wrong ground, sir.

Fin. Have I?

Lepo. This is your place. (To *Finikin*.) You can hit him here, sir, can't you? (To *Giovanni*.)

Giov. (To *Leporello*.) To a nicety. Throw the dead body into the Regent's Canal. I've ordered coffee for the survivor!

Pop. (To *Giovanni*.) I beg your pardon, sir; but will you have the goodness to wait till I get behind this bush: balls are apt to fly, you know. (Hides behind bush.)

Giov. (To *Finikin*.) Now, sir, it seems we're all prepared; therefore, I'll just try if I can give you satisfaction.

SONG.—GIOVANNI.

AIR—"The black Joke."

*Our ground we have taken, our pistols we have,
We have nothing to do but the signal to give*

Of one, two, three—fire away!

*So, dear sir, your best I'd advise you to do,
For if you don't wing me, faith, I shall wing you.*

Now ready, sir, stand, take your pistol in hand!

For I'm going to sing out the word of command—

Hip—one, two, three—fire away!

(*Giovanni* and *Finikin* exchange shots. *Finikin*, *Leporello*, and *Popinjay*, all fall as if wounded.)

Giov. I'm safe! my rival has it, though, I think. Three at one shot! Eh! what the plague is this? Zounds! what has killed you, sir—a ball, or fear? (To *Leporello*.)

Leporello. A ball, I fear, sir; it passed through you, and, as I stood behind you, entered me. You're winged, sir, a'n't you?

Giov. Winged! Not I, faith.

Fin. I wish that I were winged, that I might fly! (Aside.) You're not hurt, Poppy! (To *Popinjay*.)

Pop. No, but I'm excruciatingly alarmed!

Fin. Then help me up.

Pop. (Helping *Finikin* up.) Why, you're as heavy as if you had a bullet in you.

Giov. Now, sir, we'll try with my pops.

Fin. With a deal of pleasure, sir; but I—

Pop. And I—

Lepo. And I—

Fin. We're satisfied!

Giov. If you are satisfied, sir, I can't say I am; but challenge you to have another shot.

Fin. Won't an apology do instead?

Giov. No, sir; apologies won't do sir: you, in writing, must give miss up.

Fin. With pleasure.

Pop. (To *Finikin*.) Can you write, sir?

Fin. A running hand.

Giov. Then it will be all right. Here, *Leporello*, bring the pen and ink.

Lepo. (Aside.) Yes, and I'll get a drop of something to drink, at the same time.

Giov. Stay, now I think of it, our coffee must be ready by this time; so you can give up the lady over that. This way—

Fin. Sir, I attend you. After you, sir.

[*Exit Giovanni and Finikin into Chalk Farm.*]

Lepo. (Following. To *Popinjay*.) This way—

Pop. No, this is mine. (Running off the opposite side.)

Lepo. Stop, that won't do, my fine fellow. (Runs after him, pulls him back by the tail of his coat; *Popinjay* falls; *Leporello* cocks a pistol at him; he hides his face under his neckcloth, and is led into house.)

Enter DEPUTY ENGLISH and MRS. ENGLISH.

Deputy. Ah! here, indeed, we breathe the country air; a very rural spot, upon my life! Here's everything one can desire. So, here I'll enjoy myself.

SONG.—MR. DEPUTY ENGLISH.

AIR—"Oh! the roast Beef of Old England."

*I'll get me a pipe, and I'll get me a pot,
And in that rural box there, I'll sit and I'll sot,
And I'll not budge a foot till my dinner I've got
Off the roast beef of Old England,
Off the Old English roast beef.*

Enter GIOVANNI from the house.

Gior. Hum! *Finikin*'s got rid of—sick of fighting! He's given up all his right and claim to my dear Con, the sweetest girl in life. Eh! who is this? (*Seeing Mrs. English*.) Zounds, what a lovely creature!—your daughter. (To *Deputy*.)

Deputy. No, my wife!

Giov. Sir, I beg pardon, a sweeter wench I ne'er set eyes on. Wife to that old man! that can never suit; she must have a younger, she must have me. (Aside.)

Deputy. Well, wife, I'm going; you can look all about you. Do just what you like, I can do without you at present. [Exit into Farm.]

Giov. (Aside.) So can I without you, but not without her; a very Venus. (*Advancing towards Mrs. English*.) 'Tis charming weather, charming prospects here, all charming; but especially you. All's right! Come, that's well put; she smiles, I see. Madam, I'm young and fond; your husband's old. The sequel I desire needs scarce be named. (Aside.)

Mrs. E. I married, sir, for money, not for love. That tender passion I have yet to feel. But if it is what I have heard some say it is, I had much rather it would keep away.

RONDEAU.—MRS. ENGLISH.

AIR—"Love's soft Illusion."

Love's first intrusion,

With false delusion,

A sad confusion

Makes in the heart;

Maid for love sighing,

Pray send Love flying;

Or for man dying,

From rest you part.

Giov. Nay, by this kiss—(Kisses *Mrs. English*.)

Enter the DEPUTY and perceives him.

Her husband here, confusion!

Deputy. Kissing my wife! Now that's what I call civil. Your servant, sir; we must become acquainted: my name is English; I am well known on 'change. They say you're Don Giovanni, is it true? a foreigner and a very charming singer! I've often heard of you, though I never thought much of you till this introduction. I like music and foreigners, though I don't understand either of them; yet still on both I freely spend my cash. I like your servant, too, the funny dog; and while you're resident in England, Don, my services you freely may command.

Giov. Ten thousand thanks, sir! How shall I ever repay you? Perhaps, sir, you could lend me fifty pounds.

Deputy. With all my heart, give me your note of hand. (*Shakes hands with him, and gives him notes*.)

Lepo. Sir, master, Don, perhaps he'll stand my friend, and lend me two pounds. (Aside to *Giov*.)

Giov. Silence, sirrah!

Deputy. Now, then, let's off.

Mrs. E. Nay, ere we go, we'll hail Giovanni hero of our day.

DUO & CHORUS.—GIOVANNI & MRS. ENGLISH.

AIR—"The Tyrolese to Liberty."

Giov. Merrily every bosom boundeth,

Merrily oh! merrily oh!

Now Giovanni's freedom soundeth,

Merrily oh! merrily oh!

*Here the pistol's balls fly more fleetly,
Here the syllabubs eat more sweetly,
Every joy Chalk Farm surroundeth,
Merrily oh! merrily oh!*

Cho. *Merrily, merrily, oh! &c.*

Mrs. E. *Cheerily now from Hampstead's valley,
Cheerily oh, cheerily oh!
Over Primrose-hill we'll sally,
Cheerily oh, cheerily oh!
If a charming girl won by bravery,
Sweeter be, than one kept by knavery,
Round Giovanni's pistol rally,
Cheerily oh, cheerily oh!*

Cho. *Cheerily, cheerily oh! &c.*

[*Deputy English and Mrs. English depart, followed by Finikin, who has previously paid his respects to them. Giovanni gives Leporello a letter to give Mrs. English: they follow cautiously.*]

SCENE II.—*Outside of Deputy English's House. It is getting dark.*

Enter the DEPUTY and MRS. ENGLISH. Deputy sees her into the house, and then departs, telling her he's going to the club to smoke his pipe.

Enter CONSTANTIA.

Con. So, Don Giovanni's fought for me, I hear; that is a sign he bears me still in mind; and though he is flirting with Mrs. English, that he is fond of me, I think I'm sure. I've heard an old proverb, which says, a reformed rake always makes a good husband; and to reform him, I've a scheme with Mrs. E. of which he'll little dream. But he is here; I'll stand aside and watch him. We've laid our snares so well, we must succeed. [Exit.]

Giov. Yes, here's the house; I've found it, though it is in the dark. He certainly may be called a spark who lights himself. Old English has gone out to spend the evening, left his wife for his club, so that's all right. Hist, hist! (*Calling at the Deputy's door.*) But then, Constantia, what a pang thrills through my heart. Could I but gain her hand! She's young and rich! She shall, she must be mine! But what am I about? I'll think of lovely Con some other time. Now for the signal.

NOTTURNO.—GIOVANNI.

AIR—*Copenhagen Waltz.*

*Pretty star of my soul! heaven's stars all outshining;
Sweet dream of my slumbers! ah! love, pray you rise!*

*Enchantress! all hearts in your fetters entwining,
To my ears you are music, and light to my eyes.
To my anguish you are balm, to my pleasure you are bliss,*

To my touch you are joy, there's the world in your kiss;

*Day is not day with me, if your presence I miss,
Ah! no, 'tis a night cold and moonless as this.*

Mrs. ENGLISH appears at the door of the house.

Mrs. E. Giovanni.

Giov. Yes.

Mrs. E. Come in, and make no noise.

Giov. I will, my love! Now, for ten thousand raptures. [Enters the house with Mrs. E.]

Enter LEPORELLO, with lantern and ladder.

SONG.—LEPORELLO.

AIR—*"Hey randy dandy, O!"*

*Giovanni is leading his usual life;
Hey, randy dandy, O!
He's come here to make love to another man's wife,
With his galloping randy dandy, O!*

*Three bottles he drank at a tavern to-day,
Hey randy dandy, O!*

*So it's odds, but there'll soon be the devil to pay,
With his galloping randy dandy, O!*

*I've brought him a ladder, and brought him a lamp,
Hey randy dandy, O!*

*For a notion I have, when he means to decamp,
That he'll find them devilish handy, O!*

*I don't know how it is, but I feel to-night,
Hey randy dandy, O!*

*So I'll go to the whiskey-shop down by the right,
And get a few quarters of brandy, O!*

[Exit Leporello.]

Enter CONSTANTIA.

Con. He's caught! he have him! Oh! man, man, how weak you prove in love when woman tempts! But let me give the warning we agreed on. We plot for virtue and we must succeed.

SONG.—CONSTANTIA.

AIR—*"He loves and he rides away."*

At Deputy English's door was seen

A libertine so gay,

The Deputy's lady let him in,

So winning was his lay.

Oh! gentle lady, list to one

Who knows he can betray:

Beware, beware of this false young Don,

Who loves, and then runs away.

[*Knocks loudly at Mrs. English's door, and calls "Giovanni, Giovanni!" then exits hastily. GIOVANNI opens the door and comes forward. Mrs. English shuts the door on him unperceived.*]

Giov. Who's there? no one: it was Con.'s voice, I'm sure. It came, 'faith! devilish mal-a-propos. Well, I'll go back. (*Finds the door shut.*) Zounds! why, the door is fast. Holloa! hist, hist! plague on't, shut out at such a moment! Eh! where's the lantern? where is Leporello? and where's the ladder? Devil take the scoundrel! I've drunk too much; but, 'faith! could not refuse the glass offered by such a hand. The charming wench! she'll bless my love, no question. 'Twas cruel of her, though, to shut me out. Oh! here my rascal comes without his light.

Enter DEPUTY ENGLISH.

Come here, you dog! I've had such luck this evening! (*Mistaking him for Leporello.*)

Deputy. (*Aside.*) Eh! who is this, the Don? the funny rogue! He takes me for his servant, Leporello. I'll listen to him; he seems very fresh.

Giov. I've been with such a charmer, and so Deputy. Who? [kind!]

Giov. English's wife.

Deputy. My wife! Death and the devil! But I'll hear more. (*Aside.*)

Giov. I've had such kisses! Listen.

Deputy. I mean it. (*Aside.*)

Giov. Envoy me my transports.

DUETT.—GIOVANNI AND MR. DEPUTY ENGLISH.

AIR—*"Chanson d'Amour."*

Giov. I gave her kisses one,

Half afraid;

I gave her kisses one,

She frown'd, and cried, "Have done!"

But, "Go on," her pretty blue eyes plainly [said.]

I gave her kisses two,

Bolder grown;

I gave her kisses four—

Dep. Giov, zounds! I'll hear no more;

I've heard too much already, Mr. Don.

Giov. Why, who is this? Would there was a light! Oh! here comes one; this will soon settle it.

Enter LEPORELLO, with ladder and lantern.

Lepo. (*Singing.*) Like master's my spirits are now wondrous prime:

Hey! randy, dandy, O!

*So the ladder and lantern will come just in time,
And he'll find them both devilish handy, O!*

Giov. What do I see? my villain, Leporello! Bring the light near, sirrah! Who is this other rascal? (*Leporello holds a lamthorn to Deputy's face; finds out who he is, and runs away.*) My friend, the Deputy, by all that's mischievous! [and wife.

Deputy. Yes, Don; who thanks you for himself
Giov. Sir, I'm extremely sorry for the thing; and shall be glad to give you satisfaction. [name?]

Deputy. Zounds! sir, what satisfaction can you
Giov. Chalk-farm and pistols, sir, at half-past six.

Deputy. Chalk-farm and pistols, Don Giovanni! psha! A crim. con. action and ten thousand pounds. For only suppose now I got killed in this affair, where, let me ask, would be the satisfaction? I'll go a safer way to work; John Doe shall make you dearly pay for this *faux-pas*.

Giov. (*Singing and laughing.*)

I gave her kisses five,

Bolder grown;

I gave her kisses five,

'Tis as true as I'm alive—(Laughs heartily.)

Dep. 'Twere none better you had left her, Don, alone!

[*Exit Deputy into the house, greatly enraged. Exit Giovanni, laughing.*]

SCENE III.—*Outside of Westminster-hall, in a new light.*

Enter LEPORELLO and CONSTANTIA in counsellors' gowns and bands: Leporello with a wig and green bag.

Lepo. But tell me, miss, why are we disguised thus?

Con. Oh! 'tis a little bit of roguery.

Lepo. Of course; or else we need not be lawyers.

Con. As we mean to reform Giovanni thoroughly, it must be our endeavour to plunder and distress him all we can.

Lepo. Ay, like true lawyers; I'm quite of your opinion. But stop, my learned sister, where's my fee?

Con. You shall be well rewarded, never fear. We have persuaded him the Deputy has brought an action against him for crim. con., and we are to defend him. Poor Giovanni! But here he comes; thinking his cause is to be tried to-day. Let's stand aside. (*They retire.*)

Enter GIOVANNI.

Giov. In love, in law! I'm in a pretty hobble! My awkward trial, too, comes on to-day: there'll be the devil to pay!

Lepo. (*Aside to Con.*) He means us. (*Coming forward.*) Your servant, Don!

Giov. My lawyer?

Lepo. With your leave, as cause comes on to-day, we've come for fees.

TRIO.—CONSTANTIA, LEPORELLO, and GIOVANNI.

AIR—"Soldier gave me one Pound."

Lep. Giovanni, give me one pound.

Con. Giovanni, give me two.

Lep. Trial it comes on to-day;

Con. And nothing we can do—

Lep. Unless you give a fee

Both to me—

Con. And me.

Both. For, oh! the law's a mill that without grist will never go.

Lep. Giovanni, give me one pound.

Con. Giovanni, give me two. [do.

Both. For, oh! a brief without a fee will never, never

Con. Don't you know, the law—

Lep. Has clapp'd on you its claw?

Both. And, oh! the law's a mill that without grist will never go.

Giov. Lawyer, there is one pound, (*Gives Lep. money*)

Lawyer, there are two. (*Gives Con. money*)

And now I am without a pound,

Thanks to the law and you!

For, oh! I feel the law

Has clapp'd on me its claw;

And, oh! the law's a mill that without grist will never go.

Lepo. Now then, my learned brother, to the hall. English against Giovanni: it comes on first. I a rare philippic shall speak, sir. We lawyers like to talk about crim. con. We've bled him nicely! (*Aside.*) Come, my learned brother. Coke upon Littleton—Budge *versus* Fudge. Law'em and Claw'em ad big wig pretendum. Fee fo fum omnibus endless disputandem.

[*Exit with Constantia as to the court.*]

SONG.—GIOVANNI.

AIR—"The Woodpecker."

I knew by their wigs, that so greasefully curl'd

Adown their lank chops, that they wanted a fee;

And I said, if I had but a pound in the world,

These devils of lawyers would take it from me.

All was still in the court, not a sound did I fear,

But the bailiff quick tapping my shoulder, oh, dear!

Enter LEPORELLO and CONSTANTIA, as from court.

Giov. Have you a verdict?

Lepo. Yes, sir.

Giov. Name it; quick.

Lepo. Guilty: the damages ten thousand pounds.

Giov. Ten thousand pounds for nothing but a kiss! I think your English laws are somewhat strict. What would they say to such a thing in Spain?

Lepo. 'Twould have been twice as much but for my skill. It was in vain their counsel I overhauled. They went so far, Don, as to prove the fact.

Giov. 'Tis false!

Lepo. I cross-examined the chambermaid; but she swore positively, and to the point. We'll leave our bill of costs for the defence, and call for the amount when next we're at the hall. Good day! My learned brother, shall we trudge it? As I said in that cause of Fudge and Budge: "Botherum gatherem client Simpletoni, distressem pluckem executioni." &c. [*Exit with Constantia.*]

Giov. Ten thousand pounds, and I'm not worth a shilling! In debt, in love, in law! undone Giovanni! I've only now to get in wine to be completely ruined.

Enter NOKES and STYLES. (Watching Giovanni.)

Nokes. This is our man, let me make the caption.

Styles. I will; but mind you take care of the fee.

Giov. A ruined wretch! ah! whither shall I wander? Who will provide Giovanni now a home?

Nokes. I will.

Giov. Kind friend!

Nokes. A snug one, in the Bench; where you may still enjoy your glass and girl. I'm glad I've

Giov. So am I. [found you.

Nokes. You know, of course, that you're my prisoner; so hand us out our fee.

Giov. Your prisoner, fellow! [pounds.

Nokes. Ay, Don, unless you pay ten thousand

Giov. Ten thousand pounds, dog! I can't pay one farthing.

Nokes. Oh! oh! Then you must go over the water, Mr. Giovanni.

DUETT.—NOKES and STYLES.

AIR—"Over the Water to Charley."

Nokes. Over the water and over the bridge,

And into the King's Bench, Giovanni;

And over the water we now must trudge,

Or get in a coach, Giovanni.

Giovanni, you love ale and wine;

Giovanni, you love brandy;

Giovanni, you love a pretty girl,

Giov. As sweet as sugar-candy.

Nokes. *Then, sure, to pay you will not grudge;
You kiss'd the wench, Giovanni;
So over the water and over the bridge,
And into the Bench, Giovanni.*
[Exit Giovanni with Nokes and Styles.]

Enter LEPORELLO and CONSTANTIA, watching them.

Lepo. They've got him, madam: well, he cannot grumble; having, like true lawyers, plucked him of his all, we leave our client to the bailiff. It is good practice for the court below.

Con. You must directly to the Bench. Go as his lawyer; proffer him advice; in my own dress I'll follow by-and-by. [Exit.]

Lep. *(Calling after her.)* But, sir—ma'am—madam—miss, learned brother—sister—I go as his lawyer! what am I to say? Oh! no matter. Ecod! since I have had on this gown and wig, I begin to feel as legal as can be; at all events, like most of the profession, I'm sure I can say a great deal about nothing. "My lud and gemmen of the jury,—May it please your ludship, I am of counsel for the defendant in this case; and, my lud," &c. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Interior of the King's Bench, in its true light. SHIRK, SPUNGE, and other Debtors discovered; some walking about, others playing at rackets, &c.

CHORUS OF DEBTORS.

AIR—"Peggy of Derby, oh!"

Oh! laugh at the hour,
When, in John Doe's power,
We debtors to the Surrey College came.
Let's hasten to our play;
Three months soon will pass away.
What is life, after all, but a racket game?
Then, debtors, get your jackets,
And let us go to rackets:
Like a ball, we're up and down at fortune's smile—
the wench!

Like our balls, we here remain,
But, one day, to ease our pain, [Bench.
Like a bat, the Act will soundly knock us out of the
Shirk. Ay, ay, my boys, let's hasten to our play,
and leave work to our creditors.

All. Bravo! *(Loud cries outside, "Giovanni, Giovanni!")*

Enter GIOVANNI, conducted in by NOKES and STYLES.

Spunge. Giovanni, welcome to this sacred spot, where lawyers, bailiffs, duns daren't shew their faces! What, downcast! psha! my dear Don, pour a glass of spirits down to keep your spirits up.

Giov. Spirits! why, they're forbidden.

Spunge. Well, then, tape. We find a way to evade the law, Don: rum Charley helps us: every morning a gallon of rum walks in within his wooden leg. You'll pay your entrance, of course: 'tis usual, sir.

Giov. This place is well called college, since it supplies so much and various learning. But, zounds! I've not a note to treat these brothers.

Enter Turnkey, with a letter.

Turn. Here's a note for you, sir. [Exit.]

Giov. Psha! I want some of Henry Hase. What's this? Constantia's hand! *(Reads.)* "Though you forsook me, I can't forsake you in the hour of want." Ah! a friend, indeed! "I have enclosed you a retaining fee; with this brief counsel, remember me." Dear girl! ten pounds! this I never can forget: now, now I feel I am indeed a debtor. Here, you rogues! here, here is my entrance-money. *(Gives money: Debtors shout.)*

Spunge. You'll find here, Don, the best of company: all the great wits and authors are here. We have some players, too, of no mean note; and as for gentlemen, we're full of them. We're not confined in living, neither; though prisoners, we feed like princes here.

Giov. Well, for poor debtors that is very odd. Spunge. But I say, Don, as you're a stranger, I must talk to you about your chum.

Giov. My chum!

Spunge. Your bedfellow that is to be: but stop, you'd better leave it to my care.

Giov. Nay, if you please, I'll see to that myself. I have a little damsel in my eye, will come and—

Spunge. Oh! my dear Don, for shame! An easy blade this, I must try and bubble him: he's got some money, 'twill be little trouble. *(Aside.)* My dear Don, let me put you on your guard while you are here; I speak quite disinterestedly: some of our brothers, I am sorry to say, are very apt to borrow and not return. I give you just a hint: it's not my way; I like to do as I'd be done by. You couldn't lend me a pound-note, could you?

Giov. With pleasure. *(Gives money.)*

Spunge. Zounds! I wish I'd asked for two. *(Aside.)* Depend on't, it shall be punctually repaid. Some day or other I may assist you: just now I happen to be rather short. You couldn't lend me a few shillings more?

Giov. Oh! yes. *(Gives money.)*

Spunge. I'm very much obliged; I am, indeed. Perhaps you'd like to read the newspaper? I'll go and fetch it. I must bleed him again. *(Aside.)* It must have come down from the upper rooms by this time; so you can see what's going on in town. [Exit.]

Giov. Alas! what is the town or world to me? In love, in limbo! when shall I get released? Constantia, love, now do I think upon thy charms!

AIR.—GIOVANNI.

AIR—"Robin Adair."

What's the gay town to me,

In the King's Bench?

Oh! when shall I get free

From the King's Bench?

Ah! still to joy and mirth,

Freedom it is gives birth:

Confinement's hell on earth,

In the King's Bench. [Exit.]

Enter SHIRK, SPUNGE, and Debtors.

Shirk. Pull up, pull up! a lawyer's at the gate: the fool's not aware, I dare say, how we serve gentlemen of his calling. We'll give it to the dog: but mind be steady, lads; go some of you and get the pump and blanket ready. [Exeunt Debtors.]

Enter LEPORELLO, in a counsellor's dress, with a blue bag.

Lepo. I come from twelve and thirteen, Clement's Inn: I'm a lawyer! Is Giovanni, pray, within. But there's no fear of his being at home here; yon gentlemen are not much given to ramble.

Shirk. Yes, he's at home; but before you can see him, we must bestow the lawyer's fee on you.

Lepo. Oh, certainly! give me my fee; I'll take anything.

Shirk. By rights, you should have six-and-eightpence; but two half-crowns are all the fee we give. [fools!]

Lepo. Well, two half-crowns. What a pack of

Shirk. Now your crown must be crack'd, ere you've two halves! So, ere we cool your courage with the pump, we'll try how high your ambition will carry you:—send you on a visit to the man in the moon. Bring the blanket, boys!

Lepo. A blanket! zounds! they mean to murder me! Help, help, here! I'll indict you all for assault and battery!

[Shirk, Spunge, and Debtors, bring a blanket, and toss Leporello; he exclaiming all the time—"I'm no lawyer!" &c. They then hurry him off, crying—"To the pump!"]

Enter GIOVANNI.

Giov. No one arrived; not even Leporello to get me bail! ungrateful villain!

SONG.—GIOVANNI.

AIR—"Nel cor pui mi."

Hope told a flattering tale,
That I should soon get out;
But no one will give bail,
And of leg-bail I doubt.
The walls they are so high,
The keepers are so strict,
So, here three months I'll lie,
Then get out by the act.

If my dear Constantia, would but visit me—but can I hope it—

Enter POROUS, DRAINEMDRY, SIMPKINS, &c. creditors of Giovanni.

Bless me! who are these? Zounds, all my creditors. Whither shall I fly?

Drain. We've called to know, Don, what you mean to propose, and when you think it's likely Giov. Pay! [you can pay?]

Simp. Yes, you've surely something you can give us; I've no objection to take back my clothes.

Porous Let us have a part, Don, if you can't pay us all, and give us security for the remainder.

Giov. Zounds, how shall I get rid of these fiends? Ah, my Constantia!

Enter CONSTANTIA.

This makes amends for everything.

BRAVURA.—CONSTANTIA to Creditors.

AIR—"Cease your funning."

Cease your dunning,
Serjeant Ranning—
—ton shall set Giovanni free!
Then how soothing,
Owing nothing,
What a happy man he'll be!
Leaving roving,
True to loving,
True, he'll to Constantia be.

[Shirk, Sponge, and Debtors rush in and hustle off Drainemdry, Porous, Simpkins, and Creditors.]

Giov. How kind to visit a poor wretch like me. Con. Alas! Giovanni, I'm as poor as you are; or else, believe me, I had paid your debts.

Giov. Dear, generous, constant, fascinating girl!

Con. But where in Fortune's name is Leporello all this time! Pray, have you seen any lawyer? [To SHIRK, who re-enters.]

Shirk. There was a fellow, ma'am, who called himself a lawyer, here just now, to whom, according to custom, we administered the discipline of the blanket: he is now undergoing the purification of the pump: I must go and see it duly performed. [Exit

Con. Poor Leporello! But it can't be helped. [Aside.] Keep up your spirits, dear Giovanni; although you do owe so much, and have no money, there's a kind act, they say, will free you.

Giov. Anything, for love and liberty. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Exterior of the Insolvent Court.

Enter DRAINEMDRY, POROUS, SIMPKINS, COBBLER, and other Creditors of Giovanni.

Drain. What, take the act, and cheat me of my money? a pretty swindler this Don Giovanni, upon my word!

Cob. He'll be my ruin! nothing can redeem me, upon my soul, unless he pays my bill.

Porous Why how much is it?

Cob. Fourteen and seven-pence, welting boots and mending— [pounds.]

Simp. Psha! that's a trifle; he owes me fifty

Drain. Pooh! he owes me fourscore—Oh! here he is.—[Enter GIOVANNI, CONSTANTIA, and Bailiffs.]—You rogue!

Porous You swindler!

Simp. You cheat!

[pose you.]

Drain. But you sha'n't escape us, we will all op-

Giov. Be patient, I am willing to pay you all,

but I am now reduced to my last shilling.

GIOVANNI'S ADDRESS TO HIS OPPOSING CREDITORS.

AIR—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

Duns that give Giovanni trust,
Duns doubt not I shall be just,
But take the benefit I must,
For 'tis for liberty!
Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the Bailiff grimly lour,
See approach the Sheriff's power,
Writes and slavery.

Who would be a debtor, eh?

Who in the King's Bench would stay?

Who would be confin'd all day?

Let him prisoner be!

Who for the Insolvent Laws

Freedom's schedule freely draws,

Freeman stands in freedom's cause,

On to Court with me.

[Exit with Bailiffs.]

Drain. Come, friends, we'll all oppose him.

Simp. Ay, every man of us.

Cob. Oh, my poor bill!

[Exeunt Drainemdry, Porous, Simpkins, and Creditors.]

Enter LEPORELLO.

Lepo. I'll not oppose him, though he is in my debt; no doubt I shall get my wages some time or another; that's if the plot don't fail, which now we're trying. His long confinement must have tamed his roving by this time, and made him steady, or the devil's in it! If so, all will be well; if not, poor Miss Constantia!—I wonder if they'll grant him his discharge—[Noise without, and cries of "huzza!" and "shame, shame!"]—Odsflesh! what means that clamour? zounds, they've cleared him! Oh, my dear master!

Enter GIOVANNI, CONSTANTIA, and Creditors.

Drain. Shame, shame! you swindler!

Simp. Give me back my clothes.

Porous. I wonder that you dare to shew your face! [Exit. Drainemdry, Porous, and Simpkins,

The Cobbler overcome by the immensity and utter hopelessness of his loss, makes several ineffectual attempts to express his feelings; but finding himself unequal to the task, retires plunged in grief.]

Giov. I'll now make up for my temperance in the Bench; I'll revel, dance, sing, drink, game, swear, everything,—zounds! I don't know what I want do.

TRIO.—GIOVANNI, CONSTANTIA, and LEPORELLO.

AIR—"John of Paris."

Giov. Three months in durance vile I pin'd,
By cruel creditors confin'd;
But hence with pain,
I'm free again,

Yes, free as is the wandering wind,
I'll love, I'll drink, I'll game, I'll fight,
I'll pass in bliss each coming night;
And taste whole ages of delight,
To make amends for fortune's spite.

Con. Giovanni welcome, once more free,
I'll leave you to your liberty;
But should you e'er

Again know care,
Perhaps you'll cast a thought on me.

Lepo. Giovanni now is free again;
Away with care, away with pain!

He still will rove,

He still will love,

And make amends for slavery's chain.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Charing-cross, by a blue light. Equestrian statue of King Charles.

Enter LEPORELLO.

Lepo. Giovanni free, proves he is still Giovanni:

he's ranging everywhere in search of petticoats. Oh! if we could but reclaim this libertine it would immortalize us—but how? ah! there's the rub. He is to meet me in Cockspur-street soon, by appointment; he must pass by this statue, so like the commandant upon his horse. I have it—in this blue light 'twill answer certainly: just so he looked who asked the Don to sup where he was supped on. I'll try it; there can be no harm in trying: the coast is clear; no one has observed me; so up I mount. Yes, royal Charles, you and I must, for once in our lives, ride and tie, as the saying is. A footstep—some one comes:—that air and gait!—Shine bright, ye lamps! it is Giovanni, past all doubt. Mum! all good spirits aid me! Giovanni once reformed, my fortune's made.

A Female crosses the stage hastily: enter GIOVANNI in pursuit.

Giov. That was a lovely girl I met just now; she's set me all on fire. Confound the wench! she went this way; I'll after her at once. (*Going.*)

Lepo. (*In a gruff voice.*) Hold!

Giov. What the devil's that?

Lepo. Bold man, 'tis I.

BALLAD.—LEPORELLO. (*Very ghostily.*)

Air—“Barney leave the Girls alone.”

Giovanni, leave the girls alone;

Giovanni, leave the girls alone;

For oh! your tricks move stock and stone;

Then quiet let them be.

Pluto, put the kettle on;

Pluto, put the kettle on;

To supper once I asked the Don,

I ask him now to tea.

Giov. Odsblood! what's this? the commandant here! How the devil has the fellow found his way from Spain? Yes, there's the stoney-hearted dog, striding that stoney-hearted beast, his marble horse. Instead of raking, I'd best go to praying, or he may alight and take me—

Lepo. (*In a hollow voice.*) Down stairs.

Giov. Oh, lord! good Mr. Statue, I'll amend. Thoughts of old times have made me devilish warm. Should I go down below again, I fear it would be long enough ere I got back again. Yes, I'll reform for dear Constantia's sake. Good b'ye, old Stoney! Morning will soon beam, so you'd better take yourself and your horse off. [*Exit.*]

Lepo. (*Descends from the statue.*) Ha, ha, ha! “Pluto, put the kettle on; Pluto, put the kettle on; Prossy, take it off again, Giovanni's run away.” I've frightened him a bit, I think. Why, hang it! he must have been in liquor: yet this blue moonlight, shining on the horse, I must say, is monstrous striking. Eh! here again!

Re-enter GIOVANNI.

Giov. It must have been delusion; but that I'll soon find out: no, here's the man and horse. (*Sees Leporello.*) Ah! Leporello, speak, what are you alarmed at, sirrah?

Lepo. (*Pretending to be dreadfully frightened.*) Oh! sir, the man from that stoney horse has spoken. It has, upon my word, spoken to me, and said, that he was sent up stairs to fetch you—down again, if you didn't immediately reform. Look, sir, how firm he sits! he warned in time, sir, and list to reason.

Giov. I will, I will.

Lepo. You know, you're very poor; now, sir, hard by, lives an old maid who rolls in riches, and who wants a husband; what do you say, sir, to a good estate? you will not have a chicken for your bride, but what of that, sir, you'll be rich for life.

Giov. It shall be so; lead on; my mind's made up. I'll marry the rich old maid and repent at once. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Grand Saloon, by a fan-light.

Enter MRS. LEPORELLO, disguised as an old maid.

Mrs. L. I think this dress will do; this air and

manner will serve, at least, somebody to entrap. Should the Don come, I'll try if I can't win him; if he resists me now the deuce is in it.

SONG.—MRS. LEPORELLO.

Air—“Nobody coming to marry me.”

A maid at sixty-six,

Must not refuse a man;

But ah! not a soul can I fix,

Though, I'm sure, I do all that I can.

Oh, dear! what will become of me?

Dear, dear! what shall I do?

Nobody coming to marry me,

Nobody coming to woo.

Enter LEPORELLO, conducting GIOVANNI.

Lepo. There she is, sir; see what a valuable concern! Why, there's a thousand pounds in every feature. Her nose is worth five hundred, and her eyes—why, they are Jew's eyes, sir. Attack her, then, at once.

Giov. I will; and yet, I shrink: but why should I think on poor Constantia now? Now, for the first time, to make love for money. What a change for Giovanni is this! (*Music. Giovanni makes love to Mrs. Leporello in dumb shew; she coyly yields to him; he has fallen on one knee; she sits upon it.*)

Mrs. L. Oh! Don, you're too polite, you are, indeed; and then you plead in such a tender way, I can't refuse you; no, dear Don, I can't. There is my hand, make me at once your wife.

Lepo. Take her at once: our fortune's made. Why, zounds! sir, how you stand! (*Aside to Giov.*)

Giov. Shall I, then, for the withered arms of age, leave the blooming charms of my young, my kind Constantia, because at fortune's frown, like me, she's poor? Perish the thought! No; if Giovanni must a husband be, still, as of old, it shall be “All for Love.”

CONSTANTIA, DEPUTY ENGLISH, and MRS.

ENGLISH, appear in the back-ground, watching. I'll seek Constantia out; reform, repent; and make that charming, faithful girl my wife.

Con. (*Coming forward.*) My own, my tried Giovanni! know, to reward your love and constancy, Constantia still is rich and worthy of you. This lady, with her formal dress and air, was once your

Giov. Eh! Donna Anna? [*favourite.*]

Lepo. Not Donna Anna—Mrs. Leporello. (*Mrs. L. throws off the old maid's dress and appears as herself; Giovanni salutes her.*) Kissing my wife! I shall wear yellow stockings.

Deputy. Welcome, Giovanni!

Giov. The Deputy!

Deputy. Yes.

Giov. The trial—

Deputy. Was a hoax, played to try you; you must pardon all our tricks now that they're over, and join with us in wishing the support of our kind friends to a Libertine Reclaimed. (*Scene draws off at the back, and exhibits a splendid fancy Pavilion. Ladies and Gentlemen enter from all sides, in rich dresses. A grand display of fire-works takes place during the singing of the Finale. Giovanni's name appears in illuminated characters.*)

FINALE.

Air—“Here's a Health to all good Lasses.”

Deputy. Here's success to Don Giovanni!

Fin. & Con. Here's success to Don Giovanni!

All. All success to Don Giovanni!

*Though his follies have been many,
Here he makes amends at last.*

Ladies.

Worthy patrons,

Gentlemen.

Kindly shield him;

Ladies.

Do not blame him,

Gentlemen.

Pardon yield him.

All.

Here's success to Don Giovanni!

*Though his follies have been many,
Overlook his errors past.* [*Exeunt.*]

THE RECRUITING SERGEANT;

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.—BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.



Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

SERGEANT
COUNTRYMAN

VILLAGERS
SOLDIERS

MOTHER
WIFE

SCENE I.—*View of a Village, with a bridge. On one side, near the front, a cottage; on the other, at the foot of the bridge, an ale-house.*

The curtain rises and discovers two Light-horse-men, supposed to be on their march, sitting at an ale-house door; with their arms against the wall, their horses at some distance. The Sergeant then passes with his party over the bridge, drums and fifes playing; and afterwards the Countryman, his Wife, and his Mother, come out from the cottage.

QUARTETTO.—*Sergeant, Countryman, Mother, and Wife.*

Serg. All gallant lads, who know no fears,
To the drum-head repair,
To serve the king for volunteers;
Speak you, my boys, that dare.
Come, who'll be a grenadier?
The listing-money down
Is three guineas, and a crown
To be spent in punch or beer.

Coun. Adds flesh! I'll go with him.

Mother. Oh! no.

Wife. Dear Joe!

Coun. Adds flesh! I'll go with him,

Mother. Oh! no.

Coun. Adds flesh! but I will;
So, hold your tongues still:
Nor mother, nor wife,
Tho'f they strive for their life,
Shall baulk't; an' my fancy be so.

Serg. Come, beat away a royal march,
Rub, rub, rub a dub;
Rub, rub, rub a dub;
Of no poltroons I come in search,

Who cowardly sneak
When the tongues of war speak;
But of noble souls, who death dare stand,
Against the foes of old England.

Coun. I'll be a soldier, so that's flat:

Mother. You won't, you won't.

Coun. I'll be dead an' I don't!

What would the teasing toads be at?

Mother. You graceless rogue!

Is your heart a stone?

Wife. I'm flesh of your flesh,
And bone of your bone.

Coun. Zounds! let me alone.

Serg. Drums, strike up a flourish, and follow me
now

All honest hearts and clever;
Free quarters and beer at the sign of the
Plough:

Huzza! King George for ever!

[Some of the party go into the ale-house with the
Light-horse-men.

Coun. Hip! Measter Sergeant!

Wife. Go, yourself destroy.

Serg. What says my cock?

Coun. Mayhap, I wants employ.

A lad about my soize, though, would na' do.

Serg. Ay, for a colonel.

Coun. And a captain, too?

Serg. For both, or either.

Coun. But, I doubts, d'ye see?

Such pleaces are na' for the loikes o' me.

Serg. List for a soldier first, ne'er fear the rest:

This guinea—

Mother. Joe, his cursed gould detest.

Art not asham'd, an honest man to 'tice?
The king should know it.

Coun. Who wants yowr advice?

AIR.—Mother.

Out upon thee, wicked locust!

Worse in country nor a plague!

Men by thee are hocus-pocus!

Into danger and fatigue.

And the justices outbear thee

In thy tricks, but I don't fear thee,

No, nor those that with thee league.

My son has enough at home,

He needs not for bread to roam;

Already his pay

Is twelpence a day,

His honest labour's fruits;

Then get thee a trudging quick,

For 'gad! if I take a stick,

I'll make thee repent,

When here thee wert sent

A drumming for recruits.

[Exit into the cottage.]

Re-enter Mother, with three little Children.

Coun. Then you won't go, and let a body be?

Serg. Zounds! is the woman mad?

Mother. Dawn't swear at me.

Wife. Dear Joseph, what's come o'er thee? tell me, do:

Three babes we have, I work for them and you;
You work for us, and both together earn
What keeps them tight, and puts them out to learn.

But, if a soldiering you're bent to roam,
We all shall shortly to the parish come;
And the churchwardens, no one to befriend us,
Will, for the next thing, to the workhouse send us.
Thee know'st at workhouse how poor folks are serv'd;

Bill, Tom, and Susan, will be quickly starv'd.

AIR.—Wife. *(Taking a boy in one hand, and a girl in the other.)*

Oh! could you bear to view

Your little Tom and Sue

Ta'en up by cross o'erseers?

And think that helpless I,

To give them, when they cry,

Have nothing but my tears?

You cannot have the heart,

With them and me to part,

For folks you know not who!

With richer friends than we,

And prouder you may be,

But none will prove so true.

[Exit with the Children.]

Serg. Comrade, your hand: I love a lad of soul;
Your name, to enter on my muster-roll:
To justice swear'em, then, to take our oath.

Coun. Hold, Sergeant, hold! there's time enough for both.

If I've a moind to list, I'll list, d'y'e see?
But some discourse first, betwixt yow and me.
A souldier's life—

Serg. The finest life that goes;

Free quarters ev'rywhere—

Coun. Ay, that we know.

Serg. Then, wenches!

Coun. You've free quarters too with they;

Girls love the red coats—

Serg. 'Gad! and well they may.

Coun. But when to foreign wars your men resort,

Fighting—a battle—

Serg. 'Tis the rarest sport!

Coun. Tell us a little about that.

Serg. I will.

Wife. Don't listen to him, Joe.

Coun. Do you be still.

AIR.—Sergeant.

What a charming thing's a battle!

Trumpets sounding, drums a beating;

Crack, crick, crack, the cannons rattle;

Every heart with joy elating.

With what pleasure are we spying,

From the front and from the rear,

Round us in the smoky air,

Heads, and limbs, and bullets flying!

Then the groans of soldiers dying:

Just like sparrows, as it were,

At each pop.

Hundreds drop;

While the muskets prittle prattle.

Kill'd and wounded

Lie confounded.

What a charming thing's a battle!

But the pleasant joke of all,

Is when to close attack we fall;

Like mad bulls each other butting,

Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting;

Horse and foot,

All go to't,

Kill's the word, both men and cattle;

Then to plunder,

Blood and thunder,

What a charming thing's a battle!

Re-enter Wife.

Mother. Call you this charming? 'Tis the work of hell.

Wife. How dost thou like it, Joe?

Coun. Why, pretty well.

Serg. But pretty well?

Coun. Why need there more be said?

But mayn't I happen, too, to lose my head?

Serg. Your head?

Coun. Ay.

Serg. Let me see: your head, my buck—

Coun. A leg or arm, too?

Serg. Not if you've good luck.

Coun. Good luck!

Serg. The chance of war is doubtful still;

Soldiers must run the risk.

Coun. They may, that will.

Serg. Why, how now, Joseph? Sure, you mean to jest!

Coun. I have thought twice, and second thoughts are best.

Show-folks with beastes to our village came,

And hung at door a picture of their game;

Bears, lions, tigers, there were four or five;

And all so like, you'd swear they were alive.

A gaping at the cloth, the mon spied me;

"For twopence, friind, you may walk in," says he;

But, 'gad, I was more wise, and walk'd my way;

I saw so much for nought, I would not pay.

To see a battle thus, my moind was bent;

But you've so well describ'd it, I'm content.

Serg. Come, brother soldiers, let us then begone:

Thou art a base poltroon.

Coun. That's all as one.

AIR.—Countryman.

Ay, ay, master Sergeant, I wish you good day;

You've no need at present, I thank you, to stay;

My stomach for battle's gone from me, I trow;

When it comes back again, I'll take care you shall know.

With cudgel or fist, as long as you list;

But as for this fighting,

*Which some take delight in;
This slashing and smashing, with sword
and with gun;*

*On consideration,
I've no inclination
To be partaker of any such fun.
I'll e'en stay at home in my village,
And carry no arms but for tillage;
My wounds shall be made
With the scythe or the spade,
If ever my blood should be shed.
A finger or so
Should one wound, or a toe,
For such a disaster
There may be a plaster;
But no plaster sticks on a head. [Exit Serg.]*

Wife. Then wilt thou stay, Joe?

Mother. Wilt thou, boy of mine?

Coun. Wife, give's thy hand, and mother, give us thine.

*Last night you dodg'd me to the alehouse, Jane;
I swore to be reveng'd—*

Wife. I see it plain.

Coun. I swore to be reveng'd, and vow'd, in short,

*To list ma, to be even with thee for't;
But kiss me, now my plaguy anger's o'er.*

Wife. And I'll ne'er dodge thee to the alehouse more.

DUETT.—Countryman and Wife.

Coun. From henceforth, wedded to my farm,
My thoughts shall never rove on harm;
I to the field perchance may go,
But it shall be to reap or sow.

Wife. Now blessings on thy honest heart,
Thy wife shall bear an equal part;
Work thee without doors, she within
Will keep the house, and card and spin.

Coun. How foolish they, in love with strife,
Who quit the peaceful country life;

Wife. Where wholesome labour is the best,
And surest guide to balmy rest!

Together. That lot true happiness secures,
And bless'd, be prais'd, is mine and yours,
Content beneath the humble shed,
We'll toil to earn our babies bread;
With mutual kindness hear love's joke,
And pity greater, finer folk.

(Here is introduced a Dance of Light-horsemen, Recruits, and Country-girls; after which, the Sergeant comes out, with a drinking glass in his hand, followed by the party, to the Countryman, the Wife, and the Mother, who have been looking on the dance.)

Serg. Well, countryman, art off the listing pin,
Yet wilt thou beat a march?

Wife. Dear Joe! come in.

Mother. Hang-dog! begone, and tempt my boy no more.

Wife. Do, Sergeant, pray now—

Coun. Mother, wife, give o'er.

I see the gentleman no harm intends.

Serg. I! heav'n forbid; but let us part like friends.

We've got a bottle here of humming ale.

'Tis the king's health.

Coun. And that I never fail:

Lord love and bless him, he's an honest man.

Serg. Lads, where your music?

Coun. Nay, fill up the can.

We'll drink the royal family.

Serg. So do;

King, queen, and all.

Coun. And Jane shall drink them, too.

FINALE.

Coun. Here's a health to king George, peace and
glory attend him,
He's merciful, pious; he's prudent and
just;
Long life, and a race like himself, heav'n send
him,
And humble his foes to his crown in the
dust.

Chorus. Beat drums, beat amain,
Let the ear-piercing fife
To our measures give life;
While each British heart
In the health bears a part,
And joins the loyal strain.

Wife. Here's a health to the queen; gracious,
mild, and engaging,
Accomplish'd in all that a woman should
own;
The cares of her consort with softness
assuaging,
Whose manners add splendour and grace
to a throne.

Chorus. Beat drums, beat amain,
Let the ear-piercing fife
To our measures give life;
While each British heart
In the health bears a part,
And joins the loyal strain.

Mother. Here's a health to the beautiful babes, whom
the nation
Regard as a pledge from the sire it re-
veres;
Heav'n shield the sweet plants from each
rude visitation,
And rear them to fulness of virtue and
years.

Chorus. Beat drums, beat amain,
Let the ear-piercing fife
To our measures give life;
While each British heart
In the health bears a part,
And joins the loyal strain.

Serg. Here's success to his majesty's arms, ever
glorious,
And great may they be on the land and
the main;
As just is their cause, may they still prove
victorious,
And punish the rashness of France and
of Spain.

Chorus. Beat drums, beat amain,
Let the ear-piercing fife
To our measures give life;
While each British heart
In the health bears a part
And joins the loyal strain. [Exeunt.]

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS;

ALTERED FROM BEN JONSON, BY DAVID GARRICK.



Act IV.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

JUSTICE CLEMENT
CAPTAIN BOBADIL
KITELY
MASTER STEPHEN

MASTER MATTHEW
KNO'WELL
YOUNG KNO'WELL
BRAINWORM

DOWNRIGHT
WELLBRED
CASH
COB

FORMAL
DAME KITELY
BRIDGET
TIB

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Court-yard before Kno'well's house.*

Enter KNO'WELL and BRAINWORM.

Kno. A goodly day toward, and a fresh morning. Brainworm,
Call up young master. Bid him rise, sir.
Tell him I have some business to employ him.

Brain. I will, sir, presently.

Kno. But hear you, sirrah,
If he be at his book, disturb him not.

Brain. Well, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Kno. How happy, yet, should I esteem myself,
Could I, by any practice, wean the boy
From one vain course of study he affects!
He is a scholar, if a man may trust
The liberal voice of fame in her report,
Of good account in both our universities;
Either of which have favour'd him with graces;
But their indulgence must not spring in me
A fond opinion, that he cannot err.

Enter MASTER STEPHEN.

Cousin Stephen,

What news with you, that you are here so early?

Step. Nothing; but e'en come to see how you do, uncle.

Kno. That's kindly done; you are welcome, coz.
Step. Ay, I know that, sir, I would not ha' come else. How doth my cousin Edward, uncle?

Kno. Oh! well, coz; go in and see: I doubt he be scarcely stirring yet.

Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me an'

he have e'er a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting? I would fain borrow it.

Kno. Why, I hope you will not a-hawking now, will you?

Step. No wosse, but I'll practise against the next year, uncle. I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.

Kno. Oh! most ridiculous!

Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle. Why, you know, an' a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages, now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the Greek or the Latin. What, do you talk on it? Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep company with none but citizens! A fine jest, i'faith! 'Slid! a gentleman mun shew himself like a gentleman, Uncle, I pray you, be not angry. I know what I have to do, I trow; I am no novice.

Kno. You are a prodigal, absurd coxcomb! go to!

Nay, never look at me, it's I that speak.

Take't as you will, sir, I'll not flatter you.

Ha' you not yet found means enow, to waste

That which your friends have left you, but you must

Go cast away your money on a kite,
And know not how to keep it, when you've done?
So, now you're told on it, you look another way.

Step. What would you ha' me do?

Kno. What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman;

Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive;

That would I have thee do; and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humours you.
Who comes here?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Save you, gentlemen!

Step. Nay, we do not stand much on our gentility, friend; yet, you are welcome; and I assure you, mine uncle here is a man of a thousand a-year, Middlesex land: he has but one son in all the world; I am his next heir at the common law, Master Stephen, as simple as I stand here; if my cousin die, as there's hope he will. I have a pretty living o'my own too, beside, hard by here.

Serv. In good time, sir.

Step. In good time, sir! Why? And in very good time, sir. You do not flout, friend, do you?

Serv. Not I, sir.

Step. Not you, sir! You were not best, sir; an' you should, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly, too. Go to! And they can give it again soundly, too, an' need be.

Serv. Why, sir, let this satisfy you: good faith, I had no such intent.

Step. Sir, an' I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that presently.

Serv. Good Master Stephen, so you may, sir, at your pleasure.

Step. And so I would, sir, good my saucy companion, an' you were out o'my uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do not stand upon my gentility neither in't.

Kno. Cousin, cousin! will this ne'er be left?

Step. Whoreson, base fellow! A mechanical serving-man! By this cudgel, and 'twere not for shame, I would—

Kno. What would you do, you peremptory gull? If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.

You see the honest man demeans himself Modestly towards you, giving no reply To your unseason'd, quarrelling, rude fashion: And still you huff it, with a kind of carriage As void of wit as of humanity.

Go, get you in; 'fore heaven! I am asham'd Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me. [*Exit Step.*]

Serv. I pray you, sir, is this Master Kno'well's house?

Kno. Yes, marry, is't, sir.

Serv. I should inquire for a gentleman here, one Master Edward Kno'well. Do you know any such, sir, I pray you?

Kno. I should forget myself else, sir.

Serv. Are you the gentleman? 'Cry you mercy, sir, I was required by a gentleman i'the city, as I rode out at this end of the town, to deliver you this letter, sir.

Kno. To me, sir? (*Reads.*) "*To his most selected friend, Master Edward Kno'well.*" What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it?

Serv. One Master Wellbred, sir.

Kno. Master Wellbred! A young gentleman, is he not?

Serv. The same, sir; Master Kitley married his sister: the rich merchant i'the Old-jewry.

Kno. You say very true. Brainworm!

Re-enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. Sir?

Kno. Make this honest friend drink here. Pray you, go in. [*Exeunt Brain. and Serv.*]

This letter is directed to my son:

Yet I am Edward Kno'well too, and may, With the safe conscience of good manners, use The fellow's error to my satisfaction.

Well, I will break it ope; old men are curious.

What's this?

(*Reads.*)

"*Why, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou forsworn all thy friends in the Old-jewry? or dost thou think us*

all Jews that inhabit there? Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots, evening and morning, o'the north-west wall: an' I had been his son, I had saved him the labour long since; if taking in all the young wenches that pass by, at the back door, and coddling every kernel of the fruit for 'em would ha' served. But, pr'ythee, come over to me quickly this morning: I have such a present for thee. One is a rhymer, sir, o'your own batch, your own leaven; but doth think himself poet-major o'the town; willing to be shewn, and worthy to be seen. The other—I will not venture his description with you till you come, because I would ha' you make hither with an appetite. If the worst of 'em be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges as unconscionable as any Guildhall verdict will give it you, and you shall be allowed your vaticum. From the Windmill." From the Burdello, it might come as well! The Spital! Is this the man, My son hath sung so, for the happiest wit, The choicest brain, the times hath sent us forth? I know not what he may be in the arts, Nor what in schools; but, surely, for his manners, I judge him a profane and dissolute wretch. Brainworm!

Re-enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. Sir?

Kno. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

Brain. Yes, sir, a pretty while since.

Kno. And where's your young master?

Brain. In his chamber, sir.

Kno. He spake not with the fellow, did he?

Brain. No, sir, he saw him not.

Kno. Take you this letter, seal it, and deliver it
my son; [*life.*]

But with no notice that I have open'd it, on your
Brain. Oh, lord! sir, that were a jest, indeed!

Kno. I am resolv'd I will not stop his journey;

Nor practise any violent means to stay The unbridled course of youth in him: for that, Restrain'd, grows more impatient.

There is a way of winning more by love, And urging of the modesty, than fear: Force works on servile natures, not the free: He, that's compell'd to goodness, may be good; But 'tis but for that fit: where others, drawn By softness and example, get a habit, Then if they stray, but warn 'em; and the same They would for virtue do, they'll do for shame.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Young Kno'well's Study.*

Enter YOUNG KNO'WELL and BRAINWORM.

Young K. Did he open it, say'st thou?

Brain. Yes, o'my word, sir, and read the contents.

Young K. That's bad. What countenance, pray thee, made he i'the reading of it? Was he angry or pleased?

Brain. Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

Young K. No! how know'st thou, then, that he did either?

Brain. Marry, sir, because he charged me, on my life, to tell nobody that he opened it: which, unless he had done, he would never fear to have it revealed.

Young K. That's true; well, I thank thee, Brainworm. [*Exit.*]

Enter MASTER STEPHEN.

Step. Oh! Brainworm, didst thou not see a fellow here in a what-sha'-call-him doublet? He brought mine uncle a letter, e'en now.

Brain. Yes, Master Stephen, what of him?

Step. Oh! I ha' such a mind to beat him—where is he? canst thou tell?

Brain. Faith! he is not of that mind: he is gone, Master Stephen.

Step. Gone! Which way? When went he? How long since? [street-door.

Brain. He is rid hence. He took horse at the *Step.* And I staid i'the fields! Whoreson, Scanderbeg rogue! Oh! that I had but a horse to fetch him back again!

Brain. Why, you may ha' my master's gelding to save your longing, sir.

Step. But I have no boots, that's the spite on't.

Brain. Why, a fine whisp of hay, rolled hard, Master Stephen.

Step. No, faith! it's no boot to follow him now; let him e'en go and hang. Pr'ythee, help to truss me a little. He does so vex me—

Brain. You'll be worse vexed when you are trussed, Master Stephen; best keep unbraced, and walk yourself till you be cold, your choler may founder you else.

Step. By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st me on't. How dost thou like my leg, Brainworm?

Brain. A very good leg, Master Stephen; but the woollen stocking does not commend it so well.

Step. Foh! the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust: I'll have a pair of silk against the winter, that I go to dwell i'the town. I think my leg would shew in a silk hose.

Brain. Believe me, Master Stephen, rarely well.

Step. In sadness, I think it would; I have a reasonable good leg.

Brain. You have an excellent good leg, Master Stephen; but I cannot stay to praise it longer now; I am very sorry for't. [Exit.

Step. Another time will serve, Brainworm. Grammarcy, for this.

Re-enter YOUNG KNO'WELL.

Young K. Ha, ha, ha!

Step. 'Slid! I hope he laughs not at me; an' he do—[Aside.]

Young K. Here was a letter, indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father! He cannot but think most virtuously both of me and the sender, sure, that make the careful coster-monger of him in our familiar epistles. I wish I knew the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens—What, my wise cousin? Nay, then I'll furnish our feast with one gull more toward the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three; oh! for a fourth! Fortune, if ever thou'lt use thine eyes, I entreat thee—[Aside.]

Step. Oh! now I see who he laughs at. He laughs at somebody in that letter. By this good light, an' he had laughed at me—[Aside.]

Young K. How now, cousin Stephen, melancholy?

Step. Yes, a little. I thought you had laughed at me, cousin.

Young K. Why, what an' I had, coz, what would you ha' done?

Step. By this light, I would ha' told mine uncle.

Young K. Nay, if you would ha' told your uncle, I did laugh at you, coz.

Step. Did you, indeed?

Young K. Yes, indeed.

Step. Why, then—

Young K. What then?

Step. I am satisfied; it is sufficient.

Young K. Why, be so, gentle coz. And I pray you, let me entreat a courtesy of you. I am sent for this morning, by a friend i'the Old-jewry, to come to him; it's but crossing over the fields to Moorgate: will you bear me company? I protest it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot against the state, coz.

Step. Sir, that's all one, an' 'twere; you shall command me twice so far as Moorgate to do you good in such a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I protest—

Young K. No, no, you shall not protest, coz.

Step. By my fackins! but I will, by your leave; I'll protest more to my friend than I'll speak of at this time.

Young K. You speak very well, coz.

Step. Nay, not so, neither; you shall pardon me: but I speak to serve my turn.

Young K. Your turn, coz! Do you know what you say? A gentleman of your sort, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talk o' your turn i'this company, and to me alone, like a water-bearer at a conduit! Come, come, wrong not the quality of your desert with looking downward, coz; but hold up your head so; and let the idea of what you are, be pourtrayed i' your face, that men may read i' your physiognomy,—“here, within this place, is to be seen, the true and accomplished monster,” or “miracle of nature,” which is all one. What think you of this, coz?

Step. Why, I do think of it; and I will be more proud, and melancholy, and gentleman-like, than I have been, I'll assure you.

Young K. Why, that's resolute, Master Stephen! Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a suburb humour: we may hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty pounds. [Aside.] Come, coz,

Step. I'll follow you.

Young K. Follow me! you must go before.

Step. Nay, an' I must, I will. Pray you, shew me, good cousin. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Street before Cob's house.

Enter MASTER MATTHEW.

Mat. I think this be the house. What, ho!

Enter COB, from the house.

Cob. Who's there? Oh! Master Matthew, gi' your worship good morrow.

Mat. What, Cob! How dost thou, good Cob? Dost thou inhabit here, Cob?

Cob. Ay, sir; I and my lineage ha' kept a poor house here in our days.

Mat. Cob, canst thou shew me of a gentleman, one Captain Bobadil, where his lodging is?

Cob. Oh! my guest, sir, you mean.

Mat. Thy guest! alas!—Ha, ha!

Cob. Why do you laugh, sir? do you not mean Captain Bobadil?

Mat. Cob, pray thee, advise thyself well; do not wrong the gentleman and thyself too. I dare be sworn, he scorns thy house. He! he lodge in such a base, obscure place as thy house! Tut! I know his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy bed, if thou'dst gi' it him.

Cob. I will not give it him, though, sir. Mass! I thought somewhat was in't, we could not get him to bed all night. Well, sir, though he lie not o' my bed, he lies o'my bench. An't please you to go up, sir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloak wrapped about him, as though he had neither won nor lost; and yet, I warrant, he ne'er cast better in his life, than he has done to-night.

Mat. Why, was he drunk?

Cob. Drunk, sir! you hear not me say so. Perhaps he swallowed a tavern-token, or some such device, sir; I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water, and not with wine. Gi' me my bucket there, ho! God b'wi'you, sir, it's six o'clock; I should ha' carried two turns by this. What, ho! my stopple, come!

Mat. Lie in a water-bearer's house! A gentleman of his havings! well, I'll tell him my mind. [Aside.]

Enter TIB.

Cob. What, Tib, shew this gentleman up to the Captain. [Tib shews Master Matthew into the house.] You should ha' some now, would take this Mr.

Matthew to be a gentleman at the least. His father is an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth; and now does he creep and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, such as my guest is. Oh! my guest is a fine man! he does swear the legiblest of any man christened: by Saint George—the foot of Pharaoh—the body of me—as I am a gentleman and a soldier—such dainty oaths! And, withal, he does take this same filthy roguish tobacco, the finest and cleanliest! it would do a man good to see the fume come forth out at's tunnels! Well, he owes me forty shillings, my wife lent him out of her purse by sixpence a time, besides his lodging: I would I had it. I shall ha' it, he says, the next action. Helter-skelter, hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat, uptails all, and a louse for the hangman! *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Cob's house.*

CAPTAIN BOBADIL discovered upon a bench. *Enter* TIB.

Capt. B. Hostess, hostess!

Tib. What say you, sir?

Capt. B. A cup o'thy small beer, sweet hostess.

Tib. Sir, there's a gentleman below would speak with you.

Capt. B. A gentleman! Odso! I am not within.

Tib. My husband told him you were, sir.

Capt. B. What a plague—what meant he?

Mat. (Within.) Captain Bobadil!

Capt. B. Who's there? Take away the basin, good hostess. Come up, sir.

Tib. He would desire you to come up, sir. You come into a cleanly house here. *[Exit.]*

Enter MASTER MATTHEW.

Mat. Save you, sir; save you, Captain.

Capt. B. Gentle Master Matthew, is it you, sir? Please you, sit down.

Mat. Thank you, good Captain; you may see I am somewhat audacious.

Capt. B. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last night, by a sort of gallants, where you were wished for, and drunk to, I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me, by who, good Captain.

Capt. B. Marry, by young Wellbred and others. Why, hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir; 'tis very well.

Capt. B. Body o'me! it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarcely open my eyes yet; I was but newly risen as you came. How passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith! some half-hour to seven. Now, trust me, you have an exceedingly fine lodging here; very neat and private.

Capt. B. Ay, sir; sit down. I pray you, Master Matthew, in any case, possess no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who, I, sir? No.

Capt. B. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient; but in regard I would not be too popular and generally visited, as some are.

Mat. True, Captain; I conceive you.

Capt. B. For, do you see, sir? by the heart of valour in me, except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so, I could not extend thus far.

Mat. Oh, lord! sir, I resolve so. *(Pulls out a paper, and reads.)*

Capt. B. I confess, I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new piece ha' you there? Read it.

Mat. (Reads.)

*"To thee, the purest object of my sense,
The most refined essence heaven covers,
Send I these lines, wherein I do commence
The happy state of turtle-billing lovers."*

Capt. B. 'Tis good; proceed, proceed. What's this?

Mat. This, sir? a toy o'mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my muses. But, when will you come and see my study? Good faith! I can shew you some very good things I have done of late.—That boot becomes your leg passing well, Captain, methinks. *[Use.]*

Capt. B. So, so; it's the fashion gentlemen now

Mat. Troth, Captain, and now you speak o'the fashion, Master Wellbred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly: this other day I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory beautiful and gentleman-like; yet he condemned, and cried it down, for the most pious and ridiculous that ever he saw.

Capt. B. 'Squire Downright, the half-brother, was't not?

Mat. Ay, sir, George Downright.

Capt. B. Hang him, rook! He! Why, he has no more judgment than a malt-horse. By St. George! I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal! The most peremptory, absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er changed words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay. He was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle. He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron and rusty proverbs; a good commodity for some smith to make hob-nails of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still; where he comes, he brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

Capt. B. How? He the bastinado? How came he by that word, I trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said, cudgel me; I termed it so, for my more grace.

Capt. B. That may be; for I was sure it was none of his word. But when? when said he so?

Mat. Faith! yesterday, they say; a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

Capt. B. By the foot of Pharaoh! an' 'twere my case now, I should send him a challenge presently. The bastinado! a most proper and sufficient dependence, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither, you shall challenge him. I'll shew you a trick or two, you shall kill him with at pleasure; the first scoccata, if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed, you have absolute knowledge i'the mystery, I have heard, sir.

Capt. B. Of whom? of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it spoken of by divers, that you have very rare and un-in-one-breath-utterable skill, sir.

Capt. B. By heaven! no, not I; no skill i'the earth; some small rudiments i'the science, as to know my time, distance, or so. I have professed it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use than mine own practice, I assure you. I'll give you a lesson. Look you, sir! exalt not your point above this state, at any hand; so, sir, come on! Oh! twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard. So, indifferent. Hollow your body more, sir, thus. Now, stand fast o' your left leg; note your distance; keep your due proportion of time. Oh! you disorder your point most irregularly! Come, put on your cloak, and we'll go to some private place, where you are acquainted, some tavern or so—and have a bit—What money ha' you about you, Mr. Matthew?

Mat. Faith! I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.

Capt. B. 'Tis somewhat with the least; but come, we will have a bunch of radishes, and salt, to taste our wine; and a pipe of tobacco to close

the orifice of the stomach; and then we'll call upon young Wellbred. Perhaps we shall meet the Corydon, his brother, there, and put him to the question. Come along, Mr. Matthew. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Warehouse belonging to Kitley.**Enter KITELY, CASH, and DOWNRIGHT.**Kite.* Thomas, come lither.

There lies a note within, upon my desk;
Here, take the key—It is no matter, neither.
Where is the boy?

Cash. Within, sir, i'the warehouse.*Kite.* Let him tell over straight that Spanish gold,

And weigh it with the pieces of eight. Do you
See the delivery of those silver stuffs
To Mr. Lucar. Tell him, if he will,
He shall ha' the grograns at the rate I told him;
And I will meet him on the Exchange anon.

Cash. Good, sir.*[Exit.]**Kite.* Do you see that fellow, brother Downright?*Down.* I, what of him?*Kite.* He is a jewel, brother.

I took him of a child, up, at my door,
And christened him: gave him my own name,
Thomas;

Since bred him at the hospital; where proving
A toward imp, I call'd him home, and taught him
So much, as I have made him my cashier;
And find him, in his faith, so full of faith,
That I durst trust my life into his hands.

Down. So would not I, in any bastard's brother,
As it is like he is, although I knew
Myself his father. But you said you'd somewhat
To tell me, gentle brother. What is't? what is't?

Kite. Faith! I am very loath to utter it,
As fearing it may hurt your patience;
But that I know your judgment is of strength
Against the nearness of affection—

Down. What need this circumstance? Pray you, be direct. Come to the matter, the matter!*Kite.* Then, without further ceremony, thus:

My brother Wellbred, sir, I know not how,
Of late is much declin'd in what he was,
And greatly alter'd in his disposition.

When he came first to lodge here in my house,
Ne'er trust me, if I were not proud of him:

But now his course is so irregular,
So loose, affected, and depriv'd of grace;
He makes my house here common as a mart,
A theatre, a public receptacle

For giddy humour, and diseased riot;
And here, as in a tavern or a stew,
He and his wild associates spend their hours

In repetition of lascivious jests;
Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night;
Control my servants, and indeed what not.

Down. 'Sdains! I knew not what I should say to him i'the whole world! He values me at a cracked three-farthings, for aught I see. It will never out o'the flesh that's bred i'the bone! I have told him enough, one would think, if that would serve. Well! he knows what to trust to, for George. Let him spend and spend, and domineer, till his heart-ache; an' he thinks to be relieved by me, when he is got into one o' your city pounds, the counters, he has the wrong sow by the ear, i'faith! and claps his dish at a wrong man's door. I'll lay my hand on my halfpenny, ere I part with't to fetch him out, I'll assure him.

Kite. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you thus.

Down. 'Sdeath! he made me—I could eat my very spur-leathers for anger! But, why are you so tame? Why do you not speak to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house?

Kite. Oh! there are divers reasons to dissuade, brother;

But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it,
(Though but with plain and easy circumstance,)
It would both come much better to his sense,
And savour less of stomach or of passion.

You are his elder brother, and that title
Both gives and warrants you authority:

Whereas, if I should intimate the least,
It would but add contempt to his neglect:

Nay, more than this, brother, if I should speak,
He would be ready, from his heat of humour,

And overflowing of the vapour in him,
To blow the ears of his familiars

With the false breath of telling what disgraces
And low disparagements I had put on him:

Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable,
Make their loose comments upon ev'ry word,

Gesture, or look, I use; mock me all o'er;
And, out of their impetuous, rioting phant'sies,

Beget some slander that shall dwell with me.
And what would that be, think you? Marry, this:

They would give out, because my wife is fair,
Myself but newly married, and my sister

Here sojourning a virgin in my house,
That I were jealous; nay, as sure as death,

That they would say. And how that I had quar-
rell'd

My brother purposely, thereby to find
An apt pretext to banish them my house.

Down. Mass! perhaps so: they're like enough
to do it.

Kite. Brother, they would believe it: so should I
Try experiments upon myself:

Lend scorn and envy opportunity

To stab my reputation and good name.

*Enter MASTER MATTHEW and CAPTAIN BOBADIL.**Mat.* I will speak to him—

Capt. B. Speak to him! Away! by the foot of
Pharaoh! you shall not; you shall not do him that
grace.

Kite. What's the matter, sirs?

Capt. B. The time of day to you, gentleman o'the
house. Is Mr. Wellbred stirring?

Down. How then? what should he do?

Capt. B. Gentleman of the house, it is you: is
he within, sir?

Kite. He came not to his lodging to-night, sir, I
assure you.

Down. Why, do you hear, you?

Capt. B. The gentleman-citizen hath satisfied me,
I'll talk to no scavenger. *[Exit with Matthew.]*

Down. How, scavenger? Stay, sir, stay!*Kite.* Nay, brother Downright.*Down.* 'Heart! stand you away, an' you love me.

Kite. You shall not follow him now, I pray you,
brother; good faith! you shall not. I will over-
rule you.

Down. Ha! scavenger! Well, go to, I say little;
but, by this good day, (God forgive me I should
swear) if I put it up so, say I am the rankest
coward ever lived. 'Sdains! an' I swallow this,
I'll ne'er draw my sword in the sight of Fleet-street
again, while I live; I'll sit in a barn with Madge
Howlet, and catch mice first. Scavenger! [on't.]

Kite. Oh! do not fret yourself thus, never think

Down. These are my brother's comforts, these!
these are his comrades, his walking mates! he's a
gallant, a cavaliero, too; right, hangman, cut! Let
me not live, an' I could not find in my heart to
swinge the whole gang of 'em, one after another,
and begin with him first. I am grieved it should
be said he is my brother, and take these courses.
Well, as he brews, so he shall drink, for George
again. Yet he shall hear on't, and that tightly,
too, an' I live, i'faith!

Kite. But, brother, let your reprehension, then,

Run in an easy current; not o'er-high
Carried with rashness, or devouring cholery;
But rather use the soft persuading way,
More winning than enforcing the consent.

Down. Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant you. (*Bell rings.*) [fast.]

Kite. How now? Oh! the bell rings to break-Brother, I pray you, go in, and bear my wife Company till I come; I'll but give order For some despatch of business to my servant.

Down. I will. Scavenger, scavenger! [*Exit.*]

Kite. Well, though my troubled spirit's somewhat eas'd,

It's not repos'd in that security

As I could wish; but I must be content,

Howe'er I set a face on't to the world.

Would I had lost this finger, at a venture,

So Wellbred had ne'er lodg'd within my house.

Why 't cannot be, where there is such resort

Of wanton gallants and young revellers,

That any woman should be honest long.

Well, to be plain, if I but thought the time

Had answer'd their affections, all the world

Should not persuade me but I were a cuckold!

Marry, I hope they ha' not got that start;

For opportunity hath balk'd 'em yet,

And shall do still, while I have eyes and ears

To attend the impositions of my heart.

Enter DAME KITELY.

Dame K. Sister Bridget, pray you, fetch down the rose-water above in the closet. Sweetheart, will you come in to breakfast?

Kite. An' she overheard me now! (*Aside.*)

Dame K. I pray thee, good Muss, we stay for you.

Kite. By heav'n! I would not for a thousand angels. (*Aside.*)

Dame K. What ails you, sweetheart? are you not well? Speak, good Muss.

Kite. Troth, my head aches extremely, on a sudden.

Dame K. Oh, the lord!

Kite. How now? what?

Dame K. Alas! how it burns! Muss, keep you warm; good truth, it is this new disease; there's a number are troubled withal. For love's sake, sweetheart, come in out of the air.

Kite. How simple and how subtle are her answers!

A new disease, and many troubled with it!

Why, true! she heard me, all the world to nothing. (*Aside.*)

Dame K. I pray thee, good sweetheart, come in; the air will do you harm, in troth.

Kite. I'll come to you presently; 'twill away, I hope.

Dame K. Pray heav'n it do! [*Exit.*]

Kite. A new disease! I know not, new or old, But it may well be call'd poor mortals' plague; For, like a pestilence, it doth infect

The houses of the brain. Well, I will once more strive,

In spite of this black cloud, myself to be,

And shake the fever off, that thus shakes me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Moorfields.*

Enter BRAINWORM, disguised as a soldier.

Brain. 'Slid! I cannot choose but laugh to see myself translated thus. Now must I create an intolerable sort of lies, or my present profession loses the grace; and yet the lie to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit as the fico. Oh! sir, it holds for good polity ever to have that outwardly in vilest estimation that inwardly is most dear to us. So much for my borrowed shape. Well, the truth is, my old master intends to follow my young,

dry foot, over Moorfields to London this morning: now I, knowing of this hunting-match, or rather conspiracy, and to insinuate with my young master, (for so must we that are blue waiters, and men of hope and service do,) have got me afore in this disguise, determining here to lie in ambuscade, and intercept him in the midway. If I can but get his cloak, his purse, his hat, nay, anything to cut him off, that is, to stay his journey—"Veni, vidi, vici." I may say with Captain Cæsar; I am made for ever, i'faith! Well, now must I practise to get the true garb of one of those lance-knights, my arm here, and my—young master, and his cousin, Mr. Stephen, as I am a true counterfeit man of war, and no soldier! (*Retires.*)

Enter YOUNG KNO'WELL and MASTER STEPHEN.

Young K. So, sir, and how, then, coz?

Step. 'Sfoot! I have lost my purse, I think.

Young K. How? lost your purse? Where? when had you it?

Step. I cannot tell: stay.

Brain. 'Slid! I am afraid they will know me: would I could get by them! (*Aside.*)

Young K. What! ha' you it?

Step. No, I think I was bewitched, I—

Young K. Nay, do not weep the loss; hang it! let it go.

Step. Oh! it's here. No, an' it had been lost, I had not cared, but for a jet ring mistress Mary sent me.

Young K. A jet ring! Oh! the poesy, the poesy!

Step. Fine, i'faith! "Though fancy sleep, my love is deep;" meaning that though I did not fancy her, yet she loved me dearly.

Young K. Most excellent!

Step. And then I sent her another, and my poesy was, "The deeper the sweeter, I'll be judged by St. Peter." [that.]

Young K. How by St. Peter? I do not conceive

Step. Marry, St. Peter, to make up the metre.

Young K. Well, there the saint was your good patron; he helped you at your need: thank him, thank him.

Brain. I cannot take leave of 'em so; I will venture, come what will. (*Aside. Comes forward.*) Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns for a very excellent good blade, here. I am a poor gentleman, a soldier, that in the better state of my fortunes, scorn'd so mean a refuge, but now it is the humour of necessity to have it so. You seem to be, gentlemen, well affected to martial men, else I should rather die with silence than live with shame; however, vouchsafe to remember, it is my want speaks, not myself. This condition agrees not with my spirit.

Young K. Where hast thou served?

Brain. May it please you, sir, in all the late wars of Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia, Poland; where not, sir? I have been a poor servitor by sea and land, any time this fourteen years, and followed the fortunes of the best commanders in Christendom. I was twice shot at the taking of Aleppo; once at the relief of Vienna, I have been at Marseilles, Naples, and the Adriatic gulf; a gentleman-slave in the galleys thrice, where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both thighs, and yet, being thus maimed, I am void of maintenance; nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my resolution.

Step. How will you sell this rapier, friend?

Brain. Generous sir, I refer it to your own judgment; you are a gentleman, give me what you please.

Step. True, I am a gentleman, I know that, friend; but what though, I pray you say, what would you ask?

Brain. I assure you the blade may become the side or thigh of the best prince in Europe.

Young K. Ay, with a velvet scabbard.

Step. Nay; and it be mine, it shall have a velvet scabbard, coz, that's flat: I'd not wear it as 'tis, an' you would give me an angel.

Brain. At your worship's pleasure, sir; nay, 'tis a most pure Toledo.

Step. I had rather it were a Spaniard. But tell me what shall I give you for it? An' it had a silver hilt—

Young K. Come, come, you shall not buy it. Hold! there's a shilling, fellow, take thy rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so; and there's another shilling, fellow; I scorn to be outbidden. What, shall I walk with a cudgel, like a higgibottom, and may have a rapier for money?

Young K. You may buy one in the city.

Step. Tut! I'll buy this i'the field, so I will; I have a mind to't, because 'tis a field rapier. Tell me your lowest price.

Young K. You shall not buy it, I say.

Step. By this money but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth.

Young K. Come away; you are a fool. [*Exit.*]

Step. Friend, I am a fool, that's granted; but I'll have it for that word's sake. Follow me for your money. He says I am a fool. [*Exit.*]

Brain. The gentleman seems to know you, sir. I follow. [*Exit.*]

Enter KNO'WELL.

Kno. I cannot lose the thought yet of this letter Sent to my son; nor leave to admire the change Of manners and the breeding of our youth, Within the kingdom, since myself was one.

When I was young, he liv'd not in the stews, Durst have conceiv'd a scorn, and utter'd it, On a grey head; and a man had then A certain rev'rence paid unto his years That had none due unto his life.

But now we are fall'n; youth from their fear, And age from that which bred it, good example.

Re-enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. My master! Nay, faith! have at you; I am fleshed now, I have sped so well; though I must attack you in a different way. (*Aside.*) Worshipful sir, I beseech you respect the state of a poor soldier! I am ashamed of this base course of life, (God's my comfort,) but extremity provokes me to't—what remedy?

Kno. I have not for you now.

Brain. By the faith I bear unto truth, gentleman, it is no ordinary custom in me, but only to preserve manhood. I protest to you, a man I have been, a man I may be, by your sweet bounty.

Kno. Pr'ythee, good friend, be satisfied.

Brain. Good sir, by that hand, you may do the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poor soldier the price of two cans of beer, a matter of small value; the king of heaven shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful: sweet worship—

Kno. Nay, an' you be so importunate—

Brain. Oh! tender sir, need will have its course: I was not made to this vile use. Well, the edge of the enemy could not have abated me so much. (*Weeps.*) It's hard, when a man has served in his prince's cause, and be thus—Honourable worship, let me derive a small piece of silver from you; it shall not be given in the course of time. By this good ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier last night for a poor supper; I had sucked the hilts long before, I am a pagan else, sweet honour.

Kno. Believe me, I am taken with some wonder, To think a fellow of thy outward presence, Should, in the frame and fashion of his mind,

Be so degenerate and sordid base!

Art thou a man, and sham'st thou not to beg? To practise such a servile kind of life?

Why, were thy education ne'er so mean, Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses Offer themselves to thy election; Either the wars might still supply thy wants, Or service of some virtuous gentleman, Or honest labour.

Brain. Faith! sir, I would gladly find some other course, if so—

Kno. Ay, you'd gladly find it, but you will not seek it.

Brain. Alas! sir, where should a man seek? In the wars there's no ascent by desert in these days, but—and for service, would it were as soon purchased as wished for!—The air's my comfort,—I know what I would say.

Kno. What's thy name?

Brain. Please you, Fitz-sword, sir.

Kno. Fitz-sword,

Say that a man should entertain thee now, Wouldst thou be honest, humble, just, and true?

Brain. Sir, by the place and honour of a soldier—
Kno. Nay, nay, I like not those affected oaths! Speak plainly, man; what think'st thou of my words?

Brain. Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes were as happy, as my service should be honest.

Kno. Well, follow me; I'll prove thee, if thy deeds will carry a proportion to thy words. [*Exit.*]

Brain. Yes, sir, straight; I'll but garter my hose.—Oh! that my belly were hooped now, for I am ready to burst with laughing! Never was bottle or bagpipe fuller. 'Slid! was there ever seen a fox in years to betray himself thus? Now I shall be possessed of all his counsels; and by that conduct my young master. Well, he is resolved to prove my honesty: faith! and I am resolved to prove his patience. Oh! I shall abuse him intolerably! It's no matter; let the world think me a bad counterfeiter, if I cannot give him the slip at an instant. Why, this is better than to have staid his journey. Well, I'll follow him. Oh! how I long to be employed!

With change of voice, these scars, and many an oath,

I'll follow son and sire, and serve 'em both. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Stocks-market.

Enter MASTER MATTHEW, WELLBRED, and CAPTAIN BOBADIL.

Mat. Yes, faith! sir, we were at your lodging to seek you, too.

Well. Oh! I came not there to-night.

Capt. B. Your brother delivered us as much.

Well. Who? My brother Downright?

Capt. B. He. Mr. Wellbred, I know not in what kind you hold me, but let me say to you this: as sure as honour, I esteem it so much out of the sunshine of reputation to throw the least beam of regard upon such a—

Well. Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother.

Capt. B. I protest to you, as I have a thing to be saved about me, I never saw any gentleman-like part—

Well. Good Captain, (*faces about*) to some other discourse.

Capt. B. With your leave, sir, an' there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by St. George.

Mat. Troth! nor I; he is of a rustical cut, I know not how; he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion.

Well. Oh! Mr. Matthew, that's a grace peculiar but to few.

Enter YOUNG KNO'WELL and MASTER STEPHEN.

Ned Kno'well! by my soul, welcome! How dost thou, sweet spirit, my genius? 'Slid! I shall love Apollo, and the mad Thespian girls, the better while I live for this, my dear fury. Now I see there's some love love in thee. Sirrah, these be the two I write to you of. Nay, what a drowsy humour is this now? Why dost thou not speak?

Young K. Oh! you are a fine gallant; you sent me a rare letter.

Well. Why, was't not rare?

Young K. Yes, I'll be sworn, I was never guilty of reading the like. But I marvel what camel it was that had the carriage of it; for doubtless he was no ordinary beast that brought it.

Well. Why?

Young K. Why, sayest thou? Why, dost thou think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning, the sober time of the day, too, could have mistaken my father for me?

Well. 'Slid! you jest, I hope.

Young K. Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a jest on't now; but I'll assure you my father had the full view o' your flourishing style, before I saw it.

Well. What a dull slave was this! But, sirrah, what said he to it, i' faith?

Young K. Nay, I know not what he said; but I have a shrewd guess what he thought.

Well. What, what?

Young K. Marry, that thou art some strange, dissolute, young fellow, and I not a grain or two better for keeping thee company.

Well. Tut! that thought is like the moon in her last quarter, 'twill change shortly. But, sirrah, I pray thee, be acquainted with my two hang-bys here; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in 'em, if thou hearest 'em once go: my wind-instruments. I'll wind 'em up. But what strange piece of silence is this? The sign of the dumb man?

Young K. Oh! sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your music the fuller, an' he please; he has his humour, sir.

Well. Oh! what is't, what is't?

Young K. Nay, I'll neither do your judgment, nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehensions. I'll leave him to the mercy o' your search, if you can take him so.

Well. Well, Captain Bobadil, Mr. Matthew, I pray you, know this gentleman here: he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection. I know not your name, sir, but shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you. (*To Master Stephen.*)

Step. My name is Mr. Stephen, sir; I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir; his father is mine uncle, sir. I am somewhat melancholy; but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

Capt. B. I must tell you this, I am no general man; but for Mr. Wellbred's sake, (you may embrace it at what height of favour you please,) I do communicate with you, and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts. I love few words.

Young K. And I fewer, sir. I have scarce enow to thank you.

Mat. But are you, indeed, sir, so given to it? (*To Master Stephen.*)

Step. Ay, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. Oh! 'tis your only fine humour, sir; your true melancholy breeds you perfect fine wit, sir. I am melancholy myself divers times, sir; and then I do no more but take a pen and paper presently, and

overflow you half-a-score or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

Step. Cousin, it is well; am I melancholy enough? (*Apart to Young Kno'well.*)

Young K. Oh! ay, excellent!

Well. Captain Bobadil, why muse you so?

Young K. He is melancholy, too.

Capt. B. Faith! sir, I was thinking of a most honourable piece of service was performed to-morrow, being St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years now.

Young K. In what place, Captain?

Capt. B. Why, at the beleag ring of Strigionum, where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leagure that I ever beheld with these eyes, except the taking of—what do you call it? last year, by the Genoese; but that (of all others) was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a soldier.

Step. So I had as lief as an angel, I could swear as well as that gentleman. (*Aside.*)

Young K. Then you were a servitor at both, it seems; at Strigionum, and What-do-you-call-it?

Capt. B. Oh, lord, sir! by St. George! I was the first man that entered the breach: had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain, if I had had a million of lives.

Young K. 'Twere pity you had not ten; a cat's and your own, i' faith! But was it possible?

Capt. B. I assure you, upon my reputation, 'tis true, and yourself shall confess.

Young K. You must bring me to the rack first.

Capt. B. Observe me judiciously, sweet sir: they had planted me three demi-culverins, just in the mouth of the breach: now, sir, as we were to give on, their master-gunner (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think) confronts me with his linstock, ready to give fire: I, spying his intentment, discharged my petronel in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put them all pell-mell to the sword.

Well. To the sword! to the rapier, Captain.

Young K. Oh! it was a good figure observed, sir. But did you all this Captain, without hurting your blade?

Capt. B. Without any impeach o' the earth. You shall perceive, sir. It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh. Shall I tell you, sir? You talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindina, or so—Tut! I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'em; I know the virtue of mine own, and, therefore, I dare the bolder maintain it.

Step. I marvel whether it be a Toledo or no?

Capt. B. A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, sir.

Step. I have a countryman of his here.

Mat. Pray you, let's see, sir. Yes, faith! it is.

Capt. B. This a Toledo? Pish! (*Bends the blade double.*)

Step. Why do you pish, Captain?

Capt. B. A Fleming, by heaven! I'll buy them for a guilden a-piece, an' I would have a thousand of them.

Young K. How say you, cousin? I told you thus much.

Well. Where bought you it, Mr. Stephen?

Step. Of a scurvy rogue soldier; he swore it was a Toledo.

Capt. B. A poor provant rapier, no better.

Mat. Mass! I think it be, indeed, now I look on't better.

Young K. Nay, the longer you look on't the worse. Put it up, put it up.

Step. Well, I will put it up; but by—I ha' forgot the Captain's oath—I thought to ha' sworn by it—*(aside)*—an' e'er I meet him—

Well. Oh! 'tis past help now, sir; you must ha' patience.

Step. I could eat the very hilts for anger.

Young K. A sign of good digestion; you have an ostrich stomach, cousin.

Step. A stomach! I would I had him here, you should see an' I had a stomach.

Well. It's better as it is. Come, gentlemen, shall we go?

Enter BRAINWORM.

Young K. A miracle, cousin! look here, look here!

Step. Oh, god'slid! by your leave, do you know me, sir?

Brain. Ay, sir, I know you by sight.

Step. You sold me a rapier, did you not?

Brain. Yes, marry, did I, sir.

Step. You said it was a Toledo, eh?

Brain. True, I did so.

Step. But it is none.

Brain. No, sir, I confess it is none.

Step. Do you confess it? Gentlemen, bear witness he has confessed it. By God's will, an' you had not confessed it—

Young K. Oh! cousin, forbear, forbear!

Step. Nay, I have done, cousin.

Well. Why, you have done like a gentleman; he has confessed it; what would you more?

Step. Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal, under his favour, do you see?

Young K. Ay, by his leave he is, and under favour. Pretty piece of civility! Sirrah, how dost thou like him? *(Apart to Wellbred.)*

Well. Oh! it's a most precious fool! make much on him. I can compare him to nothing more happily than a drum; for every one may play upon him. *(Apart.)*

Young K. No, no; a child's whistle were far the fitter. *(Apart.)*

Brain. Sir, shall I entreat a word with you? *(To Young Kno'well.)*

Young K. With me, sir? You have not another Toledo to sell, ha' you?

Brain. You are conceited, sir. Your name is Mr. Kno'well, as I take it?

Young K. You are i'the right. You mean not to proceed in the catechism, do you?

Brain. No, sir, I am none of that coat.

Young K. Of as bare coat, though. Well, say, sir.

Brain. Faith! sir, I am but a servant to the drum extraordinary; and, indeed, this smoky varnish being washed off, and three or four patches removed, I appear your worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father—Brainworm.

Young K. Brainworm! 'Slight! what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in this shape?

Brain. The breath o' your letter, sir, this morning: the same that blew you to the Windmill, and your father after you.

Young K. My father!

Brain. Nay, never start; 'tis true: he has followed you over the fields by the foot, as you would do a hare i'the snow.

Young K. Sirrah, Wellbred, what shall we do, sirrah? My father is come over after me.

Well. Thy father! Where is he?

Brain. At Justice Clement's house here, in Coleman-street, where he but stays my return, and then—

Well. Who's this? Brainworm?

Brain. The same, sir.

Well. Why, how, i'the name of wit, comest thou transmuted thus?

Brain. Faith! a device, a device! Nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here: withdraw, and I'll tell you all.

Young K. Come, cousin. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*The Warehouse.*

Enter KITELY and CASH.

Kite. What says he, Thomas? Did you speak with him?

Cash. He will expect you, sir, within this half-hour.

Kite. Has he the money ready, can you tell?

Cash. Yes, sir, the money was brought in last night.

Kite. Oh! that's well: fetch me my cloak, my cloak.

Stay, let me see: an hour to go and come; Ay, that will be the least; and then 'twill be An hour before I can despatch him, Or very near: well, I will say two hours. Two hours! Ha! things, never dreamt of yet, May be contriv'd, ay, and effected too, In two hours' absence. Well, I will not go. Two hours! no, fleeing opportunity, I will not give your subtlety that scope. Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd, That sets his doors wide open to a thief, And shews the felon where his treasure lies? Again, what earthly spirit but will attempt To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree, When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes? I will not go. Business, go by for once. No, beauty, no; you are too, too precious To be left so, without a guard, or open. You then must be kept up close, and well watch'd! For, give you opportunity, no quicksand Devours or swallows swifter! He that lends His wife, if she be fair, or time, or place, Compels her to be false. I will not go. The dangers are too many. I am resolv'd for that.

Carry in my cloak again. Yet stay—yet do, too. I will defer going on all occasions.

Cash. Sir, Snare, your scrivener, will be there with the bonds.

Kite. That's true. Fool on me! I had clean forgotten it. I must go. What's o'clock?

Cash. Exchange time, sir.

Kite. 'Heart! then will Wellbred presently be here, too,

With one or other of his loose consorts.

I am a knave if I know what to say,

What course to take, or which way to resolve.

My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,

Wherein my imagination runs, like sands

Filling up time; but then are turn'd and turn'd;

So that I know not what to stay upon,

And less to put in act. It shall be so.

Nay, I dare build upon his secrecy,

He knows not to deceive me. *(Aside.)* Thomas!

Cash. Sir?

Kite. Yet now I have bethought me, I will not.

(Aside.)

Thomas, is Cob within?

Cash. I think he be, sir.

Kite. But he'll prate, too; there's no speech of him.

No, there were no man o'the earth to Thomas,

If I durst trust him; there is all the doubt.

But should he have a chink in him, I were gone,

Lost i'my fame for ever; talk for th' Exchange.

The manner he hath stood with, till this present,

Doth promise no such change. What should I

fear, then? Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune once.

(Aside.)

Thomas, you may deceive me, but I hope—
Your love to me is more—

Cash. Sir, if a servant's
Duty, with faith, may be call'd love, you are
More than in hope; you are possess'd of it.

Kite. I thank you heartily, Thomas; gi' me your
hand.

With all my heart, good Thomas. I have, Thomas,
A secret to impart to you—but
When once you have it, I must seal your lips up.
So far I tell you, Thomas.

Cash. Sir, for that—

Kite. Nay, hear me out. Think I esteem you,
Thomas,

When I will let you in thus to my private.
It is a thing sits nearer to my crest
Than thou'rt aware of, Thomas. If thou shouldst
Reveal it, but—

Cash. How! I reveal it?

Kite. Nay,
I do not think thou wouldst; but if thou shouldst,
'Twere a great weakness.

Cash. A great treachery.
Give it no other name.

Kite. Thou wilt not do't, then?

Cash. Sir, if I do, mankind disclaim me ever.

Kite. He will not swear; he has some reservation,

Some conceal'd purpose, and close meaning,
sure;

Else, being arg'd so much, how should he choose
But lend an oath to all this protestation?

He's no fanatic; I have heard him swear.

What should I think of it? Urge him again,
And by some other way? I will do so. (*Aside.*)

Well, Thomas, thou hast sworn not to disclose—
Yes, you did swear.

Cash. Not yet, sir, but I will,
Please you—

Kite. No, Thomas, I dare take thy word;
But if thou wilt swear, do, as thou think'st good:
I am resolv'd without it, at thy pleasure.

Cash. By my soul's safety, then, sir, I protest
My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word,
Deliver'd me in nature of your trust.

Kite. It's too much; these ceremonies need
not;

I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.
Thomas, come hither, near; we cannot be
Too private in this business. So it is.

Now he has sworn, I dare the safer venture:

I have of late, by divers observations—

But whether his oath can bind him, there it is.

I will bethink me ere I do proceed. (*Aside.*)

Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,

I'll spy some fitter time soon, or to-morrow.

Cash. Sir, at your pleasure.

Kite. I will think. Give me my cloak. And,
Thomas,

I pray you, search the books, 'gainst my return,
For the receipts 'twixt me and Traps.

Cash. I will, sir.

Kite. And, hear you; if your mistress' brother,
Wellbred,

Chance to bring hither any gentlemen

Ere I come back, let one straight bring me word—

Cash. Very well, sir.

Kite. To the Exchange; do you hear?

Or here in Coleman-street, to Justice Clement's;

Forget it not, nor be out of the way.

Cash. I will not, sir.

Kite. I pray you, have a care on't.

Or whether he come or no, if any other

Stranger, or else, fail not to send me word.

Cash. I shall not, sir.

Kite. Be't your special business

Now to remember it.

Cash. Sir, I warrant you.

Kite. But, Thomas, this is not the secret,
Thomas,

I told you of.

Cash. No, sir, I do suppose it.

Kite. Believe me, it is not.

Cash. Sir, I do believe you.

Kite. By heaven, it is not! That's enough. But,
Thomas,

I would not you should utter it, do you see?

To any creature living; yet I care not.

Well, I must hence. Thomas, conceive thus
much;

It was a trial of you, when I meant

So deep a secret to you: I meant not this,

But that I have to tell you. This is nothing, this.

But, Thomas, keep this from my wife, I charge
you.

Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here,

No greater hell than to be slave to fear. [*Exit.*]

Cash. Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried
here!

Whence should this flood of passion, throw, take
head, eh?

Best dream no longer of this running humour,

For fear I sink. But soft,

Here is company; now must I— [*Exit.*]

*Enter WELLBRED, YOUNG KNO'WELL, BRAIN-
WORM, MASTER MATTHEW, MASTER STEPHEN,
and CAPTAIN BOBADIL.*

Well. Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good
jest, and exceedingly well carried.

Young K. Ay, and our ignorance maintained it
as well, did it not?

Well. Yes, faith! But was't possible thou
shouldst not know him? I forgive Mr. Stephen,
for he is stupidity itself. Why, Brainworm, who
would have thought thou hadst been such an
artificer?

Young K. An artificer! an architect! Except a
man had studied begging all his life-time, and been
a weaver of language from his infancy, for the
clothing of it, I never saw his rival.

Well. Where got'st thou this coat, I marvel?

Brain. Of a Houndsditch man, sir; one of the
devil's near kinsmen; a broker.

Re-enter CASH.

Cash. Francis! Martin! Ne'er a one to be found
now! What a spite's this?

Well. How now, Thomas, is my brother Kiteley
within?

Cash. No, sir; my master went forth e'en now;
but Master Downright is within. Cob! What,
Cob! Is he gone, too?

Well. Whither went your master, Thomas; canst
thou tell?

Cash. I know not; to Justice Clement's, I think,
sir. Cob! [*Exit.*]

Young K. Justice Clement! What's he?

Well. Why, dost thou not know him? He is a
city magistrate, a justice here; an excellent good
lawyer, and a great scholar; but the only mad and
merry old fellow in Europe! I shewed you him the
other day.

Young K. Oh! is that he? I remember him
now. Good faith! and he has a very strange pre-
sence, methinks; it shews as if he stood out of
the rank from other men. I have heard many of
his jests i'the university. They say, he will com-
mit a man for taking the wall of his horse.

Well. Ay, or wearing his cloak on one shoulder,
or serving of God. Anything, indeed, if it come in
the way of his humour.

Re-enter CASH.

Cash. Gasper, Martin, Cob! 'Heart! where
should they be, I trow?

Capt. B. Master Kately's man, pr'ythee, vouchsafe us the lighting of this match.

Cash. Fire on your match! no time but now to vouchsafe? Francis! Cob!

Capt. B. Body of me! Here's the remainder of seven pounds since yesterday was seven-night. 'Tis your right Trinidado! Did you never take any, Master Stephen?

Step. No, truly, sir! but I'll learn to take it now, since you recommend it so.

Capt. B. Sir, believe me, upon my relation, for what I tell you the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, where neither myself, nor a dozen gentlemen more, of my knowledge, have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world for the space of one-and-twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only. Therefore it cannot be but 'tis most divine, especially your Trinidado. Your Nicotian is good, too. I do hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man.

Young K. This speech would have done decently in a tobacco-trader's mouth. (*Aside.*)

Re-enter CASH, with COB.

Cash. At Justice Clement's he is, in the middle of Coleman-street.

Cob. Oh, ho!

Capt. B. Where's the match I gave thee, Master Kately's man?

Cash. Here it is, sir.

Cob. By God's-me! I marvel what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco! It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers. (*Captain Bobadil beats Cob with a cudgel; Matthew runs away.*)

All. Oh, good captain! hold, hold!

Capt. B. You base scullion, you.

Cash. Come, thou must need be talking, too; thou'rt well enough served.

Cob. Well, it shall be a dear beating, an' I live! I will have justice for this.

Capt. B. Do you prate? Do you murmur?

[*Beats Cob off.*]

Young K. Nay, good Captain, will you regard the humour of a fool?

Capt. B. A whoreson, filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement! Body o'Caesar, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I'd have stabbed him to the earth

Well. Marry, the law forbid, sir.

Capt. B. By Pharaoh's foot, I would have done it.

Step. Oh! he swears admirably! By Pharaoh's foot, body of Caesar; I shall never do it, sure; upon mine honour, and by St. George; no I ha'n't the right grace. (*Aside.*)

Well. But soft, where's Mr. Matthew—gone?

Brain. No, sir; they went in here.

Well. Oh! let's follow them: Master Matthew is gone to salute his mistress in verse. We shall have the happiness to hear some of his poetry now. He never comes unfurnished. Brain-worm!

Step. Brainworm! Where is this Brainworm?

Young K. Ay, cousin, no words of it, upon your gentility.

Step. Not I, body of me! by this air, St. George, and the foot of Pharaoh!

Well. Rare! your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths.

Young K. 'Tis larded with 'em: a kind of French dressing, if you love it. Come, let's in; come, cousin.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Hall in Justice Clement's house.*

Enter KITELY and COB.

Kite. Ah! How many are there, say'st thou?

Cob. Marry, sir, your brother, Master Well-bred—

Kite. Tut! beside him: what strangers are there, man?

Cob. Strangers! let me see; one, two—Mass! I know not well, there are so many.

Kite. How, so many?

Cob. Ay, there's some five or six of them at the most.

Kite. A swarm, a swarm!

Spite of the devil, how they sting my head

With forked stings, thus wide and large! But,

Cob,

How long hast thou been coming hither, Cob?

Cob. A little while, sir.

Kite. Didst thou come running?

Cob. No, sir.

Kite. Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste!

Bane to my fortunes. What meant I to marry?

I, that before was rank'd in such content;

My mind at rest, too, in so soft a peace,

Being free master of my own free thoughts,

And now become a slave! What, never sigh!

Be of good cheer, man, for thou art a cuckold.

'Tis done! 'tis done! Nay, when such flowing

store,

Plenty itself falls into my wife's lap,

The cornucopia will be mine, I know. But, Cob,

What entertainment had they? I am sure

My sister and my wife would bid them welcome,

eh!

Cob. Like enough, sir; yet I heard not a word of it.

Kite. No; their lips were seal'd with kisses, and the voice,

Drown'd in a flood of joy at their arrival,

Had lost its motion, state, and faculty,

Cob, which of them was't that first kiss'd my wife?

My sister, I should say—my wife, alas!

I fear not her. Ha! Who was it, say'st thou?

Cob. By my troth, sir, will you have the truth of it?

Kite. Ay, good Cob, I pray thee heartily.

Cob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bride-well than your worship's company, if I saw anybody to be kissed, unless they would have kissed the post in the middle of the warehouse; for there I left them all at their tobacco, with a plague.

Kite. How! were they not gone in, then, ere thou

cam'st?

Cob. Oh! no, sir.

Kite. Spite o'the devil! What do I stay here, then? Cob, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Kately's house.*

Enter DOWNRIGHT and DAME KITELY.

Down. Well, sister, I tell you true; and you'll find it so in the end.

Dame K. Alas! brother, what would you have me to do? I cannot help it. You see my brother brings 'em in here; they are his friends.

Down. His friends! his friends! 'Slud, they do nothing but haunt him up and down, like a sort of unlucky spirits, and tempt him to all manner of villany that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devil with some of 'em. And 'twere not more for your husband's sake, than anything else, I'd make the house

too hot for the best of 'em. They should say, and swear, hell were broken loose ere they went hence. But, by God's will, 'tis nobody's fault but your's; for an' you had done as you might have done, they should have been parboiled and baked too, every mother's son, ere they should ha' come in, e'er a one of 'em.

Dame K. God's my life! did you ever hear the like? What a strange man is this! Could I keep out all them, think you? I should put myself against half a dozen men, should I? Good faith, you'd mad the patientest body in the world to hear you talk so, without any sense or reason.

Enter BRIDGET, MASTER MATTHEW, WELLBRED, STEPHEN, YOUNG KNO'WELL, CAPTAIN BOBADIL, and CASH.

Brid. Servant, in troth, you are too prodigal Of your wit's treasure, thus to pour it forth Upon so mean a subject as my worth.

Mat. You say well, mistress; and I mean as well.

Down. Heyday, here is stuff!

Well. Oh! now stand close. Pray heaven she can get him to read; he should do it of his own natural impudence.

Brid. Servant, what is this same, I pray you?

Mat. Marry, an elegy! an elegy! an odd toy—I'll read it, if you please.

Brid. Pray you do, servant.

Down. Oh! here's no foppery. Death! I can endure the stocks better.

Young K. What ails thy brother? Can he not bear the reading of a ballad? (*To Wellbred.*)

Well. Oh! no; a rhyme to him is worse than cheese, or a bagpipe. But mark, you lose the protestation.

Capt. B. Master Matthew, you abuse the expectation of your dear mistress and her fair sister. Fie! while you live, avoid this prolixity.

Mat. I shall, sir. (*Reads.*)

*"Rare creature, let me speak without offence;
Would heav'n my rude words had the influence
To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine;
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine."*

(*Master Stephen shakes his head.*)

Young K. 'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel an' there be any brain in it!

Well. Sister, what ha' you here? verses? Pray you, let's see. Who made these verses? They are excellently good.

Mat. Oh! Master Wellbred, 'tis your disposition to say so, sir. They were good i' the morning; I made 'em extempore this morning.

Well. How, extempore?

Mat. I would I might be hanged else; ask Captain Bobadil; he saw me write them at the—the Star yonder.

Step. Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's verses?

Young K. Oh, admirable! the best that ever I heard, coz.

Step. Body o' Cæsar! they are admirable! The best that ever I heard, as I am a soldier.

Down. I am vexed; I can hold ne'er a bone of me still! 'Heart, I think they mean to build and breed here. (*Aside.*)

Well. Sister Kately, I marvel you get you not a servant that can rhyme and do tricks, too.

Down. Oh, monster! Impudence itself! Tricks! Come, you might practise your ruffian tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wuss. This is no tavern, nor drinking-school, to vent your exploits in.

Well. How now! Whose cow has calved?

Down. Marry, that has mine, sir. Nay, boy, never look askance at me for the matter; I'll tell

you of it; ay, sir, you and your companions! Mend yourselves, when I ha' done!

Well. My companions?

Down. Yes, sir, your companions; so I say. I am not afraid of you nor them neither, your hangbys here. You must have your poets and your pottings, your soldados and foolados, to follow you up and down the city; and here they must come to domineer and swagger. Sirrah, you ballad-singer, and slops, your fellow there, get you out; get you home; or, by this steel, I'll cut off your ears, and that presently.

Well. 'Slight! stay, and let's see what he dare do. Cut off his ears! cut a whetstone. You are an ass, do you see; touch any man here, and by this hand, I'll run my rapier to the hilts in you.

Down. Yea, that would I fain see, boy. (*They all draw, and they of the house part them.*)

Dame K. Oh, Jesu! Murder! Thomas! Gasper!

Brid. Help, help! Thomas!

Young K. Gentlemen, forbear, I pray you.

Capt. B. Well, sirrah! you Holofernes! By my hand, I will pink your flesh full of holes with my rapier, for this; I will, by this good heaven. Nay, let him come, gentlemen, by the body of St. George, I'll not kill him. (*They offer to fight again, and are parted.*)

Cash. Hold, hold! good gentlemen.

Down. You whoreson, bragging coistril.

Enter KITELY.

Kite. Why, how now! what's the matter? What's the stir here?

Put up your weapons, and put off this rage. My wife and sister, they're the cause of this.

What, Thomas; where is the knave?

Cash. Here, sir.

Well. Come, let's go; this is one of my brother's ancient humours, this.

[*Exeunt Master Matthew, Capt. Bobadil, Young Kno'well, and Wellbred.*]

Step. I am glad nobody was hurt by his ancient humour. [*Exit.*]

Kite. Why, how now, brother; who enforced this brawl?

Down. A sort of lewd rake. And they must come here to read ballads, and roguery, and trash! I'll mar the knot of 'em ere I sleep, perhaps; especially Bob there, he that's all manner of shapes; and songs and sonnets, his fellow. But I'll follow 'em. [*Exit.*]

Brid. Brother, indeed you are too violent, Too sudden in your humour.

There was one, a civil gentleman, And very worthily demean'd himself.

Kite. Oh! that was some love of your's, sister.

Brid. A love of mine? I would it were no worse, brother! You'd pay my portion sooner than you think for. [*Exit.*]

Dame K. Indeed, he seemed to be a gentleman of exceeding fair disposition, and of very excellent parts. What a coil and stir is here! [*Exit.*]

Kite. Her love, by heav'n! my wife's minion! Death, these phrases are intolerable!

Well, well, well, well, well!

It is too plain, too clear. Thomas, come hither. What, are they gone?

Cash. Ay, sir, they went in.

My mistress and your sister—

Kite. Are any of the gallants within?

Cash. No, sir, they are all gone.

Kite. Art thou sure of it?

Cash. I can assure you, sir.

Kite. What gentleman was it that they praised so, Thomas?

Cash. One, they call him Master Kno'well, a handsome young gentleman, sir. [*much.*]

Kite. Ay, I thought so. My mind gave me as

I'll die, but they have hid him in the house
Somewhere; I'll go and search. Go with me,
Thomas;

Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Moorfields.*

Enter YOUNG KNO'WELL, WELLBRED, and
BRAINWORM.

Young K. Well, Brainworm, perform this business happily, and thou makest a purchase of my love for ever.

Well. I'faith, now let thy spirits use their best faculties; but at my hand, remember the message to my brother; for there's no other means to start him out of his house.

Brain. I warrant you, sir; fear nothing. I have a nimble soul has waked all forces of my phantasy by this time, and put 'em in true motion. What you have possessed me withal, I'll discharge it amply, sir; make it no question. [*Exit.*]

Well. Forth, and prosper, Brainworm. Faith! Ned, how dost thou approve of my abilities in this device?

Young K. Troth, well, howsoever; but it will come excellent if it take.

Well. Take, man! Why, it cannot choose but take, if the circumstances miscarry not. But tell me ingenuously, dost thou affect my sister Bridget, as thou pretendest?

Young K. Friend, am I worthy of belief?

Well. Come, do not protest. In faith, she is a maid of good ornament, and much modesty; and, except I conceived very worthily of her, thou shouldst not have her.

Young K. Nay, that I'm afraid will be a question yet, whether I shall have her or no.

Well. 'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this light thou shalt.

Young K. I am satisfied; and do believe thou wilt omit no offered occasion to make my desires complete.

Well. Thou shalt see and know I will not.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter FORMAL and KNO'WELL.

For. Was your man a soldier, sir?

Kno. Ay, a knave; I took him begging o'the way,

This morning, as I came over Moorfields.

Re-enter BRAINWORM.

Oh! here he is.—You have made fair speed, believe me;

Where i'the name of sloth could you be thus—

Brain. Marry, peace be my comfort, where I thought I should have had little comfort of your worship's service.

Kno. How so?

Brain. Oh, sir! your coming to the city, your entertainment of me, and your sending me to watch—indeed, all the circumstances either of your charge, or any employment, are as open to your son as to yourself.

Kno. How should that be, unless that villain, Brainworm,

Have told him of the letter, and discovered

All that I strictly charged him to conceal! 'Tis so!

Brain. I am partly o'that faith; 'tis so, indeed.

Kno. But how should he know you to be my man?

Brain. Nay, sir, I cannot tell; unless it be by the black art! Is not your son a scholar, sir?

Kno. Yes; but I hope his soul is not allied Unto such hellish practice; if it were, I had just cause to weep my part in him,

And curse the time of his creation.

But where didst thou find them, Fitz-sword?

Brain. You should rather ask where they found me, sir; for I'll be sworn, I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when, of a sudden, a voice calls, "Mr. Kno'well's man!" another cries, "soldier!" and then, half a dozen of 'em, till they had called me within a house, where I no sooner came, but out flew all their rapiers at my bosom, with some three or four score oaths to accompany 'em; and all to tell me, I was a dead man if I did not confess where you were, and how I was employed, and about what; which, when they could not get out of me, as I protest they must have dissected me, and made an anatomy of me first, and so I told 'em, they locked me up into a room i'the top of a high house; whence, by great miracle, having a light heart, I slid down by a bottom of packthread into the street, and so escaped. But, sir, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it while I was locked up, there were a great many rich merchants' and brave citizens' wives with 'em at a feast; and your son, Mr. Edward, withdrew with one of 'em, and has 'pointed to meet her anon, at one Cob's house, a water-bearer, that dwells by the wall. Now, there your worship shall be sure to take him; for there he preys, and fail he will not.

Kno. Nor will I fail to break his match, I doubt not.

Go thou along with Justice Clement's man, And stay there for me. At one Cob's house say'st thou?

Brain. Ay, sir, there you shall have him. [*Exit Kno'well.*] Yes! Invisible! Much wench, or much son! 'Slight! when he has staid there three or four hours, travailing with the expectation of wonders, and at length be delivered of air! Oh! the sport that I should then take to look on him, if I durst! But now I mean to appear no more before him in this shape. I have another trick to act yet. (*Aside.*) Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

For. Not a whit, sir.

You have been lately in the wars, sir, it seems?

Brain. Marry have I, sir, to my loss, and expense of all, almost—

For. Troth, sir, I would be glad to bestow a bottle o'you, if it please you to accept it—

Brain. Oh! sir—

For. But to hear the manner of your services and your devices in the wars; they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in Roman histories, or sees at Mile-end.

Brain. No, I assure you, sir; why, at any time when it pleases you, I shall be ready to discourse with you all I know—and more too, somewhat. (*Aside.*)

For. No better time than now, sir. We'll go to the Windmill; there we shall have a cup of neat grist, as we call it. I pray you, sir, let me request you to the Windmill.

Brain. I'll follow you, sir; and make grist o'you, if I have good luck. (*Aside.*) [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter YOUNG KNO'WELL, with MASTER MATTHEW, CAPTAIN BOBADIL, and STEPHEN.

Mat. Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him, where we were to-day, Mr. Wellbred's half-brother? I think the whole earth cannot shew his parallel, by this day-light.

Young K. We are now speaking of him. Captain Bobadil tells me he is fallen foul o'you, too.

Mat. Oh! ay, sir! he threatened me with the bastinado.

Capt. B. Ay, but I think I taught you prevention this morning for that. You shall kill him, beyond question, if you be so generously minded.

Mat. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick.

Capt. B. Oh! you do not give spirit enough to your motion; you are too tardy, too heavy! Oh! it must be done like lightning, boy! Tut! 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a punto.

Young K. Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here?

Mat. Oh, good sir! yes, I hope he has!

Capt. B. I will tell you, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone in divers skirts o' the town, where I have driven them before me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their spleen; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot at pleasure. By myself I could have slain them all; but I delight not in murder. I am loath to bear any other than this bastinado for 'em; yet I hold it good policy not to go disarmed; for though I be skilful, I may be oppressed with multitudes.

Young K. Ay, believe me, may you, sir; and, in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Capt. B. Alas! no. What's a peculiar man to a nation? Not seen.

Young K. Oh! but your skill, sir!

Capt. B. Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to his majesty and the lords, observe me, I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of his subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of his yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

Young K. Nay, I know not; nor can I conceive.

Capt. B. Why, thus, sir: I would select nineteen more to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be; of a good spirit, and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have; and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, imboccata, your passada, your montanto; till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong; we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts, and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse us. Well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them, too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty; two hundred days kills them all by computation. And this I will venture to my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

Young K. Why, are you so sure of your hand, Captain, at all times.

Capt. B. Tut! never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

Young K. I would not stand in Downright's state then, an' you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

Capt. B. Why, sir, you mistake. If he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him! Let this gentleman do his mind; but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my distance.

Enter DOWNRIGHT, walking over the stage.

Young K. God's so! Lookye where he is; yonder he goes.

Down. What peevish luck have I; I cannot meet with these bragging rascals!

Capt. B. It's not he, is it?

Young K. Yes, faith, it is he.

Mat. I'll be hanged, then, if that were he.

Young K. I assure you that was he.

Step. Upon my reputation, it was he.

Capt. B. Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so; but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet.

Young K. That I think, sir. But see, he is come again!

Re-enter DOWNRIGHT.

Down. Oh! Pharaoh's foot, have I found you! Come, draw; to your tools. Draw, gipsy, or I'll thrash you.

Capt. B. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee, hear me—

Down. Draw your weapon, then.

Capt. B. Tall man, I never thought on't till now, body of me! I had a warrant of the peace served on me even now, as I came along, by a water bearer; this gentleman saw it, Mr. Matthew. (*Downright beats Captain Bobadil; Matthew runs away.*)

Down. 'Sdeath! you will not draw, then?

Capt. B. Hold, hold! under thy favour, forbear.

Down. Prate again, as you like this, you whore-son foist you. You'll control the point, you? Your consort is gone; had he staid, he had shared with you, sir. [*Exit.*]

Young K. Twenty, and kill them; twenty more, kill them, too—ha, ha!

Capt. B. Well, gentlemen, bear witness; I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

Young K. No, faith, it's an ill day, Captain, never reckon it other; but say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself; that will prove but a poor excuse.

Capt. B. I cannot tell, sir. I desire good construction, in fair sort. I never sustained the like disgrace, by heaven. Sure, I was struck with a planet.

Step. No, Captain, you was struck with a stick.

Young K. Ay, like enough; I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet. Go, get you to a surgeon. 'Slid! and these be your tricks, your passados and your montantos, I'll none of them.

Capt. B. I was planet-struck certainly. [*Exit.*]

Young K. Oh, manners! that this age should bring forth such creatures! that nature should be at leisure to make 'em! Come, coz.

Step. Mass! I'll have this cloak.

Young K. God's will, 'tis Downright's.

Step. Nay, it's mine now; another might have ta'en it up as well as I. I'll wear it, so I will.

Young K. How, an' he see it? He'll challenge it, assure yourself.

Step. Ay, but he shall not ha't; I'll say I bought it.

Young K. Take heed you buy it not too dear, coz. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Chamber in Kiteley's house.

Enter KITELY and CASH.

Kite. Art thou sure, Thomas, we have pried into all and every part throughout the house? Is there no by-place, or dark corner, has escaped our searches?

Cash. Indeed, sir, none; there's not a hole or nook unsearched by us, from the upper loft unto the cellar.

Kite. They have conveyed him then away, or hid him in some privacy of their own. Whilst we were searching of the dark closet by my sister's chamber, didst thou not think thou heard'st a rustling on the other side, and a soft tread of feet?

Cash. Upon my truth, I did not, sir; or if you did, it might be only the vermin in the wainscot; the house is old, and over-run with 'em.

Kite. It is indeed, Thomas. We should bane these rats. Dost thou understand me? We will—they shall not harbour here; I'll cleanse my house from 'em, if fire or poison can effect it: I will not be tormented thus. They gnaw my brain, and burrow in my heart: I cannot bear it.

Cash. I do not understand you, sir. Good now, what is't disturbs you thus? Pray, be composed. These starts of passion have some cause, I fear, that touches you more nearly.

Kite. Soresly, soresly, Thomas. It cleaves too close to me—oh, me! (*Sighs.*) Lend me thy arm—so, good Cash.

Cash. You tremble and look pale! Let me call assistance.

Kite. Not for ten thousand worlds! Alas, alas! 'tis not in medicine to give me ease—here, here it lies.

Cash. What, sir?

Kite. Why—nothing, nothing. I am not sick, yet more than dead; I have a burning fever in my mind, and long for that, which, having, would destroy me.

Cash. Believe me, 'tis your fancy's imposition. Shut up your generous mind from such intruders. I'll hazard all my growing favour with you; I'll stake my present, my future welfare, that some base whispering knave—nay, pardon me, sir—bath, in the best and richest soil, sown seeds of rank and evil nature! Oh! my master, should they take root—(*Laughing within.*)

Kite. Hark, hark! Dost thou not hear? What think'st thou now? Are they not laughing at me? They are, they are! They have deceived the wittol, and thus they triumph in their infamy. This aggravation is not to be borne. (*Laughing again.*) Hark, again! Cash, do thou unseen steal in upon 'em, and listen to their wanton conference.

Cash. I shall obey you, though against my will. [*Exit.*]

Kite. Against his will! Ha! it may be so. He's young, and may be bribed for them; they've various means to draw the unwary in. If it be so, I'm lost, deceived, betrayed, and my bosom, my full-fraught bosom, is unlocked and opened to mockery and laughter! Heaven forbid! He cannot be that viper; stinging the hand that raised and cherished him! Were this stroke added, I should be cursed. But it cannot be; no, it cannot be.

Re-enter CASH.

Cash. You are musing, sir.

Kite. I ask your pardon, Cash. Ask me not why—

I have wronged you, and am sorry. 'Tis gone.

Cash. If you suspect my faith—

Kite. I do not—say no more; and for my sake let it die and be forgotten. Have you seen your mistress, and heard whence was that noise?

Cash. Your brother, Master Wellbred, is with 'em, and I found them throwing out their mirth on a very truly ridiculous subject: it is one Formal, as he styles himself, and he appertains, so he phrases it, to Justice Clement, and would speak with you.

Kite. With me? Art thou sure it is the Justice's clerk? Where is he?

Enter BRAINWORM, as Formal.

Who are you, friend?

Brain. An appendix to Justice Clement, vulgarly called his clerk.

Kite. What are your wants with me?

Brain. None.

Kite. Do you not want to speak with me?

Brain. No, but my master does.

Kite. What are the Justice's commands?

Brain. He doth not command, but entreats Master Kite to be with him directly, having matters of some moment to communicate unto him.

Kite. What can it be? Say I'll be with him instantly; and if your legs, friend, go not faster than your tongue, I shall be there before you.

Brain. I will. *Vale.*

[*Exit.*]

Kite. 'Tis a precious fool, indeed! I must go forth. But first come hither, Thomas! I have admitted thee into the close recesses of my heart, and shewed thee all my frailties, passions, everything.

Be careful of thy promise, keep good watch.

Wilt thou be true, my Thomas?

Cash. As truth's self, sir.

But be assur'd you're heaping care and trouble Upon a sandy base; ill-plac'd suspicion Recoils upon yourself. She's chaste as comely; Believe't she is. Let her not note your humour; Disperse the gloom upon your brow, and be As clear as her unsullied honour.

Kite. I will then, Cash—thou comfort'st me:

I'll drive these

Fiend-like fancies from me, and be myself again. Think'st thou she has perceiv'd my folly? 'Twere Happy, if she had not—she has not: They who know no evil, will suspect none.

Cash. True, sir; nor has your mind a blemish now.

This change has gladden'd me. Here's my mistress,

And the rest; settle your reason to accost 'em.

Kite. I will, Cash, I will.

Enter WELLBRED, DAME KITELY, and BRIDGET.

Well. What are you a plotting, brother Kite, That thus of late you muse alone, and bear Such weighty care upon your pensive brow?

(*Laughs.*)

Kite. My care is all for you, good sneering brother, And well I wish you'd take some wholesome counsel, And curb your headstrong humours; trust me, brother,

You were to blame to raise commotions here, And hurt the peace and order of my house.

Well. No harm done, brother, I warrant you.

Since there is no harm done, anger costs A man nothing, and a brave man is never His own man till he be angry. To keep His valour in obscurity, is to keep himself, As it were, in a cloak-bag. What's a brave Musician, unless he play?

What's a brave man, unless he fight?

Dame K. Ay, but what harm might have come of it, brother?

Well. What, school'd on both sides! Pr'ythee, Bridget, save me from the rod and lecture. (*Bridget and Wellbred retire.*)

Kite. With what a decent modesty she rates him!

My heart's at ease, and she shall see it is. (*Aside.*) How art thou, wife? Thou look'st both gay and comely;

In troth, thou dost. I'm sent for out, my dear, But I shall soon return. Indeed, my life, Business that forces me abroad grows irksome. I could content me with less gain and vantage, To have thee more at home, indeed I could,

Dame K. Your doubts, as well as love, may breed these thoughts.

Kite. That jar untunes me. (*Aside.*)
What dost thou say? Doubt thee?
I should as soon suspect myself. No, no;
My confidence is rooted in thy merit,
So fix'd and settled, that wert thou inclin'd
To masks, to sports, and balls, where lusty youth
Lead up the wanton dance, and the rais'd pulse
Beats quicker measures, yet I could with joy,
With heart's ease and security—not but
I had rather thou shouldst prefer thy home
And me, to boys and such like vanities.

Dame K. But sure, my dear,
A wife may moderately use these pleasures,
Which numbers and the time give sanction to,
Without the smallest blemish on her name.

Kite. And so she may; and I'll go with thee,
child;

I will, indeed; I'll lead thee there myself,
And be the foremost reveller. I'll silence
The sneers of envy, stop the tongue of slander;
Nor will I more be pointed at, as one
Disturb'd with jealousy—

Dame K. Why, were you ever so?

Kite. What?—Ha! never—ha, ha, ha!
She stabs me home. (*Aside.*) Jealous of thee!
No, do not believe it. Speak low, my love,
Thy brother will overhear us. No, no, my dear,
It could not be, it could not be—for—for—
What is the time now? I shall be too late—
No, no; thou may'st be satisfied
There's not the smallest spark remaining—
Remaining! What do I say? There never was,
Nor can, nor ever shall be—so be satisfied.
Is Cob within there? Give me a kiss,
My dear; there, there, now we are reconcil'd—
I'll be back immediately. Good b'ye, good b'ye!
Ha, ha! jealous, I shall burst my sides with laugh-
ing.

Ha, ha! Cob, where are you, Cob? Ha, ha!

[*Exit. Wellbred and Bridget come forward.*]

Well. What have you done to make your hus-
band part so merry from you? He has of late
been little given to laughter.

Dame K. He laughed, indeed, but seemingly
without mirth. His behaviour is new and strange.
He is much agitated, and has some whimsy in his
head, that puzzles mine to read it.

Well. 'Tis jealousy, good sister; and writ so
largely, that the blind may read it; have you not
perceived it yet?

Dame K. If I have, 'tis not always prudent that
my tongue should betray my eyes; so far my wis-
dom tends, good brother, and little more I boast.
But what makes him ever calling for Cob so? I
wonder how he can employ him.

Well. Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs
Cob, is a necessary question for you that are his
wife, and a thing not very easy for you to be satis-
fied in. But this I'll assure you, Cob's wife is an
excellent procuress, sister, and oftentimes your
husband haunts her house: marry to what end, I
cannot altogether accuse him—imagine you what
you think convenient—but I have known fair
hides have foul hearts, ere now, sister.

Dame K. Never said you truer than that, bro-
ther; so much I can tell you for your learning.
Oh, oh! is this the fruits of his jealousy? I thought
some game was in the wind, he acted so much
tenderness but now; but I'll be quit with him.
Thomas!

Re-enter CASH.

Fetch your hat, Thomas, and go with me. [*Exit. Cash.*]
I would to fortune I could take him there,
I'd return him his own, I warrant him! I'd fit him
for his jealousy! [*Exit.*]

Well. Ha, ha! so e'en let 'em go; this may make
sport anon.—What, Brainworm!

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. I saw the merchant turn the corner, and
come back to tell you all goes well; wind and tide,
my master.

Well. But how got'st thou this apparel of the
Justice's man?

Brain. Marry, sir, my proper fine penman would
needs bestow the grist o'me at the Windmill, to
hear some marshal discourse, where I so marshalled
him, that I made him drunk with admiration; and
because too much heat was the cause of his dis-
temper, I stripped him stark naked as he lay along
asleep, and borrowed his suit to deliver this coun-
terfeit message in, leaving a rusty armour, and an
old brown bill, to watch him till they return; which
shall be, when I have pawned his apparel, and spent
the better part of the money, perhaps.

Well. Well, thou art a successful, merry knave,
Brainworm; his absence will be subject for more
mirth. I pray thee, return to thy young master,
and will him to meet me and my sister Bridget at
the Tower instantly; for here, tell him, the house
is so stored with jealousy, there is no room for love
to stand upright in. We must get our fortunes
committed to some large prison, say: and then the
Tower, I know no better air, nor where the liberty
of the house may do us more present service.
Away. [*Exit Brainworm.*]

Brid. What, is this the engine that you told me
of? What further meaning have you in the plot?

Well. That you may know, fair sister-in-law,
how happy a thing it is to be fair and beautiful.

Brid. That touches not me, brother.

Well. Well, there's a dear and well respected
friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly and
worthily affected towards you, and hath vowed to
inflamm whole bonfires of zeal at his heart, in honour
of your perfections. I have already engaged my
promise to bring you where you shall hear him
confirm much more. Ned Kno'well is the man,
sister. There's no exception against the party.
What say you, sister? On my soul, he loves you;
will you give him this meeting?

Brid. Faith, I had very little confidence in my
own constancy, brother, if I durst not meet a man;
but this motion of your's savours of an old knight
adventurer's servant a little too much, methinks.

Well. What's that, sister?

Brid. Marry, of the go be-tween.

Well. No matter if it did; I would be such an
one for my friend. But see, who is returned to
hinder us.

Re-enter KITELY.

Kite. What villany is this? Called out on a
false message! This was some plot. I was not
sent for. Bridget, where's your sister?

Brid. I think she be gone forth, sir.

Kite. How! Is my wife gone forth? Whither,
for heaven's sake?

Brid. She's gone abroad with Thomas.

Kite. Abroad with Thomas! Oh! that villain
cheats me!

He hath discover'd all unto my wife:

Beast that I was to trust him. (*Aside.*) Whither,
I pray

You, went she?

Brid. I know not, sir.

Well. I'll tell you, brother, whither I suspect
she's gone.

Kite. Whither, good brother?

Well. To Cob's house, I believe; but keep my
counsel.

Kite. I will, I will.—To Cob's house! Does
she haunt there?

She's gone on purpose now to cuckold me,
With that lewd rascal, who, to win her favour,
Hath told her all. Why would you let her go?

Well. Because she's not my wife; if she were,
I'd keep her to her tether.

Kite. So, so! now 'tis plain. I shall go mad
With my misfortunes, now they pour in torrents.
I'm bruted by my wife, betray'd by my servant,
Mock'd at by my relations, pointed at by my
neighbours,

Despis'd by myself—There is nothing left now
But to revenge myself first, next hang myself;
And then—all my cares will be over. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Stocks-market.*

Enter MASTER MATTHEW and CAPTAIN BOBADIL.

Mat. I wonder, Captain, what they will say of
my going away, eh?

Capt. B. Why, what should they say? but as of
a discreet gentleman; quick, wary, respectful
of nature's fair lineaments, and that's all.

Mat. Why so? but what can they say of their
beating?

Capt. B. A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a
kind of gross battery used, lain on strongly, borne
most patiently, and that's all. But wherefore do I
wake their remembrance? I was fascinated, by Ju-
piter! fascinated! but I will be unwitched, and
revenge'd by law.

Mat. Do you hear? Is't not best to get a war-
rant, and have him arrested, and brought before
Justice Clement?

Capt. B. It were not amiss; would we had it!

Mat. Why, here comes his man, let's speak to
him.

Capt. B. Agreed. Do you apeak.

Enter BRAINWORM, as Formal.

Mat. Save you, sir.

Brain. With all my heart, sir.

Mat. Sir, there is one Downright hath abused
this gentleman and myself, and we determine to
make ourselves amends by law; now if you would
do us the favour to procure a warrant to bring him
before your master, you shall be well considered
of, I assure you, sir.

Brain. Sir, you know my service is my living;
such favours as these, gotten of my master, is his
only preferment, and therefore you must consider
me, as I may make benefit of my place.

Mat. How is that, sir?

Brain. 'Faith, sir, the thing is extraordinary, and
the gentleman may be of great account. Yet, be
what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of
angels in my hand, you shall have it, otherwise
not.

Mat. How shall we do, Captain? He asks a
brace of angels. You have no money. (*Apart to*
Capt. B.)

Capt. B. Not a cross, by fortune. (*Apart.*)

Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but twopence
left of my two shillings in the morning for wine
and radish. Let's find him some pawn. (*Apart.*)

Capt. B. Pawn! We have none to the value of
his demand. (*Apart.*)

Mat. Oh! yes, I can pawn my ring here. (*Apart.*)

Capt. B. And, barkye, he shall have my trusty
Toledo, too; I believe I shall have no service for it
to-day. (*Apart.*)

Mat. Do you hear, sir? We have no store of
money at this time, but you shall have good pawns.

Look you, sir; I will pledge this ring, and that
gentleman his Toledo, because we would have it
despatched.

Brain. I am content, sir; I will get you the
warrant presently. What's his name, say you?
Downright?

Mat. Ay, ay, George Downright.

Brain. Well, gentlemen, I'll procure you the
warrant presently. But who will you have to serve
it?

Mat. That's true, Captain; that must be con-
sidered.

Capt. B. Body o'me, I know not! 'Tis service
of danger!

Brain. Why, you were best get one of the var-
lets o'the city; a sergeant; I'll appoint you one, if
you please.

Mat. Will you, sir? Why, we can wish no
better.

Capt. B. We'll leave it to you, sir.

Brain. This is rare! Now will I go pawn this
cloak of the Justice's man's, at the broker's for a
varlet's suit, and be the varlet myself, and so get
money on all sides. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Street before Cob's house.*

Enter KNO'WELL.

Kno. Oh! here it is; I have found it now. Hoa!
who is within here? (*TIB appears at the window.*)

Tib. I am within, sir. What's your pleasure?

Kno. To know who is within besides yourself.

Tib. Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope?

Kno. Oh! fear you the constable? Then I doubt
not you have some guests within deserve that fear.
I'll fetch him straight.

Tib. For heaven's sake, sir—

Kno. Go to! Come, tell me, is not young Kno'well
here?

Tib. Young Kno'well! I know none such, sir,
o'my honesty.

Kno. Your honesty, dame! It flies too lightly
from you. There is no way but fetch the con-
stable.

Tib. The constable! the man is mad, I think.

Enter CASH and DAME KITELY.

Kno. Oh! this is the female copesmate of my
son.

Now shall I meet him straight. (*Aside.*)

Dame K. Knock hard, Thomas.

Cash. Hoa, good wife!

Tib. Why, what's the matter with you?

Dame K. Why, woman, grieves it you to ope the
door?

Belike you get something to keep it shut.

Tib. What mean these questions, pray you?

Dame K. So strange you make it! Is not my
husband here?

Kno. Her husband! (*Aside.*)

Dame K. My tried and faithful husband, Master
Kitley.

Tib. I hope he needs not be tried here.

Dame K. Come hither, Cash. I see my turtle
coming to his haunts. Let us retire. (*They re-
tire.*)

Kno. This must be some device to mock me
withal.

Soft—who is this? Oh! 'tis my son disguis'd.

I'll watch him and surprise him.

Enter KITELY, muffled in a cloak.

Kite. 'Tis truth, I see: there she skulks.
But I will fetch her from her hold—I will—

I tremble so, I scarce have power to do the justice
Her infamy demands.

(*As Kately goes forward, Dame Kately and
Kno well lay hold of him.*)

Kno. Have I trapped you, youth? You cannot
escape me now.

Dame K. Oh, sir! have I forestall'd your honest
market?

Found your close walks? You stand amaz'd
Now, do you? Ah! hide, hide your face for shame!
I faith, I am glad I've found you out at last.

Kno. What mean you, woman? Let go your
hold.

I see the counterfeit. I am his father,
And claim him as my own.

Kite. (*Discovers himself.*) I am your cuckold,
and claim my vengeance.

Dame K. What, do you wrong me, and insult me
too?

Thou faithless man!

Kite. Out on thy more than strumpet's impu-
dence!

Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? And have I taken
Thy bawd and thee, and thy companion,
This hoary-headed lecher, this old goat,
Close at your villany, and wouldst thou excuse it
With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me?
Oh! old incontinent, dost thou not shame
To have a mind so hot, and to entice
And feed the enticement of a lustful woman?

Dame K. Out! I defy thee, thou dissembling
wretch!

Kite. Defy me, strumpet! Ask thy pander here;
Can he deny it, or that wicked elder?

Kno. Why, hear you, sir—

Cash. Master, 'tis in vain to reason while these
passions blind you. I'm grieved to see you thus.

Kite. Tut, tut! never speak; I see through every
Veil you cast upon your treachery; but I have
Done with you, and root you from my heart for
ever.

For you, sir, thus I demand my honour's due;
Resolv'd to cool your lust, or end my shame.

(*Draws.*)

Kno. What lunacy is this? Put up your sword,
and undeceive yourself. No arm that e'er poised
weapon can aflright me; but I pity folly, nor cope
with madness.

Kite. I will have proofs—I will—so you, good
wife-bawd, Cob's wife; and you, that make your
husband such a monster; and you, young pander,
an old cuckold-maker; I'll ha' you every one be-
fore the justice. Nay, you shall answer it; I
charge you go. Come forth, thou bawd. (*Goes
into the house, and brings out TIB.*)

Kno. Marry, with all my heart, sir; I go will-
ingly.

Though I do taste this as a trick put on me,
To punish my impertinent search, and justly;
And half forgive my son for the device.

Kite. Come, will you go?

Dame K. Go, to thy shame believe it.

Kite. Though shame and sorrow hath my heart
betide,

Come on—I must and will be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Stocks-market.

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. Well, of all my disguises yet, now am I
most like myself, being in this sergeant's gown. A
man of my present profession never counterfeits
till he lays hold upon a debtor, and says he 'rests
him; for then he brings him to all manner of unrest.
A kind of little kings we are, bearing the diminutive
of a mace, made like a young artichoke, that
always carries pepper and salt in itself. Well, I

know not what danger I undergo by this exploit;
pray heaven, I come well off!

Enter CAPTAIN BOBADIL and MASTER MATTHEW.

Mat. See, I think yonder is the varlet, by his
gown. 'Save you, friend; are not you here by ap-
pointment of Justice Clement's man?

Brain. Yes, an' please you, sir, he told me two
gentlemen had willed him to procure a warrant
from his master, which I have about me, to be
served on one Downright.

Mat. It is honestly done of you both; and see
where the party comes you must arrest. Serve it
upon him quickly, before he be aware.

Enter MASTER STEPHEN, in Downright's cloak.

Capt. B. Bear back, Master Matthew.

Brain. Master Downright, I arrest you i'the
queen's name, and must carry you before a justice,
by virtue of this warrant.

Step. Me, friend; I am no Downright, I. I am
Master Stephen; you do not well to arrest me, I
tell you truly. I am in nobody's bonds or books,
I would you should know it. A plague on you
heartily, for making me thus afraid before my
time.

Brain. Why, now you are deceived, gentlemen!

Capt. B. He wears such a cloak, and that de-
ceived us. But see, here he comes, indeed! This
is he, officer.

Enter DOWNRIGHT.

Down. Why, how now, signior Gull? Are you
turned filcher of late? Come, deliver my cloak.

Step. Your cloak, sir! I bought it even now in
open market.

Brain. Master Downright, I have a warrant I
must serve upon you, procured by these two gen-
tlemen.

Down. These gentlemen! These rascals!

Brain. Keep the peace, I charge you in her
majesty's name.

Down. I obey thee. What must I do, officer?

Brain. Go before Master Justice Clement, to
answer what they can object against you, sir. I
will use you kindly, sir.

Mat. Come, let's before, and make the Justice,
Captain—

Capt. B. The varlet's a tall man, before heaven! [*Exit.*]

Down. Gull, you'll gi' me my cloak?

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it.

Down. You will?

Step. Ay, that I will.

Down. Officer, there's thy fee; arrest him.

Brain. Master Stephen, I must arrest you.

Step. Arrest me! I scorn it; there, take your
cloak, I'll none on't.

Down. Nay, that shall not serve your turn now,
sir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the Justice's.
Bring him along.

Step. Why, is not here your cloak; what would
you have?

Down. I'll ha' you answer it, sir.

Brain. Sir, I'll take your word, and this gentle-
man's too, for his appearance.

Down. I'll ha' no words taken. Bring him along.

Brain. (*Aside.*) So, so, I have made a fair mash
on't.

Step. Must I go?

Brain. I know no remedy, Master Stephen.

Down. Come along before me here. I do not
love your hanging-look behind.

Step. Why, sir, I hope you cannot hang me for
it. Can he, fellow?

Brain. I think not, sir. It is but whipping
matter, sure!

Step. Why, then, let him do his worst, I am resolute. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Justice Clement's house.*

Enter JUSTICE CLEMENT, KNO'WELL, KITELY, DAME KITELY, TIB, CASH, COB, and *Servants.*

Just. C. Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave. My chair, sirrah. You, Master Kno'well, say you went thither to meet your son?

Kno. Ay, sir.

Just. C. But who directed you thither?

Kno. That did mine own man, sir.

Just. C. Where is he?

Kno. Nay, I know not now; I left him with your clerk, and appointed him to stay for me.

Just. C. My clerk! About what time was this?

Kno. Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

Just. C. And what time came my man with the false message to you, Master Kately?

Kite. After two, sir.

Just. C. Very good; but, Mrs. Kately, how chance it that you were at Cob's, eh?

Dame K. An' please you, sir, I'll tell you. My brother Wellbred told me, that Cob's house was a suspected place—

Just. C. So it appears, methinks: but on.

Dame K. And that my husband used thither daily.

Just. C. No matter, so he used himself well, mistress.

Dame K. True, sir; but you know what grows by such haunts, oftentimes.

Just. C. I see rank fruits of a jealous brain, Mistress Kately. But did you find your husband there, in that case, as you suspected?

Kite. I found her there, sir.

Just. C. Did you so? That alters the case. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?

Kite. Marry, that did my brother Wellbred.

Just. C. How! Wellbred first tell her, then tell you after! Where is Wellbred?

Kite. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

Just. C. Why, this is a mere trick, a device; you are gulled in this most grossly, all! Alas, poor wench! wert thou suspected for this?

Tib. Yes, an't please you.

Just. C. I smell mischief here; plot and contrivance, Master Kately. However, if you will step into the next room with your wife, and think coolly of matters, you'll find some trick has been played you. I fear there have been jealousies on both parts, and the wags have been merry with you.

Kite. I begin to feel it: I'll take your counsel. Will you go in, dame?

Dame K. I will have justice, Mr. Kately.

[*Exit with Kately.*]

Just. C. You will be a woman, Mrs. Kately, that I see. How now, what's the matter?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a gentleman i'the court without desires to speak with your worship.

Just. C. A gentleman! What is he?

Serv. A soldier, sir, he says.

Just. C. A soldier! My sword, quickly. A soldier speak with me! Stand by; I will end your matters anon. Let the soldier enter. Now, sir, what ha' you to say to me?

Enter CAPTAIN BOBADIL and MASTER MATTHEW.

Capt. B. By your worship's favour—

Just. C. Nay, keep out, sir, I know not your

pretence; you send me word, sir, you are a soldier? Why, sir, you shall be answered here; here be them that have been among soldiers. Sir, your pleasure?

Capt. B. Faith! sir, so it is; this gentleman and myself have been most uncivilly wronged and beaten by one Downright, a coarse fellow about the town here; and, for my own part, I protest, being a man in no sort given to this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace; despoiled me of mine honour; disarmed me of my weapons; and rudely laid me along in the open streets, when I not so much as once offered to resist him.

Just. C. Oh, God's precions! is this the soldier? Lie there, my sword, 'twill make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on't, that will put up a blow.

Mat. An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

Just. C. Why, an' he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

Serv. There's one of the varlets of the city, sir, has brought two gentlemen here; one upon your worship's warrant.

Just. C. My warrant?

Serv. Yes, sir; the officer says, procured by these two.

Just. C. Bid him come in. Set by this picture. What, Mr. Downright, are you brought at Mr. Freshwater's suit here?

Enter DOWNRIGHT, MASTER STEPHEN, and BRAINWORM.

Down. I'faith, sir! And here's another brought at my suit.

Just. C. What are you, sir?

Step. A gentleman, sir. Oh! uncle.

Just. C. Uncle! Who, Master Kno'well?

Kno. Ay, sir, this is a wise kinsman of mine.

Step. Uncle, I am wronged here monstrously; he charges me with stealing of his cloak; and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street by chance.

Down. Oh! did you find it, now? You said you bought it ere-while.

Step. And you said I stole it. Nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Just. C. Well, let this breathe awhile. You that have cause to complain there, stand forth. Had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension?

Capt. B. Ay, an't please your worship.

Just. C. Nay, do not speak in passion so. Where had you it?

Capt. B. Of your clerk, sir.

Just. C. That's well, an' my clerk can make warrants, and my hand not at 'em! Where is the warrant? Officer, have you it?

[*Capt. B. and Matthew steal off.*]

Brain. No, sir; your worship's man, Master Formal, bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

Just. C. Why, Master Downright, are you such a novice to be served, and never see the warrant?

Down. Sir, he did not serve it on me.

Just. C. No; how then?

Down. Marry, sir, he came to me, and said he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so—

Just. C. Oh, God's pity! was it so, sir? He must serve it! Give me a warrant; I must serve one, too. You knave, you slave, you rogue! do you say you must, sirrah! Away with him to gaol. I'll teach you a trick for your must, sir.

Brain. Good sir, I beseech you, be good to me.

Just. C. Tell him he shall to the gaol; away with him, I say.

Brain. Ay, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for committing more than this. I will not lose by my travel any grain of my fame certain. (*Throws off his disguise.*)

Just. C. How is this?

Kno. My man, Brainworm!

Step. Oh! yes, uncle, Brainworm has been with my cousin Edward and I all this day.

Just. C. I told you all there was some device.

Brain. Nay, excellent Justice, since I have laid myself thus open to you, now stand strong for me, both with your sword and your balance.

Just. C. Body o'me! a merry knave! Give me a bowl of sack. (*A Servant brings it him.*) If he belongs to you, Master Kno'well, I bespeak your patience.

Brain. That is it I have most need of. Sir, if you'll pardon me only, I'll glory in all the rest of my exploits.

Kno. Sir, you know I love not to have my favours come hard from me. You have your pardon; though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsel with my son against me.

Brain. Yes, 'faith! I have, sir; though you retained me doubly this morning for yourself; first, as Brainworm; after, as Fitz-sword. I was your reformed soldier. 'Twas I sent you to Cob's upon the errand without end.

Kno. Is it possible? Or that thou shouldst disguise thyself so as I should not know thee?

Brain. Oh! sir, this has been the day of my metamorphoses; it is not that shape alone that I have run through to-day. I brought Master Kitey a message, too, in the form of Master Justice's man here, to draw him out o'the way, as well as your worship; while Master Wellbred might make a conveyance of Mistress Bridget to my young master.

Just. C. But, I pray thee, what hast thou done with my man, Formal?

Brain. 'Faith! sir, after some ceremony past, as making him drunk, first with story, and then with wine, but all in kindness, and stripping him to his

shirt, I left him in that cool vein, departed, sold your worship's warrant to these two, pawned his livery for that varlet's gown to serve it in; and thus have brought myself, by my activity, to your worship's consideration.

Just. C. And I will consider thee in a cup of sack. Here's to thee; (*drinks*) which having drank off, this is my sentence, pledge me. Thou hast done, or assisted to nothing, in my judgment, but deserves to be pardoned for the wit o'the offence. Go into the next room; let Master Kitey into this whimsical business; and if he does not forgive thee, he has less mirth in him than an honest man ought to have. [*Exit Brainworm.*] Call Master Kitey and his wife there.

Re-enter KITELY and DAME KITELY.

Did not I tell you there was a plot against you? Did not I smell it out, as a wise magistrate ought? Have not you traced, have you found it, eh! Master Kitey?

Kite. I have; I confess my folly, and own I have deserved what I have suffered for it. The trial has been severe, but it is past. All I have to ask now is, that as my folly is cured, and my persecutors forgiven, my shame may be forgotten.

Just. C. That will depend upon yourself, Master Kitey; do not you yourself create the food for mischief, and the mischievous will not prey upon you. But come, let a general reconciliation go round, and let all discontents be laid aside. You, Mr. Downright, put off your anger; you, Master Kno'well, your cares; and do you, Master Kitey and your wife, put off your jealousies.

Kite. Sir, thus they go from me: kiss me, my wife;

See what a drove of horns fly in the air,
Wing'd with my cleansed and my credulous breath;
Watch 'em, suspicious eyes, watch where they fall;
See, see, on heads that think they've none at all.
Oh! what a plenteous world of this will come,
When air rains horns, all may be sure of some.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE EARL OF ESSEX;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY HENRY JONES.



Act III.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

EARL OF ESSEX
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON
LORD BURLEIGH

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER
ATTENDANTS

QUEEN ELIZABETH
COUNTESS OF NOTTINGHAM
COUNTESS OF RUTLAND

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Antichamber in the Palace.*

Enter LORD BURLEIGH and SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Lord B. The bill, at length, has pass'd opposing numbers,

Whilst crowds seditious clamour'd round the senate,

And headlong faction urg'd its force within.

Sir W. It has, my lord. The wish'd-for day is come,

When this proud idol of the people's hearts
Shall now no more be worshipp'd.—Essex falls.

My lord, the minute's near that shall unravel

The mystic schemes of this aspiring man.

Now fortune, with officious hand, invites us

To her, and opens wide the gates of greatness,

The way to power. My heart exults; I see,

I see, my lord, our utmost wish accomplish'd.

I see great Cecil shine without a rival,

And England bless him as her guardian saint.

Such potent instruments I have prepar'd,

As shall, with speed, o'erturn this hated man,

And dash him down, by proof invincible.

Lord B. His day of glory now is set in night,

And all my anxious hopes, at last, are crown'd.

Those proofs against him, Raleigh—

Sir W. All arrived.

Lord B. Arrived! how? when?

Sir W. This very hour, my lord:

Nay, more; a person comes, of high distinction,

To prove some secret treaties made by Essex,

With Scotland's monarch and the proud Tyrone.

Lord B. How say'st! to prove 'em?

Sir W. Ay, my lord, and back'd

With circumstances of a stronger nature.

It now appears, his secretary, Cuff,
With Blunt and Lee, were deep concern'd in this
Destructive scheme, contriv'd to raise this lord,
And ruin Cecil. Oh! it is a subtle,
A deep laid mischief, by the Earl contriv'd,
In hour malignant, to o'erturn the state,
And (horror to conceive!) dethrone the Queen.

Lord B. These gladsonie tidings fly beyond my hopes!

The Queen will listen now, will now believe,

And trust the counsel of her faithful Burleigh.

Dispose 'em well, till kind occasion calls

Their office forth, lest prying craft, meanwhile,

May tamper with their thoughts, and change their minds:

Let them, like batteries conceal'd, appear

At once, both to surprise and to destroy.

Sir W. This sudden shock, my lord, this weighty stroke,

Must press him headlong down to deep destruction;

Indignant fate marks out this dreaded man,

And fortune now has left him.

Lord B. Think the changling;

His servile faction soon will stand aghast,

And sink, at distance, from his threat'ning fall.

Sir W. His headstrong friend, the bold Southampton, too,

Now finds his rash endeavours all defeated;

And storms at thee and the impeaching commons.

Lord B. Let him rave on, and rage. The lion in
The toils entangled, wastes his strength, and roars
In vain; his efforts but amuse me now.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. My lord, the Lady Nottingham desires,
With much impatience, to attend your lordship,

Lord B. What may the purport of her business be?

Her tender wishes are to Essex tied
In love's soft fetters, and endearing bands.

[*Exit Gentleman.*]
And you, my Raleigh, watch Southampton's steps;
With care observe each movement of his friends;
That no advantage on that side be lost.

[*Exit Sir W.*]

Enter COUNTESS OF NOTTINGHAM.

Countess N. Thrice hail to rescu'd England's
guiding genius!

His country's guardian, and his queen's defence.
Great Burleigh, thou whose patriot bosom beats
With Albion's glory and Eliza's fame;
Who shield'st her person, and support'st her throne;

For thee, what fervent thanks, what offer'd vows,
Do prostrate millions pay!

Lord B. Bright excellence,
This fair applause too highly over-rates,
Too much extols, the low deserts of Cecil.

Countess N. What praises are too high for patriot-worth;

Or what applause exceeds the price of virtue?
My lord, conviction has, at last, subdu'd me,
And I am honour's proselyte:—too long
My erring heart pursu'd the ways of faction;
I own myself t' have been your bitt' rest foe,
And join'd with Essex in each foul attempt
To blast your honour, and traduce your fame.

Lord B. Though ne'er my wishing heart could
call you friend,

Yet honour and esteem I always bore you;
And never meant but with respect to serve you.

Countess N. It is enough, my lord, I know it
well,

And feel rekindling virtue warm my breast;
Honour and gratitude their force resume
Within my heart, and every wish is yours.
Oh! Cecil, Cecil, what a foe hast thou,
A deadly foe, whilst hated Essex lives!

Lord B. I know it well, but can assign no cause.

Countess N. Ambition's restless hand has wound
his thoughts

Too high for England's welfare; nay, the Queen
Scarce sits in safety on her throne, while he,
Th' audacious Essex, freely treads at large,
And breathes the common air. Ambition is
The only god he serves, to whom he'd sacrifice
His honour, country, friends, and every tie
Of truth, and bond of nature; nay, his love.

Lord B. The man that in his public duty fails,
On private virtue will disdainful tread,
As steps to raise him to some higher purpose:
In vain each softer wish would plead with him,
No tender movement in his soul prevails,
And mighty love, who rules all nature else,
Must follow here in proud ambition's train.

Countess N. Pronounce it not, my soul abhors
the sound,

Like death. Oh! Cecil, will you kindly lend
Some pity to a wretch like me?

Lord B. Command,

Madam; my power and will are your's.

Countess N. Will Cecil's friendly ear vouchsafe
to bend

Its great attention to a woman's wrongs,
Whose pride and shame, resentment and despair,
Rise up in raging anarchy at once,
To tear with ceaseless pangs my tortur'd soul?
Words are unequal to the woes I feel,
And language lessens what my heart endures.
Passion, repuls'd with scorn and proud disdain,
Recoils indignant on my shrinking soul,
Beats back my vital spring, and crushes life.

Lord B. Madam, your wrongs, I must confess,
are great;

Yet still, I fear, you know not half his falsehood.

Who but the false, perfidious Essex could
Prefer to Nottingham a Rutland's charms?
Start not: by heav'n, I tell you nought but truth,
What I can prove, past doubt; that he receiv'd
The Lady Rutland's hand in sacred wedlock,
The very night before his setting out
For Ireland.

Countess N. Oh! may quick destruction seize
'em!

May furies blast, and hell destroy their peace!
May all their nights—

Lord B. I pray, have patience, madam;
Restrain awhile your rage; curses are vain.
But there's a surer method to destroy him;
And if you'll join with me, 'tis done:—he falls.

Countess N. Ha! say'st thou, Burleigh? Speak,
my genius, speak;
Be quick as vengeance' self to tell me how.

Lord B. You must have heard the commons have
impeach'd him,

And we have proofs sufficient for his ruin.
But the Queen—you know how fair he stands
In her esteem; and Rutland, too, his wife,
Hath full possession of the royal ear.
What, then, avail impeachments, or the law's
Severest condemnation, while the Queen
May snatch him from the uplifted hand of justice?
Here, then, my Nottingham, begins thy task:
Try every art t' incense the Queen against him,
Then step between her and the Lady Rutland;
Observe Southampton, too, with jealous eye;
Prevent, as much as possible, his suit;
For well I know he will not fail to try
His eloquence on behalf of Essex.

Countess N. It shall be done; his doom is fix'd;
he dies.

Oh! 'twas a precious thought! I never knew
Such heart-felt satisfaction! Essex dies;
And Rutland, in her turn, shall learn to weep.
The time is precious; I'll about it straight.
Come, vengeance, come, assist me now to breathe
Thy venom'd spirit in the royal ear. [*Exit.*]

Lord B. There spoke the very genius of the sex.
A disappointed woman sets no bounds
To her revenge. Her temper's form'd to serve me.

Enter SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Sir W. The Lord Southampton, with ungovern'd
rage,

Resents aloud his disappointed measures.
I met him in the outward court; he seeks
In haste your lordship; and, forgetting forms,
Pursues me hither, and demands to see you.

Lord B. Raleigh, 'tis well: withdraw; attend the
Queen.

Leave me to deal with this o'erbearing man.

[*Exit Sir W.*]

Enter EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

Earl S. Where is the man that virtue calls her
friend?

I give you joy, my lord! your quenchless fury
At length prevails, and now your malice triumphs.
You've hunted honour to the toil of faction,
And view his struggles with malicious joy.

Lord B. What means my lord?

Earl S. Oh! fraud, shall valiant Essex
Be made a sacrifice to your ambition!
Oh! it smells foul, indeed, of rankest malice,
And the vile statesman's craft. You dare not, sure,
Thus bid defiance to each shew of worth,
Each claim of honour: dare not injure thus
Your suff'ring country in her bravest son?

Lord B. But why should stern reproach her
angry brow

Let fall on me! Am I alone the cause
That gives this working humour strength? Do I
Instruct the public voice to warp his actions?
Justice, untaught, shall poise th' impartial scales,
And every curious eye may mark the beam.

Earl S. The specious shield, which private malice bears,
Is ever blazon'd with some public good;
Behind that artful fence, skulk low, conceal'd
The bloody purpose and the poison'd shaft;
Ambition there, and envy nestle close;
From thence they take their fatal aim unseen;
And honest merit is the destin'd mark.

Lord B. My country's welfare, and my Queen's command,
Have ever been my guiding stars through life,
My sure direction still. To these I now
Appeal; from these, no doubt, this lord's misconduct

Hath widely stray'd; and reason, not reviling,
Must now befriend his cause.

Earl S. How ill had Providence
Dispos'd the suffering world's oppress'd affairs,
Had sacred right's eternal rule been left
To crafty politicians' partial sway!
Then power and pride would stretch th' enormous grasp,

And call their arbitrary portion justice:
Ambition's arm, by a'rice urg'd, would pluck
The core of honesty from virtue's heart,
And plant deceit and rancour in its stead:
Falseness would trample, then, on truth and honour,
And envy poison sweet benevolence.
Oh! 'tis a goodly group of attributes,
And well befits some statesman's righteous rule!
Out, out upon such base and bloody doings!
The term of being is not worth the sin;
No human bosom can endure its dart.
Then put this cruel purpose from thee far,
Nor let the blood of Essex whelm thy soul

Lord B. 'Tis well, my lord! your words no comment need;

Yet mark me well, my lord, the clinging ivy
With th' oak may rise, but with it, too, must fall.
Earl S. Thy empty threats, ambitious man, hurt not

The breast of truth. Fair innocence and faith,
Those strangers to thy practis'd heart, shall shield
My honour, and preserve my friend. In vain,
Thy malice, with unequal arm, shall strive
To tear th' applauded wreath from Essex' brow;
His honest laurel, held aloft by fame,
Shall bloom immortal to the latest times;
Whilst thou, amidst thy tangling snares involv'd,
Shall sink confounded, and unpitied fall.

Lord B. Rail on, proud lord, and give thy choleric vent:

It wastes itself in vain; the Queen shall judge
Between us in this warm debate. To her
I now repair; and, in her royal presence,
You may approve your innocence and faith.
Perhaps you'll meet me there. Till then, farewell!

[*Exit.*]

Earl S. Confusion wait thy steps, thou cruel monster!

My noble and illustrious friend betray'd,
By crafty faction and tyrannic power,
His sinking trophies, and his falling fame,
Oppress my very soul. I'll to the Queen,
Lay all their envy open to her view,
Confront their malice, and preserve my friend.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

QUEEN ELIZABETH *discovered, sitting on her throne.*
SIR WALTER RALEIGH, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Queen. Without consulting me! presumptuous man!

Who governs here? What! am not I your queen?
You dar'd not, were he present, take this step.

Sir W. Dread sov'reign, your ever-faithful commons

Have, in their gratitude and love for you,
Preferr'd this salutary bill against him.

Enter LORD BURLEIGH.

Queen. You, my Lord Burleigh, must have known of this.

The commons here impeach the Earl of Essex
Of practising against the state and me.
Methinks, I might be trusted with the secret.
Speak, for I know it well, 'twas thy contrivance.
Ha! was it not? You dare not say it was not.

Lord B. I own my judgment did concur with theirs.

His crimes, I fear, will justify the charge,
And vindicate their loyalty and mine.

Queen. Ha! tell not me your smooth, deceitful story!

I know your projects and your close cabals.
You'd turn my favour into party feuds,
And use my sceptre as the rod of faction:
But Henry's daughter claims a nobler soul.
I'll nurse no party, but will reign o'er all;
And my sole rule shall be to bless my people:
Who serves them best has still my highest favour:
This Essex ever did.

Enter EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

Behold, Southampton,
What a base portrait's here! The faithful Essex
Here drawn at large associating with rebels,
To spoil his country and dethrone his Queen.

Earl S. It is not like. By heav'n, the hand of envy

Drew these false lines, distorted far from truth
And honour, and unlike my noble friend
As light to shade, or hell to highest heav'n!
Then suffer not, thou best of queens, this lord,
This valiant lord, to fall a sacrifice

To treachery and base designs; who now
Engages death in all her horrid shapes,
Amidst a hardy race, inur'd to danger;
But let him face to face this charge encounter,
And every falsehood, like his foes, shall fly.

Queen. To me you seem to recommend strict justice,

In all her pomp of power. But are you sure
No subtle vice conceal'd assumes her garb?
Take heed, that malice does not wear the mask,
Nor envy deck her in her borrow'd guise.
Impeach the very man to whom I owe
My brightest rays of glory! Look to it, lords;
Take care, be cautious on what ground you tread;
Let honest means alone secure your footing.
Raleigh and you withdraw, and wait our leisure.

[*Exeunt Sir W. and Earl S.*
Lord Burleigh, stay; we must with you have farther

Conference. I see this base contrivance plain.
Your jealousy and pride, your envy of
His shining merit, brought this bill to light.
But mark me, as you prize our high regard
And favour, I command you to suppress it:
Let not our name and power be embarrass'd
In your perplexing schemes. 'Twas you began,
And, therefore, you must end it.

Lord B. I obey.

Yet humbly would entreat you to consider
How new, unpopular, this step must be,
To stand between your parliament's inquiry
And this offending lord. We have such proofs—

Queen. Reserve 'your proofs to a more proper season,

And let them then appear. But once again
We charge you, on your duty and allegiance,
To stop this vile proceeding; and to wait
Till Essex can defend himself in person.
If, then, your accusations are of force,
The laws and my consent, no doubt, are open.
He has my strict command, with menace mix'd,
To end effectually this hated war,
Ere he presume to quit the Irish coast.

Lord B. Madam, my duty now compels me to—

Queen. No more! see that my orders be obey'd.

[*Exit Lord B.*]

Essex a traitor! it can never be!
His grateful and his honest soul disdains it.
I know him hot, ambitious, rash, impatient;
But then he's firmly anchor'd in his duty;
Though stormy passions toss him to and fro.
Can he prove false? so high advanc'd, so honour'd,
So near my favour—and, I fear, so near
My heart! Impossible! This Burleigh hates him;
And, as his rival, therefore, would destroy him;
But he shall find his narrow schemes defeated.
In vain their fraudulent efforts shall combine
To shake my settled soul, my firm design;
Resolv'd to lift bright virtue's palm on high,
Support her grandeur, and her foes defy. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter LORD BURLEIGH.

Lord B. Essex arriv'd! Confusion to his hopes!
His presence will destroy me with the Queen.
I much suspect he had some private notice;
Perhaps, a punctual order to return.
He lurks too near her heart. What's to be done?
Now is th' important crisis—
Keep up thy usual strength; my better genius,
Direct my steps to crush my mortal foe.

'Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Queen. It cannot be! Return'd without my leave!

Against my strict command! Impossible!

Sir W. Madam, the Earl is now at court, and begs

An audience of your majesty.

Queen. Amazing!

What, break his trust! desert his high command!

Forsake his post, and disobey his Queen!

'Tis false—invented all. You wish it so.

Lord B. Madam, I wish some rumours false:

Reports, I fear, of great concern to you.

Queen. What rumours? what reports? Your frown would much

Denote: your preface seems important. Speak.

Lord B. Some new commotions are, of late, sprung up

In Ireland, where the west is all in arms,

And moves with hasty march to join Tyrone,

And all his northern clans. A dreadful power!

Nay, more; we have advices from the borders

Of sudden risings near the banks of Tweed!

'Tis thought, to favour an attempt from Scotland.

Meanwhile, Tyrone embarks six thousand men

To land at Milford, and march where Essex

Shall join them with his friends.

Queen. In league with James!

And plotting with Tyrone! It cannot be.

His very pride disdains such perfidy.

But is not Essex here without my leave?

Against my strict command? that, that's rebellion.

The rest, if true, or false, it matters not.

What's to be done? admit him to my presence?

No, no; my dignity, my pride forbid it.

Ungrateful man, approach me not; rise, rise,

Resentment, and support my soul! disdain,

Do thou assist me! Yes, it shall be so.

Lord B. I see she muses deep; her mind works

upwards,

And paints its struggling efforts in her face.

Tyrone's invasion wakes her fear and anger,

And all her soul is one continued storm. (*Aside.*)

Queen. For once my pride shall stoop, and I will

see

This rash, audacious, this once-favour'd man;

But treat him as his daring crimes deserve.

Enter EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

Earl S. Permit me, madam, to approach you thus; (*Kneeling.*)

Thus lowly to present the humble suit
Of the much injur'd, faithful Earl of Essex,
Who dares not, unpermitted, meet your presence.
He begs, most gracious Queen, to fall before
Your royal feet, to clear him to his sovereign,
Whom, next to heav'n, he wishes most to please.
Let faction load him with her labouring hand,
His innocence shall rise against the weight,
If but his gracious mistress deign to smile.

Queen. Let him appear.

[*Exit Earl S.*]

Now to thy trying task,

My soul! Put forth, exert thy utmost strength,

Nor let an injur'd Queen be tame. Lie still,

My heart, I cannot listen to thee now.

Enter EARL OF ESSEX and EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

Earl E. Forgive, thou injur'd majesty, thou best
Of queens, this seeming disobedience. See,
I bend submissive in your royal presence,
With soul as penitent, as if before
Th' all-searching eye of heav'n. But, oh! that frown!

My Queen's resentment wounds my inmost spirit,
Strikes me like death, and pierces through my heart.

Queen. You have obey'd, my lord; you've serv'd me well;

My deadly foes are quell'd: and you come home

A conqueror. Your country bids you welcome;

And I, your Queen, applaud! Triumphant man!

What! is it thus that Essex gains his laurels?

What! is it thus you've borne my high commis-

sion?

How durst you disregard your trusted duty,

Desert your province, and betray your Queen?

Earl E. I came to clear my injur'd name from guilt,

Imputed guilt, and slanderous accusations.

My shame was wafted in each passing gale,

Each swelling tide came loaded with my wrongs;

And echo sounded forth, from faction's voice,

The traitor Essex! Was't not hard, my Queen,

That while I stood in danger's dreadful front,

Encount'ring death in ev'ry shape of terror,

And bleeding for my country—was't not hard,

My mortal enemies at home, like cowards,

Should, in my absence, basely blast my fame?

Queen. It is the god-like attribute of kings

To raise the virtuous and protect the brave.

I was the guardian of your reputation;

What malice, or what faction, then, could reach

you?

My honour was expos'd, engag'd for your's:

But you found reason to dislike my care,

And to yourself assum'd the wrested office.

Earl E. If aught disloyal in this bosom dwells,

If aught of treason lodges in this heart,

May I to guilt and lasting shame be wedded,

The sport of faction, and the mark of scorn,

The world's derision, and my Queen's abhorrence.

Stand forth the villain, whose envenom'd tongue

Would taint my honour and traduce my name,

Or stamp my conduct with a rebel's brand!

Lives there a monster in the haunts of men,

Dares tear my trophies from their pillar'd base,

Eclipse my glory, and disgrace my deeds?

Queen. This ardent language and this glow of soul,

Were nobly graceful in a better cause;

Where virtue warrants, and where truth inspires:

But injur'd truth, with brow invincible,

Frowns stern reproof upon the false assertion,

And contradicts it with the force of facts.

From me you have appeal'd, ungrateful man;

The laws, not I, must listen to your plea.

Go, stand the test severe, abide the trial,
And mourn, too late, the bounty you've abus'd.

[*Exeunt Queen, Earl S. &c.*]

Earl E. Is this the just requital, then, of all
My patriot toils and oft-encounter'd perils,
Amidst the inclemencies of camps and climes?
Then be it so. Unmov'd and dauntless, let me
This shock of adverse fortune firmly stand.
But yet, methinks, 'tis somewhat sudden, too!
My greatness now depriv'd of each support,
Which bore so long its envy'd weight aloft,
Must quick to ruin fall, and crush my hopes.

Enter EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

Earl S. Alas! my lord, the Queen's displeasure
kindles
With warmth increasing; whilst Lord Burleigh
labours
To inflame her wrath, and make it still burn
fiercer.

Earl E. I scorn the blaze of courts, the pomp of
kings;
I give them to the winds and lighter vanity;
Too long they've robb'd me of substantial bliss,
Of solid happiness, and true enjoyments.
But lead me to my mourning love; alas!
She sinks beneath oppressing ills; she fades,
She dies for my afflicting pangs, and seeks
Me sorrowing in the walks of woe. Distraction!
Oh! lead me to her, to my soul's desire.

Earl S. Let caution guide you in this dangerous
step.

Consider well, my lord, the consequence—
For should the Queen (forbid it heav'n!) discover
Your private loves, your plighted hands, no power
On earth could step between you and destruction.

Enter LORD BURLEIGH.

Lord B. My Lord of Essex, 'tis the Queen's com-
mand,
That you forthwith resign your staff of office;
And, further, she confines you to your palace.

Earl E. Welcome, my fate. Let fortune do her
utmost;
I know the worst, and will confront her malice,
And bravely bear the unexpected blow.

Lord B. The Queen, my lord, demands your
quick compliance.

Earl E. Go, then, thou gladsome messenger of
ill,

And, joyful, feast thy fierce, rapacious soul
With Essex' sudden and accomplish'd fall.
The trampled corse of all his envy'd greatness
Lies prostrate now beneath thy savage feet;
But still th' exalted spirit mounts above thee.
Go tell the Queen thy own detested story:
Full in her sight disclose the snaky labyrinths
And lurking snares you plant in virtue's path,
To catch integrity's unguarded step.

Lord B. How ill repaid are public toils and
cares!

Your country has impeach'd, your Queen accus'd
you;

To those address your best defence, and clear
Your question'd conduct from disloyal guilt.
What answer to the Queen shall I return?

Earl E. My staff of office I from her receiv'd,
And will to her, and her alone, resign it.

Lord B. This bold refusal will incense the
Queen.

This arrogance will make your guilt the stronger.

[*Exit.*]

Earl S. Sustain, my noble friend, thy wonted
greatness;
Collect thy fortitude, and summon all
Thy soul, to bear with strength this crushing
weight,

Which falls severe upon thee; whilst my friendship
Shall lend a helping hand, and share the burthen.
I'll hence with speed, and to the Queen repair,

And all the power of warmest words employ,
To gain you yet one audience more, and bring
Her majesty to milder thoughts. Farewell! [*Exit.*]

Earl E. As newly wak'd from all my dreams of
glory,

Those gilded visions of deceitful joys,
I stand confounded at the unlook'd-for change,
And scarcely feel this thunderbolt of fate.
The painted clouds, which bore my hopes aloft,
Alas! are now vanish'd to yielding air,
And I am fall'n, indeed!

How weak is reason, when affection pleads!
How hard to turn the fond, deluded heart
From flatter'ing toys, which sooth'd its vanity!
The laurel'd trophy, and the loud applause,
The victor's triumph, and the people's gaze,
The high lung banner, and recording gold,
Subdue me still, still cling around my heart,
And pull my reason down.

Enter COUNTESS OF RUTLAND.

Countess R. Oh! let me fly
To clasp, embrace the lord of my desires,
My soul's delight, my utmost joy, my husband!
I feel once more his panting bosom beat;
Once more I hold him in my eager arms,
Behold his face, and lose my soul in rapture.

Earl E. Transporting bliss! my richest, dearest
treasure!

My mourning turtle, my long absent peace,
Oh! come yet nearer, nearer to my heart!
My raptur'd soul springs forward to receive thee:
Thou heav'n on earth! thou balm of all my woe!

Countess R. Oh! shall I credit, then, each ra-
vish'd sense?

Has pitying heaven consented to my prayer?
It has, it has; my Essex is return'd!
But language poorly speaks the joys I feel;
Let passion paint, and looks express the soul.

Earl E. With thee, my sweetest comfort, I'll
retire

From splendid palaces and glitt'ring throngs,
To live embosom'd in the shades of joy,
Where sweet content extends her friendly arms,
And gives increasing love a lasting welcome.
With thee I'll timely fly from proud oppression,
Forget our sorrows; and be bless'd for ever.

Countess R. Oh! let us hence, beyond the reach
of power;

Where fortune's hand shall never part us more.
In this calm state of innocence and joy,
I'll press thee to my throbbing bosom close:
Ambition's voice shall call in vain; the world,
The thankless world, shall never claim thee more,
And all thy business shall be love and me.

Earl E. The Queen, incens'd at my return, aban-
dons me

To Cecil's malice, and the rage of faction.
I'm now no more the fav'rite child of fortune:
My enemies have caught me in the toil,
And life has nothing worth my wish, but thee.

Countess R. Delusive dream of fancied happi-
ness!

And has my fatal fondness then destroy'd thee?
Oh! I have lur'd thee to the deadly snare
Thy cruel foes have laid.

I dreaded Cecil's malice, and my heart,
Longing to see thee, with impatience listen'd
To its own alarms; and prudence sunk beneath
The force of love.

Earl E. Forbear, my only comfort;
Oh! tell me not of danger, death, and Burleigh;
Let every star shed down its mortal bane
On my unshelter'd head: whilst thus I fold
Thee in my raptur'd arms, I'll brave 'em all,
Defy my fate, and meet its utmost rigour.

Countess R. Alas! my lord, consider where we
are.

Oh! 'tis the Queen's apartment; death is here.

Each precious moment is by fate beset,
And time stands trembling whilst we thus confer.

Earl E. Then let us hence from this detested place;

My rescu'd soul disdains the house of greatness,
Where humble honesty can find no shelter.
From hence we'll fly where love and virtue call,
Where happiness invites—that wish of all:
With sweet content enjoy each blissful hour,
Beyond the smiles of fraud, or frowns of power.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter LORD BURLEIGH and COUNTESS OF NOTTINGHAM.

Countess N. My lord, I've sought you out with much impatience.

You've had an audience of the Queen: what follow'd?

Lord B. Soon as I told her Essex had refus'd
To yield his dignities and staff of office,
She seem'd depriv'd of reason for a moment;
Her working mind betray'd contending passions,
Which, in her alter'd face, appear'd by turns.
She paus'd, like thunder in some kindling cloud,
The instant burst with dreadful fury forth:
"Let him to the Tow'r!" I instantly withdrew,
But soon was countermanded, and desir'd
To bring the Earl of Essex to her presence.
I like it not, and much I fear she'll stand
Between this high offender and the laws.

Countess N. Is Essex, then, secur'd?

Lord B. Madam, he is;
And now comes guarded to the court.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Madam, the Queen
Is in her closet, and desires to see you. [*Exit.*]

Countess N. I attend her.

Lord B. She wants, no doubt, to be advis'd by you.

Improve this fair occasion, urge it home.

Countess N. I know her foible. Essex long has had

An interest in her heart, which nothing can
O'erturn, except his own ungovern'd spirit.
It is, indeed, the instrument by which
We work, and cannot fail, if rightly us'd.

Lord B. Madam, the Queen expects you instantly.

I must withdraw, and wait the Earl's arrival.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

QUEEN ELIZABETH discovered.

Queen. Ill-fated, wretched man! perverse and obstinate!

He counterworks my grace, and courts destruction.

He gives his deadly foes the dagger to
Destroy him, and defeats my friendly purpose,
Which would, by seeming to abandon, save him.
Nor will he keep the mask of prudence on
A moment's space. What! must I bear this scorn?
No: let me all the monarch reassume;
Exert my power and be myself again—
Oh! ill-performing, disobedient heart!
Why shrink'st thou, fearful, from thy own resolve?

Enter COUNTESS OF NOTTINGHAM.

Thou com'st in time; I'm much disturb'd, abus'd,
My Nottingham, and would complain to thee
Of insolence, neglect, and high contempt.
Essex presum'd to dictate laws within
My palace-gates. How say'st thou, Nottingham?

Countess N. Surely, my gracious Queen, it cannot be!

His heat and passion never could impel him
To take so bold a step to such rash guilt:
Methinks, his very honour should prevent it.

Queen. Thy open, honest mind untutor'd seems
In life's ungrateful and degenerate school;
Where stubborn vice in every form appears,
Mocking correction's ineffectual rod.
It is, indeed, an evil hard to bear;
This haughty man has wanton'd with my grace,
Abus'd my bounty, and despis'd my favours.
Resentment, then, shall in her turn prevail;
To angry laws I'll give this victim up.

Countess N. His conduct has, I fear, been too unguarded:

His hasty temper knows not where to stop.
Ambition is the spur of all his actions,
Which often drives him o'er his duty's limits;
(At least his enemies would have it so;)
But malice, madam, seldom judges right.

Queen. Oh! Nottingham, his pride is past enduring;

This insolent, audacious man forgets
His honour and allegiance; and refus'd
To render up his staff of office here,
Beneath my very eye.

Countess N. Presumptuous man!
Your faithful subjects will resent this pride,
This insolence, this treason to their Queen:
They must, my gracious sovereign. 'Tis not safe
To shield him longer from their just resentment:
Then give him up to justice and the laws.

Queen. You seem well-pleas'd to urge severity:
Offended majesty but seldom wants
Such sharp advisers. Yet no attribute
So well befits the exalted seat supreme,
And power's disposing hand, as clemency.
Each crime must from its quality be judg'd;
And pity there should interpose, where malice
Is not th' aggressor. Hence! I'll hear no more.

Countess N. Madam, my sentiments were well intended;

Justice, not malice, mov'd my honest zeal.
My words were echoes of the public voice,
Which daily rises, with repeated cries
Of high complaint, against this haughty lord.
I pity, from my heart, his rash attempts,
And much esteem the man.

Queen. Go, Nottingham—
My mind's disturb'd—and send me Rutland hither.
[*Exit Countess N.*]

Oh! vain distinction of exalted state!
No rank ascends above the reach of care,
Nor dignity can shield a queen from woe.
Despotic nature's stronger sceptre rules,
And pain and passion in her right prevail.
Oh! the unpiety'd lot, severe condition,
Of solitary, sad, dejected grandeur!
Alone condemn'd to bear th' unsocial throb
Of heart-felt anguish, and corroding grief;
Depriv'd of what, within his homely shed,
The poorest peasant in affliction finds,
The kind, condoling comfort of a dear
Partaking friend—

Enter COUNTESS OF RUTLAND.

Rutland, I want thy timely
Counsel. I'm importun'd and urg'd to punish;
But justice, sometimes, has a cruel sound.
Essex has,
No doubt, provok'd my anger, and the laws;
His haughty conduct calls for sharp reproof,
And just correction. Yet I think him guiltless
Of studied treason, or design'd rebellion.
Then tell me, Rutland, what the world reports,
What censure says of his unruly deeds.

Countess R. The world with envy's eye beholds
his merit:

Madam, 'tis malice all, and false report.
I know his noble heart, 'tis fill'd with honour:
No trait'rous taint has touch'd his gen'rous soul;
His grateful mind still glows with pure affection;
And all his thoughts are loyalty and you.

Queen. I grant you, Rutland, all you say, and think

The Earl possess'd of many splendid virtues.
What pity 'tis he should afford his foes
Such frequent, sad occasions to undo him!

Countess R. What human heart can, unafflicted, bear

Such manly merit in distress; such worth
Betray'd; such valour in the toil, beset
By cruel foes and faction's savage cry?
My good, my gracious mistress, stretch, betimes,
Your saving arm, and snatch him from destruction,
From deadly malice, treachery, and Cecil.
Oh! let him live to clear his conduct up.
My gracious Queen, he'll nobly earn your bounty;
And, with his dearest blood, deserve your mercy.

Queen. Her words betray a warm, unusual fervour;

Mere friendship never could inspire this transport.

(*Aside.*)

I never doubted but the Earl was brave;
His life and valiant actions all declare it:
I think him honest, too, but rash and headstrong.
I gladly would preserve him from his foes;
And, therefore, am resolv'd once more to see him.

Countess R. Oh! 'tis a godlike thought, and heav'n itself

Inspires it! Sure, some angel moves your heart,
Your royal heart, to pity and forgiveness.
This gracious deed shall shine in future story,
And deck your annals with the brightest virtue;
Posterity shall praise the princely act,
And ages yet to come record your goodness.

Queen. I'll hear no more. Must I, then, learn from you

To know my province, and be taught to move
As each designing mind directs? Leave me.

Countess R. Her frowns are dreadful, and her eye looks terror.

I tremble for my Essex. Save him, heav'n!

(*Aside, and exit.*)

Queen. Her warmth has touch'd me home. My jealous heart,

My fearful and suspicious soul's alarm'd.

Enter LORD BURLEIGH, SIR WALTER RALEIGH, and others.

Lord B. The Earl of Essex waits your royal will.

Queen. Let him approach. And now, once more support

Thy dignity, my soul; nor yield thy greatness
To strong, usurping passion. But, he comes.

Enter EARL OF ESSEX, EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, and Guards.

Earl E. Permitted thus to bend, with prostrate heart,

(*Kneels.*)

Before your sacred majesty, I come
With every grateful sense of royal favour
Deeply engrav'd within my conscious soul.

Queen. I sent my orders for your staff of office.

Earl E. Madam, my envy'd dignities and honours

I first from your own royal hand receiv'd;
And, therefore, justly held it far beneath me
To yield my trophies and exalted power,
So dearly purchas'd in the field of glory,
To hands unworthy. No, my gracious Queen,
I meant to lay them at your royal feet,
Where life itself a willing victim falls,
If you command.

Queen. High swelling words, my lord, but ill supply

The place of deeds, and duty's just demand.
In danger's onset, and the day of trial,
Conviction still on acting worth attends;
Whilst mere professions are by doubts encumber'd.

Earl E. My deeds have oft declar'd, in danger's front,

How far my duty and my valour lead me.

Allegiance still my thirst of glory fir'd,
And all my bravely gather'd, envy'd laurels,
Were purchas'd only to adorn my Queen.

Queen. Your guilty scorn of my intrusted power,
When with my mortal foes you tamely dally'd,
By hardy rebels brav'd, you poorly sought
A servile pause, and begg'd a shameful truce.
Should Essex thus so meanly compromise,
And lose the harvest of a plenteous glory,
In idle treaties and suspicious parley!

Earl E. Oh! deadly stroke! My life's the destin'd mark.

The poison'd shaft has sunk my spirits deep!
Is't come to this? Conspire with rebels! Ha!
I've serv'd you, madam, with the utmost peril,
And ever gloried in th' illustrious danger;
Where famine fac'd me with her meagre mien,
And pestilence and death brought up her train.
I've fought your battles, in despite of nature,
Where seasons sicken'd, and the clime was fate.
My power to parley, or to fight, I had
From you; the time and circumstance did call
Aloud for mutual treaty and condition;
For that I stand a guarded felon here—a traitor,
Hemm'd in by villains, and by slaves surrounded.

Queen. Shall added insolence, with crest audacious,

Her front uplift against the face of power?

Think not that injur'd majesty will bear
Such arrogance uncheck'd, or unchastis'd.
No public trust becomes the man who treads,
With scornful steps, in honour's sacred path,
And stands at bold defiance with his duty.

Earl E. Away with dignities and hated trust,
With flatt'ring honours, and deceitful pow'r!
Invert th' eternal rules of right and justice;
Let villains thrive, and outcast virtue perish;
Let slaves be rais'd, and cowards have command.
Take, take your gaudy trifles back, those baits
Of vice, and virtue's bane.—'Tis clear, my Queen,
My royal mistress, casts me off; nay, joins
With Cecil to destroy my life and fame.

Queen. Presuming wretch! audacious traitor!

Earl E. Traitor!

Queen. Hence from my sight, ungrateful slave, and learn

At distance to revere your Queen.

Earl E. Yes; let

Me fly beyond the limits of the world,
And nature's verge, from proud oppression far,
From malice, tyranny, from courts, from you.

Queen. Traitor! villain! (*Strikes him.*)

Earl E. Confusion! what, a blow!

Restrain good heav'n! down, down, thou rebel passion,

And judgment take the reins. Madam, 'tis well—
Your soldier falls degraded,
His glory's tarnish'd, and his fame undone.

Oh! bounteous recompense from royal hands!

But you, ye implementers, beware, beware,

What honour wrong'd, and honest wrath can act.

Queen. What would th' imperious traitor do?

My life
Beyond thy wretched purpose stands secure.
Go, learn at leisure what your deeds deserve,
And tremble at the vengeance you provoke.

[*Exeunt all but Earl E. and Earl S.*]

Earl E. Disgrac'd and struck! Damnation!
Death were glorious.

Revenge! revenge!

Earl S. Alas! my friend, what would
Thy rage attempt? Consider well the great
Advantage now your rash, ungovern'd temper
Affords your foes. The Queen, incens'd, will let
Their fury loose.—I dread the dire event.

Earl E. Has honest pride no just resentment left?

Nor injur'd honour feeling? Not revenge!

High heaven shall bear and earth regret my wrongs.
 Hot indignation burns within my soul.
 I'll do some dreadful thing—I know not what;
 Some deed, as horrid as the shame I feel,
 Shall startle nature, and alarm the world.
 Then hence, like light'ning, let me furious fly,
 To hurl destruction on my foes on high;
 Pull down oppression from its tyrant seat,
 Redeem my glory, or embrace my fate. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and COUNTESS OF NOTTINGHAM.

Queen. Not taken yet!

Countess N. No, madam; for the Earl
 Of Essex, leagu'd with desp'rate friends, made
 strong
 And obstinate resistance; till, at length,
 O'erpower'd by numbers, and increasing force,
 He fled from shelter to a small retreat,
 A summer-house upon the Thames; resolv'd
 To perish, rather than submit to power.

Queen. Oh! where shall majesty bestow its fa-
 vours,
 Since Essex has a traitor prov'd to me,—
 Whose arm has rais'd him up to power and great-
 ness;
 Whose heart has shar'd in all its splendid triumphs,
 And feels, ev'n now, his trait'rous deeds with pity?
 But hence with pity and the woman's pangs:
 Resentment governs, and the Queen shall punish.

Enter LORD BURLEIGH.

Lord B. Illustrious Queen, the traitors are all
 seiz'd.

Th' intelligence was true. Their black debates
 Were held at Drury-house. The dire result
 Was this: that Essex should alarm the citizens
 To open mutiny and bold rebellion.
 Their purpose was to seize your royal palace,
 And sacred person; but your faithful people,
 As by one mind inform'd, one zeal inspir'd,
 Rose up at once, and with their virtue quell'd
 them.

Queen. Thanks to their honest, to their loyal
 hearts.

But say, were any persons else concern'd,
 Of high distinction, or of noted rank?

Lord B. Yes, madam, many more, seduc'd of
 late,
 'Mong whom the bold Southampton foremost
 stands.

They're now our pris'ners, and are safe secur'd;
 But Essex, with Southampton and the rest
 Of greater note, I would not dare dispose of
 Without your royal mandate; and they now
 Attend without, to know your final pleasure.

Queen. Is this the just return of all my care;
 My anxious toilsome days, and watchful nights?
 Have I sent forth a wish that went not freighted
 With all my people's good? Or, have I life,
 Or length of days desir'd, but for their sake?
 The public good is all my private care.
 Then could I think this grateful isle
 Contain'd one traitor's heart? But, least of all,
 That Essex' breast should lodge it? Call the
 monster,

And let me meet this rebel face to face.
 Do you withdraw, and wait within our call.

[*Exeunt* Lord B. and Countess N.]

Enter EARL OF ESSEX.

You see we dare abide your dangerous presence,
 Though treason sits within your heart enthron'd,
 And on that brow rebellion lours, where once
 Such boasted loyalty was said to flourish.
 How low the traitor can degrade the soldier!
 Guilt glares in conscious die upon thy cheek,
 And inward horror trembles in thine eye.
 How mean is fraud! how base ingratitude!

Earl E. Forbear reproach, thou injur'd majesty,
 Nor wound with piercing looks, a heart already
 With anguish torn and bleeding with remorse.
 Your awful looks, alone, are arm'd with death,
 And justice gives them terror.

Queen. Hapless man!

What cause could prompt, what fiend could urge
 thee on

To this detested deed? Could I from thee
 Expect to meet this base retreat? from thee,
 To whom I ought to fly with all the confidence
 That giving bounty ever could inspire,
 Or seeming gratitude and worth could promise?

Earl E. Alas! I own my crimes, and feel my
 treasons;

They press me down beneath the reach of pity.
 Despair alone can shield me from myself.

Oh! let the little space I live be curs'd!
 With countless woes; let death, unpitied, come;
 If all my life can feel, or fame can suffer,
 Can serve to mitigate my Queen's displeasure.

Queen. My pride forbids me to reproach thee
 more;

My pity, rather, would relieve thy sorrow.
 The people's clamours, and my special safety,
 Call loud for justice, and demand your life.
 But if forgiveness from an injur'd Queen
 Can make the few short hours you live more easy,
 I give it freely from my pitying heart;
 And wish my willing power could grant thee more.

Earl E. Oh! sounds angelic! goodness unde-
 serv'd!

My swelling heart can keep no bounds, my soul
 Flows o'er.—And will my gracious Queen forgive
 me?

Oh! let me prostrate thus before you fall,
 My better angel, and my guardian genius!
 Permit me, royal mistress, to announce
 My faithful sentiments, my soul's true dictates;
 Vouchsafe your Essex but this one request,
 This only boon, he'll thank you with his last,
 His dying breath, and bless you in his passage.

Queen. Rise, my lord.

If aught you have to offer can allay
 Your woes, and reconcile you to your fate,
 Proceed, and I with patient ear will listen.

Earl E. My real errors, and my seeming crimes,
 Would weary mercy, and make goodness poor:
 And yet the source of all my greatest faults
 Was loyalty misled, and duty in extreme.
 So jealous was my sanguine heart, so warm
 Affection's zeal, I could not bear the least
 Suspicion of my duty to my Queen.
 This drove me from my high command in Ireland;
 This, too, impell'd me to that rude behaviour
 Which justly urg'd the shameful blow I felt;
 And this (oh, fatal rashness!) made me think
 My Queen had given her Essex up, a victim
 To statesmen's schemes and wicked policy.
 Stung by that piercing thought, my madness flew
 Beyond all bounds; and now, alas! has brought
 me

To this most shameful fall; and, what's still worse,
 My own reproaches, and my Queen's displeasure.

Queen. Unhappy man! My yielding soul is
 touch'd,

And pity pleads thy cause within my breast.

Earl E. Say but, my gracious sovereign, ere
 I go

For ever from your presence, that you think me
 Guiltless of all attempts against your throne
 And sacred life. Your faithful Essex ne'er
 Could harbour in his breast so foul a thought.
 Believe it not, my Queen. By heav'n, I swear,
 When in my highest pitch of glory rais'd,
 The splendid noon of fortune's brightest sunshine,
 Not ages of renown could yield me half
 The joy, nor make my life so greatly bless'd,
 As saving your's, though for a single hour.

Queen. My lord, I think you honest. Nay, I own,
Whatever coldness I put on, was meant
To save you from the malice of your foes.
I judg'd your crimes, what you yourself pronounc'd 'em,
The rash effect of an intemp'rate zeal.

Earl E. Was ever wretch like Essex thus undone

By goodness in excess, and lavish'd grace!
Oh! I could tear my erring heart with these
Revening hands!—What blessings have I lost!
What clemency abus'd!—Now could I wish
For lengthen'd life—indeed, for endless years.
A whole eternity's too short, to shew
My pious sorrows, and atone my folly.

Queen. My lord, I would convince you that I still

Regard your life, and labour to preserve it;
But cannot screen you from a public trial.
With prudence make your best defence: but should

Severity her iron jurisdiction
Extend too far, and give thee up condemn'd
To angry laws, thy Queen will not forget thee.
Yet, lest you then should want a faithful friend,
(For friends will fly you in the time of need,)
Here, from my finger, take this ring, a pledge
Of mercy; having this, you ne'er shall need
An advocate with me; for whensoever
You give, or send it back, by heav'n, I swear,
As I do hope for mercy on my soul,
That I will grant whatever boon you ask.

Earl E. Oh! grace surprising! most amazing goodness!

Words cannot paint the transports of my soul!
Let me receive it on my grateful knees,
At once to thank and bless the hand that gives it.

Queen. Depend, my lord, on this; 'twixt you and I

This ring shall be a private mark of faith
(*Gives the ring.*)

Inviolable. Be confident, cheer up,
Dispel each melancholy fear, and trust
Your sovereign's promise; she will ne'er forsake you.

Earl E. Let Providence dispose my lot as 'twill,

May watchful angels ever guard my Queen;
May healing wisdom in her counsels reign,
And firm fidelity surround her throne;
May victory her dreaded banners bear,
And joyful conquests crown her soldier's brow;
Let ev'ry bliss be mingl'd in her cup,
And heaven, at last, become her great reward!

[*Exit.*]

Queen. 'Tis done;
And yet foreboding tremors shake my heart.
Something sits heavy here, and presses down
My spirits with its weight. What can it mean?
Suppose he is condemn'd; my royal word
Is plighted for his life; his enemies,
No doubt, will censure much.—No matter; let 'em;
I know him honest, and despise their malice.

Enter COUNTESS OF RUTLAND.

Countess R. Where is the Queen? I'll fall before her feet
Prostrate, implore, besiege her royal heart,
And force her to forgive.

Queen. What means this frenzy?

Countess R. Oh! gracious Queen, if ever pity touch'd

Your gen'rous breast, let not the cruel axe
Destroy his precious life; preserve my Essex,
My life, my hope, my joy, my husband!

Queen. Husband!—What sudden, deadly blow is this!

Hold up, my soul, nor sink beneath this wound.
You beg a traitor's life!

Countess R. Oh! gracious Queen,
He ever lov'd—was ever faithful, brave—
If nature dwells about your heart, oh! spurn
Me not! My lord! my love! my husband bleeds!

Queen. Take her away.

Countess R. Here on this spot I'll fix,
Here lose all sense. Still let me stretch these arms,

Inexorable Queen! he yet may live.
Oh! give him to my poor afflicted heart!

One pitying look, to save me from destruction.

Queen. I'll hear no more. I'm tortur'd—take her hence.

Countess R. Nay, force me not away.—Inhuman wretches!

Oh! mercy, mercy!—Then to thee, good heav'n,
(My Queen, my cruel Queen, denies to hear me,)
To thee I call, to thee for mercy bend.

Melt down her bosom's frozen sense to feel
Some portion of my deadly grief, my fell
Distraction.—Turn, oh! turn, and see a wife,
A tortur'd wife—

Queen. Why am I not obey'd?

Countess R. Nay, do not thus
Abandon me to fell despair. Just heaven,
That sees my sorrows, will avenge the wrong,
This cruel wrong, this barbarous tyranny.

[*Forced off.*]

Queen. Wedded to Rutland! Most unhappy pair!

And, oh! ill-fated Queen! Never till now
Did sorrow settle in my heart its throne.
Now black despair its cloudy curtain draws
Around thy setting peace, where joy, alas!
No more shall dawn, nor smiling hope return.
Recall my pledge of safety from his hands,
And give him up to death!—But life or death
To me is equal now.
Unhappy state, where peace shall never come!
One fatal moment has confirm'd my doom,
Turn'd all my comfort to intestine strife,
And fill'd with mortal pangs my future life. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter SIR WALTER RALEIGH and Lieutenant of the Tower.

Sir W. Their peers, with much indulgence heard their plea,
And gave them ample scope for their defence;
But nought avail'd, their crimes were too notorious.

They bore their sentence with becoming spirit;
And here's the royal mandate for their deaths.
The Lady Nottingham!—What brings her hither?

Enter COUNTESS OF NOTTINGHAM.

Countess N. Lieutenant, lead me to the Earl of Essex,

I bring a message to him from the Queen.

Lieut. He's with his friend, the brave Southampton, madam,

Preparing now for his expected fate.

But I'll acquaint his lordship with your pleasure. [*Exit.*]

Sir W. What means this message? Does the Queen relent?

Countess N. I fear she does:

Go you to court, for Cecil there expects you.
I've promis'd to acquaint him with what passes
'Twixt me and Essex, ere I see the Queen.

Sir W. Madam, I go. [*Exit.*]

Countess N. Now, vengeance, steel my heart!

Offended woman, whilst her pride remains,
To malice only and revenge will bow,
And ev'ry virtue at that altar sacrifice.
But see, he comes, with manly sorrow clad.
There was a time that presence could subdue

My pride, and melt my heart to gentle pity.
I then could find no joy but in his smiles;
And thought him lovely as the summer's bloom;
But all his beauties are now hateful grown.

Enter EARL OF ESSEX.

Earl E. Whether you bring me death or life I know not.

But if strict friendship and remembrance past
May aught presage to my afflicted heart,
Sure mercy only from those lips should flow,
And grace be utter'd from that friendly tongue.

Countess N. My lord, I'm glad you think me still your friend.

I come not to upbraid, but serve you now;
And pleas'd I am to be the messenger
Of such glad tidings in the day of trouble,
As now I bring you. When the Queen had heard
That by the lords you were condemn'd to die,
She sent me, in her mercy, here to know
If you had aught to offer that might move
Her royal clemency to spare your life.

Earl E. Could any circumstance new lustre add
To my dread sov'reign's goodness, 'tis the making
The kind, the gen'rous Nottingham his messenger.
Oh! madam, could my glowing heart express
Its grateful sentiments, 'twould speak such language

As angels utter when they praise their Maker.

Countess N. 'Tis well, my lord; but there's no time to spare,

The Queen impatient waits for my return.

Earl E. My heart was wishing for some faithful friend,

And bounteous heav'n hath sent thee to my hopes.
Know then, kind Nottingham, for now I'll trust
Thee with the dearest secret of my life;
'Tis not long since the Queen (who well foresaw
To what the malice of my foes would drive me)
Gave me this ring, this sacred pledge of mercy;
And with it made a solemn vow to heav'n,
That, whensoever I should give or send
It back again, she'd freely grant whate'er
Request I then should make.

Countess N. Give, give it me,
My lord, and let me fly on friendship's wings,
To bear it to the Queen, and to it add
My pray'rs and influence to preserve thy life.

Earl E. Oh! take it, then—it is the pledge of life,

The precious spring that drives my vital stream
Around, and keeps my heart still warm:
Oh! it is my dear Southampton's
Last, last remaining stay, his thread of being,
Which more than words I prize.—Oh! take it then,

Take it, thou guardian angel of my life,
And offer up the incense of my pray'r!
Oh! beg, entreat, implore her majesty,
From public shame, and ignominious death,
And from th' obdurate axe, to save my friend.

Countess N. My lord, with all the powers that nature gave,
And friendship can inspire, I'll urge the Queen
To grant you your request.

Earl E. Kind Nottingham,
Your pious offices shall ever be
My fervent theme; and if my doubtful span
Relenting heav'n should stretch to years remote,
Each passing hour shall still remind my thoughts,
And tell me that I owe my all to thee:
My friend shall thank you, too, for lengthen'd life.
And now I fly with comfort to his arms,
To let him know the mercy that you bring.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Court.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and LORD BURLEIGH.

Queen. Ha! is not Nottingham return'd?

Lord B. No, madam.

Queen. Despatch a speedy messenger to haste her.
My agitated heart can find no rest.
So near the brink of fate—unhappy man!

Enter COUNTESS OF NOTTINGHAM.

How now, my Nottingham, what news from Essex?

What says the Earl?

Countess N. I wish, with all my soul,
Th' ungrateful task had been another's lot.
I dread to tell it—lost, ill-fated man!

Queen. What means this mystery, this strange behaviour?

Pronounce—declare at once; what said the Earl?

Countess N. Alas! my Queen, I fear to say; his mind

Is in the strangest mood, that ever pride
On blackest thoughts begot. He scarce would speak,

And when he did, it was with sullenness,
With hasty tone, and downcast look.

Queen. Amazing!

Not feel the terrors of approaching death!

Nor yet the joyful dawn of promis'd life!

Countess N. He rather seem'd insensible to both,
And with a cold indifference heard your offer;
Till warming up by slow degrees, resentment
Began to swell his restless, haughty mind;
And proud disdain, provok'd him to exclaim
Aloud, against the partial power of fortune,
And faction's rage. I begg'd him to consider
His sad condition, nor repulse with scorn
The only hand that could preserve him.

Queen. Ha!

What! said he nothing of a private import?
No circumstance—no pledge—no ring?

Countess N. None, madam;

But with contemptuous front disclaim'd at once
Your proffer'd grace; and scorn'd, he said, a life
Upon such terms bestow'd.

Queen. Impossible!

Could Essex treat me thus? You basely wrong him,
And wrest his meaning from the purpos'd point.
Recall betimes the horrid words you've utter'd;
Confess, and own the whole you've said was false.

Countess N. Madam, by truth and duty both
compell'd,

Against the pleadings of my pitying soul,
I must declare (heav'n knows with what reluctance!)

That never pride insulted mercy more.
He ran o'er all the dangers he had pass'd;
His mighty deeds, his service to the state;
Accus'd your majesty of partial leaning
To favourite lords, to whom he falls a sacrifice;
Appeals to justice and to future times,
How much he feels from proud oppression's arm:
Nay, something, too, he darkly hinted at,
Of jealous disappointment and revenge.

Queen. Eternal silence seal thy venom'd lips!

What hast thou utter'd, wretch, to rouse at once
A whirlwind in my soul, which roots up pity
And destroys my peace?

Let him this instant to the block be led.

[*Exit Countess N.*]

Upbraid me with my fatal fondness for him!
Ungrateful, barbarous ruffian! Oh! Elizabeth,
Remember now thy long establish'd fame,
Thy env'y'd glory, and thy father's spirit.
Accuse me of injustice, too, and cruelty!
Yes, I'll this instant to the Tower, forget
My regal state, and to his face confront him:
Confound th' audacious villain with my presence.
And add new terrors to th' uplifted axe. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Tower.*

EARL OF ESSEX and EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON
discovered.

Earl E. Oh! name it not! my friend shall live,
he shall;

I know her royal mercy, and her goodness
Will give you back to life, to length of days,
And me to honour, loyalty, and truth.
Death is still distant far.

Earl S. In life's first spring,
Our green affections grew apace and prosper'd;
The genial summer swell'd our joyful hearts,
To meet and mix each growing fruitful wish.
We're now embark'd upon that stormy flood
Where all the wise and brave are gone before us,
E'er since the birth of time, to meet eternity.
And what is death, did we consider right?
Shall we who sought him in the paths of terror,
And fac'd him in the dreadful walks of war,
Shall we astonish'd shrink, like frighted infants,
And start at scaffolds and their gloomy trappings?

Earl E. Yet, still I trust long years remain of
friendship.

Let smiling hope drive doubt and fear away,
And death be banish'd far; where creeping age,
Disease, and care, invite him to their dwelling.
I feel assurance rise within my breast,
That all will yet be well.

Earl S. Count not on hope:
We never can take leave, my friend, of life
On nobler terms. Life! what is life? A shadow!
Its date is but the immediate breath we draw;
Nor have we surety for a second gale;
Ten thousand accidents in ambush lie
For the embody'd dream.
A frail and fickle tenement it is,
Which, like the brittle glass that measures time,
Is often broke, ere half its sands are run.

Earl E. Such cold philosophy the heart dis-
dains,

And friendship shudders at the moral tale.
My friend, the fearful precipice is past,
And danger dare not meet us more. Fly swift,
Ye better angels, waft the welcome tidings
Of pardon to my friend:—of life and joy.

Enter Lieutenant of the Tower.

Lieut. I grieve to be the messenger of woe,
But must, my lords, entreat you to prepare
For instant death. Here is the royal mandate
That orders your immediate execution.

Earl E. Immediate execution!—What, so sud-
den!

No message from the Queen or Nottingham?

Lieut. None, sir.

Earl E. Deluded hopes! Oh! worse than death!
Perfidious Queen, to make a mock of life!
My friend, my friend destroy'd! Oh! piercing
thought!

Oh! dismal chance!—In my destruction ruin'd!
In my sad fall undone! Why could not mine,
My life atone for both—my blood appease?
Can you, my friend, forgive me?

Earl S. Yes, oh! yes,
My bosom's better half, I can.—With thee
I'll gladly seek the coast unknown, and leave
The lessening mark of irksome life behind.
With thee, my friend, 'tis joy to die! 'tis glory!
For who would wait the tardy stroke of time,
Or cling like reptiles to the verge of being,
When we can bravely leap from life at once,
And spring triumphant in a friend's embrace?

Enter SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Sir W. To you, my Lord Southampton, from
the Queen

A pardon comes: your life her mercy spares. [*Exit.*

Earl E. For ever bless'd be that indulgent
power
Which saves my friend! This weight ta'en off, my
soul

Shall upward spring, and mingle with the bless'd.

Earl S. All-ruling heavens, can this, can this be
just?

Support me; hold, ye straining heart-strings,
hold,

And keep my sinking frame from dissolution.

Oh! 'tis too much for mortal strength to bear,
Or thought to suffer! No, I'll die with thee.
They shall not part us, Essex.

Earl E. Live, oh! live,
Thou noblest, bravest, best of men and friends,
Whilst life is worth thy wish, till time and thou
Agree to part, and nature send thee to me;
Thou generous soul, farewell!—live and be happy;
And, oh! may life make largely up to thee
Whatever blessing fate has thus cut off
From thy departing friend!

Lieut. My lord, my warrant
Strictly forbids to grant a moment's time.

Earl S. Oh! must we part for ever?—Cruel
fortune!

Wilt thou, then, tear him hence?—Severe divorce!
Let me cling round thy sacred person still,
Still clasp thee to my bosom close, and keep
Stern fate at distance.

Earl E. Oh! my friend, we'll meet
Again where virtue finds a just reward,
Where factious malice never more can reach us.
Recall thy reason, be thyself once more.—
I fear it not.—This hideous monster death,
When seen at distance, shocks weak nature's
eye;

But reason, as it draws more near, defies it.
I thank thy sorrows, but could spare 'em now.
I need not bid thee guard thy fame from wrongs:
And, oh! a dearer treasure to thy care
I trust, than either life or fame—my wife!
Her bitter sorrows pierce my soul; for her
My heart drops blood!—Oh! she will want a
friend!

Then take her to thy care; do thou pour balm
On her deep-wounded spirit, and let her find
My tender helps in thee.—I must begone,
My ever faithful and my gallant friend.—
I pr'ythee, leave this woman's work.—Farewell!—

Take this last, dear embrace.—Farewell for ever!

Earl S. My bursting breast!—I fain would speak,
but words

Are poor—Farewell!—

But we shall meet again, embrac'd in one
Eternal band, which never shall be loos'd. [*Exit.*

Earl E. To death's concluding stroke, lead on,
Lieutenant.

My wife!—Now reason, fortitude, support me;
For now, indeed, comes on my sorest trial.

Enter COUNTESS OF RUTLAND.

Oh! thou last, dear reserve of fortune's malice!
For fate can add no more—oh! com'st thou, then,
In this dread hour, when all my straining thoughts
Are struggling in the tend'rest ties of nature!
Oh! com'st thou now to arrest my parting soul,
And force it back to life!

Countess R. Thou sole delight,
Thou only joy which life could ever give,
Or death deprive me of—my wedded lord!
I come, with thee determin'd to endure
The utmost rigour of our angry stars;
To join thee, fearless, in the grasp of death,
And seek some dwelling in a world beyond it.

Earl E. Too much, thou partner of this dismal
hour,

Thy generous soul would prompt thee to endure;
Nor can thy tender, trembling heart sustain it.
Long years of bliss remain in store for thee;
And smiling time his treasures shall unfold
To bribe thy stay!

Countess R. Thou cruel comforter!
Alas! what's life, what's hated life to me?
Alas! this universe, this goodly frame,
Shall all as one continued curse appear,
And every object blast, when thou art gone.

Earl E. Oh! strain not thus the little strength I've left,

The weak support that holds up life to bear,
A few short moments more, its weight of woe,
Its loss of thee. Oh! turn away those eyes,
Nor with that look melt down my fix'd resolve;—
And yet a little longer let me gaze
On that lov'd form. Alas! I feel my sight
Grows dim, and reason from her throne retires;
For pity's sake, let go my breaking heart,
And leave me to my fate.

Countess R. Why wilt thou still
Of parting talk, since life its thousand gates
Unbars to let us through together?
Oh! that the friendly hand of heav'n would snatch
Us both at once, above the distant stars,
Where fortune's venom'd shafts can never pierce,
Nor cruel queens destroy!—Nay, look not so.

Earl E. The awful Searcher, whose impartial eye

Explores the secrets of each human heart,
And every thought surveys, can witness for me,
How close thy image clings around my soul:
Retards each rising wish, and draws me back
To life, entangled by that lov'd idea.
When fell necessity those ties shall break—
For quickly break they must—when I from earth
On faith's white angel wings to heaven shall soar,
Thy lasting form shall still my mind possess,
Where bliss supreme each faculty o'erwhelms,
And raptur'd angels glow.

Lieut. My lord,
It now grows late.

Earl E. Lead on.

Countess R. Stay, stay, my love! my dearest,
dying lord!

Ah! whither wouldst thou go? Ah! do not leave me!

Alas! I'll hasten to attend your flight;
And nature gives consent we should not part.
I feel each faculty for fate prepare,
And my quick soul would fain set out before you.

(Faints.)

Earl E. Thou sinking excellence! thou matchless woman!

Shall fortune rob me of thy dear embrace,
Or earth's whole power, or death divide us now?

Stay, stay, thou spotless, injur'd saint, and take—
Lieut. My lord, already you have been indulg'd
Beyond what I can warrant by my orders.

Earl E. Oh! let me on her dying bosom fall,
Embrace her spotless form!—One moment more
Afford me to my sorrows—Oh! look there!
Could bitter anguish pierce your heart, like mine,
You'd pity now the mortal pangs I feel,
The throbs that tear my vital strings away,
And rend my agonizing soul.

Lieut. My lord—

Earl E. But one short moment, and I will attend.

Ye sacred ministers that virtue guard,
And shield the righteous in the paths of peril,
Restore her back to life and lengthen'd years
Of joy; dry up her bleeding sorrows all!
Oh! cancel from her thoughts this dismal hour,
And blot my image from her sad remembrance!
'Tis done.—

And now, ye trembling cords of life, give way:
Nature and time, let go your hold; eternity
Demands me. [Exit with *Lieut.*

Countess R. Where has my lost, benighted soul
been wand'ring?

What means this mist that hangs about my mind,
Through which reflection's painful eye discerns
Imperfect forms, and horrid shapes of woe?
The cloud dispels, the shades withdraw, and all
My dreadful fate appears.—Oh! where's my lord!

My life! my Essex! oh! whither have they ta'en him?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and Attendants.

Queen. To execution! Fly with lightning's wing,
And save him. [Exit one of the Attendants.

Countess R. Thou saving angel, sent from heav'n!
my Queen,
My gracious Queen! oh! snatch him from the
blow!

Preserve my husband!

Queen. Be calm, he shall not die. Rise up. I
came
To save his life.

Countess R. 'Tis mercy's voice that speaks.
My Essex shall again be mine. My Queen,
My bounteous, gracious Queen, has said the word.
May troops of angels guard thy sacred life,
And, in thy latest moments, wait thy soul
To meet that mercy, in the realms of joy,
Which now thy royal goodness grants to me!

Enter LORD BURLEIGH.

Lord B. Madam, your orders came, alas! too
late.

Ere they arriv'd, the axe had fall'n on Essex.

Countess R. Ha! dead! What hell is this that
opens round me?

What fiend art thou that draws the horrid scene?
Ah, Burleigh! bloody murder'er, where's my husband?

Destruction seize and madness rend my brain!
See, see, they bend him to the fatal block;
Now, now the horrid axe is lifted high,—
It falls, it falls! he bleeds, he bleeds! he dies!

Queen. Alas! her sorrows pierce my suffer'ing
heart.

Countess R. Eternal discord tear the social world!
Arise, despair, possess me all!
Bear, bear me to my murder'd lord, to clasp
His bleeding body in my dying arms,
And in the tomb embrace his dear remains,
And mingle with his dust for ever. [Exit.

Queen. Hapless woman!
She shall henceforth be partner of my sorrows;
And we'll contend who must shall weep for Essex.
Oh! quick to kill, and ready to destroy.

(To *Lord B.*)

Could no pretext be found, no cause appear,
To lengthen mercy out a moment more,
And stretch the span of grace? Oh! cruel Burleigh!
This, this was thy dark work, unpitying man!

Lord B. My gracious mistress, blame not thus
my duty,

My firm obedience to your high command.
The laws condemn'd him first to die; nor think
I stood between your mercy and his life.
It was the Lady Nottingham, not I,
Herself confess'd it all in wild despair,
That from your majesty to Essex sent,
With terms of proffer'd grace, she then receiv'd
From his own hand a fatal ring, a pledge
It seems of much importance, which the Earl,
With earnest suit and warm entreaty, begg'd her,
As she would prize his life, to give your majesty.
In this she fail'd—in this she murder'd Essex.

Queen. Oh! barbarous woman!
Surrounded still by treachery and fraud!
My fame is soil'd to all succeeding times:
But heav'n alone can view my breaking heart;
Then let its will be done.—

From hence, let proud, resisting mortals know
The arm parental, and the indulgent blow.
To heaven's corrective rod submissive bend;
Adore its wisdom, on its power depend;
Whilst ruling justice guides eternal sway,
Let nature tremble, and let man obey. [Exeunt.

ALL FOR LOVE; OR, THE WORLD WELL LOST:

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY JOHN DRYDEN.



Act III.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

MARC ANTONY
VENTIDIUS
DOLABELLA
ALEXAS

SERAPION
MYRIS
ATTENDANTS
CHILDREN

CLEOPATRA
OCTAVIA
CHARMION
IRAS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Temple of Isis.*

SERAPION and MYRIS, *Priests of Isis, discovered.*

Ser. Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent

That they have lost their name. Our fruitful Nile
Flow'd, ere the wonted season, with a torrent
So unexpected and so wondrous fierce,
That the wild deluge overtook the haste
Ev'n of the hinds that watch'd it. Men and beasts
Were borne above the tops of trees that grew
On th' utmost margin of the water-mark:
Then with so swift an ebb the flood drove backward,
It slipp'd from underneath the scaly herd:
Here monstrous phocæ panted on the shore;
Forsaken dolphins there, with their broad tails
Lay lashing the departing waves; hard by 'em,
Sea-horses, flound'ring in the slimy mud,
Toss'd up their heads and dash'd the ooze about
em.

Enter ALEXAS behind them.

Myr. Avert these omens, heav'n!

Ser. Last night, between the hours of twelve and one,

In a lone aisle o'the temple while I walk'd,
A whirlwind rose, that with a violent blast
Shook all the dome; the doors around me clapp'd;
The iron wicket, that defends the vault
Where the long race of Ptolemies is laid,
Burst open, and disclos'd the mighty dead:
From out each monument, in order plac'd,

An armed ghost starts up; the boy-king last
Rear'd his inglorious head: a peal of groans
Then follow'd, and a lamentable voice
Cry'd, "Egypt is no more!" My blood ran back,
My shaking knees against each other knock'd,
On the cold pavement down I fell entranc'd,
And so unfinish'd left the horrid scene!

Alex. And dreamt you this, or did invent the
story *(Shewing himself.)*

To frighten our Egyptian boys withal,
And train 'em up betimes in fear of priesthood?

Ser. My lord, I saw you not,
Nor meant my words should reach your ears; but
what

I utter'd was most true.

Alex. A foolish dream,
Bred from the fumes of indigested feasts
And holy luxury.

Ser. I know my duty:
This goes no further.

Alex. 'Tis not fit it should;
Nor would the times now bear it were it true.
All southern from yon hills the Roman camp
Hangs o'er us black and threat'ning, like a storm
Just breaking on our heads.

Ser. 'Tis strange that Antony for some days past
Has not beheld the face of Cleopatra,
But here in Isis' temple lives retir'd;
And makes his heart a prey to black despair.

Alex. 'Tis true; and we much fear he hopes by
absence

To cure his mind of love.

Ser. How stands the queen affected?

Alex. Oh! she dotes,
She dotes, Serapion, on this vanquish'd man,
And winds herself about his mighty ruins;
Whom would she yet forsake, yet yield him up,
This hunted prey, to his pursuer's hands,
She might preserve us all: but 'tis in vain—
This changes my designs, this blasts my counsels,
And makes me use all means to keep him here
Whom I could wish divided from her arms
Far as the earth's deep centre. Well, you know
The state of things: no more of your ill omens
And black prognostics; labour to confirm
The people's hearts.

Enter VENTIDIUS, talking aside with a Gentleman of Marc Antony's.

Ser. These Romans will o'erhear us.
But who's that stranger? by his warlike port,
His fierce demeanour, and erected look,
He's of no vulgar note.

Alex. Oh! 'tis Ventidius,
Our emperor's great lieutenant in the east,
Who first shew'd Rome that Parthia could be conquer'd.

When Antony return'd from Syria last,
He left this man to guard the Roman frontiers.

Ser. You seem to know him well.

Alex. Too well. I saw him in Cilicia first,
When Cleopatra there met Antony;
A mortal foe he was to us and Egypt.
But let me witness to the worth I hate;
A braver Roman never drew a sword:
Firm to his prince, but as a friend, not slave:
He ne'er was of his pleasures, but presides
O'er all his cooler hours and morning counsels:
In short, the plainness, fierceness, rugged virtue,
Of an old true stamp'd Roman lives in him.
His coming bodes I know not what of ill
To our affairs. Withdraw to mark him better,
And I'll acquaint you why I sought you here,
And what's our present work.

(They retire, and Ventidius with the other come forward.)

Ven. Not see him, say you?
I say, I must and will.

Gent. He has commanded,
On pain of death, none should approach his presence.
Ven. I bring him news will raise his drooping spirits,
Give him new life.

Gent. He sees not Cleopatra.

Ven. Would he had never seen her!

Gent. He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use

Of anything but thought; or if he talks,
'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving;
Then he defies the world, and bids it pass.
Sometimes he gnaws his lip, and curses loud
The boy Octavius; then he draws his mouth
Into a scornful smile, and cries, "Take all,
The world's not worth my care!"

Ven. Just, just his nature.
Virtue's his path, but sometimes 'tis too narrow
For his vast soul, and then he starts out wide,
And bounds into a vice that bears him far
From his first course, and plunges him in ills:
He must not thus be lost.

(Alexas and the Priests come forward.)

Alex. You have your full instructions; now advance;

Proclaim your orders loudly.

Ser. Romans! Egyptians! hear the queen's command.

Thus Cleopatra bids: let labour cease;
To pomp and triumphs give this happy day
That gave the world a lord; 'tis Antony's.
Live Antony, and Cleopatra live!
Be this the gen'ral voice sent up to heav'n,
And ev'ry public place repeat this echo.

Ven. Fine pageantry!

(Aside.)

Ser. Set out before your doors
The images of all your sleeping fathers,
With laurels crown'd; with laurels wreath your
posts,
And strew with flow'rs the pavement; let the priest
Do present sacrifice, pour out the wine,
And call the gods to join with you in gladness.

Ven. Curse on the tongue that bids this gen'ral joy!

Can they be friends of Antony who revel
When Antony's in danger? Hide, for shame,
You Romans, your great grandfathers' images,
For fear their souls should animate their marbles
To blush at their degenerate progeny.

Alex. A love which knows no bounds to Antony
Would mark the day with honours; when all heav'n
Labour'd for him, when each propitious star
Stood wakeful in his orb to watch that hour
And shed his better influence, her own birth-day
Our queen neglected, like a vulgar fate
That pass'd off obscurely by.

Ven. Would it had slept,
Divided far from his, till some remote
And future age had call'd it out to ruin
Some other prince, not him.

Alex. Your emperor,
Though grown unkind, would be more gentle than
T' upbraid my queen for loving him too well.

Ven. I tell thee, eunuch, she has quite unmann'd him:

Can any Roman see and know him now,
Thus alter'd from the lord of half mankind;
Unbent, unsinew'd, made a woman's toy;
Shrunk from the vast extent of all his honours,
And cramp'd within a corner of the world?
Oh! Antony,
Thou bravest soldier and thou best of friends!
Bounteous as nature, next to nature's God!
Couldst thou but make new worlds, so wouldst
thou give 'em,

As bounty were thy being. Rough in battle
As the first Romans when they went to war,
Yet after victory more pitiful
Than all their praying virgins left at home.

Alex. Would you could add to those more shining virtues

His truth to her who loves him.

Ven. Would I could not!
But wherefore waste I precious hours with thee?
Thou art her darling mischief, her chief engine,
Antony's other fate. Go, tell thy queen
Ventidius is arriv'd to end her charms.
Let your Egyptian timbrels play alone,
Nor mix effeminate sounds with Roman trumpets.
You dare not fight for Antony; go pray,
And keep your coward's holyday in temples.

[Exeunt Alexas and Priests.]

Enter another Gentleman of Marc Antony's.

2 *Gent.* The emperor approaches, and commands,
On pain of death, that none presume to stay.

1 *Gent.* I dare not disobey him.

[Exit with the other.]

Ven. Well, I dare;
But I'll observe him first unseen, and find
Which way his humour drives: the rest I'll venture.
(Retires.)

Enter MARC ANTONY, walking with a disturbed motion before he speaks.

Marc A. They tell me 'tis my birth-day, and I'll keep it

With double pomp of sadness:
'Tis what the day deserves which gave me breath.
Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travell'd,
Till all my fires were spent, and then cast downward
To be trod out by Cæsar?

Ven. (Aside.) On my soul,
'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!

Marc A. Count thy gains
Now, Antony; wouldst thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
Has starv'd thy wanting age.

Ven. (Aside.) How sorrow shakes him!
So, now the tempest tears him up by the roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

Marc A. (Having thrown himself down.) Lie there,
thou shadow of an emperor;
The place thou presteest on thy mother earth
Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;
Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too
large,

When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold ashes; then, Octavia,
(For Cleopatra will not live to see it,)
Octavia, then, will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæsar:—
I'll think no more on't.

Give me some music; look that it be sad.
I'll sooth my melancholy till I swell,
And burst myself with sighing. *(Soft music.)*

'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy
I'm now turn'd wild, a commoner of nature;
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene,
Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted oak,
I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
And look just of a piece, as I grew from it:
My uncomb'd locks, matted like mistletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary face; a murmur'ing brook
Runs at my feet— *(Soft music again.)*

Ven. I must disturb him: I can hold no longer.
(Stands before him.)

Marc A. (Starting up.) Art thou Ventidius?

Ven. Are you Antony?
I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you last.

Marc A. I would be private. Leave me.

Ven. Sir, I love you,
And, therefore, will not leave you.

Marc A. Will not leave me!

Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?

Ven. My emperor; the man I love next heav'n:
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:
You're all that's good and godlike.

Marc A. All that's wretched.

You will not leave me, then?

Ven. 'Twas too presuming

To say I would not; but I dare not leave you;
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Marc A. Now thou hast seen me art thou sa-
tisfy'd?

For if a friend, thou hast beheld enough;
And if a foe, too much.

Ven. Look, emperor, this is no common dew:
(Weeping.)

I have not wept this forty years; but now
My mother comes afresh into my eyes;
I cannot help her softness.

Marc A. By heav'n, he weeps! poor, good, old
man, he weeps!

Sure, there's contagion in the tears of friends;
See, I have caught it, too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine. Nay, father—

Ven. Emperor.

Marc A. Emperor! why, that's the style of vic-
tory:

The conqu'ring soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his gen'ral so; but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.

Ven. I warrant you.

Marc A. Actium, Actium! Oh!

Ven. It sits too near you.

Marc A. Here, here it lies, a lump of lead by
day,

And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams—

Ven. Out with it; give it vent.

Marc A. Urge not my shame—
I lost a battle.

Ven. So has Julius done.

Marc A. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not
half thou think'st;

For Julius fought it out and lost it fairly;

But Antony—

Ven. Nay, stop not.

Marc A. Antony

(Well, thou wilt have it) like a coward fled;
Fled while his soldiers fought; fled first, Ventidius.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave;
I'll help thee—I have been a man, Ventidius.

Ven. Yes, and a brave one; but—

Marc A. I know thy meaning.

But I have lost my reason, have disgrac'd
The name of soldier with inglorious ease.

Help me, soldier,

To curse this madman, this industrious fool,

Who labour'd to be wretched. Pr'ythee, curse me.

Ven. No.

Marc A. Why?

Ven. You are too sensible already
Of what you've done, too conscious of your failings;
And like a scorpion, whipp'd by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.

I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distemper'd mind, and heal your fortunes.

Marc A. I know thou wouldst.

Ven. I will.

Marc A. Sure, thou dream'st, Ventidius.

Ven. No, 'tis you dream; you sleep away your
hours

In desprate sloth, miscall'd philosophy.
Up, up, for honour's sake! twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief: by painful journeys
I led 'em, patient of both heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile:
'Twill do you good to see their sun-burnt faces,
Their scarr'd cheeks, and chapp'd hands: there's
virtue in 'em:

They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates

Than you trim bands can buy.

Marc A. Where left you them?

Ven. I said in Lower Syria.

Marc A. Bring 'em hither;

There may be life in these.

Ven. They will not come.

Marc A. Why didst thou mock my hopes with
promis'd aids,

To double my despair? they're mutinous.

Ven. Most firm and loyal.

Marc A. I will not stir.

Why did they refuse to march?

Ven. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

Marc A. What was't they said?

Ven. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Why should they fight, indeed, to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave? to gain you kingdoms,
Which, for a kiss at your next midnight feast,
You'll sell to her?

Marc A. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free li-
cense

On all my other faults, but on your life

No word of Cleopatra; she deserves

More worlds than I can lose.

Ven. Behold, you pow'rs!

To whom you have intrusted humankind;

See, Europe, Afric, Asia, put in balance,

And all weigh'd down by one light worthless wo-
man!

Marc A. You grow presumptuous.

Ven. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

Marc A. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain in-
solence!

Thy men are cowards, thou an envious traitor,

Who, under seeming honesty, hath vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
Oh! that thou wert my equal, great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without stain to my honour!

Ven. You may kill me:

You have done more already, call'd me traitor.

Marc A. Art thou not one?

Ven. For shewing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done? But had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I need not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hinder'd me t' have led my conqu'ring eagles
To fill Octavia's bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious happy traitor,
And not have been so call'd.

Marc A. Forgive me, soldier;
I've been too passionate.

Ven. You thought me false,
Thought my old age betray'd you. Kill me, sir,
Pray, kill me: yet you need not; your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.

Marc A. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage: pr'ythee, forgive me.
Why didst thou tempt my anger by discovery
Of what I would not hear?

Ven. No prince but you
Could merit that sincerity I us'd,
Nor durst another man have ventur'd it.

Marc A. But Cleopatra—
Go on, for I can bear it now.

Ven. No more.

Marc A. Thou dar'st not trust my passion, but
thou may'st:

Thou only lov'st, the rest have flatter'd me.

Ven. Heav'n's blessing on your heart for that
kind word!

May I believe you love me? speak again.

Marc A. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and
this. *(Embracing him.)*

Thy praises were unjust; but I'll deserve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt:
Lead me to victory, thou know'st the way.

Ven. And will you leave this—

Marc A. Pr'ythee, do not curse her,
And I will leave her, though heav'n knows I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but honour:
But I will leave her.

Ven. That's my royal master.
And shall we fight?

Marc A. I warrant thee, old soldier;
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,
And, at the head of our old troops that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, "Come, follow me!"

Ven. Oh! now I hear my emperor! In that
word

Octavius fell. Gods! let me see that day,
And if I have ten years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for th' exchange.

Marc A. Oh! thou hast fir'd me! my soul's up
in arms,

And mans each part about me. Once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seiz'd me,
That eagerness with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp: in vain the steepy hill
Oppos'd my way, in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagg'd on the plain below.

Ven. Ye gods, ye gods,

For such another honour!

Marc A. Come on, my soldier;
Our hearts and arms are still the same: I long
Once more to meet our foes, that thou and I,
Like time and death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to 'em, mow 'em out a passage,
And ent'ring where the foremost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A grand Saloon.

Enter CLEOPATRA, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. What shall I do, or whither shall I turn?
Ventidius has o'ercome, and he will go.

Alex. He goes to fight for you.

Cleo. Then he would see me ere he went to fight.
Flatter me not; if once he goes, he's lost.
And all my hopes destroy'd.

Alex. Does this weak passion
Become a mighty queen?

Cleo. I am no queen:

Is this to be a queen to be besieg'd
By yon insulting Roman, and to wait
Each hour the victor's chain? These ills are small;
For Antony is lost, and I can mourn
For nothing else but him. Now come, Octavius;
I have no more to lose; prepare thy bands;
I'm fit to be a captive: Antony
Has taught my mind the fortune of a slave.

Irás. Call reason to assist you.

Cleo. I have none,
And none would have: my love's a noble madness,
Which shews the cause deserv'd it. Moderate sor-
row

Fits vulgar love, and for a vulgar man;
But I have lov'd with such transcendent passion,
I soar'd at first quite out of reason's view,
And now am lost above it.

Enter CHARMION.

Now, what news, my Charmion?

Will he be kind? and will he not forsake me?

Am I to live or die?

Char. I found him, madam—

Cleo. A long speech preparing!

If thou bring'st comfort, haste and give it me,
For never was more need.

Irás. I know he loves you.

Cleo. Had he been kind, her eyes had told me so
Before her tongue could speak it: now she studies
To soften what he said: but give me death
Just as he sent it, Charmion, undisguis'd,
And in the words he spoke.

Char. I found him, then,
Encompass'd round, I think, with iron statues;
So mute, so motionless his soldiers stood,
While awfully he cast his eyes about,
And ev'ry leader's hopes and fears survey'd;
Methought he look'd resolv'd, and yet not pleas'd:
When he beheld me struggling in the crowd,
He blush'd, and bade make way.

Alex. There's comfort yet.

Char. Ventidius fix'd his eyes upon my passage
Severely, as he meant to frown me back,
And sullenly gave place. I told my message
Just as you gave it, broken and disorder'd;
I number'd in it all your sighs and tears;
And while I mov'd your pitiful request,
That you but only begg'd a last farewell,
He fetch'd an inward groan, and ev'ry time
I nam'd you, sigh'd as if his heart were breaking,
But shunn'd my eyes, and guiltily look'd down.
He seem'd not now that awful Antony
Who shook an arm'd assembly with his nod;
But making shew as he would rub his eyes
Disguis'd, and blotted out a falling tear.

Cleo. Did he then weep? and was I worth a tear?
If what thou hast to say be not as pleasing
Tell me no more, but let me die contented.

Char. He bid me say he knew himself so well
He could deny you nothing if he saw you;
And, therefore—

Cleo. Thou wouldst say he would not see me.

Char. And, therefore, begg'd you not to use a
pow'r
Which he could ill resist; yet he should ever
Respect you as he ought.

Cleo. Is that a word
For Antony to use to Cleopatra?
Oh! that faint word respect! how I disdain it!
Disdain myself for loving after it!

Alex. You misjudge;
You see through love, and that deludes your sight,
But I, who bear my reason undisturb'd,
Can see this Antony, this dreaded man,
A fearful slave, who fain would run away,
And shun his master's eyes; if you pursue him,
My life on't, he still drags a chain along
That needs must clog his flight.

Cleo. Could I believe thee—
Alex. By ev'ry circumstance I know he loves.
True, he's hard press'd by int'rest and by honour;
Yet he but doubts and parleys, and casts out
Many a long look for succour.

Cleo. He sends word
He fears to see my face.

Alex. And would you more?
He shews his weakness who declines the combat;
And you must urge your fortune. Could he speak
More plainly? to my ears the message sounds,
"Come to my rescue, Cleopatra, come;
Come free me from Ventidius, from my tyrant;
See me, and give me a pretence to leave him!"

(*A march.*)
I hear his trumpets. This way he must pass.
Please you retire awhile; I'll work him first,
That he may bend more easy.

Cleo. You shall rule me,
But all, I fear, in vain. [*Exit with Char. and Iras.*]

Alex. I fear so, too,
Though I conceal'd my thoughts to make her bold;
But 'tis our utmost means, and fate befriend it.

(*Retires. A march till all are on.*)

*Enter Lictors with fasces, one bearing the eagle; then
enter MARC ANTONY and VENTIDIUS, followed by
other Commanders.*

Marc A. Octavius is the minion of blind chance,
But holds from virtue nothing.

Ven. Has he courage?

Marc A. But just enough to season him from
coward.

Oh! 'tis the coldest youth upon a charge,
The most deliberate fighter! if he ventures
(As in Ilyria once they say he did)
To storm a town, 'tis when he cannot choose,
When all the world have fix'd their eyes upon him;
And then he lives on that for seven years after;
But at a close revenge he never fails.

Ven. I heard you challeng'd him.

Marc A. I did, Ventidius:
What think'st thou was his answer? 'twas so
tame!

He said, he had more ways than one to die,
I had not.

Ven. Poor!

Marc A. He has more ways than one,
But he would choose 'em all before that one.

Ven. He first would choose an ague or a fever.

Marc A. No; it must be an ague, not a fever;
He has not warmth enough to die by that.

Ven. Or old age and a bed.

Marc A. Ay, there's his choice;
He would live like a lamp to the last wink,
And crawl upon the utmost verge of life,
Oh! Hercules, why should a man like this,
Who dares not trust his fate for one great action,
Be all the care of heav'n? why should he lord it
O'er fourscore thousand men of whom each one
Is braver than himself?

Ven. Sir, we lose time; the troops are mounted
all.

Marc A. Then give the word to march:
I long to leave this prison of a town
To join thy legions, and in open field
Once more to shew my face. Lead, my deliverer.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Great emperor,
In mighty arms renown'd above mankind,
But, in soft pity to th' oppress'd, a god,
This message sends the mournful Cleopatra
To her departing lord.

Ven. (*Aside.*) Smooth sycophant!

Alex. A thousand wishes and ten thousand pray'rs,
Millions of blessings, wait you to the wars;
Millions of sighs and tears she sends you, too,
And would have sent
As many dear embraces to your arms,
As many parting kisses to your lips,
But those, she fears, have weary'd you already.

Ven. (*Aside.*) False crocodile!

Alex. And yet she begs not now you would not
leave her;

That were a wish too mighty for her hopes,
And too presuming, (for her low fortune and your
ebbing love,)

That were a wish for her most prosp'rous days,
Her blooming beauty and your growing kindness.

Marc A. (*Aside.*) Well, I must man it out.
What would the queen?

Alex. First, to these noble warriors who attend
Your daring courage in the chase of fame
(Too daring and too dang'rous for her quiet)
She humbly recommends all she holds dear,
All her own cares and fears, the care of you.

Ven. Yes, witness Actium.

Marc A. Let him speak, Ventidius,

Alex. You, when his matchless valour bears him
forward

With ardour too heroic on his foes,
Fall down as she would do before his feet,
Lie in his way, and stop the paths of death;
Tell him this god is not invulnerable,
That absent Cleopatra bleeds in him;
And that you may remember her petition,
She begs you wear these trifles as a pawn,
Which, at your wish'd return, she will redeem
(*Gives jewels to the Commanders.*)

With all the wealth of Egypt.
This to the great Ventidius she presents,
Whom she can never count her enemy,
Because he loves her lord.

Ven. Tell her I'll none on't;
I'm not asham'd of honest poverty;
Not all the diamonds of the east can bribe
Ventidius from his faith. I hope to see
These and the rest of all her sparkling store
Where they shall more deservingly be plac'd.

Marc A. And who must wear 'em, then?

Ven. The wrong'd Octavia.

Marc A. You might have spar'd that word.

Ven. And she that bribe.

Marc A. But have I no remembrance?

Alex. Yes, a dear one;

You slave, the queen—

Marc A. My mistress.

Alex. Then your mistress.

Your mistress would, she says, have sent her soul,
But that you had long since: she humbly begs
This ruby bracelet, set with bleeding hearts,
(The emblems of her own,) may bind your arm.

(*Presenting a bracelet.*)

Ven. Now, my best lord, in honour's name I ask
you,

For manhood's sake, and for your own dear safety,
Touch not these poison'd gifts,
Infected by the sender; touch 'em not;
Myriads of bluest plagues lie underneath 'em,
And more than aconite has dip'd the silk.

Marc A. Nay, now you grow too cynical, Ven-
tidius;

A lady's favours may be worn with honour.
What, to refuse her bracelet! on my soul,
When I lie pensive in my tent alone,
'Twill pass the wakeful hours of winter nights

To tell these pretty beads upon my arm,
To count for ev'ry one a soft embrace,
A melting kiss at such and such a time,
And now and then the fury of her love,
When—And what harm's in this?

Alex. None, none, my lord,
But what's to her, that now 'tis past for ever.

Marc A. (*Going to tie it.*) We soldiers are so awkward—help me to tie it.

Alex. In faith, my lord, we courtiers, too, are awkward

In these affairs; so are all men, indeed;
But shall I speak?

Marc A. Yes, freely.

Alex. Then, my lord, fair hands alone are fit to tie it; she who sent it can.

Ven. Hell! death! this enuch pander ruins you.
You will not see her?

[*Alexas whispers an Attendant, who goes out.*]

Marc A. But to take my leave.

Ven. Then I have wash'd an Ethiop. Y' are undone!

Y' are in the toils! y' are taken! y' are destroy'd!
Her eyes do Cæsar's work.

Marc A. You fear too soon:

I'm constant to myself: I know my strength;
And yet she shall not think me bar'rous neither,
Born in the deeps of Afric: I'm a Roman,
Bred to the rules of soft humanity.

A guest, and kindly us'd, should bid farewell.

Ven. You do not know

How weak you are to her, how much an infant;
You are not proof against a smile or glance;
A sigh will quite disarm you.

Marc A. See, she comes!

Now you shall find your error. Gods! I thank you;
I form'd the danger greater than it was,
And now 'tis near, 'tis lessen'd.

Ven. Mark the end, yet.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, and IRAS.

Marc A. Well, madam, we are met.

Cleo. Is this a meeting?

Then we must part!

Marc A. We must.

Cleo. Who says we must?

Marc A. Our own hard fates.

Cleo. We make those fates ourselves.

Marc A. Yes, we have made 'em; we have lov'd each other

Into our mutual ruin.

Cleo. The gods have seen my joys with envious eyes;

And all the world

(As 'twere the bus'ness of mankind to part us)

Is arm'd against my love; ev'n you yourself

Join with the rest: you, you are arm'd against me.

Marc A. I will be justify'd in all I do

To late posterity, and, therefore, hear me.

If I mix a lie

With any truth, reproach me freely with it,

Else favour me with silence.

Cleo. You command me,

And I am dumb.

Ven. I like this well: he shews authority. (*Aside.*)

Marc A. That I derive my ruin

From you alone—

Cleo. Oh, heav'ns! I ruin you!

Marc A. You promis'd me your silence, and you break it

Ere I have scarce begun.

Cleo. Well, I obey you.

Marc A. When I beheld you first it was in Egypt,

Ere Cæsar saw your eyes: you gave me love,

And were too young to know it. That I settled

Your father in his throne was for your sake;

I left th' acknowledgment for time to ripen.

Cæsar stepp'd in, and with a greedy hand

Pluck'd the green fruit ere the first blush of red

Yet cleaving to the bough. He was my lord,
And was, beside, too great for me to rival:
But I deserv'd you first, though he enjoy'd you.
When after I beheld you in Cilicia,
An enemy to Rome, I pardon'd you.

Cleo. I clear'd myself—

Marc A. Again you break your promise.
I lov'd you still, and took your weak excuses,
Took you into my bosom stain'd by Cæsar,
And not half mine: I went to Egypt with you,
And hid me from the bus'ness of the world,
Shut out inquiring nations from my sight
To give whole years to you.

Ven. Yes, to your shame be't spoken. (*Aside.*)

Marc A. How I lov'd,

Witness ye days and nights, and all ye hours,
That danc'd away with down upon your feet,
As all your bus'ness were to count my passion.
One day past by and nothing saw but love;
Another came, and still 'twas only love:
The suns were weary'd out with looking on,
And I untir'd with loving.

I saw you ev'ry day, and all the day,
And ev'ry day was still but as the first,
So eager was I still to see you more.

Ven. 'Tis all too true.

Marc A. Fulvia, my wife, grew jealous,
(As she, indeed, had reason,) rais'd a war
In Italy to call me back.

Ven. But yet

You went not. (*Aside.*)

Marc A. While within your arms I lay
The world fell mould'ring from my hands each hour,
And left me scarce a grasp: I thank your love for't.

Ven. Well push'd: that last was home. (*Aside.*)

Cleo. Yet may I speak?

Marc A. If I have urg'd a falsehood, yes; else not.

Your silence says I have not. Fulvia died:
(Pardon, you gods! with my unkindness died.)
To set the world at peace, I took Octavia,
This Cæsar's sister. In her pride of youth
And flow'r of beauty did I wed that lady,
Whom blushing I must praise, although I left her.
You call'd; my love obey'd the fatal summons:
This rais'd the Roman arms; the cause was your's.
I would have fought by land, where I was stronger;
You hinder'd it; yet, when I fought at sea,
Forsook me fighting; and, oh! stain to honour!
Oh! lasting shame! I knew not that I fled,
But fled to follow you.

Ven. What haste she made to hoist her purple sails!

And to appear magnificent in flight,
Drew half our strength away.

Marc A. All this you caus'd:

And would you multiply more ruin on me?

This honest man, my best, my only friend,

Has gather'd up the shipwreck of my fortunes:

Twelve legions I have left, my last recruits,

And you have watch'd the news, and bring your eyes

To seize them, too. If you have aught to answer
Now speak, you have free leave.

Alex. She stands confounded:

Despair is in her eyes. (*Aside.*)

Ven. Now lay a sigh i'th' way to stop his passage;

Prepare a tear, and bid it for his legions:

'Tis like they shall be sold.

Cleo. How shall I plead my cause, when you,
my judge,

Already have condemn'd me? Shall I bring

The love you bore me for my advocate?

That now is turn'd against me, that destroys me;

For love once past is, at the best, forgotten,

But oft'ner sours to hate. It will please my lord

To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty;

But could I once have thought it would have pleas'd you,

That you would pry with narrow searching eyes
Into my faults, severe to my destruction,
And watching all advantages with care
That serve to make me wretched! Speak, my lord,
For I end here. Though I deserve this usage,
Was it like you to give it?

Marc A. Oh! you wrong me
To think I sought this parting, or desir'd
To accuse you more than what will clear myself,
And justify this breach.

Cleo. Thus low I thank you;
And since my innocence will not offend,
I shall not blush to own it.

Ven. After this,
I think she'll blush at nothing. *(Aside.)*

Cleo. You seem griev'd
(And therein you are kind) that Cæsar first
Enjoy'd my love, though you deserv'd it better;
For had I first been your's it would have sav'd
My second choice; I never had been his,
And ne'er had been but your's. But Cæsar first,
You say, possess'd my love. Not so, my lord:
He first possess'd my person, you my love:
Cæsar lov'd me, but I lov'd Antony:

Ven. Oh! siren, siren!
Yet grant that all the love she boasts were true,
Has she not ruin'd you? I still urge that,
The fatal consequence.

Cleo. The consequence, indeed!
For I dare challenge him, my greatest foe,
To say it was design'd. It is true I lov'd you,
And kept you far from an uneasy wife;
Such Fulvia was.

Yes; but he'll say you left Octavia for me:
And can you blame me to receive that love
Which quitted such desert for worthless me?
How often have I wish'd some other Cæsar,
Great as the first, and as the second young,
Would court my love to be refus'd for you!

Ven. Words, words! but Actium, sir, remember
Actium!

Cleo. Ev'n there I dare his malice. True, I
counsell'd

To fight at sea; but I betray'd you not:
I fled, but not to the enemy. 'Twas fear:
Would I had been a man not to have fear'd!
For none would then have envy'd me your friend-
ship,

Who envy me your love.

Marc A. We're both unhappy:
If nothing else, yet our ill fortune parts us.
Speak! would you have me perish by my stay?

Cleo. If as a friend you ask my judgment, go;
If as a lover, stay. If you must perish—
'Tis a hard word: but stay.

Ven. See now th' effects of her so boasted love!
She strives to drag you down to ruin with her;
But could she 'scape without you, oh! how soon
Would she let go her hold, and haste to shore,
And never look behind!

Cleo. Then judge my love by this.
(Giving Marc A. a writing.)

Could I have borne
A life or death, a happiness or woe,
From your's divided, this had giv'n me means.

Marc A. By Hercules, the writing of Octavius!
See, see, Ventidius! here he offers Egypt,
And joins all Syria to it as a present,
So, in requital, she forsake my fortunes
And join her arms with his.

Cleo. And yet you leave me!
You leave me, Antony; and yet I love you!
Indeed I do! I have refus'd a kingdom,
That's a trifle;
For I could part with life, with anything,
But only you. Oh! let me die but with you!
Is that a hard request?

Marc A. Next living with you,
'Tis all that heav'n can give.

Alex. He melts; we conquer. *(Aside.)*

Cleo. No, you shall go; your int'rest calls you
hence:

Yes, your dear int'rest pulls too strong for these
Weak arms to hold you here. *(Takes his hand.)*

Go, leave me, soldier,
(For you're no more a lover,) leave me dying;
Push me all pale and panting from your bosom,
And when your march begins, let one run after,
Breathless almost for joy, and cry, "She's dead!"
The soldiers shout. You then, perhaps, may sigh,
And muster all your Roman gravity;
Ventidius chides, and straight your brow clears up,
As I had never been.

Marc A. Gods! 'tis too much! too much for
man to bear!

Cleo. What is't for me, then,
A weak, forsaken woman and a lover?
Here let me breathe my last; envy me not
This minute in your arms! I'll die,
And end your trouble.

Marc A. Die! rather let me perish, loosen'd na-
ture

Leap from its hinges, sink the props of heav'n,
And fall the skies to crush the nether world!

My eyes, my soul, my all! *(Embraces her.)*
"But could she 'scape without me, with what haste
Would she let slip her hold, and make to shore,
And never look behind!"

Down on thy knees, blasphemous as thou art,
And ask forgiveness of wrong'd innocence.

Ven. I'll rather die than take it. Will you go?

Marc A. Go! whither! go from all that's ex-
cellent!

Give to your boy, your Cæsar,
This rattle of a globe to play withal,
This gewgaw world, and put him clearly off;
I'll not be pleas'd with less than Cleopatra.

Cleo. She's wholly your's. My heart's so full
of joy,

That I shall do some wild extravagance
Of love in public; and the foolish world,
Which knows not tenderness, will think me mad.

Ven. Oh! women, women, women! all the gods
Have not such pow'r of doing good to man
As you of doing harm. *[Exit.]*

Marc A. Our men are arm'd;
Unbar the gate that looks to Cæsar's camp;
I would revenge the treachery he meant me,
And long security makes conquest easy.
I'm eager to return before I go;
For all the pleasures I have known beat thick
On my remembrance. How I long for night!
That both the sweets of mutual love may try,
And triumph once o'er Cæsar ere we die. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS,
ALEXAS, and a train of Egyptians; MARC AN-
TONY and Romans. Cleopatra crowns Marc An-
tony.*

Marc A. My brighter Venus!

Cleo. Oh! my greater Mars!

Marc A. Thou join'st us well, my love.

There's no satiety of love in thee;
Enjoy'd, thou still art new; perpetual spring
Is in thy arms; the ripen'd fruit but falls
And blossoms rise to fill its empty place,
And I grow rich by giving.

Enter VENTIDIUS, and stands apart.

Alex. Oh! now the danger's past your gen'ral
comes;

He joins not in your joys, nor minds your triumphs;
But with contracted brows looks frowning on,
As envying your success.

Marc A. Now on my soul he loves me, truly loves me;

He never flatter'd me in any vice,
But awes me with his virtue; ev'n this minute,
Methinks, he has a right of chiding me.
Lead to the temple; I'll avoid his presence;
It checks too strong upon me.

(*As Marc A. is going with the rest, Ventidius pulls him by the robe.*)

Ven. Emperor!

Marc A. (*Looking back.*) 'Tis the old argument;
I pr'ythee, spare me.

Ven. But this one hearing, emperor.

Marc A. Let go

My robe, or by the father Hercules—

Ven. By Hercules' father! that's yet greater;
I bring you somewhat you would wish to know.

Marc A. Thou seest we are observ'd; attend me here,

And I'll return. [Exit.]

Ven. I'm waning in his favour, yet I love him;

I love this man who runs to meet his ruin;

And sure the gods, like me, are fond of him:

His virtues lie so mingled with his crimes,

As would confound their choice to punish one

And not reward the other.

Re-enter MARC ANTONY.

Marc A. We can conquer,

You see, without your aid:

We have dislodg'd their troops.

Five thousand Romans, with their faces upward,

Lie breathless on the plain.

Ven. 'Tis well; and he

Who lost 'em could have spar'd ten thousand more:

Yet, if by this advantage you could gain

An easier peace, while Cæsar doubts the chance

Of arms—

Marc A. Oh! think not on't, Ventidius!

The boy pursues my ruin; he'll no peace!

Ven. Have you no friend,

In all his army, who has pow'r to move him?

Mecænas or Agrippa might do much.

Pray, think again.

Marc A. Why dost thou drive me from myself to search

For foreign aid, to hunt my memory,

And range all o'er a wide and barren place,

To find a friend? The wretched have no friends!

Yet I have one, the bravest youth of Rome,

Whom Cæsar loves beyond the love of women.

Ven. Him would I see, that man of all the world!

Just such an one we want.

Marc A. He lov'd me, too;

I was his soul; he liv'd not but in me:

We were so clos'd within each other's breasts,

The rivets were not found that join'd us first.

After this,

I need not tell his name: 'twas Dolabella.

Ven. He's now in Cæsar's camp.

Marc A. No matter where,

Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly

That I forbade him Cleopatra's sight,

Because I fear'd he lov'd her.

Would he were here!

Ven. Would you believe he lov'd you?

I read your answer in your eyes—you would.

Not to conceal it longer, he has sent

A messenger from Cæsar's camp with letters.

Marc A. Let him appear.

Ven. I'll bring him instantly. [Exit.]

Re-enter VENTIDIUS, with DOLABELLA.

Marc A. 'Tis he himself, himself! by holy friendship!
(*Runs to embrace him.*)

Art thou return'd at last, my better half?

Dol. I must be silent, for my soul is busy

About a nobler work. She's new come home,

Like a long absent man, and wanders o'er

Each room, a stranger to her own, to look
If all be safe.

Marc A. Thou hast what's left of me;

But, oh! my Dolabella,

Thou hast beheld me other than I am.

Hast thou not seen my morning chambers fill'd

With sceptred slaves, who waited to salute me?

With eastern monarchs, who forgot the sun

To worship my uprising? Menial kings

Ran coursing up and down my palace-yard,

Stood silenc'd in my presence, watch'd my eyes,

And at my least command, all started out

Like racers to the goal.

Dol. Slaves to your fortune.

Marc A. Fortune is Cæsar's now, and what am I?

Ven. What you have made yourself: I will not flatter.

Marc A. Is this friendly done?

Dol. Yes, when his end is so. I must join with him,

Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide:

Why am I else your friend?

Marc A. Take heed, young man,

How thou upbraid'st my love! the queen has eyes,

And thou, too, hast a soul! Canst thou remember

When, swell'd with hatred, thou beheld'st her first

As accessory to thy brother's death?

Dol. Spare my remembrance! 'twas a guilty day,

And still the blush hangs here.

Marc A. To clear herself

For sending him no aid, she came from Egypt:

Her galley down the silver Cydnus row'd;

The tackling silk, the streamers wav'd with gold,

The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails,

Her nymphs like Nereids round her couch were plac'd,

Where she another sea-born Venus lay.

Dol. No more! I would not hear it!

Marc A. Oh! you must.

She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,

And cast a look so languishingly sweet,

As if secure of all beholders' hearts,

Neglecting she could take 'em. Boys, like Cupids,

Stood fanning, with their painted wings, the winds

That play'd about her face; but if she smil'd,

A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad,

That men's desiring eyes were never weary'd,

But hung upon the object! To soft flutes

The silver oars kept time; and, while they play'd,

The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,

And both to thought. 'Twas heav'n, or somewhat more!

For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds

Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath

To give their welcome voice.

Then, Dolabella, where was then thy soul?

Was not thy fury quite disarm'd with wonder?

Didst thou not shrink behind me from those eyes,

And whisper in my ear, "Oh! tell her not

That I accus'd her of my brother's death."

Dol. And should my weakness be a plea for your's?

Mine was an age when love might be excus'd;

Your's—

Ven. Speak boldly:

Your's, he would say, in your declining age;

In you (I would not use so harsh a word)

'Tis but plain dotage.

Marc A. Ha!

Dol. 'Twas urg'd too home.

But yet the loss was private that I made;

'Twas but myself I lost: I lost no legions;

I had no world to lose, no peoples' love.

Marc A. This from a friend?

Dol. Yes, Antony, a true one;

A friend so tender, that each word I speak

Stabs my own heart before it reach your ear.

Oh! judge me not less kind because I chide,

To Cæsar I excuse you.

Marc A. Oh! ye gods,
Have I, then, liv'd to be excus'd to Cæsar?

Dol. As to your equal.

Marc A. Well, he's but my equal:
While I bear this he never shall be more.

Dol. I bring conditions from him.

Marc A. Are they noble?

Methinks thou shouldst not bring 'em else; yet he
Is full of deep dissembling, knows no honour
Divided from his int'rest.

He's fit, indeed, to buy, not conquer kingdoms.

Ven. Then, granting this,

What power was theirs who wrought so hard a
temper

To honourable terms?

Marc A. It was my Dolabella or some god.

Dol. Not I, nor yet Mecenas, nor Agrippa;

They were your enemies, and I a friend

Too weak alone; yet 'twas a Roman deed.

Marc A. 'Twas like a Roman done. Shew me that
man

Who has preserv'd my life, my love, my honour;

Let me but see his face.

Ven. That task is mine,
And, heav'n! thou know'st how pleasing. [*Exit.*]

Dol. You'll remember

To whom you stand oblig'd?

Marc A. When I forget it,

Be thou unkind, and that's my greatest curse.

My queen shall thank him, too.

Dol. I fear she will not.

Marc A. But she shall do't. The queen, my Do-
labella!

Hast thou not still some grudgings of thy fever?

Dol. I would not see her lost.

Marc A. When I forsake her,

Leave me, my better stars; for she has truth

Beyond her beauty. Cæsar tempted her

At no less price than kingdoms to betray me;

But she resisted all: and yet thou chid'st me

For loving her too well. Could I do so?

Dol. Yes; there's my reason.

*Re-enter VENTIDIUS with OCTAVIA, leading Marc
Antony's two little Daughters.*

Marc A. Where—Octavia there? (*Starting.*)

Ven. What! is she poison to you? a disease?
Look on her, view her well, and those she brings:
Are they all strangers to your eyes? has nature
No secret call, no whisper, they are your's?

Dol. For shame, my lord! if not for love, re-
ceive 'em

With kinder eyes. If you confess a man,

Meet 'em, embrace 'em, bid 'em welcome to you.

Marc A. I stood amaz'd to think how they came
hither.

Ven. I sent for 'em; I brought them in unknown
To Cleopatra's guards.

Dol. Yet are you cold?

Oct. Thus long I have attended for my welcome,
Which, as a stranger, sure I might expect.

Who am I?

Marc A. Cæsar's sister.

Oct. That's unkind!

Had I been nothing more than Cæsar's sister,

Know, I had still remain'd in Cæsar's camp;

But your Octavia, your much injur'd wife,

Though banish'd from your bed, driv'n from your
house,

In spite of Cæsar's sister, still is your's.

'Tis true, I have a heart disdains your coldness,

And prompts me not to seek what you should
offer;

But a wife's virtue still surmounts that pride:

I come to claim you as my own, to shew

My duty first, to ask, nay, beg your kindness.

Your hand, my lord; 'tis mine, and I will have it.

(*Taking his hand.*)

Ven. Do take it, thou deserv'st it.

Dol. On my soul,

And so she does.

Marc A. I fear, Octavia, you have begg'd my life.

Oct. Begg'd it, my lord?

Marc A. Yes, begg'd it, my ambassadress;

Poorly and basely begg'd it of your brother.

Oct. Poorly and basely I could never beg,

Nor could my brother grant.

Marc A. Shall I, who to my kneeling slave could
say,

"Rise up, and be a king!" shall I fall down

And cry, "Forgive me, Cæsar?" No; that word

Forgive would choke me up,

And die upon my tongue.

Dol. You shall not need it.

Marc A. I will not need it. Come, you've all
betray'd me:

My wife has bought me with her pray'rs and tears,

And now I must become her branded slave:

In ev'ry peevish mood she will upbraid

The life she gave: if I but look awry,

She'll cry, "I'll tell my brother!"

Oct. My hard fortune

Subjects me still to your unkind mistakes;

But the conditions I have brought, are such

You need not blush to take. I love your honour,

Because 'tis mine. It never shall be said,

Octavia's husband was her brother's slave.

Sir, you are free, free ev'n from her you loathe;

For though my brother bargains for your love,

Makes me the price and cement of your peace,

I have a soul like your's; I cannot take

Your love as alms, nor beg what I deserve.

I'll tell my brother we are reconcil'd;

He shall draw back his troops, and you shall march

To rule the east. I may be dropp'd at Athens;

No matter where; I never will complain,

But only keep the barren name of wife,

And rid you of the trouble.

Ven. Was ever such a strife of sullen honour!

Both scorn to be oblig'd. (*Apart.*)

Dol. Oh! she has touch'd him in the tend' rest part:

See how he reddens with despite and shame

To be outdone in generosity! (*Apart.*)

Marc A. Octavia, I have heard you, and must
praise

The greatness of your soul,

But cannot yield to what you have propos'd;

For I can ne'er be conquer'd but by love,

And you do all for duty. You would free me,

And would be dropp'd at Athens; was't not so?

Oct. It was, my lord.

Marc A. Then I must be oblig'd

To one who loves me not, who to herself

May call me thankless and ungrateful man.

I'll not endure it; no.

Ven. I'm glad it pinches there. (*Apart.*)

Oct. Would you triumph o'er poor Octavia's
virtue?

That pride was all I had to bear me up,

That you might think you ow'd me for your life,

And ow'd it to my duty, not my love.

Marc A. Therefore, you lov'd me not.

Oct. Therefore, my lord,

I should not love you.

Marc A. Therefore, you would leave me.

Oct. And, therefore, I should leave you—if I
could.

Dol. Her soul's too great, after such injuries,

To say she loves, and yet she lets you see it.

Her modesty and silence plead her cause.

Marc A. Oh! Dolabella, which way shall I turn?

I find a secret yielding in my soul;

But Cleopatra, who would die with me,

Must she be left? Pity pleads for Octavia,

But does it not plead more for Cleopatra?

Ven. Justice and pity plead for Octavia,

For Cleopatra neither.

One would be ruin'd with you, but she first

Had ruin'd you; the other you have ruin'd,
And yet she would preserve you.

In ev'rything their merits are unequal.

Marc A. Oh! my distracted soul!

Oct. Sweet heav'n! compose it.

Come, come; my lord, if I can pardon you,
Methinks you should accept it. Look on these;
Are they not your's? or stand they thus neglected
As they are mine? Go to him, children; go
Kneel to him; take him by the hand; speak to him:
You, Agrippina, hang upon his arms;
And you, Antonia, clasp about his waist:
If he will shake you off, if he will dash you
Against the pavement, you must bear it, children;
For you are mine, and I was born to suffer.

(The Children go to him.)

Ven. Was ever sight so moving! Emperor!

Dol. Friend!

Oct. Husband!

Children. Father!

Marc A. I am vanquish'd: take me,
Octavia; take me, children; share me all.

(Embracing them.)

I've been a thriftless debtor to your loves,
And run out much in riot from your stock;
But all shall be amended.

Oct. Oh! bless'd hour!

Dol. Oh! happy change!

Ven. My joy stops at my tongue!

Marc A. *(To Octavia.)* This is thy triumph:
lead me where thou wilt,

Ev'n to thy brother's camp.

Oct. All there are your's.

Enter ALEXAS, hastily.

Alex. The queen, my mistress, sir, and your's—

Marc A. 'Tis past. Octavia, you shall stay this
night;

To-morrow, Cæsar and we are one. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Saloon.

Enter MARC ANTONY AND DOLABELLA.

Dol. Why would you shift it from yourself on
me?

Can you not tell her you must part?

Marc A. I cannot;

I could pull out an eye and bid it go,
And t'other should not weep. Oh! Dolabella,
How many deaths are in this word depart!

I dare not trust my tongue to tell her so:
One look of hers would thaw me into tears,
And I should melt till I were lost again.

Dol. Then let Ventidius;

He's rough by nature.

Marc A. Oh! he'll speak too harshly;
He'll kill her with the news: thou, only thou.

Dol. Nature has cast me in so soft a mould

That I should speak

So faintly, with such fear to grieve her heart,
She'd not believe it earnest.

Marc A. Therefore, therefore,
Thou, only thou, art fit. Think thyself me,
And when thou speak'st (but let it first be long)
Take off the edge from ev'ry sharper sound,
And let our parting be as gently made
As their loves begin. Wilt thou do this?

Dol. What you have said so sinks into my soul,
That if I must speak, I shall speak just so.

Marc A. I leave you then to your sad task. Fare-
well!

I sent her word to meet you.

(Goes to the door and comes back.)

I forgot:

Let her be told I'll make her peace with mine:

Her crown and dignity shall be preserv'd,

If I have pow'r with Cæsar.—Oh! be sure

To think on that.

Dol. Fear not, I will remember.

(Marc A. goes again to the door and comes back.)

Marc A. And tell her, too, how much I was
constrain'd;

I did not this but with extremest force.

Desire her not to hate my memory,

For I still cherish hers—inist on that.

Dol. Trust me I'll not forget it.

Marc A. Then that's all.

(Goes out and returns again.)

Wilt thou forgive my fondness this once more?

Tell her, though we shall never meet again,

If I should hear she took another love,

The news would break my heart.—Now I must go,

For ev'ry time I have return'd, I feel

My soul more tender, and my next command

Would be to bid her stay and ruin both. *[Exit.]*

Dol. Men are but children of a larger growth;

Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,

And full as craving, too, and full as vain;

And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,

Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;

But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,

Works all her folly up, and casts it outward

To the world's open view. Thus I discover'd,

And blam'd the love of ruin'd Antony,

Yet wish that I were he to be so ruin'd.

Enter VENTIDIUS, behind.

Ven. Alone, and talking to himself! Concern'd,
too!

Perhaps my guess is right: he lov'd her once,

And may pursue it still. *(Aside.)*

Dol. Oh! friendship, friendship!

Ill canst thou answer this, and reason worse:

Unfaithful in th' attempt, hopeless to win,

And if I win, undone. Mere madness all.

And yet th' occasion fair. What injury

To him, to wear the robe which he throws by?

Ven. None, none at all. This happens as I wish,
To ruin her yet more with Antony. *(Aside.)*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, talking with ALEXAS, CHAR-
MION, and IRAS.*

Dol. She comes! what charms have sorrow on
that face!

Sorrow seems pleas'd to dwell with so much
sweetness;

Yet now and then a melancholy smile

Breaks loose, like lightning in a winter's night,

And shews a moment's day.

Ven. If she should love him, too! Draw, draw
nearer,

Sweet devil! that I may hear. *(Aside.)*

Alex. Believe me; try—

(Dolabella goes over to Charmion and Iras.)

To make him jealous; jealousy is like

A polish'd glass held to the lips when life's in doubt:

If there be breath, 'twill catch the damp and shew it.

Cleo. I grant you jealousy's a proof of love,

But 'tis a weak and unavailing medicine.

Alex. 'Tis your last remedy, and strongest, too:

And then this Dolabella, who so fit

To practise on?—He's handsome, valiant, young,

And looks as he were laid for Nature's bait

To catch weak women's eyes.

He stands already more than half suspected

Of loving you: the least kind word or glance

You give this youth will kindle him with love;

Then, like a burning vessel set adrift,

You'll send him down again before the wind,

To fire the heart of jealous Antony.

Cleo. Can I do this? ah! no; my love's so true,

That I can neither hide it where it is,

Nor shew it where it is not;

Alex. Force yourself:

Th' event will be, your lover will return

Doubly desirous to possess the good

Which once he fear'd to lose.

Cleo. I must attempt it;
But, oh! with what regret. *[Exit Alexas.]*

Ven. So, now the scene draws near; they're in my reach. *(Aside.)*

Cleo. *(To Dol.)* Discoursing with my women!
Might not I

Share in your entertainment?

Char. You have been

The subject of it, madam.

Cleo. How? and how?

Iras. Such praises of your beauty!

Cleo. Mere poetry:

Your Roman wits, your Gallus and Tibullus,
Have taught you this from Cytheris and Delia.

Dol. Those Roman wits have never been in Egypt,
Cytheris and Delia else had been unsung:
I who have seen—had I been born a poet,
Should choose a nobler name.

Cleo. You flatter me;
But 'tis your nation's vice: all of your country
Are flatt'ers, and all false. Your friend's like you:
I'm sure he sent you not to speak these words.

Dol. No, madam; yet he sent me—

Cleo. Well, he sent you—

Dol. Of a less pleasing errand.

Cleo. How less pleasing?

Less to yourself or me?

Dol. Madam, to both;

For you must mourn, and I must grieve to cause it.

Cleo. You Charmion, and your fellow, stand at distance.

Hold up my spirits! *(Aside.)*—Well, now your
mournful matter;

For I'm prepar'd, perhaps can guess it, too.

Dol. I wish you would, for 'tis a thankless office
To tell ill news; and I of all your sex
Most fear displeasing you.

Cleo. Of all your sex

I soonest could forgive you, if you should.

Ven. Most delicate advances! Woman! woman!
Dear, d—d, unconstant sex! *(Aside.)*

Cleo. In the first place,

I am to be forsaken; is't not so?

Dol. I wish I could not answer to that question.

Cleo. Then pass it o'er because it troubles you:
I should have been more griev'd another time.

Next, I'm to lose my kingdom—Farewell, Egypt!
Yet is there any more?

Dol. Madam, I fear

Your too deep sense of grief has turn'd your reason.

Cleo. No, no, I'm not run mad; I can bear fortune;
And love may be expell'd by other love,
As poisons are by poisons.

Dol. You o'erjoy me, madam,

To find your griefs so moderately borne.

You've heard the worst: all are not false like him.

Cleo. No, heav'n forbid they should!

Dol. Some men are constant.

Cleo. And constancy deserves reward, that's
certain.

Dol. Deserves it not, but give it leave to hope.

Ven. I'll swear thou hast my leave. I have
enough. *(Aside, and exit.)*

Dol. I come prepar'd

To tell you heavy news, news which I thought
Would fright the blood from your pale cheeks
to hear;

But you have met it with a cheerfulness
That makes my task more easy; and my tongue,
Which on another's message was employ'd,
Would gladly speak its own.

Cleo. Hold, Dolabella.

First tell me, were you chosen by my lord,
Or sought you this employment?

Dol. He pick'd me out; and, as his bosom-friend,
He charg'd me with his words.

Cleo. The message, then,

I know was tender, and each accent smooth,
To mollify that rugged word depart.

Dol. Oh! you mistake: he chose the harshest
words:

He coin'd his face in the severest stamp;
And fury shook his fabric like an earthquake:
He heav'd for vent, and burst like bellowing Ætna,
In sounds scarce human.

*(All the time of this speech, Cleopatra seems
more and more concerned, till she sinks
quite down.)*

Cleo. Oh! I can bear no more. *(Faints.)*

Dol. Help, help! Oh, wretch! oh! cursed, cursed
wretch!

What have I done?

Char. Heav'n be prais'd,

She comes again!

Cleo. Why have you brought me back to this
loath'd being,

Th' abode of falsehood, violated vows,
And injur'd love? For pity let me go;
For if there be a place of long repose,
I'm sure I want it. Unkind, unkind!

Dol. Believe me 'tis against myself I speak;
(Kneeling.)

That, sure, deserves belief. I injur'd him;

My friend ne'er spoke those words. Oh! had you
seen

How often he came back, and ev'ry time

With something more obliging and more kind,

To add to what he said; what dear farewells,

How almost vanquish'd by his love he parted,

And lean'd to what unwillingly he left:

I, traitor as I was, for love of you,

(But what can you not do who made me false?)

I forg'd that lie, for whose forgiveness kneels

This self-accus'd, self-punish'd criminal.

Cleo. With how much ease believe we what we
wish!

Rise, Dolabella; if you have been guilty,

I have contributed, and too much love

Has made me guilty, too.

Th' advance of kindness which I made was feign'd,

To call back fleeting love by jealousy;

But 'twould not last. Oh! rather let me lose;

Than so ignobly trifle with his heart.

Dol. I find your breast fenc'd round from human
reach,

Transparent as a rock of solid crystal,

Seen through, but never pierc'd.

Cleo. Could you not beg

An hour's admittance to his private ear,

Before we part; for I have far to go,

If death be far, and never must return?

Re-enter VENTIDIUS with OCTAVIO, behind.

Ven. From whence you may discover—Oh,
sweet, sweet!

Would you indeed! the pretty hand in earnest!
(Aside.)

Dol. I will for this reward: *(Takes her hand.)*

Draw it not back;

'Tis all I e'er will beg.

Ven. *(Apart.)* They turn upon us.

Seem not to have observ'd 'em, and go on.

(Comes forward with Octavio.)

Dol. Saw you the emperor, Ventidius?

Ven. No;

I sought him, but I heard that he was private;

None with him but Hipparchus, his freed man.

Dol. Know you his bus'ness?

Ven. Giving him instructions

And letters to his brother Cæsar.

Dol. Well,

He must be found. *[Exit with Cleopatra.]*

Oct. Most glorious impudence!

Ven. She look'd, methought,

As she would say, "Take your old man, Octavia;
Thank you, I'm better here."

Well, but what use

Make we of this discovery?

Oct. Let it die.

Ven. I pity Dolabella! but she's dang'rous;
And Antony
Must needs have some remains of passion still,
Which may ferment into a worse relapse
If now not fully cur'd.—But, see he comes.

Enter MARC ANTONY.

Marc A. Octavia, I was looking you, my love.
What, are your letters ready? I have giv'n
My last instructions.

Oct. Mine, my lord, are written.

Marc A. Ventidius! (*Drawing him aside.*)

Ven. My lord?

Marc A. A word in private.

When saw you Dolabella?

Ven. Now, my lord;

He parted hence, and Cleopatra with him.

Marc A. Speak softly; 'twas by my command
he went

To bear my last farewell.

Ven. It look'd, indeed, (*Aloud.*)
Like your farewell.

Marc A. More softly.—My farewell!

What secret meaning have you in those words
Of my farewell? He did it by my order.

Ven. Then he obey'd your order, I suppose.

(*Aloud.*)

You bid him do it with all gentleness,
All kindness, and all—love.

Marc A. How she mourn'd!

The poor forsaken creature!

Ven. She took it as she ought; she bore your
parting

As she did Cæsar's, as she would another's,
Were a new love to come.

Marc A. Thou dost belie her; (*Aloud.*)

Most basely and maliciously belie her.

Ven. I thought not to displease you: I have
done.

Oct. You seem disturb'd, my lord. (*Coming up.*)

Marc A. A very trifle.

Retire, my love.

Ven. It was indeed a trifle.

He sent—

Marc A. No more. Look how thou disobey'st me;
Thy life shall answer it. (*Angrily.*)

Oct. Then 'tis no trifle.

Ven. (*To Oct.*) 'Tis less; a very nothing: you,
too, saw it

As well as I; and, therefore, 'tis no secret.

Marc A. She saw it!

Ven. Yes; she saw young Dolabella—

Marc A. Young Dolabella!

Ven. Young! I think him young,
And handsome, too; and so do others think him.
But what of that? He went by your command,
Indeed, 'tis probable, with some kind message,
For she receiv'd it graciously: she smil'd;
And then he grew familiar with her hand,
Squeeze'd it, and worry'd it with rav'nous kisses;
She blush'd, and sigh'd, and smil'd, and blush'd
again;

At last, she took occasion to talk softly,
And then she cried aloud, "That constancy
Should be rewarded!"—This I saw and heard.

Marc A. What woman was it who you heard
and saw

So playful with my friend?

Not Cleopatra?

Ven. Ev'n she, my lord!

Marc A. My Cleopatra?

Ven. Your Cleopatra,

Dolabella's Cleopatra,

Ev'ry man's Cleopatra.

Marc A. 'Tis false.

I know 'tis false, and see the plot betwixt you.

Ven. What, has my age deserv'd that you should
think

I would abuse your ears with perjury?

If heav'n be true, she's false.

Marc A. Though heav'n and earth
Should witness it, I'll not believe her tainted.

Ven. I'll bring you, then, a witness
From hell to prove her so. Nay, go not back;
(*Seeing ALEXAS just entering and starting back.*)
For stay you must, and shall.

Alex. What means my lord?

Ven. To make you do what most you hate, speak
truth.

Alex. My noble lord.

Ven. My most illustrious pander!

No fine set speech, no cadence, no turn'd periods,
But a plain homespun truth, is what I ask:
I did myself o'erhear your queen make love
To Dolabella: speak, for I will know,
By your confession, what more past betwixt 'em,
How near the bus'ness draws to your employment,
And when the happy hour.

Marc A. Speak truth, Alexas; whether it offend
Or please Ventidius, care not. Justify
Thy injur'd queen from malice: dare his worst.

Alex. As far as love may plead for woman's
frailty,

Urg'd by desert and greatness of the lover,
So far (divine Octavia!) may my queen
Stand ev'n excus'd to you for loving him
Who is your lord; so far from brave Ventidius.
May her past actions hope a fair report.

Marc A. 'Tis well, and truly spoken. Mark,
Ventidius.

Alex. To you, most noble emperor, her strong
passion

Stands not excus'd, but wholly justify'd.
Her beauty's charms alone, without her crown,
From Ind and Meroe drew the distant vows
Of sighing kings, and at her feet were laid
The sceptres of the earth, expos'd on heaps,
To choose where she would reign;
She thought a Roman only could deserve her,
And of all Romans only Antony;
And, to be less than wife to you, disdain'd
Their lawful passion.

Marc A. 'Tis but truth.

Alex. And yet though love and your unmatch'd
desert

Have drawn her from the due regard of honour;
At last, heav'n open'd her unwilling eyes
To see the wrongs she offer'd fair Octavia,
Whose holy bed she lawlessly usurp'd:
The sad effects of this improsp'rous war
Confirm'd those pious thoughts.

Ven. (*Aside.*) Oh! wheel you there?

Observe him now; the man begins to mend,
And talk substantial reason. Fear not, thou,
The emperor has giv'n thee leave to speak.

Alex. Else had I never dar'd t' offend his ears
With what the last necessity has urg'd
On my forsaken mistress; yet I must not
Presume to say her heart is wholly alter'd.

Marc A. No; dare not for thy life, I charge thee,
dare not

Pronounce that fatal word.

Oct. Must I bear this? Good heav'n! afford me
patience! (*Aside.*)

Ven. My dear half man! proceed.

Alex. Yet Dolabella

Has lov'd her long; he next, my godlike lord,
Deserves her best; and should she meet his passion,
Rejected as she is by him she lov'd—

Marc A. Hence from my sight, for I can bear no
more!

Let furies drag the quick to hell! each torturing hand
Do thou employ till Cleopatra comes,
Then join thou too, and help to torture her.

[*Exit Alexas, thrust out by Marc Antony.*]

Oct. What well!

Indeed, my lord, 'tis much unkind to me

To shew this passion, this extreme concernment,
For an abandon'd, faithless prostitute.

Marc A. Octavia, leave me! I am much disorder'd!

Leave me, I say!

Oct. My lord—

Marc A. I bid you leave me.

Oct. My lord, my lord! love will not always last,
When urg'd with long unkindness and disdain.
Take her again whom you prefer to me;
She stays but to be call'd. Poor, cozen'd man!
Let a feign'd parting give her back your heart,
Which a feign'd love first got; for injur'd me,
Though my just sense of wrongs forbid my stay,
My duty shall be your's.

To the dear pledges of our former love
My tenderness and care shall be transferr'd,
And they shall cheer by turns my widow'd nights.
So, take my last farewell! for I despair
To have you whole, and scorn to take you half. [*Exit.*]

Ven. I combat heav'n, which blasts my best designs!

My last attempt must be to win her back;
But, oh! I fear in vain. [*Exit.*]

Marc A. Why was I fram'd with this plain honest heart,

Which knows not to disguise its griefs and weakness,
But bears its workings outward to the world?
I should have kept the mighty anguish in,
And forc'd a smile at Cleopatra's falsehood;
Octavia had believ'd it, and had staid.
But I am made a shallow-forded stream,
Seen to the bottom, all my clearness scorn'd,
And all my faults expos'd.—See where he comes

Enter DOLABELLA.

Who has profan'd the sacred name of friend,
And worn it into villainess!
With how secure a brow and specious form
He gilds the secret villain! Sure, that face
Was meant for honesty, but heav'n mismatch'd it,
And furnish'd treason out with nature's pomp.
To make its work more easy.—

Well, Dolabella, you perform'd my message?

Dol. I did, unwillingly.

Marc A. Unwillingly!

Was it so hard for you to bear our parting?
You should have wish'd it.

Dol. Why?

Marc A. Because you love me:
And she receiv'd my message with as true,
With as unfeign'd a sorrow as you brought it?

Dol. She loves you ev'n to madness.

Marc A. Oh! I know it.

You, Dolabella, do not better know
How much she loves me. And should I
Forsake this beauty, this all perfect creature?

Dol. I could not, were she mine.

Marc A. And yet you first
Persuaded me. How come you alter'd since?

Dol. I said at first I was not fit to go:
I could not hear her sighs and see her tears,
But pity must prevail; and so, perhaps,
It may again with you; for I have promis'd
That she should take her last farewell; and see
She comes to claim my word.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Marc A. False Dolabella!

Dol. What's false, my lord?

Marc A. Why, Dolabella's false,
And Cleopatra's false; both false and faithless.
Draw near, you well-join'd wickedness, you serpents
Who I have in my kindly bosom warm'd,
Till I am stung to death.

Dol. My lord, have I
Deserv'd to be thus us'd?

Cleo. Can heav'n prepare
A newer torment? can it find a curse
Beyond our separation?

Marc A. Yes, if fate

Be just, much greater. Two, two such!
Oh! there's no farther name; two such—to me,
To me, who lock'd my soul within your breasts,
Had no desires, no joys, no life, but you;
A friend and mistress
Was what the world could give. Oh! Cleopatra;
Oh! Dolabella; how could you betray
This tender heart, which, with an infant fondness,
Lay lull'd betwixt your bosoms, and there slept
Secure of injur'd faith?

Dol. If she has wrong'd you,
Heav'n, hell, and you, revenge it.

Marc A. If she has wrong'd me!
Ventidius heard it,
Octavia saw it.

Cleo. They are enemies.

Marc A. Alexis is not so; he, he confess'd it;
He, who next hell best knew it, he avow'd it.
Why do I seek a proof beyond yourself? (*To Dol.*)
You who I sent to bear my last farewell,
Return'd to plead her stay.

Dol. What shall I answer?

If to have lov'd be guilt, then I have sinn'd;
But if to have repented of that love
Can wash away my crime, I have repented;
Yet if I have offended past forgiveness,
Let her not suffer: she is innocent.

Marc A. Thin cobweb arts of falsehood,
Seen and broke through at first.

Dol. Forgive your mistress.

Cleo. Forgive your friend.

Marc A. I can forgive
A foe, but not a mistress and a friend:
Treason is there in its most horrid shape
Where trust is greatest—I'll hear no more:
Hence from my sight from ever.

Cleo. How! for ever?

I cannot go one moment from your sight,
And must I go for ever?

My joys, my only joys, are centred here:
What place have I to go to? my own kingdom?
That I have lost for you; or to the Romans?
They hate me for your sake: or must I wander
The wide world o'er, a helpless banish'd woman,
Banish'd for love of you, banish'd from you;
Ay, there's the banishment? Oh! hear me, hear me,
With strictest justice, for I beg no favour;
And if I have offended you, then kill me,
But do not banish me.

Marc A. I must not hear you;
I have a fool within me takes your part,
But honour stops my ears.

Cleo. For pity hear me!

Marc A. (*To Cleo.*) Your Alexis! your's!
I am not to be mov'd.

Cleo. Then must we part? farewell, my cruel lord.

Th' appearance is against me; and I go
Unjustly'd for ever from your sight.
How I have lov'd you know; how yet I love,
My only comfort is I know myself:
I love you more, ev'n now you are unkind,
Than when you lov'd me most; so well, so truly,
I'll never strive against it, but die pleas'd
To think you once were mine.

Marc A. Good heav'n! they weep at parting:
Must I weep, too? that calls 'em innocent.
I must not weep; and yet I must, to think
That I must not forgive—

Live, but live wretched; 'tis but just you should
Who made me so: live from each other's sight;
Let me not hear you meet. Set all the earth
And all the seas betwixt your sunder'd loves;
View nothing common but the sun and skies.
Now all take several ways,
And each your own sad fate with mine deplore,
That you were false, and I could trust no more.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Temple.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, and IRAS.

Cleo. I could tear out these eyes that gain'd his heart,
And had not pow'r to keep it. Oh! the curse
Of doting on, ev'n when I find it dotage!
Bear witness, gods! you heard him bid me go;
You whom he mock'd with imprecating vows
Of promis'd faith—I'll die, I will not bear it.

Enter ALEXAS.

Art thou there, traitor!—Oh!
Oh! for a little breath to vent my rage!
Alex. Yes, I deserve it for my ill-tim'd truth.

Cleo. I would reason
More calmly with you. Did you not o'errule
And force my plain, direct, and open love
Into these crooked paths of jealousy?
Now, what's th' event? Octavia is remov'd,
But Cleopatra banish'd

Alex. Believe me, madam, Antony is your's:
His heart was never lost, but started off
To jealousy, love's last retreat and covert;
Where it lies hid in shades, watchful in silence,
And list'ning for the sound that calls it back.
Some other, any man, 'tis so advanc'd,
May perfect this unfinish'd work, which I
(Unhappy only to myself) have left
So easy to his hand.

Cleo. Look well thou do't, else—

Alex. Else what your silence threatens. Antony
Is mounted up the Pharos, from whose turret
He stands surveying our Egyptian galleys
Engag'd with Cæsar's fleet: now death or conquest;
If the first happen, fate acquires my promise;
If we o'ercome, the conqueror is your's.

(*A distant shout within.*)

Char. Have comfort, madam: did you mark that shout?
(*Second shout, nearer.*)

Iras. Hark! they redouble it.

Alex. 'Tis from the port;
The loudness shews it near. Good news, kind
heav'ns!

Enter SERAPION.

Ser. Where, where's the queen?
Oh! horror, horror!
Egypt has been; the latest hour is come.
The queen of nations from her ancient seat
Is sunk for ever in the dark abyss:
Time has unroll'd her glories to the last,
And now clos'd up the volume.

Cleo. Be more plain:
Say whence thou cam'st; though fate is in thy face;
Which, from thy haggard eyes, looks wildly out,
And threatens ere thou speak'st.

Ser. I came from Pharos,
From viewing (spare me, and imagine it)
Our land's last hope, your navy—

Cleo. Vanquish'd?

Ser. No;
They fought not.

Cleo. Then they fled.

Ser. Nor that: I saw
With Antony, your well appointed fleet,
Row out, and thrice he wav'd his hand on high,
And thrice with cheerful cries they shouted back:
The well-tim'd oars
Now dipp'd from ev'ry bark, now smoothly run
To meet the foe; and soon indeed they met,
But not as foes. In few, we saw their caps
On either side thrown up: th' Egyptian galleys,
Receiv'd like friends, past through, and fell behind
The Roman rear; and now they all come forward,
And ride within the port.

Cleo. Enough, Serapion;
I've heard my doom! This needed not, you gods!
When I lost Antony, your work was done.

'Tis but superfluous malice. Where's my lord?
How bears he this last blow?

Ser. His fury cannot be express'd by words:
Thrice he attempted headlong to have fall'n
Full on his foes, and aim'd at Cæsar's galley:
Withheld, he raves on you, cries he's betray'd.
Should he now find you—

Alex. Shun him, seek your safety,
Till you can clear your innocence.

Cleo. I'll stay.

Alex. You must not; haste to the monument,
While I make speed to Cæsar.

Cleo. Cæsar! no;
I have no bus'ness with him.

Alex. I can work him
To spare your life, and let this madman perish.

Cleo. Base, fawning wretch! wouldst thou betray
him, too?

Hence from my sight, I will not hear a traitor:
'Twas thy design brought all this ruin on us.

Serapion, thou art honest; counsel me:
But haste, each moment's precious.

Ser. Retire; you must not yet see Antony.
He who began this mischief

'Tis just he tempt the danger: let him clear you;
And since he offer'd you his servile tongue
To gain a poor precarious life from Cæsar,
Let him expose that fawning eloquence,
And speak to Antony.

Alex. Oh, heav'ns! I dare not:
I meet my certain death.

Cleo. Slave, thou deserv'st it.
Not that I fear my lord, will I avoid him;
I know him noble: when he banish'd me,
And thought me false, he scorn'd to take my life:
But I'll be justify'd, and then die with him.

Alex. Oh! pity me, and let me follow you.

Cleo. To death, if thou stir hence. Speak, if thou
canst,

Now for thy life, which basely thou wouldst save,
While mine I prize at this. Come, good Serapion.

[*Exit with Serapion, Charmion, and Iras.*]
Alex. Oh! that I less could fear to lose this being,
Which, like a snowball in my coward hand,
The more 'tis grasp'd the faster melts away.
Poor reason! what a wretched aid art thou!

For still, in spite of thee,
These two long lovers, soul and body, dread
Their final separation. Let me think;
What can I say to save myself from death?
No matter what becomes of Cleopatra.

Marc A. (Within.) Which way? where?

Ven. (Within.) This leads to the monument.

Alex. Ah, me! I hear him: yet I'm unprepar'd:
My gift of lying's gone;
And this court-devil, which I so oft have rais'd,
Forsakes me at my need. I dare not stay,
Yet cannot go far hence. [Exit.]

Enter MARC ANTONY and VENTIDIOUS.

Marc A. Oh! happy Cæsar! thou hast men to
lead.

Think not 'tis thou hast conquer'd Antony,
But Rome has conquer'd Egypt. I'm betray'd.

Ven. The nation is
One universal traitor, and their queen
The very spirit and extract of 'em all.

Marc A. Is there yet left
A possibility of aid and valour?
Is there one god unsworn to my destruction?
For if there be,
Methinks I cannot fall beneath the fate
Of such a boy as Cæsar.

Ven. There yet remain
Three legions in the town; the last assault
Lopp'd off the rest. If death be your design,
As I must wish it now, these are sufficient
To make a heap about us of dead foes,
An honest pile for burial.

Marc A. They're enough.
We'll not divide our stars, but side by side
Fight emulous, and with malicious eyes
Survey each other's acts.

Ven. Now you shall see I love you. Not a word
Of chiding more. By my few hours of life,
I am so pleas'd with this brave Roman fate
That I would not be Cæsar to outlive you!
When we put off this flesh, and mount together,
I shall be shewn to th' ethereal crowd;
"Lo! this is he who dy'd with Antony."

Marc A. Who knows but we may pierce through
all their troops,
And reach my veterans yet? 'Tis worth the tempting.

Enter ALEXAS, trembling.

Ven. See, see that villain! See
How he has set his count'nance for deceit,
And promises to lie before he speaks!
Let me despatch him first. *(Drawing.)*

Marc A. Hold; he's not worth your killing. On
thy life,
(Which thou may'st keep, because I scorn to take it,)
No syllable to justify thy queen;
Save thy base tongue its office.

Alex. Sir, she's gone
Where she shall never be molested more
By love or you.

Marc A. Fled to her Dolabella!
Die, traitor; I revoke my promise; die!
(Going to kill him.)

Alex. Oh! hold; she is not fled.

Marc A. She is; my eyes
Are open to her falsehood. My whole life
Has been a golden dream of love and friendship;
But now I wake, I'm like a merchant rous'd
From soft repose to see his vessel sinking,
And all his wealth cast o'er. Ungrateful woman!
Who follow'd me but as the swallow summer,
Hating her young ones in my kindly beams,
Singing her flatteries to my morning wake;
But now my winter comes, she spreads her wings,
And seeks the spring of Cæsar.

Alex. Think not so;
Her fortunes have in all things mix'd with your's:
Had she betray'd her naval force to Rome,
How easily might she have gone to Cæsar,
Secure by such a bribe!

Ven. She sent it first,
To be more welcome after.

Marc A. 'Tis too plain,
Else would she have appear'd to clear herself.

Alex. She could not bear
To be accus'd by you, but shut herself
Within her monument, look'd down and sigh'd,
While from her unchang'd face the silent tears
Dropp'd as they had not leave, but stole their
parting.

Some undistinguish'd words she inly murmur'd;
At last, she rais'd her eyes, and with such looks
As dying Lucrece cast—

Marc A. My heart forbodes—

Ven. Go on.

Alex. She snatch'd her poniard,
And ere we could prevent the fatal blow,
Plang'd it within her breast; then turn'd to me;
"Go, bear my lord, (said she,) my last farewell,
And ask him if he yet suspect my faith."
More she was saying, but death rush'd betwixt.
She half pronounc'd your name with her last breath,
And bury'd half within her.

Ven. Heav'n be prais'd!

Marc A. Then art thou innocent, my poor dear
love?

And art thou dead?

Oh! those two words; their sounds should be di-
vided:

Hadst thou been false and died, or hadst thou liv'd,
And hadst been true—But innocence and death!

This shews not well above. Then what am I?
The murderer of this truth, this innocence!
Thoughts cannot form themselves in words so horrid
As can express my guilt!

Ven. Is't come to this? The gods have been too
gracious,
And thus you thank 'em for't.

Marc A. (To Alexas.) Why stay'st thou here?
Thou art not worthy to behold what now
Becomes a Roman emp'r or to perform. *[Exit Alex.]*

Ven. Would she had died a little sooner, though,
Before Octavio went! you might have treated;
Now 'twill look tame, and would not be receiv'd.
Come, rouse yourself, and let's die warm together.

Marc A. Why, let him enter. Oh! Ventidius,
What should I fight for now! my queen is dead:
I was but great for her: my pow'r, my empire,
Were but my merchandize to bry her love,
And conquer'd kings my factors. Now she's dead,
Let Cæsar take the world—

Ven. Would you be taken?

Marc A. Yes, I would be taken;
But, as a Roman ought—dead, my Ventidius!

Ven. Choose your death;
For I have seen him in such various shapes,
I care not which I take: I'm only troubled
The life I bear is worn to such a rag,
'Tis scarce worth giving. I could wish, indeed,
We threw it from us with a better grace,
That, like two lions taken in the toils,
We might, at least, thrust out our paws, and wound
The hunters that enclose us.

Marc A. Thou hast lov'd me,
And fain I would reward thee. I must die;
Kill me, and take the merit of my death
To make thee friends with Cæsar.

Ven. Thank your kindness!
You said I lov'd you; and, in recompense,
You bid me turn a traitor! Did I think
You would have us'd me thus? that I should die
With a hard thought of you!

Marc A. Forgive me, Roman.
Since I have heard of Cleopatra's death,
My reason bears no rule upon my tongue,
But lets my thoughts break all at random out.
I've thought better; do not deny me twice.

Ven. By heav'n! I will not:
Let it not be t' outlive you.

Marc A. Kill me first,
And then die thou; for 'tis but just thou serve
Thy friend before thyself.

Ven. Give me your hand;
We soon shall meet again. Now farewell, empe-
ror! *(Embrace.)*

Methinks, that word's too cold to be my last:
Since death sweeps all distinctions, farewell, friend!
That's all:

I will not make a bus'ness of a trifle;
And yet I cannot look on you and kill you:
Pray turn your face.

Marc A. I do: strike home; be sure.

Ven. Home as my sword will reach.

(Kills himself.)

Marc A. Oh! thou mistak'st!
That wound was none of thine; give it me back:
Thou robb'st me of my death.

Ven. I do, indeed;
But think 'tis the first time I e'er deceiv'd you,
If that may plead my pardon. And you, gods!
Forgive me if you will; for I die perjurd,
Rather than kill my friend. *(Dies.)*

Marc A. Farewell! ever my leader, ev'n in
death!

My queen and thou have got the start of me,
And I'm the lag of honour.—Gone so soon!
Is death no more! 'Tis not worth
My further thought; for death, for aught I know,
Is but to think no more. Here's to be satisfy'd.
(Falls on his sword.)

I've miss'd my heart! oh! unperforming hand!
Thou never couldst have err'd in a worse time.

(*Trampling within.*)

Some, perhaps, from Cæsar! I'll mend
My work ere they can reach me.

(*Rises upon his knees.*)

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, and IRAS.

Cleo. Where is my lord? where is he?

My fears were prophets! I am come too late!

Oh! that accurs'd Alexas. (*Runs to him.*)

Marc A. Art thou living?

Or am I dead before I knew, and thou

The first kind ghost that meets me?

Cleo. How is it with you?

Marc A. 'Tis as with a man

Removing in a hurry; all pack'd up

But one dear jewel that his haste forgot,

And he for that returns upon the spur;

So I come back for thee.

Cleo. Too long, ye heav'ns! you have been cruel
to me;

Oh! now be kind, and give me back

His fleeting life.

Marc A. It will not be, my love!

I keep my soul by force.

Say but thou art not false.

Cleo. 'Tis now too late

To say I'm true; I'll prove it, and die with you.

Unknown to me, Alexas feign'd my death;

Which, when I knew, I hastened to prevent

This fatal consequence. My fleet betray'd

Both you and I.

Marc A. And Dolabella—

Cleo. Scarce esteem'd before he lov'd, but hated
now.

Marc A. Enough! my life's not long enough for
more.

Thou say'st thou wilt come after: I believe thee;

For I can now believe what'er thou say'st,

That we may part more kindly.

Cleo. I will come;

Doubt not, my life! I'll come, and quickly, too!

Cæsar shall triumph o'er no part of thee.

Marc A. But grieve not while thou stay'st

My last disastrous times!

Think we have had a clear and glorious day,

And heav'n did kindly to delay the storm

Just till our close of ev'ning. Ten years' love,

And not a moment lost, but all improv'd

To th' utmost joys! What ages have we liv'd!

And now to die each other's! and so dying,

While hand in hand we walk in groves below,
Whole troops of lovers' ghosts shall flock about
us,

And all the train be ours.

Cleo. Your words are like the notes of dying
swans,

Too sweet to last. Were there so many hours

For your unkindness, and not one for love?

Marc A. No, not a minute—this one kiss—more
worth

Than all I leave to Cæsar.

(*Dies.*)

Cleo. Oh! tell me so again!

My lord, my lord! speak, if you yet have being:

Sigh to me if you cannot speak; or cast

One look; do anything that shews you live!

Irás. He's gone too far to hear you.

Char. Remember, madam,
He charg'd you not to grieve.

Cleo. And I'll obey him.

I have not lov'd a Roman not to know

What should become his wife—his wife, my Char-
mion!

For 'tis to that high title I aspire;

And now I'll not die less.

Irás. Will you, then, die?

Cleo. Why shouldst thou make that question?

Fly both, and bring the cure of all our ills.

Irás. The aspics, madam?

Cleo. Must I bid you twice?

(*Exit Char. and Irás.*)

'Tis sweet to die when they would force life on me,

To rush into the dark abode of death

And meet my love. Oh! welcome, welcome!

Re-enter CHARMION and IRAS, with the aspics, &c.

Welcome, thou kind deceiver!

(*Putting aside the leaves.*)

Thou best of thieves! who with an easy key

Dost open life, and, unperceiv'd by us,

Ev'n steals us from ourselves.

Ser. (*Within.*) The queen, where is she?

The town is yielded, Cæsar's at the gates.

Cleo. He comes too late t' invade the rights of
death.

Haste, haste, my friend, and rouse the serpent's

fury. (*Holds out her arm, and draws it back.*)

Coward flesh!

Wouldst thou conspire with Cæsar to betray me,

As thou wert none of mine? I'll force thee to't,

And not be sent by him,

But bring myself, my soul, to Antony.

(*Turns aside, and then shews her arm bloody.*)

Take hence; the work is done!

Ser. (*Within.*) Break ope the door,

And guard the traitor well.

(*Charmion and Irás apply the aspics.*)

Cleo. Already, death, I feel thee in my veins;

I go with such a will to find my lord

That we shall quickly meet.

A heavy numbness creeps through ev'ry limb,

And now 'tis at my head: my eyelids fall,

And my dear love is vanish'd in a mist.

Cæsar, thy worst! Now part us if thou canst.

(*Dies. Irás sinks down at her feet, and
dies; Charmion stands behind her chair,
as dressing her head.*)

*Enter SERAPION, two Priests, ALEXAS bound, and
Egyptians.*

2 Priest. Behold, Serapion, what havoc death
has made!

Ser. 'Twas what I fear'd.

See how the lovers lie in state together,

As they were giving laws to half mankind!

Th' impression of a smile left in her face

Shews she died pleas'd with him for whom she liv'd,

And went to charm him in another world.

Cæsar's just ent'ring; grief has now no leisure.

Secure that villain, as our pledge of safety,

To grace th' imperial triumph. Sleep, blest pair!

Secure from human chance, long ages out,

While all the storms of fate fly o'er your tomb;

And Fame to late posterity shall tell,

No lovers liv'd so great, or died so well. [*Exeunt.*]

THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY ARTHUR MURPHY.



Act V.—Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

DIONYSIUS
EVANDER
PHILOTAS
MELANTHON

PHOCION
ARCAS
CALIPPUS
HERALD

GREEK SOLDIER
OFFICER
EUPHRASIA
ERIXENE

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter MELANTHON and PHILOTAS.

Mel. Yet, a moment; hear, Philotas, hear me.

Phil. No more; it must not be.

Mel. Obdurate man!

Thus wilt thou spurn me, when a king distress'd,
A good, a virtuous, venerable king,
The father of his people, from a throne,
Which long with ev'ry virtue he adorn'd,
Torn by a ruffian, by a tyrant's hand,
Groans in captivity? In his own palace
Lives a sequester'd pris'ner? Oh! Philotas,
If thou hast not renounc'd humanity,
Let me behold my sovereign; once again
Admit me to his presence; let me see
My royal master.

Phil. Urge thy suit no further;
Thy words are fruitless; Dionysius' orders
Forbid access; he is our sov'reign now;
'Tis his to give the law, mine to obey.

Mel. Thou canst not mean it: his to give the law!
Detested spoiler!—his! a vile usurper!
Have we forgot the elder Dionysius,
Surnam'd the Tyrant? To Sicilia's throne
The monster waded through whole seas of blood.
Sore groan'd the land beneath his iron rod,
Till rous'd, at length, Evander came from Greece,
(Like freedom's genius came,) and sent the tyrant,
Stripp'd of the crown, and to his humble rank
Once more reduc'd to roam, for vile subsistence,
A wand'ring sophist through the realms of Greece.

Phil. Whate'er his right, to him in Syracuse

All bend the knee; his the supreme dominion,
And death and torment wait his sovereign nod.

Mel. But soon that pow'r shall cease; behold
his walls

Now close encircled by the Grecian bands;
Timoleon leads them on; indignant Corinth
Sends her avenger forth, array'd in terror,
To hurl ambition from a throne usurp'd,
And bids all Sicily resume her rights.

Phil. Thou wert a statesman once, Melanthon;
now,

Grown dim with age, thy eye pervades no more
The deep-laid schemes which Dionysius plans.
Know, then, a fleet from Carthage even now
Stems the rough billow: and, ere yonder sun,
(That now declining seeks the western wave,)
Shall to the shades of night resign the world,
Thou'lt see the Punic sails in yonder bay,
Whose waters wash the walls of Syracuse.

Mel. Art thou a stranger to Timoleon's name?
Intent to plan, and circumspect to see

All possible events, he rushes on
Resistless in his course! Your boasted master
Scarce stands at bay; each hour the strong blockade
Hems him in closer; and, ere long, thou'lt view
Oppression's iron rod to fragments shiver'd!

The good Evander then—

Phil. Alas! Evander

Will ne'er behold the golden time you look for!

Mel. How! not behold it! Say, Philotas, speak;
Has the fell tyrant, have his felon murderers—

Phil. As yet, my friend, Evander lives.

Mel. And yet

Thy dark, half-hinted purpose—lead me to him;
If thou hast murder'd him—

Phil. By heav'n, he lives!

Mel. Then bless me with one tender interview. Thrice has the sun gone down since last these eyes Have seen the good old king; say, why is this? Wherefore debarr'd his presence! Thee, Philotas, The troops obey, that guard the royal pris'ner; Each avenue to thee is open; thou Canst grant admittance; let me, let me see him.

Phil. Entreat no more; the soul of Dionysius Is ever wakeful; rent with all the pangs That wait on conscious guilt.

Mel. But when dun night—

Phil. Alas! it cannot be. But mark my words: Let Greece urge on her general assault. Despatch some friend, who may o'erleap the walls, And tell Timoleon, the good old Evander Has liv'd three days, by Dionysius' order, Lock'd up from ev'ry sustenance of nature, And life, now wearied out, almost expires.

Mel. If any spark of virtue dwell within thee, Lead me, Philotas, lead me to his prison.

Phil. The tyrant's jealous care hath mov'd him thence.

Mel. Ha! mov'd him, say'st thou?

Phil. At the midnight hour, Silent convey'd him up the steep ascent To where the elder Dionysius form'd, On the sharp summit of the pointed rock, Which overhangs the deep, a dungeon drear: Cell within cell, a labyrinth of horror, Deep cavern'd in the cliff, where many a wretch, Unseen by mortal eye, has groan'd in anguish, And died obscure, unpitied, and unknown.

Mel. Clandestine murderer! Yes, there's the scene

Of horrid massacre. Full oft I've walk'd, When all things lay in sleep and darkness hush'd; Yes, oft I've walk'd the lonely sullen beach, And heard the mournful sound of many a corse Plung'd from the rock into the wave beneath, That murmurs on the shore. And means he thus To end a monarch's life? Oh! grant my pray'r; My timely succour may protect his days: The guard is your's—

Phil. Forbear; thou plead'st in vain; And though I feel soft pity throbbing here, Though each emotion prompts the gen'rous deed, I must not yield; it were assur'd destruction. Farewell! despatch a message to the Greeks; I'll to my station: now thou know'st the worst.

[Exit.]

Mel. Oh! lost Evander! Lost Euphrasia, too! How will her gentle nature bear the shock Of a dear father, thus in ling'ring pangs A prey to famine, like the veriest wretch Who the hard hand of misery hath grip'd? In vain she'll rave with impotence of sorrow; Perhaps, provoke her fate: Greece arms in vain; All's lost; Evander dies!

Enter CALIPPUS.

Cal. Where is the king?

Our troops, that sallied to attack the foe, Retire disorder'd; to the eastern gate The Greeks pursue; Timoleon rides in blood! Arm, arm, and meet their fury.

Mel. To the citadel Direct thy footsteps; Dionysius there Marshals a chosen band.

Cal. Do thou call forth Thy hardy veterans; haste, or all is lost!

[Exit. Warlike music.]

Mel. Now, ye just gods, now look propitious down;

Now give the Grecian sabre tenfold edge, And save a virtuous king! (Warlike music.)

Enter EUPHRASIA.

Euph. War on, ye heroes,

Ye great assertors of a monarch's cause!

Let the wild tempest rage. Melanthon, ha! Didst thou not hear the vast tremendous roar? Down tumbling from its base, the eastern tow'r Burst on the tyrant's ranks, and on the plain Lies an extended ruin.

Mel. Still new horrors

Increase each hour, and gather round our heads.

Euph. The glorious tumult lifts my tow'ring soul. Once more, Melanthon, once again, my father Shall mount Sicilia's throne.

Mel. Alas! that hour

Would come with joy to every honest heart; But no such hour in all the round of time, I fear, the fates averse will e'er lead on.

Euph. And still, Melanthon, still does pale despair

Depress thy spirit? Lo! Timoleon comes, Arm'd with the pow'r of Greece; the brave, the just, God-like Timoleon! ardent to redress, He guides the war, and gains upon his prey. A little interval shall set the victor Within our gates triumphant.

Mel. Still my fears

Forebode for thee. Would thou hadst left this place, When hence your husband, the brave Phocion fled, Fled with your infant son!

Euph. In duty fix'd,

Here I remain'd, while my brave, gen'rous Phocion Fled with my child, and from his mother's arms Bore my sweet little one. Full well thou know'st The pangs I suffer'd in that trying moment. Did I not weep? Did I not rave and shriek, And by the roots tear my dishevell'd hair? Did I not follow to the sea-beat shore, Resolv'd with him, and with my blooming boy, To trust the winds and waves?

Mel. The pious act, whate'er the fates intend, Shall merit heart-felt praise.

Euph. Yes, Phocion, go, Go with my child, torn from this matron breast, This breast that still should yield its nurture to him, Fly with my infant to some happier shore! If he be safe, Euphrasia dies content. Till that sad close of all, the task be mine To tend a father with delighted care; To smooth the pillow of declining age; See him sink gradual into mere decay; On the last verge of life watch every look; Explore each fond unutterable wish, Catch his last breath, and close his eyes in peace.

Mel. I would not add to thy afflictions; yet My heart misgives; Evander's fatal period—

Euph. Still is far off: the gods have sent relief, And once again I shall behold him king.

Mel. Alas! those glitt'ring hopes but lend a ray To gild the clouds, that hover o'er your head, Soon to rain sorrow down, and plunge you deeper In black despair.

Euph. The spirit-stirring virtue That glows within me, ne'er shall know despair.

No, I will trust the gods. Desponding man! Hast thou not heard with what resistless ardour Timoleon drives the tumult of the war? Hast thou not heard him thund'ring at our gates? The tyrant's pent up in his last retreat; Anon, thou'lt see his battlements in dust, His walls, his ramparts, and his tow'rs in ruin; Destruction pouring in on ev'ry side, Pride and oppression at their utmost need, And nought to save him in his hopeless hour.

(A Flourish of trumpets.)

Mel. Ha! the fell tyrant comes. Beguile his rage, And o'er your sorrows cast a dawn of gladness.

Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, Officers, &c.

Dion. The vain, presumptuous Greek! his hopes of conquest, Like a gay dream, are vanish'd into air.

Proudly elate, and flush'd with easy triumph
O'er vulgar warriors, to the gates of Syracuse
He urg'd the war, till Dionysius' arm
Let slaughter loose, and taught his dastard train
To seek their safety by inglorious flight.

Euph. Oh! Dionysius, if distracting fears
Alarm this throbbing bosom, you will pardon
A frail and tender sex. Till the fury
Of war subside, the wild, the horrid interval
In safety let me sooth to dear delight
In a lov'd father's presence: from his sight,
For three long days, with specious feign'd excuse
Your guards debar'd me. Oh! while yet he lives,
Indulge a daughter's love; worn out with age
Soon must he seal his eyes in endless night,
And with his converse charm my ear no more.

Dion. Afflicted fair,
Thy couch invites thee. When the tumult's o'er,
Thon't see Evander with redoubled joy.
Though now unequal to the cares of empire,
His age sequester him, yet honours high
Shall gild the ev'ning of his various day.
Perdiccas, ere the morn's revolving light
Unveil the face of things, do thou despatch
A well-oar'd galley to Hamilcar's fleet;
At the north point of yonder promontory,
Let some selected officer instruct him
To moor his ships, and issue on the land.
Then may Timoleon tremble: vengeance, then,
Shall overwhelm his camp, pursue his hands
With fatal havoc to the ocean's margin,
And cast their limbs to glut the vulture's famine
In mangled heaps upon the naked shore. [*Exit.*]

Euph. What do I hear? Melanthon, can it be?
If Carthage come, if her perfidious sons
Lest in his cause, the dawn of freedom's gone.

Mel. Woe, bitt' rest woe impends; thou wouldst
not think—

Euph. How? Speak! unfold.

Mel. My tongue denies its office.

Euph. How is my father? Say, Melanthon—

Mel. He,—

I fear to shock thee with the tale of horror!
Perhaps he dies this moment. Since Timoleon
First form'd his lines round this beleaguerr'd city,
No nutriment has touch'd Evander's lips.
In the deep caverns of the rock imprison'd,
He pines in bitt' rest want.

Euph. Well, my heart,

Well do your vital drops forget to flow!

Mel. Despair, alas! is all the sad resource
Our fate allows us now.

Euph. Yet why despair?

Is that the tribute to a father due?

Blood is his due.

Melanthon, come; my wrongs will lend me force;
The weakness of my sex is gone; this arm
Feels tenfold strength; this arm shall do a deed
For heav'n and earth, for men and gods to wonder
at:

This arm shall vindicate a father's cause. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A wild, romantic Scene, amidst over-
hanging rocks; a cavern on one side.*

Enter ARCAS, with a spear in his hand.

Arc. The gloom of night sits heavy on the world;
And o'er the solemn scene such stillness reigns,
As 'twere a pause of nature; on the heath
No murmur'ing billow breaks; the Grecian tents
Lie sunk in sleep; no gleaming fires are seen;
All Syracuse is hush'd; no stir abroad,
Save ever and anon the dashing oar
That beats the sullen wave. And, hark! Was that
The groan of anguish from Evander's cell,
Piercing the midnight gloom? It is the sound
Of bustling prows, that cleave the briny deep.

Perhaps, at this dead hour, Hamilcar's fleet
Rides in the bay.

Enter PHILOTAS from the cavern.

Phil. What, ho! brave Arcas! ho!

Arc. Why thus desert thy couch?

Phil. Methought the sound

Of distant uproar chas'd affrighted sleep.

Arc. At intervals, the oar's resounding stroke
Comes echoing from the main. Save that report,
A death-like silence through the wide expanse—
Broods o'er the dreary coast.

Phil. Do thou retire,
And seek repose; the duty of thy watch
Is now perform'd; I'll take thy post.

Arc. How fares

Thy royal pris'ner?

Phil. Arcas, shall I own
A secret weakness? My heart inward melts
To see that suffering virtue. On the earth,
The cold, damp earth, the royal victim lies;
And while pale famine drinks his vital spirit,
He welcomes death, and smiles himself to rest.
Oh! would I could relieve him! Thou withdraw;
Thy wearied nature claims repose; and now
The watch is mine.

Arc. May no alarm disturb thee! [*Exit.*]

Phil. Some dread event is lab'ring into birth.
At close of day the sullen sky held forth
Unerring signals. With disastrous glare
The moon's full orb rose crimson'd o'er with blood;
And, lo! athwart the gloom, a falling star
Trails a long tract of fire! What daring step
Sounds on the flinty rock? Stand, there! what, ho!
Speak, ere thou dar'st advance. Unfold thy pur-
pose:

Who and what art thou?

Euph. (*Without.*) Thou need'st not fear,
It is a friend approaches.

Phil. Ha! what mean

Those plaintive notes?

Euph. (*Without.*) Here is no ambush'd Greek,
No warrior to surprise thee on the watch.
An humble suppliant comes. Alas! my strength
Exhausted quite forsakes this weary frame.

Phil. What voice thus piercing through the gleam
of night—

What art thou? what thy errand? quickly say
What wretch, with what intent, at this dread hour—
Wherefore alarm'st thou thus our peaceful watch?
[*Exit.*]

Re-enter PHILOTAS, with EUPHRASIA.

Euphrasia!

Why, princess, thus anticipate the dawn?
Still sleep and silence wrap the weary world;
The stars in mid career usurp the pole;
The Grecian bands, the winds, the waves are hush'd;
All things are mute around us; all but you
Rest in oblivious slumber from their cares.

Euph. Yes, all; all rest: the very murd'rer sleeps;
Guilt is at rest: I only wake to misery.

Phil. How didst thou gain the summit of the rock?

Euph. Give me my father; here you hold him fet-
ter'd;

Oh! give him to me:—if ever
The touch of nature throbb'd within your breast,
Admit me to Evander; in these caves
I know he pines in want; let me convey
Some charitable succour to a father.

Phil. Alas! Euphrasia, would I dare comply.

Euph. It will be virtue in thee. Thou, like me,
Wert born in Greece. Oh! by our common parent—
Nay, stay; thou shalt not fly; Philotas, stay;
You have a father, too; think, were his lot
Hard as Evander's; if, by felon hands,
Chain'd to the earth, with slow consuming pangs
He felt sharp want, and, with an asking eye
Implor'd relief, yet cruel men deny'd it,
Wouldst thou not burst through adamant gates,

Through walls and rocks to save him? Think,
Philotas,

Of thy own aged sire, and pity mine.
Think of the agonies a daughter feels,
When thus a parent wants the common food,
The bounteous hand of nature meant for all.

Phil. 'Twere best withdraw thee, princess; thy assistance

Evander wants not; it is fruitless all;
Thy tears, thy wild entreaties, are in vain.

Euph. Ha! thou hast murder'd him; he is no more;—

I understand thee;—butchers, you have shed
The precious drops of life: yet, e'en in death,
Let me behold him; let a daughter close
With duteous hand a father's beamless eyes;
Print her last kisses on his honour'd hand,
And lay him decent in the shroud of death.

Phil. Alas! this frantic grief can nought avail.

Retire, and seek the couch of balmy sleep,
In this dead hour, this season of repose.

Euph. And dost thou, then, (inhuman that thou art,)

Advise a wretch like me to know repose?

This is my last abode: these caves, these rocks,
Shall ring for ever with Euphrasia's wrongs;
All Sicily shall hear me; yonder deep
Shall echo back an injur'd daughter's cause;
Here will I dwell, and rave, and shriek, and give
These scatter'd locks to all the passing winds;
Call on Evander lost; and, pouring curses,
And cruel gods and cruel stars invoking,
Stand on the cliff in madness and despair.

Phil. Yet calm this violence; reflect, Euphrasia,
With what severe enforcement Dionysius
Exacts obedience to his dread command.
If here thou'rt found—

Euph. Here is Euphrasia's mansion.

(*Falls on the ground.*)

Her fix'd eternal home: inhuman savages,
Here stretch me with a father's murder'd corse.

Phil. By heaven,
My heart in pity bleeds.

Her vehemence of grief o'erpow'rs me quite.
My honest heart condemns the barb'rous deed,
And if I dare—

Euph. And if you dare! Is that
The voice of manhood? Honest, if you dare!

'Tis the slave's virtue! 'Tis the utmost limit
Of the base coward's honour. Not a wretch,

There's not a villain, not a tool of pow'r,

But, silence interest, extinguish fear,

And he will prove benevolent to man.

The gen'rous heart does more: will dare do all
That honour prompts. How dost thou dare to
murder?

Respect the gods, and know no other fear.

Phil. No other fear assails this warlike breast.

I pity your misfortunes; yes, by heav'n,
My heart bleeds for you. Gods! you've touch'd
my soul!

The gen'rous impulse is not giv'n in vain.

I feel thee, nature, and I dare obey.

Oh! thou hast conquer'd. Go, Euphrasia, go,

Behold thy father.

Yet mark my words; if aught of nourishment
Thou wouldest convey, my partners of the watch
Will ne'er consent.

Euph. I will observe your orders:

On any terms, oh! let me, let me see him.

Phil. Yon lamp will guide thee through the cavern'd way.

Euph. My heart runs o'er in thanks; the pious act

Timoleon shall reward; the bounteous gods,
And thy own virtue, shall reward the deed.

(*Goes into the cave.*)

Phil. Prevailing, powerful virtue! thou subduest
The stubborn heart, and moulds it to thy purpose.

Would I could save them! But though not for me
The glorious pow'r to shelter innocence,
Yet for a moment to assuage its woes,
Is the best sympathy, the purest joy
Nature intended for the heart of man,
When thus she gave the social, gen'rous tear. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Inside of the Cavern.*

Enter ARCAS and EUPHRASIA.

Arc. No; on my life, I dare not.

Euph. But a small,

A wretched pittance; one poor cordial drop
To renovate exhausted drooping age.
I ask no more.

Arc. Not the smallest store
Of scanty nourishment must pass these walls.
Our lives were forfeit else: a moment's parley
Is all I grant; in yonder cave he lies.

Evan. (*Within the cell.*) Oh! struggling nature,
let thy conflict end!

Oh! give me, give me rest.

Euph. My father's voice!

It pierces here! it cleaves my very heart.

I shall expire, and never see him more.

Arc. Repose thee, princess, here; (*draws a couch*) here rest thy limbs,
Till the returning blood shall lend thee firmness.

Euph. The caves, the rocks, re-echo to his groans!
And is there no relief?

Arc. All I can grant

You shall command. I will unbar the dungeon,
Unloose the chain that binds him to the rock,
And leave your interview without restraint.

(*Opens a cell in the back scene.*)

Euph. Hold, hold, my heart! Oh! how shall I
sustain

The agonizing scene? (*Rises.*) I must behold him;
Nature that drives me on, will lend me force.
Is that my father?

Arc. Take your last farewell.

His vigour seems not yet exhausted quite.

You must be brief, or ruin will ensue. [*Exit.*]

Evan. (*Raising himself.*) Oh! when shall I get
free? These ling'ring pangs—

Despatch me, pitying gods, and save my child!

I burn, I burn; alas! no place of rest:

(*Rises and comes out.*)

A little air; once more a breath of air;

Alas! I faint; I die.

Euph. Heart-piercing sight!

Let me support you, sir.

Evan. Oh! lend your arm.

Whoe'er thou art, I thank thee; that kind breeze

Comes gently o'er my senses—lead me forward:

And is there left one charitable hand

To reach its succours to a wretch like me?

Euph. Well may'st thou ask it. Oh! my break-
ing heart!

The hand of death is on him.

(*Aside.*)

Evan. Still a little,

A little onward to the air conduct me.

'Tis well; I thank thee; thou art kind and good,

And much I wonder at this gen'rous pity.

Euph. Do you not know me, sir?

Evan. Methinks I know

That voice: art thou—alas! my eyes are dim;

Each object swims before me. No, in truth,

I do not know thee.

Euph. Not your own Euphrasia?

Evan. Art thou my daughter?

Euph. Oh! my honour'd sire!

Evan. My daughter, my Euphrasia! come to close

A father's eyes! Giv'n to my last embrace!

Gods! do I hold her once again? Your mercies

Are without number. (*Falls on the couch.*)

I would pour my praise;

But, oh! your goodness overcomes me quite!

You read my heart; you see what passes there.

Euph. Alas! he faints; the gushing tide of transport

Bears down each feeble sense: restore him, heav'n!

Evander. All, my Euphrasia, all will soon be well.

Pass but a moment, and this busy globe,

Its thrones, its empires, and its bustling millions,

Will seem a speck in the great void of space.

Yet while I stay, thou darling of my age!

Nay, dry those tears.

Euph. I will, my father.

Evander. Where,

I fear to ask it, where is virtuous Phocion?

Euph. Fled from the tyrant's pow'r.

Evander. And left thee here

Expos'd and helpless?

Euph. He is all truth and honour:

He fled to save my child.

Evander. My young Evander!

Your boy is safe, Euphrasia? Oh, my heart!

Alas! quite gone; worn out with misery;

Oh! weak, decay'd old man!

Euph. Inhuman wretches!

Will none relieve his want! A drop of water

Might save his life; and ev'n that's deny'd him.

Evander. These strong emotions—Oh! that eager air—

It is too much—assist me; bear me hence;

And lay me down in peace.

Euph. His eyes are fix'd!

And those pale, quiv'ring lips! He clasps my hand:

What, no assistance! Monsters, will you thus

Let him expire in these weak, feeble arms?

Enter PHILOTAS.

Phil. Those wild, those piercing shrieks will give th' alarm.

Euph. Support him; bear him hence; 'tis all I ask.

Evander. (*As he is carried off.*) Oh, death! where art thou? Death, thou dread of guilt,

Thou wish of innocence, affliction's friend,

Tir'd nature calls thee; come, in mercy come,

And lay me pillow'd in eternal rest.

My child where art thou? give me; reach thy hand.

Why dost thou weep? My eyes are dry—Alas!

Quite parch'd my lips—quite parch'd, they cleave together. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter ARCUS.

Arc. The grey of morn breaks through yon eastern clouds.

'Twere time this interview should end: the hour Now warns Euphrasia hence: what man could dare,

I have indulg'd—Philotas!—ha! the cell

Left void!—Evander gone!—What may this mean?

Philotas, speak!

Re-enter PHILOTAS.

Phil. Oh! vile, detested lot,

Here to obey the savage tyrant's will,

And murder virtue, that can thus behold

Its executioner, and smile upon him.

That piteous sight!

Arc. She must withdraw, Philotas;

Delay undoes us both. The restless main

Glow's with the blush of day. The time requires,

Without her further pause, or vain excuse,

That she depart this moment.

Phil. Arcas, yes;

My voice shall warn her of th' approaching danger. [*Exit.*]

Arc. Would she had ne'er adventur'd to our guard!

I dread th' event; and hark! the wind conveys

In clearer sound the uproar of the main.

The fates prepare new havoc; on th' event,

Depends the fate of empire. Wherefore thus

Delays Euphrasia? Ha! what means, Philotas,

That sudden haste, that pale, disorder'd look?

Re-enter PHILOTAS.

Phil. Oh! I can hold no more; at such a sight

Ev'n the hard heart of tyranny would melt

To infant softness. Arcas, go, behold

The pious fraud of charity and love;

Behold that unexampled goodness;

See the expedient sharp necessity has taught her;

Thy heart will burn, will melt, will yearn to view

A child like her.

Arc. Ha! Say, what mystery

Wakes these emotions!

Phil. Wonder-working virtue!

The father foster'd at his daughter's breast!

Oh! filial piety! The milk design'd

For her own offspring, on the parent's lip

Allays the parching fever. All her laws

Inverted quite, great nature triumphs still.

Arc. The tale unmans my soul.

Phil. Ye tyrants hear it,

And learn, that while your cruelty prepares

Unheard-of torture, virtue can keep pace

With your worst efforts, and can try new modes

To bid men grow enamour'd of her charms.

Arc. Philotas, for Euphrasia, in her cause

I now can hazard all. Let us preserve

Her father for her.

Phil. Oh! her lovely daring

Transcends all praise. By heav'n, he shall not die!

Arc. And yet we must be wary; I'll go forth,

And first explore each avenue around

Lest the fix'd sentinel obstruct your purpose. [*Exit.*]

Phil. I thank thee, Arcas; we will act like men

Who feel for others' woes. She leads him forth,

And tremblingly supports his drooping age.

Re-enter EUPHRASIA and EVANDER.

Evander. Euphrasia, oh! my child, returning life

Glow's here about my heart. Conduct me forward;

At the last gasp preserv'd! Ha! dawning light!

Let me behold; in faith, I see thee now;

I do, indeed: the father sees his child.

Euph. I have reliev'd him! Oh! the joy's too great;

'Tis speechless rapture!

Evander. Blessings, blessings on thee!

Euph. My father still shall live. Alas! Philotas,

Could I abandon that white, hoary head,

That venerable form? Abandon him

To perish here in misery and famine?

Phil. Thy tears, thou miracle of goodness!

Have triumph'd o'er me. Take him, take your father;

Convey him hence; I do release him to you.

Evander. What said Philotas? Do I fondly dream?

Indeed my senses are imperfect; yet

Methought I heard him! Did he say, release me?

Phil. Thou art my king, and now no more my pris'ner:

Go with your daughter, with that wondrous pattern

Of filial piety to after times.

Yes, princess, lead him forth; I'll point the path,

Whose soft declivity will guide your steps

To the deep vale, which these o'erhanging rocks

Encompass round. You may convey him thence

To some safe shelter. Yet a moment's pause;

I must conceal your flight from ev'ry eye.

Yes, I will save, or perish in their cause. [*Exit.*]

Evander. Whither, oh! whither, shall Evander go?

I'm at the goal of life; if in the race

Honour has follow'd with no ling'ring step,

But there sits smiling with her laurell'd wreath

To crown my brow, there would I fain make halt,

And not inglorious lay me down to rest.

Euph. And will you, then, refuse when thus the

gods

Afford a refuge to thee?

Evander. Oh! my child,

There is no refuge for me.

Euph. Pardon, sir;

Euphrasia's care has form'd a safe retreat ;
There may'st thou dwell ; it will not long be wanted.
Soon shall Timoleon, with resistless force,
Burst yon devoted walls.

Evan. Timoleon !

Euph. Yes,

The brave Timoleon, with the pow'r of Greece ;
Another day shall make the city his.

Evan. Timoleon come to vindicate my rights !
Oh ! thou shalt reign in Sicily ; my child
Shall grace her father's throne. Indulgent heav'n !
Pour down your blessings on this best of daughters ;
To her and Phocion give Evander's crown ;
Let them, oh ! let them both in virtue wear it,
And, in due time, transmit it to their boy !

Re-enter PHILOTAS.

Phil. All things are apt ; the drowsy sentinel
Lies hush'd in sleep ; I'll marshal thee the way
Down the steep rock.

Euph. Oh ! let us quickly hence.

Evan. The blood but loiters in these frozen veins.
Do you, whose youthful spirit glows with life,
Do you go forth, and leave this mould'ring corpse.
To me had heav'n decreed a longer date,
It ne'er had suffer'd a fell monster's reign,
Nor let me see the carnage of my people.
Farewell, Euphrasia ! in one lov'd embrace
To these remains pay the last obsequies,
And leave me here to sink to silent dust.

Euph. And will you, then, on self-destruction
bent,

Reject my pray'r, nor trust your fate with me ?

Evan. Trust thee, Euphrasia ? Trust in thee,
my child ?

Though life's a burden I could well lay down,
Yet I will prize it, since bestow'd by thee.
Oh ! thou art good ; thy virtue soars a flight
For the wide world to wonder at ; in thee,
Hear it, all nature, future ages hear it,
The father finds a parent in his child. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Rampart near the harbour.*

Enter DIONYSIUS and Officers.

Dion. Base deserters !

Curse on their Panic faith ! Did they once dare
To grapple with the Greek ? Ere yet the main
Was ting'd with blood, they turn'd their ships
averse.

May storms and tempests follow in their rear,
And dash their fleet upon the Libyan shore !

Enter CALIPPUS.

Cal. My liege, Timoleon, where the harbour
opens,

Has storm'd the forts, and ev'n now his fleet
Pursues its course, and steers athwart the bay.
Through ev'ry street

Despair and terror fly. A panic spreads
From man to man, and superstition sees
Jove arm'd with thunder, and the gods against us.

Dion. With sacred rites their wrath must be appeas'd.

Let instant victims at the altar bleed ;
Let incense roll its fragrant clouds to heav'n,
And pious matrons, and the virgin train,
In slow procession to the temple bear
The image of their gods.

The solemn sacrifice, the virgin throng,
Will gain the popular belief, and kindle
In the fierce soldiery religious rage.

Away, my friends, prepare the sacred rites.

[Exit Calippus.]

Enter PHILOTAS.

Philotas, how fares your prisoner ?
Has he yet breath'd his last ?

Phil. Life ebbs apace ;

To-morrow's sun sees him a breathless corse.

Dion. Curse on his ling'ring pangs ! Sicilia's crown
No more shall deck his brow ; and if the sand
Still loiter in the glass, thy hand, my friend,
May shake it thence.

Phil. It shall, dread sir ; that task
Leave to thy faithful servant.

Dion. Oh ! Philotas,

Thou little know'st the cares, the pangs of empire.
The ermin'd pride, the purple that adorns
A conqueror's breast, but serves, my friend, to hide
A heart that's torn, that's mangled with remorse :
Ev'n victory itself plants anguish here,
And round my laurels the fell serpent twines.

Phil. Would Dionysius abdicate his crown,
And sue for terms of peace ?

Dion. Detested thought !

No, though ambition teem with countless ills,
It still has charms of pow'r to fire the soul.

Though horrors multiply around my head,
I will oppose them all. The pomp of sacrifice,
But now ordain'd, is mockery to heav'n.

'Tis vain, 'tis fruitless ; then let daring guilt
Be my inspirer, and consummate all.

Where are those Greeks, the captives of my sword,
Whose desp'rate valour rush'd within our walls,
Fought near our person, and the pointed lance
Aim'd at my breast ?

Phil. In chains they wait their doom.

Dion. Give me to see 'em ; bring the slaves before me.

Phil. What, ho ! Melanthon, this way lead your
prisoners.

*Enter MELANTHON, with Greek Soldiers, and
PHOCION.*

Dion. Assassins, and not warriors ! do ye come,
When the wide range of battle claims your sword,
Thus do you come against a single life
To wage the war ? Did not our buckler ring
With all your darts in one collected volley
Shower'd on my head ? Did not your swords, at once,
Point at my breast and thirst for regal blood ?

Greek Off. We sought thy life. I am by birth a
Greek.

An open foe in arms, I meant to slay
The foe of humankind. With rival ardour
We took the field ; one voice, one mind, one heart ;
All leagu'd, all covenanted : in yon camp
Spirits there are who aim, like us, at glory.
Whene'er you sally forth, whene'er the Greeks
Shall scale your walls, prepare thee to encounter
A like assault. By me the youth of Greece
Thus notify the war they mean to wage.

Dion. Thus, then, I warn them of my great re-
venge.

Whoe'er in battle shall become our pris'ner,
In torments meet his doom.

Greek Off. Then wilt thou see

How vile the body to a mind that pants
For genuine glory. Twice three hundred Greeks
Have sworn, like us, to hunt thee through the ranks ;
Ours the first lot ; we've fail'd ; on yonder plain
Appear in arms, the faithful band will meet thee.

Dion. Vile slave, no more. Melanthon, drag 'em
hence

To die in misery. Impal'd alive,
The winds shall parch them on the craggy cliff.
Selected from the rest, let one depart
A messenger to Greece, to tell the fate
Her chosen sons, her first advent'urers met. *[Exit.]*

Mel. Unhappy men ! how shall my care protect
Your forfeit lives ? Philotas, thou conduct them
To the deep dungeon's gloom. In that recess,
'Midst the wild tumult of eventful war,
We may ward off the blow. My friends, farewell !
That officer will guide your steps.

[Exeunt all but Melanthon and Phocion.]

Pho. Disguis'd
Thus in a soldier's garb he knows me not. (*Aside.*)
Melanthon!

Mel. Ha! Those accents! Phocion here?

Pho. Yes, Phocion's here! Speak, quickly tell me, say

How fares Euphrasia?

Mel. Euphrasia lives, and fills the anxious moments

With ev'ry virtue. Wherefore venture hither?
Why with rash valour penetrate our gates?

Pho. Could I refrain? Oh! could I tamely wait
Th' event of ling'ring war? With patience count
The lazy-pacing hours, while here in Syracuse
The tyrant keeps all that my heart holds dear?
For her dear sake all danger sinks before me;
For her I burst the barriers of the gate,
Where the deep cavern'd rock affords a passage.
A hundred chosen Greeks pursu'd my steps;
We forc'd an entrance; the devoted guard
Fell victims to our rage; but in that moment,
Down from the walls superior numbers came.
The tyrant led them on. We rush'd upon him,
If we could reach his heart, to end the war.
But heav'n thought otherwise. Melanthon, say,
I fear to ask it, lives Evander still?

Mel. Alas! he lives imprison'd in the rock.
Thou must withdraw thee hence; regain once more
Timoleon's camp; alarm his slumb'ring rage;
Assail the walls; thou with thy phalanx seek
The subterranean path; that way, at night,
The Greeks may enter, and let in destruction
On the astonish'd foe.

Pho. Wouldst thou have me
Basely retreat, while my Euphrasia trembles
Here on the ridge of peril?

Mel. Yet hear the voice
Of sober age. Should Dionysius' spies
Detect thee here, ruin involves us all:
Thy voice may rouse Timoleon to th' assault,
And bid him storm the works.

Pho. By heav'n, I will!
My breath shall wake his rage; this very night
When sleep sits heavy on the slumb'ring city,
Then Greece unsheathes her sword, and great re-
venge

Shall stalk with death and horror o'er the ranks
Of slaughter'd troops, a sacrifice to freedom!
But, first, let me behold Euphrasia.

Mel. Hush
Thy pent-up valour: to a secret haunt
I'll guide thy steps: there dwell; and, in apt time,
I'll bring Euphrasia to thy longing arms.

Pho. Oh! lead me to her; that exalted virtue
With firmer nerve shall bid me grasp the jav'lin,
Shall bid my sword with more than lightning's
swiftness

Blaze in the front of war, and glut its rage
With blows repeated in the tyrant's veins. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Temple, with a monument in the middle.*

Enter EUPHRASIA, ERIXENE and other female Attendants.

Euph. This way, my virgins, this way bend your steps.

Lo! the sad sepulchre, where, hears'd in death,
The pale remains of my dear mother lie.
There, while the victims at our altar bleed,
And with your pray'rs the vaulted roof resounds,
There let me pay the tribute of a tear,
A weeping pilgrim o'er Eudocia's ashes.

Erix. Forbear, Euphrasia, to renew your sor-
rows.

Euph. My tears have dry'd their source; then let
me here

Pay this sad visit to the honour'd clay,
That moulders in the tomb. These sacred viands

I'll burn an off'ring to a parent's shade,
And sprinkle with this wine the hallow'd mould.
That duty paid, I will return, my virgins.

(*Goes into the tomb.*)

Erix. Look down, propitious pow'rs! behold
that virtue,
And heal the pangs that desolate her soul.

Enter PHILOTAS.

Phil. Mourn, mourn, ye virgins; rend your scat-
ter'd garments;

Some dread calamity hangs o'er our heads.

In vain the tyrant would appease with sacrifice

Th' impending wrath of ill-requited heav'n.

Ill omens hover over us: at the altar
The victim dropp'd, ere the diviner seer
Had god'd his knife. The brazen statutes tremble,
And, from the marble, drops of blood distil.

Erix. Now, ye just gods, if vengeance you pre-
pare,
Now find the guilty head.

Re-enter EUPHRASIA from the tomb.

Euph. Virgins, I thank you! Oh! more lightly
now

My heart expands; the pious act is done,
And I have paid my tribute to a parent.

Ah! wherefore does the tyrant bend this way?

Phil. He flies the altar; leaves th' unfinished'd
rites.

No god there smiles propitiously on his cause.

Fate lifts the awful balance; weighs his life,

The lives of numbers, in the trembling scale.

Euph. Despair and horror mark his haggard looks,
His wild, disorder'd step. Do you retire:

[*To her Attendants, who go off.*]

Retire, Philotas; let me here remain,
And give the moments of suspended fate

To pious worship and to filial love.

Phil. Alas! I fear to yield: awhile I'll leave thee,
And at the temple's entrance wait thy coming. [*Exit.*]

Euph. Now, then, Euphrasia, now thou may'st
indulge

The purest ecstasy of soul. Come forth,
Thou man of woe, thou man of every virtue.

Enter EVANDER from the monument.

Evan. And does the grave thus cast me up again
With a fond father's love to view thee? Thus
To mingle rapture in a daughter's arms?

Euph. How fares my father now?

Evan. Thy aid, Euphrasia,
Has giv'n new life. Thou from this vital stream
Deriv'st thy being; with unheard-of duty
Thou hast repaid it to thy native source

Euph. Sprung from Evander, if a little portion
Of all his goodness dwell within my heart,
Thou wilt not wonder. Oh! my father,
How didst thou bear thy long, long suff'rings? How
Endure their barb'rous rage?

Evan. My foes but did
To this old frame, what nature's hand must do.
I was but going hence by mere decay
To that futurity which Plato taught,
But thou recall'st me; thou!

Euph. Timoleon, too,
Invites thee back to life.

Evan. And does he still
Urge on the siege?

Euph. His active genius comes
To scourge a guilty race. The Punic fleet,
Half lost, is swallow'd by the roaring sea.
The shatter'd refuse seek the Libyan shore,
To bear the news of their defeat to Carthage.

Evan. These are thy wonders, heav'n! Abroad,
thy spirit.

Moves o'er the deep, and mighty fleets are vanish'd.

Euph. Ha! hark! what noise is that? It comes
this way.

Some busy footstep beats the hallow'd pavement.
Oh! sir, retire—Ye pow'rs! Philotas! ha!

Enter PHILOTAS.

Phil. For thee, Euphrasia, Dionysius calls.
Some new suspicion goads him. At yon gate
I stopp'd Calippus, as with eager haste
He bent this way to seek thee. Oh! my sovereign,
My king, my injur'd master, will you pardon
The wrongs I've done thee? (*Kneels to Evander.*)

Evan. Virtue such as thine,
From the fierce trial of tyrannic pow'r,
Shines forth with added lustre.

Phil. Oh! forgive
My ardent zeal; there is no time to waste.
You must withdraw; trust to your faithful friends.
Pass but another day, and Dionysius
Falls from a throne usurp'd.

Evan. But, ere he pays
The forfeit of his crimes, what streams of blood
Shall flow in torrents round! Methinks, I might
Prevent this waste of nature: I'll go forth,
And to my people shew their rightful king.

Euph. Banish that thought! forbear! the rash
attempt

Were fatal to our hopes; oppress'd, dismay'd,
The people look aghast, and, wan with fear,
None will espouse your cause.

Evan. Yes, all will dare
To act like men; their king, I gave myself
To a whole people. I made no reserve;
My life was theirs; each drop about my heart
Pledg'd to the public cause; devoted to it;
That was my compact; is the subject's less?
If they are all debas'd, and willing slaves,
The young but breathing to grow grey in bondage,
And the old sinking to ignoble graves,
Of such a race no matter who is king.
And yet I will not think it; no, my people
Are brave and gen'rous; I will trust their valour.

Euph. Yet stay; yet be advis'd.

Phil. As yet, my liege,
No plan is fix'd, and no concerted measure.
Trust to my truth and honour. Witness, gods,
Here in the temple of Olympian Jove,
Philotas swears—

Evan. Forbear! the man like thee,
Who feels the best emotions of the heart,
Truth, reason, justice, honour's fine excitements,
Acts by those laws, and wants no other sanction.

Euph. Again, th' alarm approaches; sure de-
struction

To thee, to all will follow:—hark! a sound
Comes hollow murmur'ring through the vaulted aisle.
It gains upon the ear. Withdraw, my father;
All's lost if thou art seen.

Phil. And, lo! Calippus

Darts with the lightning's speed across the aisle.

Evan. Thou at the senate-house convene my
friends.

Melanthon, Dion, and their brave associates,
Will shew that liberty has leaders still.
Anon, I'll meet 'em there. [*Exit Phil.*] My child,
farewell;

Thou shalt direct me now. [*Exit into the tomb.*]

Euph. How my distracted heart throbs wild with
fear!

What brings Calippus? wherefore? Save me,
heav'n!

Enter CALIPPUS.

Cal. This sullen musing in these drear abodes
Alarms suspicion: the king knows thy plottings,
Thy rooted hatred to the state and him.
His sov'reign will commands thee to repair
This moment to his presence.

Euph. Ha! what means
The tyrant? I obey. [*Exit Cal.*] And, oh! ye
pow'rs,

Ye ministers of heav'n! defend my father;
Support his drooping age; and when, anon,
Avening justice shakes her crimson steel,
Oh! be the grave at least a place of rest;
That from his covert in the hour of peace,
Forth he may come to bless a willing people,
And be your own just image here on earth. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Citadel.*

Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, and others.

Dion. And means the Greek to treat of terms of
peace?

By heav'n, this panting bosom hop'd to meet
His boasted phalanx on th' embattled plain.
And doth he now, on peaceful councils bent,
Despatch his herald? Let the slave approach.

Enter a Herald.

Now speak thy purpose? what doth Greece impart?

Her. Timoleon, sir, whose great renown in arms
Is equal'd only by the softer virtues
Of mild humanity that sway his heart,
Sends me, his delegate, to offer terms,
On which ev'n foes may well accord; on which
The fiercest nature, though it spurn at justice,
May sympathize with his.

Dion. Unfold thy mystery;
Thou shalt be heard.

Her. The gen'rous leader sees,
With pity sees, the wild, destructive havoc
Of ruthless war; he has survey'd around
The heaps of slain that cover yonder field,
And, touch'd with gen'rous sense of human woe,
Weeps o'er his victories.

Dion. Your leader weeps!
Then let the author of those ills thou speak'st of,
Let th' ambitious factor of destruction,
Timely retreat, and close the scene of blood.
Why doth affrighted peace behold his standard
Uprear'd in Sicily? and wherefore here
The iron ranks of war, from which the shepherd
Retires appall'd, and leaves the blasted hopes
Of half the year, while closer to her breast
The mother clasps her infant?

Her. 'Tis not mine
To plead Timoleon's cause; not mine the office
To justify the strong, the righteous motives
That urge him to the war: the only scope
My deputation aims at, is to fix

An interval of peace, a pause of horror,
That they, whose bodies on the naked shore
Lie wet with ring in their blood, from either host,
May meet the last sad rites to nature due,
And decent lie in honourable graves.

Dion. Go tell your leader his prettexts are vain.
Let him, with those that live, embark for Greece,
And leave our peaceful plains; the mangled limbs
Of those he murder'd, from my tender care,
Shall meet due obsequies.

Her. The hero, sir,
Wages no war with those who bravely die.
'Tis for the dead I supplicate; for them
We sue for peace; and to the living, too,
Timoleon would extend it; but the groans
Of a whole people have unsheath'd his sword.
A single day will pay the funeral rites.
To-morrow's sun may see both armies meet
Without hostility, and all in honour;
You to inter the troops who bravely fell;
We, on our part, to give an humble sod
To those who gain'd a footing on the isle,
And by their death have conquer'd.

Dion. Be it so;
I grant thy suit: soon as to-morrow's dawn
Illumes the world, the rage of wasting war
In vain shall thirst for blood: and now, farewell!
Some careful officer conduct him forth. [*Exit Her.*]

By heav'n, the Greek hath offer'd to my sword
An easy prey; a sacrifice to glut
My great revenge. Away, my friends, disperse.
Philotas, waits Euphrasia as we order'd?

Phil. She's here at hand.

Dion. Admit her to our presence.

Rage and despair, a thousand warring passions,
All rise by turns, and piecemeal rend my heart;
Yet ev'ry means, all measures must be tried,
To sweep the Grecian spoiler from the land,
And fix the crown unshaken on my brow.

Enter EUPHRASIA.

Euph. What sudden cause requires Euphrasia's presence?

Dion. Approach, fair mourner, and dispel thy fears:

Thy grief, thy tender duty to thy father,
Has touch'd me nearly. In his lone retreat,
Respect, attendance, ev'ry lenient care
To sooth affliction, and extend his life,
Evander has commanded.

Euph. Vile dissembler!

Detested homicide! (*Aside.*) And has thy heart
Felt for the wretched?

Dion. Urgencies of state
Abridg'd his liberty; but to his person
All honour hath been paid.

Euph. The righteous gods
Have mark'd thy ways, and will, in time, repay
Just retribution.

Dion. If to see your father,
If here to meet him in a fond embrace,
Will calm thy breast, and dry those beauteous tears,
A moment more shall bring him to your presence.

Euph. Ha! lead him hither! Sir, to move him
now,

Aged, infirm, worn out with toil and years—
No, let me seek him rather. If soft pity
Has touch'd your heart, oh! send me, send me to
him.

Dion. Control this wild alarm; with prudent
care

Philotas shall conduct him; here I grant
The tender interview.

Euph. Disastrous fate!
Ruin impends! This will discover all;
I'll perish first; provoke his utmost rage. (*Aside.*)
Though much I languish to behold my father,
Yet now it were not fit—the sun goes down;
Night falls apace; soon as returning day—

Dion. This night, this very hour, you both must
meet.

Together you may serve the state and me.
Thou seest the havoc of wide-wasting war;
And more, full well you know, are still to bleed.
Thou may'st prevent their fate.

Euph. Oh! give the means,
And I will bless thee for it.

Dion. From a Greek
Torments have wrung the truth. Thy husband,
Phocion—

Euph. Oh! say, speak of my Phocion.

Dion. He—'tis he
Hath kindled up this war; with treach'rous arts
Inflam'd the states of Greece, and now the traitor
Comes with a foreign aid to wrest my crown.

Euph. And does my Phocion share Timoleon's
glory?

Dion. With him invests our walls, and bids re-
bellion
Erect her standard here.

Euph. Oh! bless him, gods!
Where'er my hero treads the paths of war,
List on his side! against the hostile jav'lin
Uprear his mighty buckler; to his sword
Lend the fierce whirlwind's rage, that he may come
With wreaths of triumph, and with conquests
crown'd,

And a whole nation's voice

Applaud my hero with a love like mine!

Dion. Ungrateful fair! Has not our sov'reign
will

On thy descendants fix'd Sicilia's crown?

Have not I vow'd protection to your boy?

Euph. From thee the crown! From thee! Eu-
phrasia's children

Shall on a nobler basis found their rights,—

On their own virtue, and a people's choice.

Dion. Misguided woman!

Euph. Ask of thee protection!

The father's valour shall protect his boy.

Dion. Rush not on sure destruction; ere too late,
Accept our proffer'd grace. The terms are these:
Instant send forth a message to your husband;
Bid him draw off his Greeks, unmoor his fleet,
And measure back his way. Full well he knows
You and your father are my hostages;
And for his treason both may answer.

Euph. Think'st thou, then,

So meanly of my Phocion? Dost thou deem him
Poorly wound up to a mere fit of valour,
To melt away in a weak woman's tear?

Oh! thou dost little know him; know'st but little
Of his exalted soul. With gen'rous ardour
Still will he urge the great, the glorious plan,
And gain the ever honour'd, bright reward
Which fame entwines around the patriot's brow,
And bids for ever flourish on his tomb,
For nations freed and tyrants laid in dust.

Dion. By heav'n, this night Evander breathes
his last.

Euph. Better for him to sink at once to rest,
Than linger thus beneath the gripe of famine,
In a vile dungeon, scoop'd with barb'rous skill,
Deep in the flinty rock; a monument
Of that fell malice, and that black suspicion
That mark'd your father's reign.

Dion. Obdurate woman! obstinate in ill!
Here ends all parley. Now your father's doom
Is fix'd, irrevocably fix'd.

Euph. Thy doom, perhaps,
May first be fix'd: the doom that ever waits
The fell oppressor, from a throne usurp'd
Hurl'd headlong down. Think of thy father's fate
At Corinth, Dionysius!

Dion. Ha! this night
Evander dies; and thou, detested fair!
Thou shalt behold him, while inventive cruelty
Pursues his wearied life through ev'ry nerve.
I scorn all dull delay. This very night
Shall sate my great revenge. [*Exit.*]

Euph. This night, perhaps,
Shall whelm thee down, no more to blast creation.
My father, who inhabit'st with the dead,
Now let me seek thee in the lonely tomb,
And tremble there with anxious hope and fear. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Inside of the Temple.*

Enter PHOCION and MELANTHON.

Mel. Summon all

Thy wonted firmness; in that dreary vault
A living king is number'd with the dead.
I'll take my post, near where the pillar'd aisle
Supports the central dome, that no alarm
Surprise you in the pious act. [*Exit.*]

Pho. If here

They both are found; if in Evander's arms
Euphrasia meets my search, the fates atone
For all my suff'rings, all afflictions past.
Yes, I will seek them—ha! the gaping tomb
Invites my steps: now be propitious, heaven!
[*Enters the tomb.*]

Enter EUPHRASIA.

Euph. All hail, ye caves of horror! In this gloom
Divine content can dwell, the heartfelt tear,

Which, as it falls, a father's trembling hand
Will catch, and wipe the sorrows from my eye.
Who's there? Evander? Answer—tell me—speak!

Re-enter PHOCION from the tomb.

Pho. What voice is that? Melanthon!

Euph. Ha! those sounds—
Speak of Evander; tell me that he lives,
Or lost Euphrasia dies.

Pho. Heart-swelling transport!
Art thou Euphrasia? 'tis thy Phocion, love;
Thy husband comes.

Euph. Support me; reach thy hand.

Pho. Once more I clasp her in this fond embrace!

Euph. What miracle has brought thee to me?

Pho. Love

Inspir'd my heart, and guided all my ways.

Euph. Oh! thou dear wanderer! But wherefore
here?

Why in this place of woe? My tender little one,
Say, is he safe? oh! satisfy a mother;
Speak of my child, or I grow wild at once;
Tell me his fate, and tell me all thy own.

Pho. Your boy is safe, Euphrasia; lives to reign
In Sicily; Timoleon's generous care
Protects him in his camp: dispel thy fears;
The gods once more will give him to thy arms.

Euph. My father lives; sepulchred, ere his time,
Here in Eudocia's tomb. Let me conduct thee.

Pho. I came this moment thence.

Euph. And saw Evander?

Pho. Alas! I found him not.

Euph. Not found him there?

And have they, then—have the fell murderers—Oh!
(*Faints.*)

Pho. I've been too rash; revive, my love, revive!
Thy Phocion calls; the gods will guard Evander,
And save him to reward thy matchless virtue.

Re-enter MELANTHON, with EVANDER.

Evander. Lead me, Melanthon, guide my aged steps;
Where is he? Let me see him?

Pho. My Euphrasia,
Thy father lives;—thou venerable man!
Behold—I cannot fly to thy embrace.

Evander. Euphrasia! Phocion, too! Yes, both are
here;

Oh! let me thus, thus strain you to my heart.

Euph. Why, my father,
Why thus adventure forth? The strong alarm
O'erwhelm'd my spirits.

Evander. I went forth, my child,
When all was dark and awful silence round,
To throw me prostrate at the altar's foot,
And crave the care of heav'n for thee and thine.
Melanthon there—

Enter PHILOTAS.

Phil. Inevitable ruin hovers o'er you:
The tyrant's fury mounts into a blaze;
Unsated yet with blood, he calls aloud
For thee, Evander; thee his rage hath order'd
This moment to his presence.

Evander. Lead me to him:

His presence hath no terror for Evander.

Euph. Horror! it must not be.

Phil. No; never, never;
I'll perish rather. His policy has granted
A day's suspense from arms; yet even now
His troops prepare, in the dead midnight hour,
With base surprise, to storm Timoleon's camp.

Evander. And doth he grant a false, insidious truce,
To turn the hour of peace to blood and horror?

Euph. I know the monster well: when specious
seeming

Becalms his looks, the rankling heart within
Teems with destruction.

Mountains hurl'd up in air, and moulten rocks,
And all the land with desolation cover'd.

Melan. Now, Phocion, now on thee our hope
depends.

Fly to Timoleon; I can grant a passport:
Rouse him to vengeance; on the tyrant turn
His own insidious arts, or all is lost.

Pho. Evander, thou, and thou, my best Euphrasia,
Both shall attend my flight.

Melan. It were in vain:
Th' attempt would hazard all.

Euph. Together here
We will remain, safe in the cave of death;
And wait our freedom from thy conqu'ring arm.

Evander. Oh! would the gods roll back the stream
of time,

And give this arm the sinew that it boasted
At Tauromenium, when its force resistless
Mow'd down the ranks of war; I then might
guide

The battle's rage, and, ere Evander die,
Add still another laurel to my brow.

Euph. Enough of laurel'd victory your sword
Hath reap'd in earlier days.

Evander. And shall my sword,
When the great cause of liberty invites,
Remain inactive, unperforming quite?
Youth, second youth rekindles in my veins:
Though worn with age, this arm will know its
office;

Will shew that victory has not forgot
Acquaintance with this hand. And yet—oh, shame!
It will not be: the momentary blaze
Sinks and expires: I have surviv'd it all:
Surviv'd my reign, my people, and myself.

Euph. Fly, Phocion, fly: Melanthon will con-
duct thee.

Melan. And when th' assault begins, my faithful
cohorts

Shall form their ranks around this sacred dome.

Pho. And my poor captive friends, my brave
companions,

Taken in battle, wilt thou guard their lives?

Phil. Trust to my care: no danger shall assail
them.

Pho. By heaven, the glorious expectation swells
This panting bosom! Yes, Euphrasia, yes;
Awhile I leave you to the care of heaven.
Fell Dionysius tremble; ere the dawn,
Timoleon thunders at your gates; the rage,
The pent-up rage of twenty thousand Greeks,
Shall burst at once; and the tumultuous roar
Alarm th' astonish'd world.

Evander. Yet, ere thou go'st, young man,
Attend my words: though guilt may oft provoke,
As now it does, just vengeance on its head,
In mercy punish it. The rage of slaughter
Can add no trophy to the victor's triumph;
Conquest is proud, inexorable, fierce;
It is humanity ennobles all.

Pho. Farewell! the midnight hour shall give you
freedom. [*Exit with Mel. and Phil.*]

Euph. Ye guardian deities, watch all his ways!

Evander. Come, my Euphrasia,
Together we will pour
Our hearts in praise, in tears of adoration,
For all the wondrous goodness lavish'd on us.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter DIONYSIUS and CALIPPUS.

Dion. Ere the day clos'd, while yet the busy eye
Might view their camp, their station, and their
guards,

Their preparations for approaching night,
Didst thou then mark the motions of the Greeks?

Cal. From the watch-tow'r I saw them: all things
spoke

A foe secure, and discipline relax'd.

Dion. Their folly gives them to my sword.—Are all

My orders issued?

Cal. All.

Dion. The troops retir'd

To gain recruited vigour from repose?

Cal. The city round lies hush'd in sleep.

Dion. Anon,

Let each brave officer, of chosen valour,
Meet at the citadel. An hour at furthest
Before the dawn, 'tis fix'd to storm their camp;
Haste, Calippus,

Fly to thy post, and bid Euphrasia enter.
[*Exit Calippus.*]

Evander dies this night: Euphrasia, too,
Shall be dispos'd of. Curse on Phocion's fraud,
That from my pow'r withdrew their infant boy:
In him the seed of future kings were crush'd,
And the whole hated line at once extinguish'd.

Enter EUPHRASIA.

Dion. Once more approach, and hear me: 'tis not now

A time to waste in the vain war of words.
A crisis big with horror is at hand.
I meant to spare the stream of blood, that soon
Shall deluge yonder plains. My fair proposals,
Thy haughty spirit has with scorn rejected:
And now, by heav'n, here, in thy very sight,
Evander breathes his last.

Euph. If yet there's wanting
A crime to fill the measure of thy guilt,
Add that black murder to the dreadful list;
With that complete the horrors of thy reign.

Dion. Woman, beware: Philotas is at hand,
And to our presence leads Evander. All
Thy dark complotings, and thy treach'rous arts,
Have prov'd abortive.

Euph. Ha! What new event?
And is Philotas false? Has he betray'd him? (*Aside.*)

Dion. What, ho! Philotas.

Enter PHILOTAS.

Euph. How my heart sinks within me! (*Aside.*)

Dion. Where's your prisoner?

Phil. Evander is no more.

Dion. Ha! Death has robb'd me
Of half my great revenge.

Phil. Worn out with anguish,
I saw life ebb apace. With studied art,
We gave each cordial drop, alas! in vain;
He heav'd a sigh; invok'd his daughter's name,
Smil'd, and expir'd.

Dion. Bring me his hoary head.

Phil. You'll pardon, sir, my over-hasty zeal:
I gave the body to the foaming surge,
Down the steep rock, despis'd.

Dion. Now, then, thou feel'st my vengeance.

Euph. Glory in it:
Exult and triumph. Thy worst shaft is sped.
Yet still the unconquer'd mind with scorn can view thee;

With the calm sunshine of the breast, can see
Thy pow'r unequal to subdue the soul
Which virtue form'd, and which the gods protect.

Dion. Philotas, bear her hence; she shall not live;

This moment bear her hence; you know the rest;
Go, see our will obey'd; that done, with all
A warrior's speed, attend me at the citadel;
There meet the heroes whom this night shall lead
To freedom, victory, to glorious havoc,
And the destruction of the Grecian name. [*Exit.*]

Euph. Accept my thanks, Philotas; generous man!

These tears attest th' emotions of my heart.
But, oh! should Greece defer—

Phil. Dispel thy fears;
Phocion will bring relief; or should the tyrant

Assault their camp, he'll meet a marshall'd foe.
Let me conduct thee to the silent tomb.

Euph. Ah! there Evander, naked and disarm'd,
Defenceless quite, may meet some ruffian stroke.

Phil. Lo! here a weapon; bear this dagger to him.
In the drear monument, should hostile steps
Dare to approach him, they must enter singly;
This guards the passage; man by man they die.
There may'st thou dwell amidst the wild commotion.

Euph. Ye pitying gods, protect my father there!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Citadel.*

Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, and several Officers.

Dion. Ye brave associates, who so oft have shar'd
Our toil and danger in the field of glory,
My fellow-warriors, what no god could promise,
Fortune has giv'n us. In his dark embrace,
Lo! sleep envelops the whole Grecian camp.
Against a foe, the outcasts of their country,
Freebooters, roving in pursuit of prey,
Success by war, or covert stratagem,
Alike is glorious. Then, my gallant friends,
What need of words? The gen'rous call of freedom,
Your wives, your children, your invaded rights,
All that can steel the patriot breast with valour,
Expands and rouses in the swelling heart.
Follow the impulsive ardour; follow me,
Your king, your leader: in the friendly gloom
Of night, assault their camp: your country's love
And fame eternal shall attend the men
Who march'd through blood and horror, to redeem,
From the invader's pow'r, their native land.

Cal. Lead to the onset: Greece shall find we bear
Hearts prodigal of blood, when honour calls;
Resolv'd to conquer, or to die in freedom.

Dion. Thus I've resolv'd: when the declining moon

Hath veil'd her orb, our silent march begins.
The order thus: Calippus, thou lead forth
Iberia's sons with the Numidian bands,
And line the shore. Perdiccas, be it thine
To march thy cohorts to the mountain's foot,
Where the wood skirts the valley; there make halt,
Till brave Amyntor stretch along the vale.
Ourselves, with the embodied cavalry,
Clad in their mail'd cuirass, will circle round
To where their camp extends its furthest line;
Unnumber'd torches there shall blaze at once,
The signal of the charge; then, oh! my friends,
On every side let the wild uproar loose,
Bid massacre and carnage stalk around,
Unsparring, unrelenting; drench your swords
In hostile blood, and riot in destruction.

Enter an Officer.

Ha! speak; unfold thy purpose.

Off. Instant arm;

To arms, my liege; the foe breaks in upon us;
The subterraneous path is theirs; that way
Their band invades the city sunk in sleep.

Dion. Treason's at work; detested, treach'rous
villains!

Is this their promis'd truce? Away, my friends!
Rouse all the war; fly to your sev'ral posts,
And instant bring all Syracuse in arms.

[*Exeunt. Warlike music.*]

SCENE III.—*The Inside of the Temple; a monument in the middle.*

Enter EUPHRASIA, ERIXENE, and female Attendants.

Euph. Which way, Erixene, which way, my
virgins,

Shall we direct our steps? What sacred altar
Clasp on our knees?

Erix. Alas! the horrid tumult
Spreads the destruction wide. On ev'ry side

The victor's shouts, the groans of murder'd wretches,

In wild confusion rise. Once more descend Eudocia's tomb; there thou may'st find a shelter.

Euph. Anon, Erixene, I mean to visit, Perhaps for the last time, a mother's urn. This dagger here, this instrument of death, Should fortune prosper the fell tyrant's arms; This dagger, then, may free me from his pow'r, And that drear vault entomb us all in peace.

(*Flourish.*)

Erix. Hark!

Euph. The din Of arms with clearer sound advances. Hark! That sudden burst! Again! They rush upon us! The portal opens; lo! see there; behold! War, horrid war, invades the sacred fane; No altar gives a sanctuary now. (*Warlike music.*)

Enter DIONYSIUS and CALIPPUS, with several Soldiers.

Dion. Here will I mock their siege; here stand at bay, And brave 'em to the last. Euphrasia here! Detested, treach'rous woman! For my revenge preserv'd! By heav'n 'tis well; Vengeance awaits thy guilt, and this good sword Thus sends thee to atone the bleeding victims This night has massacred.

Cal. (*Holding Dionysius's arm.*) My liege, forbear;

Her life preserv'd, may plead your cause with Greece, And mitigate your fate.

Dion. Presumptuous slave! My rage is up in arms; by heav'n she dies.

Enter EVANDER from the tomb.

Evan. Horror! forbear! Thou murd'rer, hold thy hand!

The gods behold thee, horrible assassin! Restrain the blow; it were a stab to heav'n; All nature shudders at it! Will no friend Arm in a cause like this a father's hand? Strike at his bosom rather. Lo! Evander, Prostrate and grovelling on the earth before thee; He begs to die; exhaust the scanty drops That lag about his heart; but spare my child.

Dion. Evander! Do my eyes once more behold him? May the fiends seize Philotas! Treach'rous slave! 'Tis well thou liv'st; thy death were poor revenge, From any hand but mine. (*Offers to strike.*)

Euph. No, tyrant, no;

(*Rushing before Evander.*)

I have provok'd your vengeance; through this bosom

Open a passage; first on me, on me Exhaust your fury; ev'ry power above Commands thee to respect that aged head; His wither'd frame wants blood to glut thy rage; Strike here; these veins are full; here's blood enough;

The purple tide will gush to glad thy sight. (*Flourish of trumpets.*)

Dion. Ha! the fierce tide of war, This way comes rushing on. [*Exit, with Officers.*]

Euph. (*Embracing Evander.*) Oh! thus, my father, We'll perish thus together.

Dion. (*Without.*) Bar the gates; Close every passage, and repel their force.

Evan. And must I see thee bleed? Oh! for a sword! Bring, bring me daggers!

Euph. Ha!

Re-enter DIONYSIUS.

Dion. Guards, seize the slave, And give him to my rage.

Evan. (*Seized by the Guards.*) Oh! spare her, spare her, Inhuman villains!

Euph. Now, one glorious effort! (*Aside.*)

Dion. Let me despatch; thou traitor, thus my arm—

Euph. A daughter's arm, fell monster, strikes the blow. (*Stabs him. He falls and dies.*)

Behold, all Sicily behold! The point Glows with the tyrant's blood. Ye slaves, (*to the Guards*) look there;

Kneel to your rightful king: the blow for freedom Gives you the rights of men. And, oh! my father, My ever honour'd sire, it gives thee life.

Evan. My child! my daughter! sav'd again by thee! (*Embraces her.*)

A flourish of trumpets. Enter PHOCION, MELANTHON, PHILOTAS, &c.

Pho. Now let the monster yield. My best Euphrasia!

Euph. My lord! my Phocion! welcome to my heart.

Lo! there the wonders of Euphrasia's arm!

Pho. And is the proud one fallen? The dawn shall see him

A spectacle for public view. Euphrasia!

Evander, too! Thus to behold you both—

Evan. To her direct thy looks; there fix thy praise,

And gaze with wonder there. The life I gave her, Oh! she has us'd it for the noblest ends!

To fill each duty; make her father feel The purest joy, the heart-dissolving bliss, To have a grateful child. But has the rage Of slaughter ceas'd?

Pho. It has.

Evan. Where is Timoleon?

Pho. He guards the citadel; there gives his orders

To calm the uproar, and recall, from carnage, His conqu'ring troops.

Euph. Oh! once again, my father, Thy sway shall bless the land. Not for himself Timoleon conquers; to redress the wrongs Of bleeding Sicily, the hero comes.

Thee, good Melanthon, thee, thou gen'rous man, His justice shall reward. Thee, too, Philotas, Whose sympathizing heart could feel the touch Of soft humanity, the hero's bounty, His brightest honours, shall be lavish'd on thee. Evander, too, will place thee near his throne; And shew mankind, ev'n on this shore of being, That virtue still shall meet its sure reward.

Phil. I am rewarded: feelings such as mine Are worth all dignities: my heart repays me.

Evan. Come, let us seek Timoleon; to his care I will commend ye both: for now, alas!

Thrones and dominions now no more for me. To thee I give my crown: yes, thou, Euphrasia, Shall reign in Sicily. And, oh! ye pow'rs, In that bright eminence of care and peril, Watch over all her ways; conduct and guide The goodness you inspir'd; that she may prove (*If e'er distress like mine invade the land*)

A parent to her people; stretch the ray Of filial piety to times unborn, That man may bear her unexampled virtue, And learn to emulate the Grecian Daughter.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE CARELESS HUSBAND;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY COLLEY CIBBER.



Act V.—Scene 5.

CHARACTERS.

LORD FOPPINGTON
LORD MORELOVE

SIR CHARLES EASY
LADY BETTY MODISH

LADY GRAVEAIRS
LADY EASY

MRS. EDGING
SERVANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sir Charles Easy's Lodgings.*

Enter LADY EASY.

Lady E. Was ever woman's spirit, by an injurious husband, broken like mine? Must he bring home his follies, too? wrong me with my own servant? Oh! how tedious a relief is patience! and yet, in my condition, 'tis the only remedy: for to reproach him with my wrongs, is taking upon myself the means of a redress, bidding defiance to his falsehood, and but naturally provokes him to undo me. The uneasy thought of my continued jealousy may tease him to a fixed aversion; and, hitherto, though he neglects, I cannot think he hates me. It must be so; since I want power to please him, he never shall upbraid me with an attempt of making him uneasy. My eyes and tongue shall yet be blind and silent to my wrongs; nor would I have him think my virtue could suspect him, till by some gross, apparent proof of his misdoing, he forces me to see, and to forgive it.

Enter MRS. EDGING, hastily.

Mrs. E. Oh, madam!

Lady E. What's the matter?

Mrs. E. I have the strangest thing to shew your ladyship—such a discovery!

Lady E. You are resolved to make it without much ceremony, I find: what's the business, pray?

Mrs. E. The business, madam! I have not patience to tell you; I am out of breath at the very thoughts of it; I shall not be able to speak this half-hour.

Lady E. Not to the purpose, I believe; but, methinks, you talk impertinently with a great deal of ease.

Mrs. E. Nay, madam, perhaps not so impertinent as your ladyship thinks; there's that that will speak to the purpose, I am sure. A base man! (*Gives a letter.*)

Lady E. What's this, an open letter? Whence

Mrs. E. Nay, read it, madam; you'll soon guess.

If these are the tricks of husbands, keep me a maid still, say I.

Lady E. (*Looking on the superscription.*) "*To Sir Charles Easy.*" Ha! too well I know this hateful hand. Oh! my heart! but I must veil my jealousy, which 'tis not fit this creature should suppose I am acquainted with. (*Aside.*) This direction is to your master; how came you by it?

Mrs. E. Why, madam, as my master was lying down, after he came in from hunting, he sent me into his dressing-room to fetch his snuff-box out of his waistcoat-pocket; and so, as I was searching for the box, madam, there I found this wicked letter from a mistress; which I had no sooner read, but, I declare it, my very blood rose at him again; methought I could have torn him and her to pieces.

Lady E. Intolerable! This odious thing's jealousy of him herself, and wants me to join with her in a revenge upon him. Sure, I am fallen indeed! but 'twere to make me lower yet, to let her think I understand her. (*Aside.*) [*of patience at it.*]

Mrs. E. Nay, pray, madam, read it; you'll be out

Lady E. You are bold, mistress. Has my indulgence, or your master's good humour, flattered you into the assurance of reading his letters? A liberty I never gave myself. Here, lay it where you had it immediately. Should he know of your sauciness, it would not be my favour could protect you. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. E. Your favour! marry come up! Sure, I don't depend upon your favour! Here's my master; I'll try whether I am to be huffed by her, or no, (*Walks behind.*)

Enter SIR CHARLES EASY.

Sir C. So, the day is come again! Life but rises to another stage, and the same dull journey is before us. How like children do we judge of happiness! When I was stinted in my fortune, almost everything was a pleasure to me, because most things then being out of my reach, I had always the pleasure of hoping for them; now fortune's in my hand, she's as insipid as an old acquaintance. It's

mighty silly, 'faith! Just the same thing by my wife, too; I am told she's extremely handsome; nay, and have heard a great many people say she is certainly the best woman in the world. Why, I don't know but she may; yet I could never find that her person or good qualities gave me any concern: in my eye, the woman has no more charms than my mother.

Mrs. E. Humph! he takes no notice of me yet: I'll let him see, I can take as little notice of him. *(As she is walking by him, he lays hold of her.)* Pray, sir—

Sir C. A pretty pert air that; I'll humour it. *(Aside.)* What's the matter, child? Are not you well? Kiss me, hussy.

Mrs. E. No; the deuce fetch me, if I do.

Sir C. Has anything put you out of humour, love?

Mrs. E. No, sir; 'tis not worth my being out of humour at; though if ever you have anything to say to me again, I'll be burned.

Sir C. Somebody has belied me to you.

Mrs. E. No, sir; 'tis you have belied yourself to me. Did not I ask you when you first made a fool of me, if you would be always constant to me, and did not you say, I might be sure you would? And here, instead of that, you are going on in your old intrigue with my Lady Graveairs.

Sir C. So!

Mrs. E. Besides, don't you suffer my lady to huff me every day, as if I were her dog, or had no more concern with you—I declare I won't bear it, and she sha'n't think to huff me; for aught I know, I am as agreeable as she; and though she dares not take any notice of your baseness to her, you sha'n't think to use me so; and so, pray take your nasty letter—I know the hand well enough—for my part, I won't stay in the family to be abused at this rate. I that have refused lords and dukes for your sake: I'd have you to know, sir, I have had as many blue and green ribands after me, for aught I know, as would have made me an apron.

Sir C. My Lady Graveairs!—my nasty letter!—and I won't stay in the family! Death! I'm in a pretty condition. *(Aside.)* [as you do your wife?

Mrs. E. I suppose, sir, you think to use everybody

Sir C. My wife! ah! Come hither, Mrs. Edging; harkye, drab! *(Seizing her.)*

Mrs. E. Oh!

Sir C. When you speak of my wife, you are to say your lady; and you are never to speak of your lady to me in any regard of her being my wife: I only give you leave to be saucy with me. In the next place, you are never to suppose there is any such person as my Lady Graveairs; and lastly, my pretty one, how came you by this letter?

Mrs. E. It's no matter, perhaps.

Sir C. Ay, but if you should not tell me quickly, how are you sure I won't take a great piece of flesh out of your shoulder. *(Shakes her.)*

Mrs. E. Oh, lud! oh, lud! I will tell you, sir.

Sir C. Quickly, then.

Mrs. E. Oh! I took it out of your pocket, sir.

Sir C. When? [your snuff-box.

Mrs. E. Oh! this morning, when you sent me for

Sir C. And your ladyship's pretty curiosity has looked it over, I presume, eh? *(Shakes her again.)*

Mrs. E. Oh, lud!—dear sir,—don't be angry—indeed I'll never touch one again.

Sir C. I don't believe you will; and I'll tell you how you may be sure you never will.

Mrs. E. Yes, sir.

Sir C. By steadfastly believing, that the next time you offer it, you will have your pretty white neck twisted behind you.

Mrs. E. Yes, sir. *(Courtesying.)*

Sir C. And you will be sure to remember every-

Mrs. E. Yes, sir. [thing I have said to you?

Sir C. And now, child, I was not angry with your person, but your follies; but let me hear no more of your lady, child.

Mrs. E. No, sir.

Sir C. Here she comes. Begone.

Mrs. E. Yes, sir. Oh! I was never so frightened in my life. *[Aside, and exit.]*

Sir C. So! good discipline makes good soldiers. It often puzzles me to think, from my own carelessness, and my wife's continual good humour, whether she really knows anything of the strength of my forces: I'll sift her a little. *[Enter LADY EASY.]* My dear, how do you do? You are dressed very early to day; are you going out?

Lady E. Only to church, my dear.

Sir C. Well, child, how does Windsor air agree with you? Do you find yourself any better yet? or have you a mind to go to London again?

Lady E. No, indeed, my dear; the air is so very pleasant, that if it were a place of less company, I could be content to end my days here.

Sir C. Pr'ythee, my dear, what sort of company would most please you?

Lady E. When business would permit it, your's; and in your absence, a sincere friend, that were truly happy in an honest husband, to sit a cheerful hour, and talk in mutual praise of our condition.

Sir C. Are you, then, really very happy, my dear?

Lady E. Why should you question it? *(Smiling.)*

Sir C. Because I fancy I am not so good to you as I should be.

Lady E. Psha!

Sir C. Nay, the deuce take me if I don't really confess myself so bad, that I have often wondered how any woman of your sense, rank, and person, could think it worth her while to have so many useless good qualities.

Lady E. Fie! my dear.

Sir C. By my soul, I'm serious.

Lady E. I can't boast of my good qualities, nor if I could, do I believe you think them useless.

Sir C. Nay, I submit to you—Don't you find 'em so? Do you perceive that I am one little the better husband for your being so good a wife?

Lady E. Psha! you jest with me.

Sir C. Upon my life I don't. Tell me truly, were you never jealous of me?

Lady E. Did I ever give you any sign of it.

Sir C. Humph! that's true. But do you really think I never gave you occasion? [you had?

Lady E. That's an odd question. But suppose

Sir C. Why, then, what good has your virtue done you, since all the good qualities of it could not keep me to yourself?

Lady E. What occasion have you given me to suppose I have not kept you to myself?

Sir C. I given you occasion! Fie! my dear; you may be sure—I—lookye, that is not the thing; but still a—Death, what a blunder have I made! *(Aside.)*—Still, I say, madam, you sha'n't make me believe you have never been jealous of me; not that you ever had any real cause, but I know women of your principle have more pride than those that have no principle at all; and where there is pride,

there must be some jealousy; so, that if you are jealous, my dear, you know you wrong me, and—

Lady E. Why, then, upon my word, my dear, I don't know that ever I wronged you that way in my life. [be jealous, how would you do, then?

Sir C. But suppose I had given a real cause to

Lady E. It must be a very substantial one that makes me jealous.

Sir C. Say it were a substantial one. Suppose, now, I were well with a woman of your own acquaintance, that under pretence of frequent visits to you, should only come to carry on an affair with me: suppose now my Lady Graveairs and I were great—

Lady E. Would I could not suppose it. *(Aside.)*

Sir C. If I come off here, I believe I am pretty safe. *(Aside.)* Suppose, I say, my lady and I were so very familiar, that not only yourself, but half the town should see it?

Lady E. Then I should cry myself sick in some

dark closet, and forget my tears when you spoke kindly to me.

Sir C. The most convenient piece of virtue, sure, that ever wife was mistress of. (*Aside.*)

Lady E. But pray, my dear, did you ever think I had any ill thoughts of my Lady Graveairs?

Sir C. Oh, fie! child; only you know she and I used to be a little free sometimes, so I had a mind to see if you thought there was any harm in it: but since I find you so very easy, I think myself obliged to tell you, that, upon my soul, my dear, I have so little regard to her person, that the deuce take me, if I would not as soon have an affair with your own woman.

[*Expect you with one as t'other.*]
Lady E. Indeed, my dear, I should as soon suspect

Sir C. Poor dear! shouldst thou? Give me a kiss.

Lady E. Psha! you don't care to kiss me.

Sir C. By my soul, I do. I wish I may die if I don't think you a very fine woman.

Lady E. I only wish you would think me a good wife. (*Kisses him.*) But pray, my dear, what has made you so very inquisitive?

Sir C. Inquisitive! Why—a—I don't know; one's always saying one foolish thing or another—Tol de rol. (*Sings and talks.*) My dear, what! are we never to have any ball here? Tol de rol. I fancy I could recover my dancing again, if I would but practise. Tol lol lol!

Lady E. This excess of carelessness to me excuses half his vices. If I can make him once think seriously, time yet may be my friend. (*Aside.*)

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Lord Morelove gives his service.

Sir C. Lord Morelove! where is he?

Serv. At the chocolate-house. He called me to him, as I went by, and bid me tell your honour he'll wait upon you presently.

Lady E. I thought you had not expected him here again this season, my dear?

Sir C. I thought so, too; but you see there's no depending upon the resolution of a man that's in love.

Lady E. Is there a chair?

Serv. Yes, madam. [*Exit.*]

Lady E. I suppose Lady Betty Modish has drawn him hither.

Sir C. Ay, poor soul! for all his bravery, I

Lady E. Well, my dear, I haven't time to ask my lord how he does now; you'll excuse me to him, but I hope you'll make him dine with us.

Sir C. I'll ask him. If you see Lady Betty at prayers, make her dine, too; but don't take any notice of my lord's being in town.

Lady E. Very well. If I should not meet her there, I'll call at her lodgings.

Sir C. Do so.

Lady E. My dear, your servant. [*Exit.*]

Sir C. My dear, I'm your's. Well, one way or other, this woman will certainly bring about her business with me at last; for though she can't make me happy in her own person, she lets me be so intolerably easy with the woman that can, that she has at least brought me in a fair way of being as weary of them, too.

Enter a Servant and LORD MORELOVE.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Morelove. [*Exit.*]

More. Dear Charles!

Sir C. My dear lord, this is an happiness undreamt of; I little thought to have seen you at Windsor again this season; I concluded, of course, that books and solitude had secured you till winter.

More. Nay, I did not think of coming myself; but I found myself not very well in London, so I thought—a little hunting, and this air—

Sir C. Ha, ha, ha!

More. What do you laugh at?

Sir C. Only because you should not go on with your story. If you did but see how a man fumbles for an excuse, when he's a little ashamed of being in love, you would not wonder what I laugh at. Ha, ha, ha!

More. Thou art a very happy fellow; nothing touches you; always easy. Then you conclude I follow Lady Betty again?

Sir C. Yes, faith, do I: and to make you easy, my lord, I cannot see why a man that can ride fifty miles after a poor stag, should be ashamed of running twenty in chase of a fine woman, that, in all probability, will make him so much the better sport, too.

More. Dear Charles, don't flatter my distemper; I own I still follow her. Do you think her charms have power to excuse me to the world?

Sir C. Ay, ay! a fine woman's an excuse for anything; and the scandal of her being in jest, is a jest itself; we are all forced to be their fools, before we can be their favourites.

More. You are willing to give me hope; but I can't believe she has the least degree of inclination for me.

Sir C. I don't know that; I am sure her pride likes you, and that's generally your fine lady's darling passion.

[*rent, it would touch her?*]
More. Do you suppose if I could grow indiffe-

Sir C. Sting her to the heart. Will you take my advice?

More. I have no relief but that. Had I not you now and then to talk an hour, my life were insupportable.

Sir C. I am sorry for that, my lord. But mind what I say to you. But hold! first let me know the particulars of your late quarrel with her.

More. Why—about three weeks ago, (when I was last here at Windsor,) she had for some days treated me with a little more reserve, and another with more freedom, than I found myself easy at.

Sir C. Who was that other?

More. One of my Lord Foppington's gang; the pert coxcomb that's just come to a small estate and a great periwig; he that sings himself among the women—what d'ye call him?—He won't speak to a commoner when a lord's in company—you always see him with a cane dangling at his button, his breast open, no gloves, one eye tucked under his hat, and a tooth-pick—Startup, that's his name. [*on.*]

Sir C. Oh! I have met him on a visit. But, pray go

More. So, disputing with her about the conduct of women, I took the liberty to tell her how far I thought she erred in hers; she told me I was rude, and that she would never believe any man could love a woman, that thought her wrong in anything she had a mind to, at least, if he dared to tell her so. This provoked me into her whole character, with as much spite and civil malice as I have seen her bestow upon a woman of true beauty, when the men first toasted her; so, in the middle of my wisdom, she told me, she desired to be alone, that I would take my odious proud heart along with me, and trouble her no more. I bowed very low; and, as I left the room, vowed I never would, and that my proud heart should never be humbled by the outside of a fine woman. About an hour after, I whipped into my chaise for London, and have never seen her since.

Sir C. Very well. And how did you find your proud heart by the time you got to Hounslow?

More. I am almost ashamed to tell you: I found her so much in the right, that I cursed my pride for contradicting her at all; and began to think, according to her maxim, that no woman could be in the wrong to a man that she had in her power.

Sir C. Ha, ha! Well, I'll tell you what you shall do—You can see her without trembling, I hope?

More. Not if she receives me well.

Sir C. If she receives you well, you will have no occasion for what I am going to say to you. First, you shall dine with her.

More. How? where? when?

Sir C. Here, here! at two o'clock.

More. Dear Charles!

Sir C. My wife's gone to invite her. When you see her first, be neither too humble nor too stubborn; let her see, by the ease in your behaviour, you are

still pleased in being near her, while she is upon reasonable terms with you. This will neither open the door of an *eclaircissement*, or quite shut it against you; and if she is still resolved to keep you out—

More. Nay, if she insults me, then perhaps I may recover pride enough to rally her by an over-acted submission.

Sir C. Why, you improve, my lord; this is the very thing I was going to propose to you.

More. Was it, 'faith! Harkye! dare you stand by me?

Sir C. Dare I! ay, to my last drop of assurance, against all the insolent airs of the proudest beauty in Christendom.

More. Nay, then, defiance to her. We two—you have inspired me; I find myself as valiant as a flattered coward.

Sir C. Courage, my lord; I'll warrant we beat

More. My blood stirs at the very thought of it; I long to be engaged.

Sir C. She'll certainly give ground, when she once sees you are thoroughly provoked.

More. Dear Charles, thou art a friend indeed.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Foppington gives his service; and if your honour's at leisure, he'll wait upon you as soon as he's dressed.

More. Lord Foppington! is he in town?

Sir C. Yes; I heard last night he was come. Give my service to his lordship, and tell him I shall be glad if he'll do me the honour of his company here at dinner. [*Exit Servant.*] We may have occasion for him in our design upon Lady Betty.

More. What use can we make of him?

Sir C. We'll see when he comes; at least, there's no danger in him; not but I suppose you know he's

More. Psha! a coxcomb. [*your rival.*]

Sir C. Nay, don't despise him, neither: he's able to give you advice; for though he's in love with the same woman, yet to him she has not charms enough to give a moment's pain.

More. Pr'ythee, what sense has he of love?

Sir C. 'Faith! very nearly as much as a man of sense ought to have. I grant you, he knows not how to value a woman truly deserving, but he has a pretty just esteem for most ladies about town.

More. That he follows, I grant you; for he seldom visits any of extraordinary reputation.

Sir C. Have a care, I have seen him at Lady Betty Modish's.

More. To be laughed at.

Sir C. Don't be too confident of that; the women now begin to laugh with him, not at him: for he really sometimes rallies his own humour with so much ease and pleasantry, that a great many women begin to think he has no follies at all, and those he has, have been as much owing to his youth, and a great estate, as want of natural wit: 'tis true, he's often a bubble to his pleasures, but he has always been wisely vain enough to keep himself from being too much the ladies' humble servant in love.

More. There, indeed, I almost envy him.

Sir C. The easiness of his opinion upon the sex, will go near to pique you. We must have him.

More. As you please. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Lady Betty Modish's Lodgings.*

LADY BETTY MODISH and LADY EASY, meeting.

Lady B. Oh! my dear, I am overjoyed to see you! I am strangely happy to-day; I have just received my new scarf from London, and you are most critically come to give me your opinion of it.

Lady E. Oh! your servant, madam; I am a very indifferent judge, you know. What, is it with sleeves?

Lady B. Oh! 'tis impossible to tell you what it is! 'tis all extravagance, both in mode and fancy, my dear; I believe there are six thousand yards of edging in it. Then such an enchanting slope from the elbow; something so new, so lively, so noble, and charming—But you shall see it, my dear.

Lady E. Indeed I won't, my dear; I am resolved to mortify you for being so wrongly fond of a trifle.

Lady B. Nay, now, my dear, you are ill-natured.

Lady E. Why, truly, I'm half angry to see a woman of your sense so warmly concerned in the care of her outside; for when we have taken our best pains about it, 'tis the beauty of the mind alone that gives us lasting value.

Lady B. Ah! my dear, my dear! you have been a married woman to a fine purpose, indeed, that know so little of the taste of mankind: take my word, a new fashion, upon a fine woman, is often a greater proof of her value, than you are aware of.

Lady E. That I can't comprehend; for you see among the men, nothing's more ridiculous than a new fashion. Those of the first sense are always the last to come into it.

Lady B. That is, because the only merit of a man is his sense; but, doubtless, the greatest value of a woman is her beauty. An homely woman, at the head of a fashion, would not be allowed in it by the men, and, consequently, not followed by the women: so, that to be successful in one's fancy, is an evident sign of one's being admired; and I always take admiration for the best proof of beauty, and beauty certainly is the source of power, as power in all creatures is the height of happiness.

Lady E. At this rate, you would rather be thought beautiful than good.

Lady B. As I had rather command than obey. The wisest homely woman can't make a man of sense of a fool; but the veriest fool of a beauty shall make a fool of a statesman; so that, in short, I can't see a woman of spirit has any business in this world but to dress, and make the men like her.

Lady E. Do you suppose this is a principle the men of sense will admire you for?

Lady B. I do suppose, that when I suffer any man to like my person, he sha'n't dare to find fault with my principle. [*humbled.*]

Lady E. But men of sense are not so easily

Lady B. The easiest of any; one has ten thousand times the trouble with a coxcomb.

Lady E. Nay, that may be; for I have seen you throw more good humour in hopes of a *tendresse* from my Lord Foppington, who loves all women alike, than would have made my Lord Morelove perfectly happy, who loves only you.

Lady B. The men of sense, my dear, make the best fools in the world; their sincerity and good breeding throws them so entirely into one's power, and gives one such an agreeable thirst of using them ill, that 'tis impossible not to quench it.

Lady E. But, methinks, my Lord Morelove's manner to you might move any woman to a kinder sense of his merit.

Lady B. Ay; but would it not be hard, my dear, for a poor, weak woman to have a man of his quality and reputation in her power, and not let the world see him there? Would any creature sit newly-dressed all day in her closet? Could you bear to have a sweet-fancied suit, and never shew it at the play, or the drawing-room?

Lady E. But one would not ride in it, methinks, or harass it out, when there's no occasion.

Lady B. Pooh! my Lord Morelove's a mere Indian damask, one can't wear him out; on my conscience, I must give him to my woman at last; I begin to be known by him! Had I not best leave him off, my dear? for (poor soul!) I believe I have a little fretted him of late.

Lady E. Now 'tis to me amazing, how a man of his spirit can bear to be used like a dog, for four or five years together. But nothing's a wonder in love: but, pray, when you found you could not like him at first, why did you ever encourage him?

Lady B. Why, what would you have one do? for my part, I could no more choose a man by my eye, than a shoe; one must draw them on a little to see if they are right to one's feet.

Lady E. But I'd no more fool on with a man I could not like, than I'd wear a shoe that pinched me.

Lady B. Ay; but then a poor wretch tells one, he'll widen them, or do anything; and is so civil and silly, that one does not know how to turn such a trifle, as a pair of shoes or a heart, upon a fellow's hands again.

Lady E. Well, I confess you are very happily distinguished amongst most women of fortune, to have a man of my Lord Morelove's sense and quality so long and honourably in love with you: for, now-a-days, one hardly ever hears of such a thing as a man of quality in love with the woman he would marry. To be in love now, is only having a design upon a woman; a modish way of declaring war against her virtue, which they generally attack first, by toasting up her vanity.

Lady B. Ay, but the world knows that is not the case between my lord and I.

Lady E. Therefore, I think you happy.

Lady B. Now I don't see it; I'll swear I'm better pleased to know there are a great many foolish fellows of quality, that take occasion to toast me frequently.

Lady E. I vow I should not thank any gentleman for toasting me; and I have often wondered how a woman of your spirit could bear to have so many other freedoms I have seen some men take with you.

Lady B. As how, my dear? come, prythee, be free with me; for you must know, I love dearly to hear my faults. Who is't you have observed to be too free with me?

Lady E. Why, there's my Lord Foppington; could any woman but you bear to see him with a respectful flier stare full in your face, draw up his breath, and cry, "Gad! you're handsome."

Lady B. My dear, fine fruit will have flies about it; but, poor things! they do it no harm: for if you observe, people are generally most apt to choose that which the flies have been busy with. Ha, ha!

Lady E. Thou art a strange, giddy creature.

Lady B. That may be from so much circulation of thought, my dear.

Lady E. But my Lord Foppington's married, and one would not fool with him for his lady's sake; it may make her uneasy, and—

Lady B. Poor creature! her pride, indeed, makes her carry it off without taking any notice of me; though I know she hates me in her heart. I can't endure malicious people; so I used to dine with her once a week, purely to give her the disorder—if you had but seen when my lord and I fooled a little, the creature looked so ugly.

Lady E. I should not think my reputation safe; my Lord Foppington's a man that talks often of his amours, but seldom speaks of favours that are refused him.

Lady B. Psha! Will anything a man says make a woman the less agreeable? Will his talking spoil one's complexion, or put one's hair out of order? And for reputation, lookye, my dear; take it for a rule, that as amongst the lower rank of people, no woman wants beauty that has fortune; so, amongst people of fortune, no woman wants virtue that has beauty: but an estate and beauty joined, are of an unlimited, nay, a power pontifical; makes one not only absolute, but infallible. A fine woman's never in the wrong; or if she is, 'tis not the strength of a poor creature's reason that can unfetter him. Oh! how I love to hear a wretch curse himself for loving on, or now and then coming out with a—

*"Yet for the plague of human race,
This devil has an angel's face."*

Lady E. At this rate, I don't see you allow reputation to be at all essential to a fine woman.

Lady B. Just as much as honour to a great man. Power is always above scandal. Indeed, my dear, that jewel reputation is a very fanciful business; one shall not see a homely creature in town, but wears it in her mouth as monstrously as Indians do bobs at their lips.

Lady E. Have a care, my dear, of trusting too far to power alone: for nothing is more ridiculous than the fall of pride; and a woman's pride at best may be suspected to be more a distrust, than a real contempt of mankind: for when we have said all we can, a deserving husband is certainly our best happiness; and I don't question but my Lord Morelove's merit, in a little time, will make you think so, too; for whatever airs you give yourself to the world, I'm sure your heart don't want good nature.

Lady B. You are mistaken; I am very ill-natured, though your good humour won't let you see it.

Lady E. Then to give me a proof of it, let me see you refuse to go immediately and dine with me, after I have promised Sir Charles to bring you.

Lady B. Pray, don't ask me.

Lady E. Why?

Lady B. Because, to let you see I hate good nature, I'll go without asking, that you may not have the malice to say I did you a favour. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*Sir Charles Easy's Lodgings.*

LORD MORELOVE and SIR CHARLES EASY at piquet.

Sir C. Come, my lord, one single game for the tout, and so have done.

More. No, hang 'em, I have enough of 'em; ill cards are the dullest company in the world. How much is it?

Sir C. Three parties.

More. Fifteen pounds—very well. (*While Lord M. counts out his money, a Servant gives Sir C. a letter, which he reads to himself.*)

Sir C. (*To the Servant.*) Give my service; say I have company dines with me; if I have time, I'll call there in the afternoon. Ha, ha, ha; [Exit Serv.

More. What's the matter?—there—(*Paying the money.*)

Sir C. The old affair; my Lady Graveairs.

More. Oh! prythee, how does that go on?

Sir C. As agreeably as a chancery suit: for now it's come to the intolerable plague of my not being able to get rid of't; as you may see. (*Gives the letter.*)

More. (*Reads.*) "*Your behaviour, since I have been at Windsor, has convinced me of your villany, without my being surprised, or angry at it: I desire you will let me see you at my lodgings immediately, where I shall have a better opportunity to convince you, that I never can, nor positively will be, as I have been,—Your's, &c.*" A very whimsical letter! Faith! I think she has had hard luck with you; if a man were obliged to have a mistress, her person and condition seem to be cut out for the ease of a lover; for she's a young, handsome, wild, well-jointed widow. But what's your quarrel?

Sir C. Nothing; she sees the coolness happens to be first on my side, and her business with me now, I suppose, is to convince me how heartily she's vexed that she was not beforehand with me.

More. Her pride, and your indifference, must occasion a pleasant scene, sure. What do you intend to do?

Sir C. Treat her with a cool familiar air, till I pique her to forbid me her sight, and then take her at her word.

More. Very gallant and provoking.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Foppington.

[Exit.

Sir C. Oh! now, my lord, if you have a mind to be let into the mystery of making love without pain, here's one that's master of the art, and shall declaim to you.—[Enter LORD FOPPINGTON.]—My dear Lord Foppington!

Fop. My dear agreeable! My lord, I am your lordship's most obedient humble servant.

More. My lord, I kiss your hand. I hope we shall have you here some time; you seem to have laid in a stock of health to be in at the diversions of the place. You look extremely well.

Fop. To see one's friends look so, my lord, may easily give a vermeille to one's complexion.

Sir C. Lovers in hope, my lord, always have a visible brilliant in their eyes and air.

Pop. What dost thou mean, Charles?

Sir C. Come, come, confess what really brought you to Windsor, now you have no business here?

Pop. Why, two hours, and six of the best nags in Christendom, or the devil drive me.

More. You make haste, my lord.

Pop. My lord, I always fly when I pursue: but they are well kept, indeed. I love to have creatures go as I bid 'em. You have seen 'em Charles; but so has all the world. Foppington's long-tails are known in every road in England.

Sir C. Well, my lord, but how came they to bring you this road? You don't use to take these irregular jaunts without some design in your head of having more than nothing to do.

Pop. Psha! prythee, Charles, thou knowest I am a fellow *sans consequence*, be where I will.

Sir C. Nay, nay; this is too much among friends, my lord; come, come, we must have it; your real business here?

Pop. Why then, *entre nous*, there is a certain *filler de joie* about the court here, that loves winning at cards better than all the fine things I have been able to say to her; so I have brought an odd thousand bill in my pocket that I design *tête-à-tête*, to play off with her at piquet, or so; and now the business is out. [lord.]

Sir C. Ah! and a very good business, too, my

Pop. If it be well done, Charles— [lord.]

Sir C. That's as you manage your cards, my

More. This must be a woman of consequence, by the value you set upon her favours. [woman.]

Sir C. Oh! nothing's above the price of a fine

Pop. Nay, look ye, gentlemen; the price may not happen to be altogether so high, neither; for I fancy I know enough of the game, to make it but an even bet I get her for nothing.

More. How so, my lord?

Pop. Because, if she happen to lose a good sum to me, I shall buy her with her own money.

More. That's new, I confess.

Pop. You know, Charles, 'tis not impossible but I may be five hundred pounds deep with her; then bills may fall short, and the devil's in't if I want assurance to ask her to pay me some way or other.

Sir C. And a man must be a churl, indeed, that won't take a lady's personal security. Ha, ha!

Pop. He, he, he! thou art a devil, Charles.

More. Death! how happy is this coxcomb. (*Aside.*)

Pop. But to tell you the truth, gentlemen, I had another pressing temptation that brought me hither, which was—my wife.

More. That's kind, indeed; my lady has been here this month; she'll be glad to see you.

Pop. That I don't know; for I design this afternoon to send her to London. [that would be cruel.]

More. What the same day you come, my lord?

Pop. Ay, but it will be mighty convenient, for she is positively of no manner of use in my amours.

More. That's your fault; the town thinks her a very deserving woman.

Pop. If she were a woman of the town, perhaps I should think so, too; but she happens to be my wife, and when a wife is once given to deserve more than her husband's inclinations can pay, in my mind she has no merit at all. [prudent conduct.]

More. She's extremely well bred, and of very

Pop. Um—ay, the woman's proud enough.

More. Add to this, all the world allows her handsome.

Pop. The world's extremely civil, my lord; and I should take it as a favour done to me, if they could find an expedient to unmarried the poor woman from the only man in the world that can't think her handsome.

More. I believe there are a great many in the world that are sorry 'tis not in their power to unmarried her.

Pop. I am a great many in the world's very

humble servant; and whenever they find 'tis in their power, their high and mighty wisdoms may command me at a quarter of an hour's warning.

More. Pray, my lord, what did you marry for?

Pop. To pay my debts at play, and disinherit my younger brother.

More. But there are some things due to a wife.

Pop. And there are some debts I don't care to pay; to both which I plead husband and my lord.

More. If I should do so, I should expect to have my own coach stopped in the street, and to meet my wife with the windows up in a hackney.

Pop. Then would I put in bail, and order a separate maintenance. [married for nothing.]

More. So, pay double the sum of the debt, and be

Pop. Now I think deferring a dun, and getting rid of one's wife, are two of the most agreeable sweets in the liberties of an English subject.

More. If I were married, I would as soon part from my estate as my wife.

Pop. Now I would not; sun-burn me if I would!

More. Death! But since you are thus indifferent, my lord, why would you needs marry a woman of so much merit? Could not you have laid out your spleen upon some ill-natured shrew, that wanted the plague of an ill husband, and have lathered on to some plain, honest man of quality that would have deserved her.

Pop. Why 'faith, my lord, that might have been considered; but I really grew so passionately fond of her fortune, that, curse catch me! I was quite blind to the rest of her good qualities.

Sir C. Ay, ay, my lord; virtue in a wife is good for nothing but to make her proud, and put the world in mind of her husband's faults.

Pop. Right, Charles; the women of virtue are now grown perfect idiots in love.

More. But I thought, my lord, your chief business now at Windsor had been your design upon a woman of quality.

Pop. That's true, my lord; though I don't think your fine lady the best dish myself, yet a man of quality can't be without such things at his table.

More. Oh! then you only desire the reputation of an affair with her.

Pop. I think the reputation is the most inviting part of an amour with most women of quality.

More. Why so, my lord?

Pop. Why who the devil would run through all the degrees of form and ceremony, that lead one up to the last favour, if it were not for the reputation of understanding the nearest way to get over the difficulty.

More. But, my lord, does not the reputation of your being so general an undertaker, frighten the women from engaging with you? For they say, no man can love but one at a time.

Pop. That's just one more than ever I came up to: for, stay my breath! if ever I loved one in my life.

More. How do you get 'em, then?

Pop. Why sometimes as they get other people; I dress, and let them get me.

More. The shame or scandal of a repulse, always made me afraid of attempting a woman of condition.

Sir C. Ha, ha! Egad! my lord, you deserve to be ill used; your modesty's enough to spoil any woman in the world; but my lord and I understand the sex a little better; we see, plainly, that women are only cold, as some men are brave, from the modesty or fear of those that attack them.

Pop. Right, Charles; a man should no more give up his heart to a woman, than his sword to a bully; they are both as insolent as the devil after it.

Sir C. How do you like that, my lord? (*Aside to Lord M.*)

More. 'Faith, I envy him. (*Aside to Sir C.*) But, my lord, suppose your inclination should stumble upon a woman truly virtuous, would not a severe repulse from such an one put you strangely out of countenance?

Fop. Not at all, my lord; for if a man don't mind a box o' the ear in a fair struggle with a fresh country-girl, why should he be concerned at an impertinent frown for an attack upon a woman of quality?

More. Then you've no notion of a lady's cruelty?

Fop. Ha, ha! let me blood, if I think there's a greater jest in nature. I am ready to crack my sides with laughing to see a senseless flirt (because the creature happens to have a little pride that she calls virtue about her) give herself such insolent airs of resentment and disdain to an honest fellow. Ha, ha! It puts me in mind of an affair of mine, so impertinent— [let's hear it.

More. Oh! that's impossible, my lord. Pray,

Fop. Why, I happened once to be very well in a man of quality's family, and his wife liked me.

More. How do you know she liked you?

Fop. Why, from the very moment I told her I liked her, she never durst trust herself at the end of a room with me.

More. That might be her not liking you.

Fop. My lord, women of quality don't use to speak the thing plain: but to satisfy you, I did not want encouragement; I never came there in my life, but she immediately smiled, and borrowed my snuff-box.

More. She liked your snuff, at least. Well, but how did she use you?

Fop. By all that's infamous, she jilted me!

More. How jilt you? Pray, let's hear.

Fop. When I was pretty well convinced she had a mind to me, I one day made her a hint of an appointment; upon which, with an insolent frown, (which made her look as ugly as the devil,) she told me, that if ever I came there again, her lord should know that she had forbidden me the house before. Did you ever hear of such a slut?

Sir C. Intolerable!

More. But how did her answer agree with you?

Fop. Oh! passionately well; for I stared full in her face, and bursted out a-laughing; at which she turned upon her heel, and gave a crack with her fan like a coach-whip, and bridled out of the room with the air and complexion of an incensed turkey-cock.

More. What did you, then?

Fop. I looked after her, gaped, threw up the sash, and fell a-singing out of the window; so that, you see, my lord, while a man is not in love, there's no great affliction in missing one's way to a woman.

Sir C. Ay, ay; you talk this very well, my lord; but now let's see how you dare behave yourself upon action. Dinner's served, and the ladies stay for us. There's one within has been too hard for as brisk a man as yourself.

More. I guess who you mean. Have a care, my lord; she'll prove your courage for you.

Fop. Will she? then she's an undone creature: for, let me tell you, gentlemen, courage is the whole mystery of making love, and of more use than conduct is in war; for the bravest fellow in Europe may beat his brains out against the stubborn walls of a town; but

"Women, born to be controll'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold." [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Sir Charles Easy's Lodgings.

Enter LORD MORELOVE and SIR CHARLES EASY.
LORD. Did not I bear up bravely?

Sir C. Admirably! With the best bred insolence in nature, you insulted like a woman of quality, when her country-bred husband's jealous of her in the wrong place.

More. Ha, ha! Did you observe, when I first came into the room, how carelessly she brushed her eyes over me; and when the company saluted me, stood all the while with her face to the window?

Sir C. What astonished airs she gave herself, when you asked her "what made her so grave upon her old friends?"

More. And whenever I offered anything in talk,

what affected care she took to direct her observations of it to a third person?

Sir C. If you keep your temper she's undone.

More. Provided she stick to her pride, I believe I may.

Sir C. Ah! never fear her; I warrant in the humour she is in, she would as soon part with her sense of feeling.

More. Well, what's to be done next?

Sir C. Only observe her motions; for, by her behaviour at dinner, I am sure she designs to gall you with my Lord Foppington; if so, you must even stand her fire, and then play Lady Graveairs upon her, whom I will immediately pique and prepare for your purpose.

More. I understand you: the most proper woman in the world, too; for she'll certainly encourage the least offer from me, in hopes of revenging her slights upon you.

Sir C. Right; and the very encouragement she gives you, at the same time, will give me a pretence to widen the breach of my quarrel with her.

More. Besides, Charles, I own I am fond of any attempt that will forward a misunderstanding there, for your lady's sake. A woman so truly good in her nature, ought to have something more from a man, than bare occasion to prove her goodness.

Sir C. Why, then, upon honour, my lord, to give you proof that I am positively the best husband in the world, my wife never yet found me out.

More. That may be her being the best wife in the world; perhaps, she won't find you out.

Sir C. Nay, if she won't tell a man of his faults, when she sees them, how the deuce should he mend them? But, however, you see I am going to leave them off as fast as I can.

More. Being tired of a woman is, indeed, a pretty tolerable assurance of a man's not designing to fool on with her. Here she comes; and, if I don't mistake, brimfull of reproaches. You can't take her in a better time. I'll leave you.

Enter LADY GRAVEAIRS.

Your ladyship's most humble servant. Is the company broken up, pray?

Lady G. No, my lord: they are just talking of basset; my Lord Foppington has a mind to tally, if your lordship would encourage the table.

More. Oh! madam, with all my heart. But Sir Charles, I know, is hard to be got to it: I'll leave your ladyship to prevail with him. [Exit.

Lady G. Sir Charles, I sent you a note this morning.

Sir C. Yes, madam; but there were some passages I did not expect from your ladyship: you seem to tax me with things that—

Lady G. Lookye, sir; 'tis not at all material whether I taxed you with anything or no. I don't in the least desire to hear you clear yourself; upon my word, you may be very easy as to that matter: for my part, I am very well satisfied that things are as they are. All I have to say to you is, that you need not give yourself the trouble to call at my lodgings this afternoon, if you should have time, as you were pleased to send me word: and so, your servant, sir. That's all. (Going.)

Sir C. Hold, madam!

Lady G. Lookye, Sir Charles; 'tis not your calling me back that will signify anything, I can assure you.

Sir C. Why this extraordinary haste, madam?

Lady G. In short, I have taken a great many things from you of late, that you know I have often told you I would positively bear no longer. But I see things are in vain; and the more people strive to oblige people, the less they are thanked for it. And since there must be an end of one's ridiculous conduct one time or other, I don't see any time so proper as the present; therefore, sir, I desire you'd think of things accordingly. Your servant. (Going.)
Sir C. lays hold of her.)

Sir C. Nay, madam, let's start fair, however; you ought at least to stay till I'm as ready as your ladyship; and then, if we must part,—

*"Adieu, ye silent grots and shady groves;
Ye soft amusements of our growing loves;
Adieu, ye whisper'd sighs that fann'd the fire,
And all the thrilling joys of young desire."*

Lady G. Oh! mighty well, sir. I am very glad we have, at last, come to a right understanding; the only way I have long wished for; not but I'd have you to know, I see your design through all your painted ease of resignation: I know you'd give your soul to make me uneasy now.

Sir C. Oh! fie, madam! upon my word, I would not make you uneasy, if it were in my power.

Lady G. Oh! dear sir, you need not take such care; upon my word, you'll find I can part with you without the least disorder: I'll try, at least; and so, once more, and for ever, sir, your servant: not but you must give me leave to tell you, as my last thought of you, too, that I do think—you are a villain. *[Exit, hastily.]*

Sir C. Oh! your very humble servant, madam.—Ah! *Re-enter LADY GRAVEAIRS.*

Lady G. Lookye, Sir Charles! don't presume upon the uneasiness of my temper; for to convince you that I am positively in earnest in this matter, I desire you will let me have what letters you have had of mine since you came to Windsor; and I expect you'll return the rest, as I will your's, as soon as we come to London.

Sir C. Upon my faith, madam, I never keep any; I always put snuff in them, and so they wear out.

Lady G. Sir Charles, I must have them; for, positively, I won't stir without them.

Sir C. Ha! then I must be civil, I see. *(Aside.)* Perhaps, madam, I have no mind to part with them or you.

Lady G. Lookye, sir; all those sort of things are in vain, now there's an end of everything between us. If you say you won't give them, I must e'en get them as well as I can.

Sir C. Ha! that won't do, then, I find. *(Aside.)*

Lady G. Who's there—Mrs. Edging?—Your keeping a letter, sir, won't keep me, I'll assure you.

Enter MRS. EDGING.

Mrs. E. Did your ladyship call me, madam?

Lady G. Ay, child; pray do me the favour to fetch my scarf out of the dining-room.

Mrs. E. Yes, madam.

Sir C. Oh! then there's hope again. *(Aside.)*

Mrs. E. Ha! she looks as if my master had quarrelled with her. I hope she's going away in a huff; she sha'n't stay for her scarf, I warrant her. This is pure. *[Aside, and exit.]*

Lady G. Pray, Sir Charles, before I go, give me leave now, after all, to ask you why you have used me thus?

Sir C. What is it you call usage, madam?

Lady G. Why, then, since you will have it, how comes it you have been so grossly careless and neglectful of me, of late? Only tell me seriously wherein I have deserved this.

Sir C. Why, then, seriously, madam—

Re-enter MRS. EDGING, with the scarf.

Mrs. E. Here's your ladyship's scarf, madam.

Lady G. Thankye, Mrs. Edging.—Oh, la! pray, will you let somebody get me a chair to the door?

Mrs. E. Humph! she might have told me that before, if she had been in such haste to go. *[Aside, and exit.]*

Sir C. Then, seriously, I am, of late, grown so very lazy in my pleasures, that I had rather lose a woman than go through the plague and trouble of having or keeping her: and, to be free, I have found so much even in my acquaintance with you, (whom I confess to be a mistress in the art of pleasing,) that I am, from henceforth, resolved to follow no pleasure that rises above the degree of amusement; and that woman that expects I should

make her my business, why, like my business, is then in a fair way to be forgotten. When once she comes to reproach me with vows, and usage, and stuff, I would as soon hear her talk of bills, bonds, and ejectments; her passion becomes as troublesome as a law-suit, and I would as soon converse with my solicitor: in short, I shall never care sixpence for any woman that won't be obedient.

Lady G. I'll swear, sir, you have a very free way of treating people; I am glad I am so well acquainted with your principles, however.—And you would have me obedient?

Sir C. Why not? my wife's so; and I think she has as much pretence to be proud as your ladyship.

Lady G. Lord! is there no chair to be had?

Enter MRS. EDGING.

Mrs. E. Here's a chair, madam.

Lady G. 'Tis very well, Mrs. Edging. Pray, will you let somebody get me a glass of fair water?

Mrs. E. Humph! her hull's almost over, I suppose: I see he's a villain still. *[Aside, and exit.]*

Lady G. Well, that was the prettiest fancy about obedience, surely, that ever was! Certainly, a woman of condition must be infinitely happy under the dominion of so generous a lover! But how came you to forget kicking and whipping all this while? Methinks you should not have left so fashionable an article out of your scheme of government.

Sir C. Humph!—No, there's too much trouble in that; though I have known them of admirable use in the reformation of some humorsome ladies.

Lady G. But one thing more, and I have done. Pray, what degree of spirit must the lady have, that is to make herself happy under so much freedom, order, and tranquillity.

Sir C. Oh! she must at least have as much spirit as your ladyship, or she'd give me no pleasure in breaking it.

Lady G. No; that would be troublesome. You had better take one that's broken to your hand.

Sir C. Lookye, madam; I have loved you a great while; now you would have me love you better and longer, which is not in my power to do; and I don't think there's any plague upon earth like a dun that comes for more money than one's ever likely to be able to pay.

Lady G. A dun! do you take me for a dun, sir? do I come a danning to you? *[Pany.]*

Sir C. Hist! don't expose yourself. Here's com-

Lady G. I care not. A dun! you shall see, sir, I can revenge an affront, though I despise the wretch that offers it. A dun! oh! I could die with laughing at the fancy. *[Exit.]*

Sir C. So! she's in admirable order. Here comes my lord, and I'm afraid in the very nick of his occasion for her.

Enter LORD MORELOVE.

More. Oh! Charles, undone again! all's lost and

Sir C. What's the matter now? *[Ruined.]*

More. I have been playing the fool yonder, even to contempt. My senseless jealousy has confessed a weakness I never shall forgive myself: she has insulted on it to that degree, too—I can't bear the thought. Oh! Charles, this devil still is mistress of my heart; and I could dash my brains to think how grossly, too, I have let her know it.

Sir C. Ah! how it would tickle her if she saw you in this condition. Ha, ha, ha!

More. Pr'ythee, don't torture me: think of some present ease, or I shall burst.

Sir C. Well, well, let's hear. Pray, what has she done to you? Ha, ha!

More. Why, ever since I left you, she treated me with so much coolness and ill-nature, and that thing of a lord with so much laughing ease, such an acquainted, such a spiteful familiarity, that, at the last, she saw and triumphed in my uneasiness.

Sir C. Well, and so you left the room in a pet?

More. Oh! worse, worse still; for, at last, with half shame and anger in my looks, I thrust my-

self between my lord and her, pressed her by the hand, and, in a whisper, tremblingly begged her in pity of herself and me, to shew her good humour only where she knew it was truly valued; at which she broke from me with a cold smile, sat herself down by the peer, whispered him, and burst into a loud laughter in my face.

Sir C. Ha, ha! then would I have given fifty pounds to have seen your face. Why what, in the name of common sense, had you to do with humility? Will you never have enough of't? Death! 'twas setting a lighted match to gunpowder to blow yourself up.

More. I see my folly, now, Charles. But what shall I do with the remains of life that she's left me.

Sir C. Oh! throw it at her feet, by all means; put on your tragedy face; catch fast hold of her petticoat; whip out your handkerchief; and, in point blank verse, desire her, one way or other, to make an end of the business.

More. What a fool dost thou make me?

Sir C. I only shew you as you came out of her hauds, my lord.

More. How contemptibly have I behav'd myself!

Sir C. That's according as you bear her behaviour.

More. Bear it! no, I thank thee, Charles; thou hast awakened me, now; and if I bear it—What have you done with my Lady Graveairs?

Sir C. Your business, I believe. She's ready for you; she's just gone down stairs. Make haste after her; for I expect her back again, presently, with a knife or pistol.

More. I'll go this minute.

Sir C. No; stay a little; here comes my lord: we'll see what we can get out of him first.

More. Methinks I now could laugh at her.

Enter LORD FOPPINGTON.

Fop. Nay, pr'ythee, Sir Charles, let's have a little of thee: we have been so *chagrin* without thee, that, staph my breath! the ladies have gone, half asleep, to church, for want of thy company.

Sir C. That's hard, indeed, while your lordship was among them. Is Lady Betty gone, too?

Fop. She was just upon the wing; but I caught her by the snuff-box, and she pretends to stay to see if I'll give it her again or no.

More. Death! 'tis that I gave her, and the only present she would ever receive from me. Ask him how he came by it? (*Apert to Sir C.*)

Sir C. Pr'ythee, don't be uneasy. (*Apert to Lord Morelove.*)—Did she give it to you, my lord?

Fop. Faith, Charles, I can't say she did, or she did not; but we were playing the fool, and I took it à-la—Psha! I can't tell you in French neither; but Horace touches it to a nicety—'twas "*Pignus direptum male pertinacia.*"

More. So! but must I bear it! (*Aside.*)—If your lordship has a mind to the box, I'll stand by you in the keeping of it.

Fop. My lord, I am passionately obliged to you; but I am afraid I cannot answer your hazarding so much of the lady's favour.

More. Not at all, my lord: 'tis possible I may not have the same regard to her frown that your lordship has.

Fop. That's a bite, I am sure. He'd give a joint of his little finger to be as well with her as I am. (*Aside.*)—But here she comes. Charles, stand by me. Must not a man be a vain coxcomb, now, to think this creature followed one?

Sir C. Nothing so plain, my lord.

Enter LADY BETTY MODISH.

Lady B. Psha! my Lord Foppington, pr'ythee, don't play the fool, now; but give me my snuff-box. Sir Charles, help me to take it from him.

Sir C. You know I hate trouble, madam.

Lady B. Pooh! you'll make me stay till prayers are half over, now. [give it to you.]

Fop. If you'll promise me not to go church, I'll

Lady B. I'll promise nothing at all; for, positively, I will have it. (*Struggling with Lord F.*)

Fop. Then, comparatively, I won't part with it, Ha, ha!

Lady B. Oh! you devil! you have killed my arm. Oh!—Well, if you'll let me have it, I'll give you a better.

More. Oh! Charles, that has a view of distant kindness in it. (*Apert to Sir C.*)

Fop. Nay, now I keep it superlatively. I find there's a secret value in it.

Lady B. Oh, dismal! Upon my word, I am only ashamed to give it you. Do you think I would offer such an odious fancied thing to anybody I had the least value for?

Sir C. Now it comes a little nearer, methinks it does not seem to be any kindness at all. (*Apert to Lord More.*)

Fop. Why really, madam, upon second view, it has not extremely the mode of a lady's utensil. Are you sure it never held anything but snuff?

Lady B. Oh! you monster!

Fop. Nay, I only ask; because it seems to me to have very much the air and fancy of Monsieur Sinoakandsot's tobacco-box.

More. (*Apert to Sir C.*) I can bear no more.

Sir C. (*Apert to Lord M.*) Why don't, then. I'll step into the company, and return to your relief immediately. [Exit.]

More. Come, madam, will your ladyship give me leave to end the difference? Since the slightness of the thing may let you bestow it without any mark of favour, shall I beg it of your ladyship?

Lady B. Oh! my lord, nobody sooner. I beg you'll give it to my lord. (*Looking earnestly on Lord Foppington, who gives it to Lord Morelove.*)

More. Only to have the honour of restoring it to your lordship: and if there be any other trifle of mine your lordship has a fancy to, (though it were a mistress,) I don't know any person in the world that has so good a claim to my resignation.

Fop. Oh! my lord, this generosity will distract me.

More. My lord, I do but common justice. But from your conversation, I had never known the true value of the sex: you positively understand them the best of any man breathing; therefore, I think every one of common prudence ought to resign to you.

Fop. Then, positively, your lordship is the most obliging person in the world; for I'm sure your judgment can never like any woman that is not the finest creature in the universe. (*Bows to Lady B.*)

More. Oh! your lordship does me too much honour. I have the worst judgment in the world: no man has been more deceived it.

Fop. Then your lordship, I presume, has been apt to choose in a mask, or by candle-light.

More. In a mask, indeed, my lord; and of all masks the most dangerous.

Fop. Pray, what's that, my lord?

More. A bare face.

Fop. Your lordship will pardon me, if I don't so really comprehend how a woman's bare face can hide her face.

More. It often hides her heart, my lord; and, therefore, I think it sometimes a more dangerous mark than a piece of velvet: that's rather a mark than a disguise of an ill woman; but the mischiefs skulking behind a beauteous form, give no warning, as they are always sure, fatal, and innumerable.

Lady B. Oh! barbarous aspersion! My Lord Foppington, have you nothing to say for the poor women?

Fop. I must confess, madam, nothing of this nature ever happened in my course of amours: I always judge the beauteous form of a woman to be the most agreeable part of her composition; and when once a lady does me the honour to toss that

into my arms, I think myself obliged in good nature not to quarrel about the rest of her equipage.

Lady B. Why ay, my lord, there's some good humour in that, now.

More. He's happy in a plain English stomach, madam; I could recommend a dish that's perfectly to your lordship's gust, where beauty's the only sauce to it.

Fop. My lord, when my wine's right, I never care it should be zested. [that opinion.]

More. I know some ladies would thank you for

Lady B. My Lord Morelove's really grown such a churl to the women, I don't only think he is not, but can't conceive how he ever could be in love.

More. Upon my word, madam, I once thought I was. *(Smiling.)*

Lady B. Fie, fie! How could you think so? I fancy, now, you had only a mind to domineer over some poor creature, and so you thought you were in love. Ha, ha!

More. The lady I loved, madam, grew so unfortunate in her conduct, that she, at last, brought me to treat with her with the same indifference and civility as I now pay your ladyship.

Lady B. And ten to one, just at that time, she never thought you such tolerable company.

More. That I can't say, madam; for, at that time, she grew so affected, there was no judging of her thoughts at all. *(Mimicking her.)*

Lady B. What, and so you left the poor lady? Oh! you inconstant creature!

More. No, madam; to have loved her on, had been inconstancy; for she was never two hours together the same woman. *(Talks apart with Lady B.)*

Fop. *(Aside.)* Ha, ha, ha! I see he has a mind to abuse her; so I'll e'en give him an opportunity of doing his business at once with her for ever.—My lord, I perceive your lordship's going to be good company to the lady; and, for her sake, I don't think it good manners in me to disturb you.

Enter SIR CHARLES EASY.

Sir C. My Lord Foppington.

Fop. Oh! Charles, I was just wanting you. Harkye! I have three thousand secrets for you. I have made such discoveries! To tell you in one word—Morelove's as jealous as the devil. He, he!

Sir C. Is't possible! Has she given him any occasion?

Fop. Only rallied him to death upon my account. She told me within, just now, she'd use him like a dog; and begged me to draw off for an opportunity.

Sir C. Oh! keep in while the scent lies, and she's your own, my lord.

Fop. I can't tell that, Charles; but I'm sure she's fairly unharboured; and when once I throw off my inclinations, I usually follow them till the game has enough of it: and, between you and I, she's pretty well blown, too; she can't stand long, I believe; for, curse catch me! if I have not ridden down half a thousand pounds after her already.

Sir C. What do you mean?

Fop. I have lost five hundred to her at piquet since dinner.

Sir C. You are a fortunate man, 'faith: you are resolved not to be thrown out, I see.

Fop. Hang it! what should a man come out for, if he does not keep up to the sport?

Sir C. Well pushed, my lord.

Fop. Tally-ho! Have at her. [hanches!]

Sir C. Down, down, my lord! Ah! 'ware,

Fop. Ah, Charles! *(Embracing him.)* Pr'ythee, let's observe a little. There's a foolish cur; now I have run her to a stand, he has a mind to be at her by himself; and you will see she won't stir out of her way for him. *(They stand aside.)*

More. Ha, ha! your ladyship's very grave of a sudden; you look as if your lover had insolently recovered his common senses.

Lady B. And your lordship is so very gay, and unlike yourself, one would swear you were just

come from the pleasure of making your mistress afraid of you.

More. No, 'faith, quite the contrary: for, do you know, madam, I have just found out, that, upon your account, I have made myself one of the most ridiculous puppies upon the face of the earth: I have upon my faith! nay, and so extravagantly such—ha, ha, ha!—that it's at last become a jest even to myself; and I can't help laughing at it, for the soul of me. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady B. I want to cure him of that laugh, now. *(Aside.)* My lord, since you are so generous, I'll tell you another secret: for you know, too, that I still find (spite of all your great wisdom and my contemptible qualities, as you are pleased now and then to call them)—do you know, I say, that I see, under all this, you still love me with the same helpless passion? and can your vast foresight imagine I won't use you accordingly, for these extraordinary airs you are pleased to give yourself?

More. Oh! by all means, madam; 'tis fit you should; and I expect it, whenever it is in your power.—Confusion. *(Aside.)*

Lady B. My lord, you have talked to me this half-hour, without confessing pain. *(Affects to gape.)* Only remember it.

More. Hell and tortures!

Lady B. What did you say, my lord?

More. Fire and furies!

Lady B. Ha, ha! he's disordered. Now I am easy. *(Aside.)*—My Lord Foppington, have you a mind to your revenge at piquet?

Fop. I have always a mind to an opportunity of entertaining your ladyship, madam. *(Lady B. coquets with Lord F.)*

More. Oh! Charles, the insolence of this woman might furnish out a thousand devils. *(Apart.)*

Sir C. And your temper is enough to furnish out a thousand such women. Come away; I have business for you upon the terrace.

More. Let me but speak one word to her.

Sir C. Not a syllable: the tongue's a weapon you'll always have the worst at; for I see you have no guard, and she carries a devilish edge.

Lady B. *(To Lord M.)* My lord, don't let anything I've said frighten you away; for if you have the least inclination to stay and rail, you know the old conditions; 'tis but your asking me pardon next day, and you may give your passion any liberty you may think fit.

More. Daggers and death! *(Apart.)*

Sir C. Are you mad? *(Apart.)*

More. Let me speak to her now, or I shall burst.

Sir C. Upon condition you'll speak no more of her to me, my lord, do as you please. [do.]

More. Pr'ythee, pardon me; I know not what to

Sir C. Come along; I'll set you to work, I warrant you. Nay, nay, none of your parting ogles. Will you go?

More. Yes; and I hope for ever. *[Exit with Sir C.]*

Fop. Ha, ha, ha! Did ever mortal monster set up for a lover with such unfortunate qualifications?

Lady B. Indeed, my Lord Morelove has something strangely singular in his manner.

Fop. I thought I should have burst to see the creature pretend to rally, and give himself the airs of one of us. But, run me through, madam, your ladyship pushed like a fencing-master; that last thrust was a *coup de grace*, I believe. I'm afraid his honour will hardly meet your ladyship in haste again.

Lady B. Not unless his second, Sir Charles, keeps him better in practice, perhaps. Well, the humour of this creature has done me signal service to-day, I must keep it up for fear of a second engagement. *(Aside.)*

Fop. Never was poor wit so foiled at his own weapon, sure.

Lady B. Wit! Had he ever any pretence to it?

Fop. Ha, ha! he has not much in love, I think,

though he wears the reputation of a very pretty, young fellow among some sort of people; but, strike me stupid! if ever I could discover common sense in all the progress of his amours. He expects a woman should like him for endeavouring to convince her that she has not one good quality belonging to the whole composition of her soul and body.

Lady B. That, I suppose, is only in a modest hope, that she'll mend her faults, to qualify herself for his vast merit. Ha, ha!

Fop. Poor Morelove! I see she can't endure him. (*Aside.*)

Lady B. Or if one really had those faults, he does not consider, that sincerity in love is as much out of fashion as sweet snuff; nobody takes it now.

Fop. Oh! no mortal, madam; unless it be here and there a 'squire that's making his lawful court to the cherry-cheek charms of my lord bishop's great fat daughter in the country.

Lady B. Oh! what a surfeiting couple has he put together. (*Throwing her hand carelessly upon his.*)

Fop. Fond of me, by all that's tender! Poor fool! I'll give thee ease immediately. (*Aside.*)—But, madam, you were pleased, just now, to offer me my revenge at piquet; now, here's nobody within, and I think we can't make use of a better opportunity.

Lady B. Oh! no; not now, my lord: I have a favour I would fain beg of you first.

Fop. But time, madam, is very precious in this place; and I shall not easily forgive myself, if I don't take him by the forelock.

Lady B. But I have a great mind to have a little more sport with my Lord Morelove first, and would fain beg your assistance.

Fop. Oh! with all my heart: and, upon second thoughts, I don't know but piquing a rival in public may be as good sport, as being well with a mistress in private; for, after all, the pleasure of a fine woman is like that of her own virtue—not so much in the thing, as the reputation of having it. (*Aside.*) Well, madam, how can I serve you in this affair?

Lady B. Why, methought, as my Lord Morelove went out, he shewed a stern resentment in his look, that seemed to threaten me with rebellion, and downright defiance; now I have a great fancy, that you and I should follow him to the terrace, and laugh at his resolution before he has time to put it into practice. [*it.* Ha, ha, ha!]

Fop. And so punish his fault before he commits *Lady B.* Nay, we won't give him time if his courage should fail to repent it. [*be at it.*]

Fop. Ha, ha, ha! let me blood, if I don't long to

Lady B. Oh! 'twill be such diversion to see him bite his lips, and broil within, only with seeing us ready to split our sides in laughing at nothing.

Fop. Ha, ha! I see the creature does really like me. (*Aside.*)—And, then, madam, to hear him hum a broken piece of a tune, in affectation of his not minding us: 'twill be so foolish when we know he loves us to death all the while. Ha, ha!

Lady B. And if, at last, his sage mouth should open, (in surly contradiction of our humour,) then will we, in pure opposition to his, immediately fall foul upon everything that is not gallant and fashionable: constancy shall be the mark of age and ugliness; virtue a jest; we'll rally discretion out of doors; lay gravity at our feet; and only love, free love! disorder, liberty, and pleasure, be our standing principles.

Fop. Madam, you transport me: for if ever I was obliged to nature for any one tolerable qualification, 'twas positively the talent of being exuberantly pleasant upon this subject. I am impatient; my fancy's upon the wing already; let's fly to hail him.

Lady B. No, no; stay till I am just got out; our going together won't be so proper.

Fop. As your ladyship pleases, madam: but when this affair is over, you won't forget that I have a certain revenge due.

Lady B. Ay, ay; after supper I am for you. Nay, you shan't stir a step, my lord.

Fop. Only to tell you, you have fixed me your's to the last existence of my soul's eternal entity.

Lady B. Oh! your servant. [*Exit.*]

Fop. Ha, ha! Stark mad for me, by all that's handsome! Poor Morelove! That a fellow who has ever been abroad should think a woman of her spirit is to be taken as the confederates do towns, by a regular siege, when so many of the French successes might have shewn him the surest way is to whisper the governor. How can a coxcomb give himself the fatigue of bombarding a woman's understanding, when he may, with so much ease, make a friend of her constitution? I'll see if I can shew him a little French play with Lady Betty: let me see—ay, I'll make an end of it the old way: get her into piquet at her own lodgings; not mind one tittle of my play, give her every game before she's half up, that she may judge the strength of my inclination by my haste of losing up to her price; then, of a sudden, with a familiar leer, cry, "Rat piquet!" sweep counters, cards, and money all upon the floor, *et donc, l'affaire est faite.* [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—The Castle-terrace.

Enter LADY BETTY MODISH and LADY EASY.

Lady E. My dear, you really talk to me as if I were your lover, and not your friend; or else I am so dull, that, by all you've said, I can't make the least guess at your real thoughts. Can you be serious for a moment? [*oblige you.*]

Lady B. Not easily: but I would do more to

Lady E. Then, pray, deal ingeniously, and tell me without reserve, are you sure you don't love my Lord Morelove?

Lady B. Then, seriously, I think not. But, because I won't be positive, you shall judge by the worst of my symptoms. First, I own I like his conversation; his person has neither fault nor beauty—well enough; I don't remember I ever secretly wished myself married to him, or that I ever seriously resolved against it.

Lady E. Well, so far you are tolerably safe. But come, as to his manner of addressing you, what effect has that had?

Lady B. I am not a little pleased to observe few men follow a woman with the same fatigue and spirit that he does me; am more pleased when he lets me use him ill; and if ever I have a favourable thought of him, 'tis when I see he can't bear that usage.

Lady E. Have a care; that last is a dangerous symptom. He pleases your pride, I find.

Lady B. Oh! perfectly: in that, I own, no mortal ever can come up to him.

Lady E. But now, my dear, now comes the main point—jealousy! Are you sure you have never been touched with it? Tell me that with a safe conscience, and then I pronounce you clear.

Lady B. Nay, then, I defy him; for, positively, I was never jealous in my life.

Lady E. How, madam! have you never been stirred enough to think a woman strangely forward for being a little familiar in talk with him? Or are you sure his gallantry to another never gave you the least disorder? Were you never, upon no accident, in an apprehension of losing him?

Lady B. Ah! Why, madam—Bless me!—why, sure, you don't call this jealousy, my dear?

Lady E. Nay, nay, that is not the business. Have you ever felt anything of this nature, madam?

Lady B. Lord! don't be so hasty, my dear: anything of this nature! Oh, lud! I swear, I don't like it. Dear creature, bring me off here; for I am half frightened out of my wits.

Lady E. Nay, if you can't rally upon it, your wound is not over deep, I'm afraid.

Lady B. Well, that's comfortably said, however.

Lady E. But come, to the point: how far have you been jealous?

Lady B. Why—Oh, bless me! He gave the mu-

sic, one night, to my Lady Languish here upon the terrace; and, (though she and I were very good friends,) I remember, I could not speak to her in a week for't. Oh!

Lady E. Nay, now you may laugh if you can; for, take my word, the marks are upon you. But come; what else?

Lady B. Oh! nothing else, upon my word, my dear.

Lady E. Well, one word more, and then I give sentence: suppose you were heartily convinced that he actually followed another woman?

Lady B. But, pray, my dear, what occasion is there to suppose any such thing at all?

Lady E. Guilty, upon my honour!

Lady B. Psha! I defy him to say that ever I owned any inclination for him. [to guess it.]

Lady E. No; but you have given him terrible leave

Lady B. If ever you see us meet again, you'll have but little reason to think so, I can assure you.

Lady E. That I shall see presently; for here comes Sir Charles, and I'm sure my lord can't be far off. [Enter SIR CHARLES EASY.]

Sir C. Servant, Lady Betty; my dear, how do you do?

Lady E. At your service, my dear. But, pray, what have you done with my Lord Morelove?

Lady B. Ay, Sir Charles, pray, how does your pupil do? Have you any hopes of him?

Sir C. Well, madam, to confess your triumph over me, as well as him, I own my hopes of him are lost. I offered what I could to his instruction, but he's incorrigibly your's, and undone; the news, I presume, does not displease your ladyship.

Lady B. Fie, fie! Sir Charles, you disparage your friend; I am afraid you don't take pains with him.

Sir C. Ah! I fancy, Lady Betty, your good nature won't let you sleep. Don't you love dearly to hurt people?

Lady B. Oh! your servant; then, without a jest, the man is so unfortunate in his want of patience, that, let me die, if I don't often pity him.

Sir C. Ah! Strange goodness! Oh! that I were your lover for a month or two!

Lady B. What then?

Sir C. I would make that pretty heart's blood of your's achiè in a fortnight.

Lady B. Ugh! I should hate you; your assurance would make your address intolerable.

Sir C. I believe it would, for I'd never address

Lady B. Oh! you clown, you! [you at all.]

Sir C. Why, what to do? to feed a diseased pride, that's eternally breaking out in the affectionation of an ill nature, that, in my conscience, I believe is but affectionation.

Lady B. You nor your friend have no great reason to complain of my fondness, I believe. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir C. Thou insolent creature! How can you make a jest of a man, whose whole life's but one continued torment from your want of common gratitude? [him as easy as you are.]

Lady B. Torment! For my part, I really believe

Sir C. Poor, intolerable affectionation! You know the contrary, you know him blindly your's; you know your power, and the whole pleasure of your life is the poor and low abuse of it. [power?]

Lady B. Pray, how do I abuse it—if I have any

Sir C. You drive him to extremes that make him mad, then punish him for acting against his reason. You've almost turned his brain; his common judgment fails him. He's now, at this very moment, driven by his despair, upon a project, (in hopes to free himself from your power,) that I am sensible, (and so must any one be that has his sense,) of course, must ruin him with you for ever. I almost blush to think of it, yet your unreasonable disdain has forced him to it; and should he now suspect I offer'd but a hint of it to you, and in contempt of his design, I know he'd call my life to answer it. But I have no regard to men in madness; I rather choose, for once, to trust in your good-na-

ture, in hopes the man, whom your unwary beauty has made miserable, your generosity would scorn to make ridiculous.

Lady B. Sir Charles, you charge me very home; I never had it in my inclination to make anything ridiculous that did not deserve it. Pray, what is this business you think so extravagant in him?

Sir C. Something so absurdly rash and bold, you'll hardly forgive even me that tell it you.

Lady B. Oh, fie! If it be a fault, Sir Charles, I shall consider it as his, not your's. Pray, what is it?

Lady E. I long to know, methinks.

Sir C. You may be sure he did not want my

Lady B. Let's hear it. [dissuasions from it.]

Sir C. Why, this man, whom I have known to love you with such excess of generous desire; whom I have heard in his ecstasie praises on your beauty talk till from the soft head of his distilling thoughts the tears have fallen—

Lady B. Oh! Sir Charles—

Sir C. Nay, grudge not, since 'tis past, to hear what was (though you condemned it) once his merit; but now I own that merit ought to be forgotten.

Lady B. Pray, sir, be plain.

Sir C. This man, I say, whose unhappy passion has so ill succeeded with you, at last, has forfeited all his hopes (into which, pardon me, I confess my friendship had lately flattered him) of even deserving now your lowest pity or regard.

Lady B. You amaze me! for I can't suppose his utmost malice dares assault my reputation. And what—

Sir C. No; but he maliciously presumes the world will do it for him; and, indeed, he has taken no unlikely means to make them busy with their tongues; for he is this moment upon the open terrace, in the highest public gallantry with my Lady Graveairs. "And to convince the world and me," he said, "he was not that tame lover we fancied him; he'd venture to give her the music to-night." Nay, I heard him, before my face, speak to one of the hautyboys to engage the rest, and desired they would all take their directions only from my Lady Graveairs.

Lady B. My Lady Graveairs! Truly, I think my lord's very much in the right on't: for my part, Sir Charles, I don't see anything in this that's so very ridiculous, nor, indeed, that ought to make me think either the better or worse of him for it.

Sir C. Psha, psha! madam, you and I know 'tis not in his power to renounce you; this is but the poor disguise of a resenting passion vainly ruffled to a storm, which the least gentle look from you can reconcile at will, and laugh into a calm again.

Lady B. Indeed, Sir Charles, I sha'n't give myself that trouble, I believe.

Sir C. So I told him, madam. "Are not all your complaints," said I, "already owing to her pride? and can you suppose this public defiance of it (which, you know, you can't make good, too,) won't incense her more against you?"—"That's what I'd have," said he, starting wildly; "I care not what becomes of me, so I but live to see her piqued at it."

Lady B. Upon my word, I fancy my lord will find himself mistaken: I sha'n't be piqued, I believe. I must first have a value for the thing I lose, before it piques me. Piqued! Ha, ha, ha!

Sir C. Madam, you've said the very thing I urged to him. "I know her temper so well," said I, "that though she doted on you, if you once stood out against her, she'd sooner burst than shew the least motion of uneasiness."

Lady B. I can assure you, Sir Charles, my lord won't find himself deceived in your opinion. Piqued!

Sir C. She has it. (Aside.)

Lady E. Alas! poor woman! how little do our passions make us! (Aside.)

Lady B. Not but I would advise him to have a little regard to my reputation in this business: I would have him take heed of publicly affronting me.

Sir C. Right, madam; that's what I strictly

warned him of; for, among friends, whenever the world sees him follow another woman, the malicious tea-tables will be apt to be very free with your ladyship.

Lady B. I'd have him consider that, methinks.

Sir C. But, alas! madam, 'tis not in his power to think with reason: his mad resentment has destroyed even his principles of common honesty: he considers nothing but a senseless, proud revenge, which, in his fit of lunacy, 'tis impossible that either threats or danger can dissuade him from.

Lady B. What! does he defy me, threaten me? Then he shall see, that I have passions, too; and know, as well as he, to stir my heart against any pride that dares insult me. Does he suppose I fear him? fear the little malice of a slighted passion, that my own scorn has stung into a despised resentment? Fear him! Oh! it provokes me to think he dare have such a thought. [so.]

Lady E. Dear creature, don't disorder yourself

Lady B. Let me but live to see him once more within my power, and I'll forgive the rest of fortune.

Lady E. Well, certainly, I am very ill-natured; for though I see this news has disturbed my friend, I can't help being pleased with the hopes of my Lady Graveairs being otherwise disposed of. (*Aside.*) My dear, I am afraid you have provoked her a little too far. (*Apert to Sir C.*)

Sir C. Oh! not at all. You shall see: I'll sweeten her, and she'll cool like a dish of tea. (*Apert to Lady E.*) [again.]

Lady B. I may see him with his complaining face

Sir C. I am sorry, madam, you so wrongly judge of what I've told you; I was in hopes to have stirred your pity, not your anger; I little thought your generosity would punish him for faults, which you yourself resolved he should commit. Yonder he comes, and all the world with him. Might I advise you, madam, you should not resent the thing at all: I would not so much as stay to see him in his fault; nay, I'd be the last that heard of it. Nothing can sting him more, or so justly punish his folly, as your utter neglect of it.

Lady E. Come, dear creature, be persuaded, and go home with me; indeed, it will shew more indifference to avoid him.

Lady B. No, madam; I'll oblige his vanity, for once, and stay to let him see how strangely he has piqued me.

Sir C. (Aside.) Oh! not at all to speak of; you had as good part with a little of that pride of your's, or I shall yet make it a very troublesome companion to you.

Enter LORD MORELOVE, LORD FOPPINGTON, LADY GRAVEAIRS, and Ladies. (Sir C. whispers to Lord Morelove.)

Fop. Ladies, your servant. Oh! we have wanted you beyond reparation. Such diversion!

Lady B. Well, my lord, have you seen my Lord Morelove?

Fop. Seen him! Ha, ha, ha! Oh! I have such things to tell you: madam, you'll die—

Lady B. Oh! pray, let's hear them! I was never in a better humour to receive them.

Fop. Harkye! (*They whisper.*)

More. So! she's engaged already. (*To Sir C.*)

Sir C. So much the better; make but a just advantage of my success, and she's undone.

Fop. and Lady B. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir C. (Apert to More.) You see already what ridiculous pains she's taking to stir your jealousy, and

Fop. and Lady B. Ha, ha, ha! [cover her own.

More. Oh! never fear me; for, upon my word, it now appears ridiculous even to me. (*Apert to Sir C.*)

Sir C. And harkye! (*Whispers More.*)

Lady B. And so, the widow was as full of airs as his lordship! (*To Fop.*)

Sir C. Only observe that, and 'tis impossible you can fail. (*Apert.*) [me, and I thank you.

More. (Apert.) Dear Charles, you have convinced

Lady G. My Lord Morelove, what, do you leave us? [just—

More. Ten thousand pardons, madam, I was but *Lady G.* Nay, nay, no excuses, my lord; so you will but let us have you again.

Sir C. (Aside to Lady G.) I see you have good humour, madam, when you like your company.

Lady G. And you see, for all your mighty thirst of dominion, you could stoop to be obedient, if one thought it worth one's while to make you so.

Sir C. Ah! Power would make her an admirable tyrant. (*Aside.*)

Lady E. (Observing Sir C. and Lady G.) So! there's another couple have quarrelled, too, I find. Those airs to my Lord Morelove look as if designed to recover Sir Charles into jealousy: I'll endeavour to join the company, and may be, that will let me into the secret. (*Aside.*) My Lord Foppington, I vow this is very unpleasant, to engross so agreeable a part of the company to yourself.

Sir C. Nay, my lord, this is not fair, indeed, to enter into secrets among friends. Ladies, what say you? I think we ought to declare against it.

Ladies. Oh! no secrets, no secrets!

Lady B. Well, ladies, I ought only to ask your pardon; my lord's excusable, for I would pull him into a corner.

Fop. I swear, 'tis very hard, though. I observe two people of extreme condition can no sooner grow particular, but the multitude of both sexes are immediately up, and think their property's invaded.

Lady G. Oh! my lord, we women have all reason to be jealous of Lady Betty Modish's power.

More. (To Lady B.) As the men, madam, all have of my Lord Foppington; beside, favourites of great merit discourage those of an inferior class for their prince's service: he has already lost you one of your retinue, madam.

Lady B. Not at all, my lord; he has only made room for another: one must, sometimes, make vacancies, or there could be no preferments.

Lady E. Ha, ha! Ladies' favours, my lord, like places at court, are not always held for life, you know.

Lady B. No, indeed; if they were, the poor fine women would be all used like their wives, and no more minded than the business of the nation.

Lady E. Have a care, madam; an undeserving favourite has been the ruin of many a prince's empire.

Fop. Ha, ha! Upon my soul, Lady Betty, we must grow more discreet; for, positively, if we go on at this rate, we shall have the world throw you under the scandal of constancy, and I shall have all the swords of condition at my throat for a monopolist.

More. Oh! there's no great fear of that, my lord; though the men of sense give it over, there will be always some idle fellows vain enough to believe their merit may succeed as well as your lordship's.

Lady B. Or, if they should not, my lord, cast lovers, you know, need not fear being long out of employment, while there are so many well-disposed people in the world. There are, generally, neglected wives, maids, or charitable widows always ready to relieve the necessities of a disappointed passion. And, by the way—harkye! Sir Charles—

More. (Aside.) So, she's stirred, I see, for all her pains to hide it: she would hardly have glanced an affront at a woman she was not piqued at.

Lady G. (Aside.) That wit was thrown at me, I suppose; but I'll return it.

Lady B. (Apert to Sir C.) Pray, how came you all this while to trust your mistress so easily?

Sir C. (Apert to Lady B.) One is not so apt, madam, to be alarmed at the liberties of an old acquaintance as, perhaps, your ladyship ought to be at the resentment of a hardly-used, honourable lover.

Lady B. (Apert.) Suppose I were alarmed, how does that make you easy?

Sir C. (Apert.) Come, come, be wise at last; my trusting them together, may easily convince you, that (as I told you before) I know his addresses to—

her are only outward, and 'twill be your fault now, if you let him go on till the world thinks him in earnest, and a thousand busy tongues are set upon malicious inquiries into your reputation.

Lady B. (Apart.) Why, Sir Charles, do you suppose while he behaves himself as he does, that I won't convince him of my indifference?

Sir C. (Apart.) But hear me, madam—

Lady G. (Aside.) The air of that whisper looks as if the lady had a mind to be making her peace again; and 'tis possible, his worship's being so busy in the matter, too, may proceed as much from his jealousy of my lord with me, as friendship to her; at least, I fancy so; therefore, I'm resolved to keep her still piqued, and prevent it, though it be only to gall him.—Sir Charles, that is not fair to take a privilege you just now declared against in my Lord More. Well observed, madam. [Foppington.]

Lady G. Besides, it looks so affected to whisper, when everybody guesses the secret.

More. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady B. Oh! madam, your pardon in particular; but 'tis possible you may be mistaken: the secrets of people that have any regard to their actions, are not so soon guessed as theirs that have made a confession. Ha, ha, ha! [Fidant of the whole town.]

Lady G. A coquet, in her affected airs of disdain to a revolted lover, I am afraid, must exceed your ladyship in prudence, not to let the world see, at the same time, she'd give her eyes to make peace.

More. Ha, ha, ha! [with him. Ha, ha, ha!]

Lady B. 'Twould be a mortification, indeed, if it were in the power of a fading widow's charms to prevent it; and the man must be miserably reduced, surely, that could bear to live buried in woollen, or take up with the motherly comforts of a swan-skin petticoat. Ha, ha!

Lady G. Widows, it seems, are not so squeamish to their interest; they know their own minds and take the man they like; though it happens to be one that a forward, vain girl has disobliged, and is pining to be friends with.

More. Nay, though it happens to be one that confesses he was once fond of a piece of folly, and afterwards ashamed of it. [two of you.]

Lady B. Nay, my lord, there's no standing against

Fop. No, 'faith! that's odds at tennis, my lord: not but, if your ladyship pleases, I'll endeavour to keep your back-hand a little; though, upon my soul, you may safely set me up at the line; for, knock me down! if ever I saw a rest of wit better played than that last, in my life: what say you, madam, shall we engage?

Lady B. As you please, my lord. [mi lor.]

Fop. Ha, ha, ha! *Allons! Tout de bon! Jouez.*

More. Oh! pardon me, sir; I shall never think myself, in anything, a match for the lady.

Fop. To you, madam.

Lady B. That's much, my lord, when the world knows you have been so many years teasing me to play the fool with you.

Fop. Ah! *bien joué!* Ha, ha, ha!

More. At that game, I confess, your ladyship has chosen a much more proper person to improve your hand with.

Fop. To me, madam! My lord, I presume whoever the lady thinks fit to play the fool with, will, at least, be able to give as much envy as the wise person that had not wit enough to keep well with her when he was so.

Lady G. Oh! my lord, both parties must needs be greatly happy; for I dare swear, neither will have any rivals to disturb them.

Lady B. None that will disturb them, I dare swear. [Company laugh.]

Sir C. I don't know, gentlefolks, but you are all in extremely good humour, methinks; I hope there's none of it affected.

Lady E. I should be loth to answer for any but my Lord Foppington. [Aside.]

Lady B. Mine is not, I'll swear.

More. Nor mine, I'm sure.

Lady G. Mine's sincere, depend upon it.

Fop. And may the eternal frowns of the whole sex doubly d— me, if mine is not!

Lady E. Well, good people, I am mightily glad to hear it. You have all performed extremely well: but, if you please, you shall even give over your wit now, while it is well.

Lady B. (Aside.) Now I see his humour, I'll stand it out, if I were sure to die for it.

Sir C. You should not have proceeded so far with my Lord Foppington, after what I had told you. [Apart to Lady B.]

Lady B. (Apart.) Pray, Sir Charles, give me leave to understand myself a little.

Sir C. (Apart.) Your pardon, madam; I thought a right understanding would have been for both your interest and reputation.

Lady B. (Apart.) For his, perhaps.

Sir C. (Apart.) Nay, then, madam, it is time for me to take care of my friend.

Lady B. (Apart.) I never in the least doubted your friendship to him in anything that was to shew yourself my enemy.

Sir C. (Apart.) Since I see, madam, you have so ungrateful a sense of my Lord Morelove's merit, and my service, I shall never be ashamed of using my power, henceforth, to keep him entirely out of your ladyship's.

Lady B. Was ever anything so insolent! I could find in my heart to run the hazard of a downright compliance, if it were only to convince him that my power, perhaps, is not inferior to his. [Aside.]

Lady E. My Lord Foppington, I think you generally lead the company upon these occasions. Pray, will you think of some prettier sort of diversion for us than parties and whispers?

Fop. What say you, ladies; shall we step and see what's done at the basset-table?

Lady B. With all my heart. *Lady Easy—*

Lady E. I think it is the best thing we can do; and because we won't part to-night, you shall all sup where you dined. What say you, my lord?

More. Your ladyship may be sure of me, madam.

Fop. Ay, ay, we'll all come.

Lady E. Then, pray, let's change parties a little. My Lord Foppington, you shall 'quire me.

Fop. Oh! you do me honour, madam.

Lady B. My Lord Morelove, pray, let me speak

More. Me, madam? [with you.]

Lady B. If you please, my lord.

More. Ah! that look shot through me! What can this mean? [Apart.]

Lady B. (Apart.) This is no proper place to tell you what it is, but there is one thing I'd fain be truly answered in: I suppose you'll be at my Lady Easy's by-and-by, and if you'll give me leave there—

More. (Apart.) If you please to do me that honour, madam, I shall certainly be there.

Lady B. (Apart.) That's all, my lord.

More. Is not your ladyship for walking?

Lady B. If your lordship dare venture with me.

More. Oh! madam. [Taking her hand.] How my heart dances! what heavenly music is in her voice, when softened into kindness! [Aside.]

Lady B. (Aside.) Ah! his hand trembles! Sir Charles may be mistaken.

[Exit with Lord M. and Lady E.]

Fop. My Lady Graveairs, you won't let Sir Charles leave us!

Lady G. No, my lord; we'll follow you. Stay a little. [To Sir C.]

Sir C. (Apart to Lady G.) I thought your ladyship designed to follow them.

Lady G. (Apart.) Perhaps I'd speak with you.

Sir C. (Apart.) But, madam, consider, we shall certainly be observed.

Lady G. Lud, sir! If you think it such a favour! [Exeunt.]

ACT V.—SCENE I.—*The Castle Terrace.*

Enter SIR CHARLES EASY and LORD MORELOVE.

Sir C. Come a little this way. My Lady Graveairs had an eye upon me, as I stole off, and I am apprehensive will make use of any opportunity to talk with me.

More. Oh! we are pretty safe here. Well, you were speaking of my Lady Betty.

Sir C. Ay, my lord: I say, notwithstanding all this sudden change of her behaviour, I would not have you yet be too secure of her: for, between you and I, since, as I told you, I have professed myself an open enemy to her power with you, 'tis not impossible but this new air of good humour may very much proceed from a little woman's pride, of convincing me you are not yet out of her power.

More. Not unlikely: but still, can we make no advantage of it?

Sir C. That's what I have been thinking of. Lookye!—Death! my Lady Graveairs!

More. Ha! she will have audience, I find.

Sir C. There's no avoiding her: the truth is, I have owed her a little good nature, a great while. I see there is but one way of getting rid of her; I must even appoint her a day of payment, at last. If you'll step into my lodgings, my lord, I'll just give her an answer, and be with you in a moment.

More. Very well; I'll stay there for you. *[Exit.*

Enter LADY GRAVEAIRS.

Lady G. Sir Charles—

Sir C. Come, come, no more of these reproachful looks; you'll find, madam, I have deserved better of you than your jealousy imagines. Is it a fault to be tender of your reputation? Fie, fie! This may be a proper time to talk, and of my contriving, too. You see, I just now shook off my Lord Morelove

Lady G. May I believe you? *[on purpose.]*

Sir C. Still doubting my fidelity, and mistaking my discretion for want of good-nature.

Lady G. Don't think me troublesome; for, I confess, 'tis death to think of parting with you: since the world sees, for you I have neglected friends and reputation, have stood the little insults of disdainful prudes, that envied me, perhaps, your friendship; have borne the freezing looks of near and general acquaintance: since this is so, don't let them ridicule me, too, and say my foolish vanity undid me; don't let them point at me as a cast mistress.

Sir C. You wrong me to suppose the thought. When shall you be at leisure?

Lady G. I confess, I would see you once again; if what I have more to say prove ineffectual, perhaps it may convince me, then, 'tis my interest to part with you. Can you come to-night?

Sir C. You know we have company, and I am afraid they'll stay too late: can't it be before supper? What's o'clock now?

Lady G. It is almost six.

Sir C. At seven, then, be sure of me; till then, I'd have you go back to the ladies to avoid suspicion, and about that time have the vapours.

Lady G. May I depend upon you? *[Exit.*

Sir C. Depend on everything. A very troublesome business this: send me once fairly rid of it, if ever I am caught in an honourable affair again—a debt, now, that a little ready civility, and away, would satisfy, a man might bear with; but to have a rent-charge upon one's good-nature, with an unconscionable long scroll of arrears, too, that would eat out the profits of the best estate in Christendom—ah! intolerable! Well, I'll even to my lord, and shake off the thoughts of it. *[Exit.]*

Enter LADY BETTY MODISH and LADY EASY.

Lady B. I observe, my dear, you have usually this great fortune at play; it were enough to make one suspect your good luck with a husband.

Lady E. Truly, I don't complain of my fortune either way.

Lady B. Pr'ythee, tell me, (you are often advising me to it,) are there those real, comfortable

advantages in marriage, that our old aunts and grandmothers would persuade us of?

Lady E. Upon my word, if I had the worst husband in the world, I should still think so.

Lady B. Ay, but then, the hazard of not having a good one, my dear.

Lady E. You may have a good one, I dare say, if you don't give airs till you spoil him.

Lady B. Can there be the same dear, full delight in giving ease, as pain? Oh! my dear, the thought of parting with one's power is insupportable!

Lady E. And the keeping it till it dwindles into no power at all, is most ruefully foolish.

Lady B. But still to marry before one's heartily in love!

Lady E. Is not half so formidable a calamity. But, if I have any eyes, my dear, you'll run no great hazard of that, in venturing upon my Lord Morelove. You don't know, perhaps, that within this half-hour, the tone of your voice is strangely softened to him. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady B. My dear, you are, positively, one or other, the most censorious person in the world: and so, I see it's in vain to talk with you. Pray, will you go back to the company?

Lady E. Ah! poor Lady Betty! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*Sir Charles Easy's Lodgings.*

Enter SIR CHARLES EASY and LORD MORELOVE.

More. Charles, you have transported me! you have made my part in the scene so very easy, too, 'tis impossible I should fail in it.

Sir C. That's what I considered; for, now, the more you throw yourself into her power, the more I shall be able to force her into your's.

More. After all, (begging the ladies' pardon,) your fine women, like bullies, are only stout when they know their men: a man of an honest courage may fright them into anything. Well, I am fully instructed, and will about it instantly: won't you go along with me?

Sir C. That may not be so proper; besides, I have a little business upon my hands.

More. Oh! your servant, sir. Good b'ye! you sha'n't stir.

Sir C. My lord, your servant. *[Exit Lord M.]* So! now to dispose of myself, till 'tis time to think of my Lady Graveairs. Humph! I have no great mind to that business, methinks; I don't find myself in humour enough to come up to the civil things that are usually expected in the making up of an old quarrel. *[MRS. EDGING crosses the stage.]* There goes a warmer temptation by half. Ha! into my wife's bed-chamber, too! I question if the jade has any great business there; I have a fancy she has only a mind to be taking the opportunity of nobody's being at home, to make her peace with me. Let me see; ay, I shall have time enough to go to her ladyship afterwards: besides, I want a little sleep, I find. Your young fops may talk of their women of of quality; but to me, now, there is a strange agreeable convenience in a creature one is not obliged to say much to upon these occasions. *(Going.)*

Enter MRS. EDGING.

Mrs. E. Did you call me, sir?

Sir C. Ha! all's right. *(Aside.)* Yes, madam, I did call you. *(Sits down.)*

Mrs. E. What would you please to have, sir?

Sir C. Have! why, I would have you grow a good girl, and know when you are well used, hussy.

Mrs. E. Sir, I don't complain of anything, not I.

Sir C. Well, don't be uneasy; I am not angry with you, now. Come and kiss me.

Mrs. E. Lord, sir!

Sir C. Don't be a fool, now: come hither.

Mrs. E. Psha! *(Goes to him.)*

Sir C. No very face; so, sit down. I won't have you look grave, neither: let me see you smile, you jade you.

Mrs. E. Ha, ha! *(Laughs and blushes.)*

Sir C. Ah! you melting rogue!

Mrs. E. Come, don't be at your tricks, now. Lord! can't you sit still and talk with one? I am sure there are ten times more love in that, and fifty times the satisfaction, people may say what they will.

Sir C. Well, now you're good, you shall have your own way. I am going to lie down in the next room; and since you love a little chat, come and throw my night-gown over me, and you shall talk me to sleep. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. E. Yes, sir: for all his way, I see he likes me still. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*The Castle Terrace.*

Enter LADY BETTY MODISH, LADY EASY, and LORD MORELOVE.

More. Nay, madam, there you are too severe upon him; for, bating now and then a little vanity, my Lord Foppington does not want wit sometimes to make him a very tolerable woman's man.

Lady B. But such eternal vanity grows tiresome.

Lady E. Come, if he were not so loose in his morals, his vanity, methinks, might be easily excused, considering how much it is in fashion: for, pray, observe, what's half the conversation of most of the fine young people about town, but a perpetual affectation of appearing foremost in the knowledge of manners, new modes, and scandal? and in that I don't see anybody comes up to him.

More. Nor I, indeed; and here he comes. Pray, madam, let's have a little more of him; nobody shews him to more advantage than your ladyship.

Lady B. Nay, with all my heart; you'll second me, my lord.

More. Upon occasion, madam.

Lady E. Engaging upon parties, my lord? *(Aside and smiling at Lord M.)*

Enter LORD FOPPINGTON.

Fop. So, ladies, what's the affair now?

Lady B. Why, you were, my lord; I was allowing you a great many good qualities; but Lady Easy says you are a perfect hypocrite; and that, whatever airs you give yourself to the women, she's confident you value no woman in the world equal to your own lady.

Fop. You see, madam, how I am scandalized upon your account. But it's so natural for a prude to be malicious, when a man endeavours to be well with anybody but herself. Did you never observe she was piqued at that before? Ha, ha!

Lady B. I'll swear you are a provoking creature.

Fop. Let us be more familiar upon it, and give her disorder. Ha, ha!

Lady B. Ha, ha, ha!

Fop. Stap my breath! but Lady Easy is an admirable discoverer. Marriage is, indeed, a prodigious security of one's inclination: a man is likely to take a world of pains in an employment, where he can't be turned out for his idleness.

Lady B. I vow, my lord, that's vastly generous to all the fine women; you are for giving them a despotic power in love, I see, to reward and punish as they think fit.

Fop. Ha, ha! Right, madam, what signifies beauty without power? and a fine woman, when she's married, makes as ridiculous a figure as a beaten general marching out of a garrison.

Lady E. I am afraid, Lady Betty, the greatest danger, in your use of power, would be from a too heedless liberality: you would more mind the man than his merit.

Fop. Piqued again, by all that's fretful! *(Aside.)* Well, certainly, to give envy is a pleasure inexpressible. *(Apart to Lady B.)*

Lady B. Ha, ha!

Lady E. Does not she shew him well, my lord? *(Aside to Lord M.)*

More. Perfectly; and me to myself; for now I almost blush to think I ever was uneasy at him. *(To Lady E.)*

Fop. Lady Easy, I ask ten thousand pardons, I am afraid I am rude all this while.

Lady E. Oh! not at all, my lord; you are always good company, when you please: not but in some things, indeed, you are apt to be like other fine gentlemen, a little too loose in your principles.

Fop. Oh! madam, never to the offence of the ladies; I agree in any community with them; nobody is a more constant churchman, when the fine ladies are there.

Lady E. Oh, fie! my lord, you ought not to go for their sake at all. And I wonder you, that are for being such a good husband of your virtues, are not afraid of bringing your prudence into a lampoon or a play. *[things to be laughed at.]*

Lady B. Lampoons and plays, madam, are only

More. Plays now, indeed, one need not be so much afraid of; for since the late short-sighted view of them, vice may go on and prosper, the stage dares hardly shew a vicious person speaking like himself, for fear of being called prophane for exposing him.

Lady E. 'Tis hard, indeed, when people won't distinguish between what's meant for contempt, and what's for example.

Fop. Odso! ladies, the court's coming home, I see; shall not we make our bows?

Lady B. Oh! by all means.

Lady E. Lady Betty, I must leave you; for I'm obliged to write letters, and I know you won't give me time after supper.

Lady B. Well, my dear, I'll make a short visit, and be with you. *[Exit Lady E.]* Pray, what's become of my Lady Graveairs?

More. Oh! I believe she's gone home, madam; she seemed not to be very well.

Fop. And where's Sir Charles, my lord?

More. I left him at his own lodgings.

Lady B. He's upon some ramble, I'm afraid.

Fop. Nay, as for that matter, a man may ramble at home sometimes. But here come the chaises; we must make a little more haste, madam. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—*Sir Charles Easy's Lodgings.*

Enter LADY EASY and a Servant.

Lady E. Is your master come home?

Serv. Yes, madam.

Lady E. Where is he?

Serv. I believe, madam, he's laid down to sleep.

Lady E. Where's Edging? Bid her get me some wax and paper—stay, it's no matter, now I think on it; there's some above upon my toilet. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—*A Room.*

SIR CHARLES EASY discovered, without his periwig, and MRS. EDGING by him, both asleep. *Enter* LADY EASY.

Lady E. Ha! *(Starts and trembles.)*

Protect me virtue, patience, reason!
Teach me to bear this killing sight, or let
Me think my dreaming senses are deceiv'd!
For, sure, a sight like this might raise the arm
Of duty, ev'n to the breast of love! At least
I'll throw this vizard of my patience off;
Now wake him in his guilt,
And barefac'd front him with my wrongs.
I'll talk to him till he blushes, nay, till he—
Frowns on me, perhaps; and then,
I'm lost again. The ease of a few tears
Is all that's left to me;
And duty, too, forbids me to insult,
When I have vow'd obedience. Perhaps,
The fault's in me, and nature has not form'd
Me with the thousand little requisites
That warm the heart to love.
Somewhere there is a fault;
But heav'n best knows what both of us deserve.—
Ha! bare-headed, and in so sound a sleep! [air,
Who knows, while thus expos'd to th' unwholesome
But heav'n, offended, may o'ertake his crime,
And, in some languishing distemper, leave him,
A severe example of its violated laws.
Forbid it mercy, and forbid it love!
This may prevent it. *(Puts a handkerchief on his head.)*

And if he should awake offended at my too busy care, let my heart-breaking patience, duty, and fond affection plead my pardon. [*Exit. A bell rings.*]

Mrs. E. Oh!

Sir C. How now! what's the matter?

Mrs. E. Oh! bless my soul! my lady's come home.

Sir C. Go, go, then. [*Bell rings.*]

Mrs. E. Oh, lud! my head's in such a condition, too. [*Runs to the glass.*] I am coming, madam! Oh, lud! here's no powder, neither. Here, madam!

[*Exit.*]

Sir C. How now! [*Feeling the handkerchief upon his head.*] What's this? How came it here? [*Puts on his wig.*] Did not I see my wife wear this to-day? Death! she can't have been here, sure. It could not be jealousy that brought her home; for my coming was accidental; so, too, I fear, might her's. How careless have I been not to secure the door, neither! 'Twas foolish—It must be so! she certainly has seen me here sleeping with her woman: if so, how low an hypocrite to her must that sight have proved me! The thought has made me despicable even to myself. How mean a vice is lying! and how often have those empty pleasures lulled my honour and my conscience to a lethargy, while I grossly have abused her, poorly skulking behind a thousand falsehoods! Now I reflect, this has not been the first of her discoveries. How contemptible a figure must I have made to her! A crowd of recollected circumstances confirms me now, she has been long acquainted with my follies; and yet with what amazing prudence has she borne the secret pangs of injured love, and worn an everlasting smile to me! This asks a little thinking: something should be done. I'll see her instantly, and be resolved from her behaviour. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—A Room.

Enter LADY EASY and MRS. EDGING.

Lady E. Where have you been, Edging?

Mrs. E. Been, madam! I—I—I came as soon as I heard you ring, madam.

Lady E. How guilt confounds her! but she's below my thought. [*Aside.*] Fetch my last new scarf hither; I have a mind to alter it a little.

Mrs. E. Yes, madam. I see she does not suspect anything. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Lady E. Heigho! [*Sitting down.*] I had forgot—but I am unfit for writing now. 'Twas a hard conflict; yet, it's a joy to think it over: a secret pride, to tell my heart my conduct has been just. How low are vicious minds that offer injuries! how much superior innocence that bears them! Still there's a pleasure even in the melancholy of a quiet conscience. Away, my fears! it is not yet impossible; for while his human nature is not quite shook off, I ought not to despair.

Re-enter MRS. EDGING with the scarf.

Mrs. E. Here's the scarf, madam.

Lady E. So, sit down there; and, let me see: here, rip off all that silver.

Mrs. E. Indeed, I always thought it would become your ladyship better without it. But, now suppose, madam, you carried another row of gold round the scollops, and then you take and lay this silver plain all along the gathers, and your ladyship will perfectly see, it will give the thing ten thousand times another air. [*bid you.*]

Lady E. Pr'ythee, don't be impertinent; do as I *Mrs. E.* Nay, madam, with all my heart; your ladyship may do as you please.

Lady E. This creature grows so confident; and I dare not part with her, lest he should think it jealousy. [*Aside.*]

Enter SIR CHARLES EASY.

Sir C. So, my dear! what, at work? How are you employed, pray?

Lady E. I was thinking to alter this scarf here.

Sir C. What's amiss? methinks it's very pretty.

Mrs. E. Yes, sir, it's pretty enough, for that matter; but my lady has a mind it should be proper, too.

Sir C. Indeed!

Lady E. I fancy plain gold and black would become me better.

Sir C. That's a grave thought, my dear.

Mrs. E. Oh, dear! sir, not at all; my lady's much in the right; I am sure, as it is, it's fit for nothing *Sir C.* Leave the room. [*but a girl.*]

Mrs. E. Lard! sir, I can't stir; I must stay to—

Sir C. Go. [*Angrily.*]

Mrs. E. If ever I speak to him again I'll be burned! [*Aside, and exit.*]

Sir C. Sit still, my dear. I came to talk with you; and, which you may well wonder at, what I have to say is of importance, too; but 'tis in order to my hereafter always talking kindly to you.

Lady E. Your words were never disobliging, nor can I charge you with a look that ever had the appearance of unkindness.

Sir C. The perpetual spring of your good-humour, lets me draw no merit from what I have appeared to be; which makes me curious now to know your thoughts of what I really am: and never having asked you this before, it puzzles me; nor can I (my strange negligence considered) reconcile to reason your first thoughts of venturing upon marriage with

Lady E. I never thought it such a hazard. [*me.*]

Sir C. How could a woman of your restraint in principles, sedateness, sense, and tender disposition, propose to see a happy life with one (now I reflect) that hardly took an hour's pains, even before marriage, to appear but what I am? A loose, unheeded wretch; absent in all I do; civil, and as often rude, without design; unseasonably thoughtful; easy to a fault; and, in my best of praise, but carelessly good-natured: how shall I reconcile your temper with having made so strange a choice?

Lady E. Your own words may answer you. Your having never seemed to be but what you really were; and through that carelessness of temper, there still shone forth to me an undesigned honesty, I always doubted of in smoother faces: thus while I saw you took least pains to win me, you pleased and wooed me most; yea, I have thought, that such a temper could never be deliberately unkind; or, at the worst, I knew that errors from want of thinking might be borne; at least, when, probably, one moment's serious thought would end them: these were my worst of fears; and these, when weighed by growing love against my solid hopes, were nothing.

Sir C. My dear, your understanding startles me, and justly calls my own in question: I blush to think I've worn so bright a jewel in my bosom, and till this hour, have scarcely been curious enough once to look upon its lustre.

Lady E. You set too high a value on the common qualities of an easy wife.

Sir C. Virtues, like benefits, are double when concealed: and, I confess, I yet suspect you of a higher value than I have as yet spoken of you.

Lady E. I understand you not.

Sir C. I'll speak more plainly to you. Be free and tell me—where did you leave this handkerchief?

Lady E. Ha!

[*question.*]

Sir C. What is't you start at? You hear the

Lady E. What shall I say? my fears confound me.

Sir C. Be not concerned, my dear; be easy in the truth, and tell me.

Lady E. I cannot speak; and I could wish you would not oblige me to it: 'tis the only thing I ever yet refused you; and though I want a reason for my will, let me not answer you.

Sir C. Your will, then, be a reason; and since I see you are so generously tender of reproaching me, 'tis fit I should be easy in my gratitude, and make what ought to be my shame, my joy; let me be, therefore, pleased to tell you now, your wondrous conduct has awakened me to a sense of your disquiet past, and resolution never to disturb it more: and (not that I offer it as a merit, but yet in blind

compliance to my will) let me beg you would immediately discharge your woman.

Lady E. Alas! I think not of her. Oh! my dear, distract me not with this excess of goodness. (*Weeping.*)

Sir C. Nay, praise me not, lest I reflect how little I have deserved it. I see you're in pain to give me this confusion: come, I will not shock your softness by my untimely blush for what is past, but rather soothe you to a pleasure at my sense of joy for my recovered happiness to come. Give, then, to my new-born love what name you please; it cannot, shall not be too kind: oh! it cannot be too soft for what my soul swells up with emulation to deserve. Receive me, then, entire at last; and take what yet no woman ever truly had, my conquered heart.

Lady E. Oh! the soft treasure! oh! the dear reward of long-desiring love! Now I am blest, indeed, to see you kind without the expense of pain in being so, to make you mine with easiness. Thus, thus to have you mine, is something more than happiness; 'tis double life and madness of abounding joy. But 'twas a pain intolerable to give you a confusion.

Sir C. Oh! thou engaging virtue! But I am too slow in doing justice to thy love: I know thy softness will refuse me; but, remember, I insist upon it: let thy woman be discharged this minute.

Lady E. No, my dear; think me not so low in faith, to fear that (after what you've said) 'twill ever be in her power to do me future injury. When I can conveniently provide for her, I'll think on't; but to discharge her now, might let her guess at the occasion; and, methinks, I would have all our differences, like our endearments, be equally a secret to our servants.

Sir C. Still my superior every way. Be it as you have better thought. Well, my dear, now I'll confess a thing that was not in your power to accuse me of; to be short, I own this creature is not the only one I have been to blame with.

Lady E. I know she is not, and was always less concerned to find it so; for constancy in errors might have been fatal to me.

Sir C. What is it you know, my dear? (*Surprised.*)

Lady E. Come, I am not afraid to accuse you now—my Lady Graveairs. Your carelessness, my dear, let all the world know it, and it would have been hard, indeed, had it been only to me a secret.

Sir C. My dear, I'll ask no more questions, for fear of being more ridiculous: I do confess, I thought my discretion there had been a master-piece. How contemptible must I have looked all this while!

Lady E. You sha'n't say so.

Sir C. Well, to let you see I had some shame as well as nature in me, I had written this to my Lady Graveairs, upon my first discovering that you knew I had wronged you. Read it.

Lady E. (*Reads.*) "*Something has happened that prevents the visit I intended you; and I could gladly wish you never would reproach me if I tell you it is utterly inconvenient that I should ever see you more.*" This, indeed, was more than I had merited.

Enter a Servant.

Sir C. Who's there? Here, step with this to my Lady Graveairs. (*Gives the letter to the Servant.*)

Serv. Yes, sir. Madam, my Lady Betty's come.

Lady E. I'll wait on her. [*Exit Serv.*]

Sir C. My dear, I am thinking there may be other things my negligence may have wronged you in; but, be assured, as I discover them, all shall be corrected. Is there any part or circumstance in your fortune that I can change, or yet make easier to you?

Lady E. None, my dear; your good-nature never stinted me in that; and now, methinks, I have less occasion there than ever.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Morelove's come.

Sir C. I am coming. [*Exit Serv.*] I think I told you of the design we had laid against Lady Betty.

Lady E. You did, and I should be pleased to be myself concerned in it.

Sir C. I believe we may employ you. I know he waits for me with impatience. But, my dear, won't you think me tasteless to the joy you've given me, to suffer, at this time, any concern but you to employ my thoughts?

Lady E. Seasons must be obeyed; and since I know your friend's happiness is depending, I could not taste my own, should you neglect his.

Sir C. Thou easy sweetness! Oh! what a waste on thy neglected love, has my unthinking brain committed! But time and future thrift of tenderness shall yet repair it all. The hour will come when this soft glowing stream that swells my heart, uninterrupted shall renew its course;

And like the ocean after ebb, shall move

With constant force of due returning love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—A Room.

Enter LADY EASY and LADY BETTY MODISH.

Lady B. You've been in tears, my dear, and yet you look pleased, too.

Lady E. You'll pardon me, if I can't let you into circumstances; but be satisfied, Sir Charles has made me happy even to a pain of joy.

Lady B. Indeed, I am truly glad of it, though I am sorry to find that any one who has generosity enough to do you justice, should, unprovoked, be so great an enemy to me.

Lady E. Sir Charles your enemy!

Lady B. My dear, you'll pardon me if I always thought him so, but now I am convinced of it.

Lady E. In what, pray? I can't think you'll find him so.

Lady B. Oh! madam, it has been his whole business, of late, to make an utter breach between my Lord Morelove and I.

Lady E. That may be owing to your usage of my lord: perhaps, he thought it would not disoblige you. I am confident you are mistaken in him.

Lady B. Oh! I don't use to be out in things of this nature; I can see well enough: but I shall be able to tell you more when I have talked with my lord.

Lady E. Here he comes; and because you shall talk with him—no excuses; for, positively, I will leave you together.

Lady B. Indeed, my dear, I desire you would stay, then; for, I know you think, now, that I have a mind to—to—

Lady E. To—to—Ha, ha, ha! (*Going.*)

Lady B. Well, remember this.

Enter LORD MORELOVE.

More. I hope I don't frighten you away, madam?

Lady E. Not at all, my lord; but I must beg your pardon for a moment; I'll wait upon you immediately. [*Exit.*]

Lady B. My Lady Easy gone!

More. Perhaps, madam, in friendship to you, she thinks I may have deserved the coldness you of late have shewn me, and was willing to give you this opportunity to convince me, that you have not done it without reason.

Lady B. How handsomely does he reproach me! But I can't bear that he should think I know it. (*Aside.*) My lord, whatever has passed between you and I, I dare swear that could not be her thoughts at this time: for when two people have appeared professed enemies, she can't but think one will as little care to give, as the other to receive a justification of their actions.

More. Passion, indeed, often does repeated injuries on both sides; but I don't remember in my heat of error that I ever yet professed myself your enemy.

Lady B. My lord, I shall be very free with you: I confess I do think now I have not a greater enemy in the world.

More. If having long loved you, to my own disquiet, be injurious, I am contented, then, to stand the foremost of your enemies.

Lady B. Oh! my lord, there's no great fear of your being my enemy that way, I dare say.

More. There's no other way my heart can bear to offend you now, and I foresee in that it will persist to my undoing.

Lady B. Fie, fie! my lord, we know where your heart is well enough.

More. My conduct has, indeed, deserved this scorn; and, therefore, it is but just I should submit to your resentment, and beg (though I am assured in vain) for pardon. (*Kneels.*)

Enter SIR CHARLES EASY.

Sir C. How, my lord! (*Lord M. rises.*)

Lady B. Ha! He here! This is unlucky. (*Aside.*)

More. Oh! pity my confusion! (*To Lady B.*)

Sir C. I am sorry to see you can so soon forget yourself; methinks, the insult you have borne from that lady, by this time, should have warned you into a disgust of her regardless principles.

More. Hold, Sir Charles! While you and I are friends, I desire you would speak with honour of this lady: 'tis sufficient I have no complaint against her, and—

Lady B. My lord, I beg you would resent this thing no farther: an injury like this is better punished with our contempt: apparent malice should only be laughed at.

Sir C. Ha, ha! the old recourse. Offers of any hopes to delude him from his resentment; and, then, (as the grand Monarque did with Cavalier,) you are sure to keep your word with him.

Lady B. Sir Charles, to let you know how far I am above your little spleen, my lord, your hand from this hour.

Sir C. Psha, psha! All design, all pique! mere artifice, and disappointed woman.

Lady B. Lookye! sir, not that I doubt my lord's opinion of me; but—

Sir C. Lookye! madam, in short, your word has been too often taken to let you make up quarrels, as you used to do, with a soft look, and a fair promise you never intended to keep.

Lady B. Was there ever such insolence! he won't *More.* Sir Charles! [give me leave to speak.

Lady B. No, pray, my lord, have patience; and since his malice seems to grow particular, I dare his worst, and urge him to the proof of it: pray, sir, wherein can you charge me with a breach of promise to my lord?

Sir C. Death! you won't deny it? How often, to piece up a quarrel, have you appointed him to visit you alone; and though you have promised to see no other company the whole day, when he has come, he has found you among the laugh of noisy fops, coquets, and coxcombs, dissolutely gay, while your full eyes ran over with transport of their flattery, and your own vain power of pleasing? How often, I say, have you been known to throw away, at least, four hours of your good-humour upon such wretches; and the minute they were gone, grew only dull to him; sunk into a distasteful spleen, complained you had talked yourself into the headache, and then indulged upon the dear delight of seeing him in pain: and by that time you had stretched, and gaped him heartily out of patience, of a sudden, most importantly remember you had outsat your appointment with my Lady Fiddle-faddle; and immediately order your coach to the

Lady B. Yet, sir, have you done? [park?] *[park?]*

Sir C. No; though this might serve to shew the nature of your principles. But the noble conquest you have gained at last, over defeated sense of reputation, too, has made your fame immortal.

More. How, sir?

Lady B. My reputation!

Sir C. Ay, madam, your reputation! My lord, if I advance a falsehood, then resent it. I say, your

reputation; it has been your life's whole pride, of late, to be the common toast of every public table; vain even in the infamous addresses of a married man, my Lord Foppington; let that be reconciled with reputation, and I'll now shake hands with shame, and bow me to the low contempt which you deserve from him: not but I suppose you'll yet endeavour to recover him; now you find ill usage in danger of losing your conquest, 'tis possible you'll stop at nothing to preserve it.

Lady B. Sir Charles—(*Confused.*)

Sir C. I know your vanity is so voracious, 'twill even wound itself to feed itself; offer him a blank, perhaps, to fill up with hopes of what nature he pleases, and part with even your pride to keep him.

Lady B. Sir Charles, I have not deserved this of you. (*Bursting into tears.*)

Sir C. Ah! true woman! drop him a soft dissembling tear, and then his just resentment must be hushed of course.

More. Oh! Charles, I can bear no more; those tears are too reproaching.

Sir C. Hist, for your life! (*Aside.*) My lord, if you believe her, you're undone; the very next sight of my Lord Foppington would make her yet forswear all that she can promise.

Lady B. My Lord Foppington! Is that the mighty crime that must condemn me, then? You know I used him but as a tool of my resentment, which you yourself, by a pretended friendship to us both, most artfully provoked me to.

More. Hold! I conjure you, madam; I want not this conviction.

Lady B. Send for him this minute; and you and he shall be witnesses of the contempt and detestation I have for any forward hopes his vanity may have given him, or your malice would insinuate.

Sir C. Death! you would as soon eat fire, as soon part with your luxurious taste of folly, as dare to own the half of this before his face, or any one that would make you blush to deny it to. Here comes my wife; now we shall see; ha! and my Lord Foppington with her. Now, now, we shall see this mighty proof of your sincerity: now, my lord, you'll have a warning, sure, and henceforth know me for your friend indeed.

Enter LADY EASY and LORD FOPPINGTON.

Lady E. In tears, my dear; what's the matter?

Lady B. Oh! my dear, all I told you is true; Sir Charles has shewn himself to be such an inveterate enemy of mine, that if I believed I deserved but half his hate, 'twould make me hate myself.

Fop. Harkye! Charles, pr'ythee, what is this business?

Sir C. Why, your's, my lord, for aught I know. I have made such a breach betwixt them—I can't promise much for the courage of a woman; but if it holds, I am sure it's wide enough, that you may enter ten a-breast, my lord. (*Apart.*)

Fop. Say'st thou so, Charles? then I hold six to four I am the first man in the town.

Lady E. Sure, there must be some mistake in this; I hope he has not made my lord your enemy.

Lady B. I know not what he has done.

More. Far be that thought! Alas! I am too much in fear myself, that what I have this day committed, (advised by his mistaken friendship,) may have done my love irreparable prejudice.

Lady B. No, my lord; since I perceive his little arts have not prevailed upon your good-nature to my prejudice, I am bound in gratitude, in duty to myself, and to the confession you have made, my lord, to acknowledge now, I have been to blame, too.

More. Ah! is it possible? can you own so much? Oh! my transported heart!

Lady B. He says I have taken pleasure in seeing you uneasy—I own it: but it was when that uneasiness, I thought, proceeded from your love; and if you did love—'twill not be much to pardon it.

More. Oh! let my soul, thus bending to your power, adore this soft descending goodness.

Lady B. And since the giddy woman's slights I have shewn you too often, have been public, 'tis fit, at last, the amends and reparation should be so: therefore, what I offered to Sir Charles, I now repeat before this company, my utter detestation of any past or future gallantry that has or shall be offered by me to your uneasiness.

More. Oh! be less generous, or teach me to deserve it. Now blush, Sir Charles, at your injurious accusation.

Lady B. As for my Lord Foppington, I owe him thanks for having been so friendly an instrument of our reconciliation; for, though in the little outward gallantry I received from him, I did not immediately trust him with my design in it, yet I have a better opinion of his understanding than to suppose he could mistake it.

Fop. I am struck dumb with the deliberation of her assurance; and do not positively remember that the non-chalance of my temper ever had so bright an occasion to shew itself before. (*Aside.*)

Lady B. My lord, I hope you'll pardon the freedom I have taken with you.

Fop. Oh! madam, don't be under the confusion of an apology upon my account; for, in cases of this nature, I am never disappointed, but when I find a lady of the same mind two hours together.

Lady B. My lord, that's a very prudent temper. *Fop.* Madam, to convince you that I am in an universal peace with mankind, give me leave to have the honour of completing it, by joining your hands where you have already offered up your inclination. [you.]

Lady B. My lord, that's a favour I can't refuse *More.* Generous, indeed, my lord.

Fop. And, staph my breath! if ever I was better pleased since my first entrance into human nature.

Sir C. How now, my lord! What, throw up the cards before you have lost the game?

Fop. Lookye! Charles, 'tis true, I did design to have played with her alone: but he that will keep well with the ladies must sometimes be content to make one at a pool with them: and since I know I must engage her in my turn, I don't see any great odds in letting him take the first game with her.

Sir C. Wisely considered, my lord.

Lady B. And now, Sir Charles—

Sir C. And now, madam, I'll save you the trouble of a long speech; and, in one word, confess that everything I have done in regard to you this day was purely artificial. I saw there was no way to secure you to my Lord Morelove but by alarming your pride with the danger of losing him: and since the success must have, by this time, convinced you that in love nothing is more ridiculous than an over-acted aversion; I am sure you won't take it ill, if we at last congratulate your good-nature by heartily laughing at the fright we had put you in. Ha, ha!

Lady B. Why—well, I declare it now, I hate you worse than ever.

Sir C. Ha, ha, ha! And was it afraid they would take away its love from it. Poor Lady Betty!

Lady E. My dear, I beg your pardon; but 'tis impossible not to laugh when one's so heartily pleased.

Fop. Really, madam, I am afraid the humour of the company will draw me into your displeasure, too; but if I were to expire this moment, my last breath would positively go out with a laugh.

Lady B. Nay, I have deserved it all, that's the truth on't; but I hope, my lord, you were not in this design against me.

More. As a proof, madam, I am inclined never to deceive you more, I do confess I had my share in it.

Lady B. You do, my lord; then I declare 'twas a design the best carried on, that ever I knew in my life; and (to my shame I own it) for aught I know, the only thing that could have prevailed upon my temper: it was a foolish pride that has

cost me many a bitten lip to support it. I wish we don't both repent, my lord. [never shall.]

More. Don't you repent without me, and we
Sir C. Well, madam, now the worst that the world can say of your past conduct is, that my lord had constancy, and you have tried it.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. (To More.) My lord, Mr. Le Fevre's below, and desires to know what time your lordship will please to have the music begin.

More. Sir Charles, what say you? will you give me leave to bring them hither?

Sir C. As the ladies think fit, my lord.

Lady B. Oh! by all means; 'twill be better here, unless we could have the Terrace to ourselves.

More. Then, pray, desire them to come all hither immediately. [*Exit Serv.*]

Enter LADY GRAVEAIRS.

Lady G. Yes, you may well start! but don't suppose I am now come, like a poor fool, to upbraid your guilt; but, if I could, to blast you with a look.

Sir C. Come, come, you have sense—don't expose yourself: you are unhappy, and I own myself the cause; the only satisfaction I can offer you is, to protest no new engagement takes me from you; but a sincere reflection of the long neglect and injuries I have done the best of wives; for whose amends and only sake I now must part with you, and all the inconvenient pleasures of my life.

Lady G. Have you then fallen into the low contempt of exposing me, and to your wife, too?

Sir C. 'Twas impossible without it, I could ever be sincere in my conversion.

Lady G. Despicable!

Sir C. Do not think so: for my sake I know she'll not reproach you; nor, by her carriage, ever let the world perceive you've wronged her.

Lady E. Lady Graveairs, I hope you'll sup with us? [pany.]

Lady G. Madam, I can't refuse such good company.

Sir C. You see the worst of her resentment: in the meantime, don't endeavour to be her friend, and she'll never be your enemy.

Lady G. I am unfortunate: 'tis what my folly has deserved, and I submit to it.

More. So! here's the music. (*Music.*)

Lady E. Come, ladies, shall we sit?

SONG.

Sabina, with an angel's face,

By love ordain'd for joy,

Seems of the syren's cruel race,

To charm and then destroy:

With all the arts of look and dress,

She fans the fatal fire;

Through pride, mistaken oft for grace,

She bids the swain expire.

The god of love enrag'd to see

The nymph defy his flame,

Pronounc'd his merciless decree

Against the haughty dame;

Let age with double speed o'ertake her,

Let love the room of pride supply;

And when the lovers all forsake her,

A spotless virgin let her die.

Sir C. (To Lady E.) Now, my dear, I find my happiness grow fast upon me. In all my past experience of the sex, I found, even among the better sort, so much of folly, pride, malice, passion, and irresolute desire, that I concluded you but of the foremost rank, and, therefore, scarcely worthy my concern; but thou hast stirred me with so severe a proof of thy exalted virtue, it gives me wonder equal to my love. If, then, the unkindly thought of what I have been, hereafter should intrude upon thy growing quiet, let this reflection teach thee to be easy:

*Thy wrongs, when greatest, most thy virtue prov'd,
And from that virtue found, I blush'd and truly lov'd.*

[*Exeunt.*]

LOVE A LA MODE;

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY CHARLES MACKLIN.



Act I.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

SIR THEODORE GOODCHILD
SIR ARCHY MACSARCASM

SIR CALLAGHAN O'BRALLAGHAN
'SQUIRE GROOM

MR. MORDECAI
CHARLOTTE

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at Sir Theodore Goodchild's.*

Enter SIR THEODORE GOODCHILD and CHARLOTTE.

Char. Nay, there can be no harm in a little mirth, guardian; even those who happen to be the objects must approve the justice of it.

Sir T. But consider, Charlotte, what will the world say of me? Will it not be in every mouth, that Sir Theodore Goodchild was a very imprudent man, in combining with his ward to turn her lovers into ridicule?

Char. Not at all, sir; the world will applaud the mirth, especially when they know what kind of lovers they are; and that the sole motive of their addresses was the lady's fortune. Well, sure, since the days of giants and enchanted castles, no poor damsel has been besieged by such a group of odd mortals. Let me review my equipage of lovers: the first upon the list is a beau Jew, who, in spite of nature and education, sets up for a wit, a gentleman; and a man of taste.

Sir T. Ay, laugh at him as much as you will.

Char. The next is a downright English, Newmarket, stable-bred, gentleman-jockey; who, having ruined his finances by dogs, grooms, cocks, and horses, and such like company, now thinks to retrieve his affairs by a matrimonial match with a city fortune.

Sir T. Ha, ha, ha! I find, madam, you have perused the 'squire with great exactness.

Char. Pretty well, sir. To this Newmarket wight succeeds a proud, haughty, Caledonian knight; whose tongue, like the dart of death, spares neither sex nor age: all dread, and all feel it.

Sir T. Yes, yes; his insolence of family, and licentiousness of wit, have gained him the contempt

and general toleration of mankind. But we must not look upon his spleen and ill-nature, my dear, as a national, but a personal vice.

Char. As such, sir, I always understand, and laugh at him. Well, of all my swains, he is the most whimsical; his passion is to turn every mortal into ridicule: even I, the object of his flame, cannot escape; for, while his avarice courts my fortune, his pride despises and sneers at my birth.

Sir T. That, Charlotte, is only to shew his wit.

Char. True, sir. The next in Cupid's train is your nephew, guardian; a wild Irish, Prussian, hard-headed soldier, whose military humour, and fondness for his profession, make me fancy, sometimes, that he was not only born in a siege, but that Bellona had been his nurse, Mars his school-master, and the furies his playfellows. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir T. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, fie! Charlotte, how can you be so severe upon my poor nephew?

Char. Upon my honour, Sir Theodore, I don't mean to be severe, for I like his character extremely. Ha, ha!

Sir T. Well, well; notwithstanding your mirth, madam, I assure you, he has gained the highest esteem in his profession. But what can you expect, my dear, from a soldier, a mere rough-hewn soldier, who, at the age of fifteen, would leave Ireland and his friends? so that I don't suppose he has six ideas out of his profession: garrisons and camps have been the courts and academies that have formed him. But he ever had, from a child, a kind of military madness.

Char. Oh! I am in love with his warlike humour, I think it highly entertaining.

Sir T. As he has not made any direct addresses to you, Charlotte, let me inform him how improper such a step would be, and even let us leave him out of our scheme to-night.

Char. Oh! sir, impossible! our day's sport, our plot, our everything, would be imperfect without him; why, I intend him to be the leading instrument in the concert. One cannot possibly do without Sir Callaghan Brall—Bra—Brall—Pray, guardian, teach me to pronounce my lover's name.

Sir T. Thou art a mad creature! Well, madam, I will indulge your wicked mirth: his name is Callaghan O'Brallaghan.

Char. Oh, shocking! Callaghan O'Brallaghan! Why, it is enough to choke one; and it is as difficult to be uttered as a Welsh pedigree. Why, if the fates should bring us together, I shall be obliged to hire an Irish interpreter to go about with me, to teach the people to pronounce my name. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir T. You may laugh, madam, but he is as proud of that name as any of your lovers are of their titles. I suppose they all dine here.

Char. Certainly; all but Squire Groom.

Sir T. Oh! you must not expect him; he is at York; he was to ride his great match there yesterday. Let me see: what is it o'clock! almost three. I will but just step to Lincoln's-inn Hall, and see what they are doing in your cause; it is to be ended to-day. By the time I return, I suppose your company will be come. A good morning to you, Charlotte.

Char. Sir, a good morning. [*Exit Sir T. Mordecai.* (*Sings Italian without.*)

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Mordecai, madam.

Char. Shew him in. [*Exit Serv.*

Enter MORDECAI.

Morde. (*Singing an Italian air, and addressing Charlotte fantastically.*) Voi sete molto cortese! anima mia! Here let me kneel and pay my softest adoration; and thus, and thus, in amorous transport, breathe my last. (*Kisses her hand.*)

Char. Ha, ha, ha! Softly, softly! You would not, surely, breathe your last yet, Mr. Mordecai?

Morde. Why, no, madam; I would live a little longer for your sake. (*Bowing very low.*)

Char. Ha, ha, ha! You are infinitely polite: but a truce with your gallantry—why, you are as gay as the sun; I think I never saw anything better fancied than that suit of your's, Mr. Mordecai.

Morde. Ha, ha!—a—well enough; just as my tailor fancied. Ha, ha, ha! Do you like it, madam?

Char. Quite elegant! I don't know any one about town deserves the title of beau better than Mr. Mordecai.

Morde. Oh! dear madam, you are very obliging.

Char. I think you are called Beau Mordecai by everybody.

Morde. Yes, madam, they do distinguish me by that title, but I don't think I merit the honour.

Char. Nobody more; for I think you are always by far the finest man in town. But, do you know that I have heard of your extraordinary court, the other night, at the opera, to Miss Sprightly?

Morde. Oh, heavens! madam, how can you be so severe! That the woman has designs, I steadfastly believe; but as to me—oh!

Char. Ha, ha, ha! Nay, nay, you must not deny it, for my intelligence is from very good hands.

Morde. Pray, who may that be?

Char. Sir Archy Macsarcasm.

Morde. Oh, shocking! the common Pasquin of the town: besides, madam, you know he's my rival, and not very remarkable for veracity in his narrations.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! I cannot say he's a religious observer of truth, but his humour always makes amends for his invention. You must allow he has humour, Mr. Mordecai.

Morde. O cuor mio! How can you think so?

Bating his scandal, dull, as an alderman after six pounds of turtle, four bottles of port, and twelve pipes of tobacco.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! Oh! surfeiting, surfeiting!

Morde. The man, indeed, has something droll, something ridiculous in him; his abominable Scots accent, his grotesque visage almost buried in snuff, the roll of his eyes, and twist of his mouth, his strange, inhuman laugh, his tremendous periwig, and his manner altogether, indeed, has something so caricatureably risible in it, that—ha, ha, ha!—may I die, madam, if I don't take him for a mountebank-doctor at a Dutch fair.

Char. Oh, oh! what a picture has he drawn!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir Archy Macsarcasm is below, madam.

Char. Shew him up. [*Exit Serv.*

Morde. Don't you think, madam, he is a horrid, foul-mouthed, uncouth fellow? He is worse to me, madam, than assafoetida, or a tallow-chandler's shop in the dog-days; his filthy high-dried poisons me, and his scandal is grosser than a hackney news-writer's: madam, he is as much despised by his own countrymen as by the rest of the world. The better sort of Scotland never keep him company: but that is *entre nous, entre nous*.

Sir A. (*Without.*) Randol, bid Sawney be here wi' the chariot at aught o'clock exactly.

Enter SIR ARCHY MACSARCASM. (*Mordecai runs up to embrace him.*)

Ha, ha, ha! my chield-o' circumcision, gie's a wag o' yer loof; hoo d'y'e do, my bonny Eesraelite?

Morde. Always at your service, Sir Archy. He stinks worse than a Scotch snuff-shop. (*Aside.*)

Sir A. Weel, Mordecai, I see ye are as deeligent in the service o' yer mistress as in the service o' yer leuking-glass, for yer face and yer thoughts are a' turned upon the ane or the ither.

Morde. And I see your wit, Sir Archy, like a lawyer's tongue, will ever retain its usual politeness and good-nature.

Char. (*Coming forward.*) Ha, ha, ha! Civil and witty on both sides. Sir Archy, your most obedient. (*Courtesies.*)

Sir A. Ten thousand pardons, madam, I didna observe ye; I hope I see yer ladyship weel. Ah! ye look like a diveenity. (*Bowing awkwardly and low.*)

Char. Sir Archy, this is immensely gallant.

Sir A. Weel, madam, I see my friend Mordecai here, is determined to tak' awa' the prize frae us a'. Ha, ha, ha! He is tricked out in a' the colours o' the rainbow.

Char. Mr. Mordecai is always well dressed, Sir Archy.

Sir A. Upon honour, he is as fine as a jay. Turn about, mon, turn about; let us view yer finery: stap along, and let us see yer shapes; he has a bonny march wi' him; vary weel, vary aleequant. Ha, ha, ha! Guid troth! I think I never saw a tooth-drawer better dressed in a' my life. (*Admiring Mordecai's dress.*)

Char. Ha, ha, ha!

Morde. You are very polite, sir.

Char. But, Sir Archy, what is become of my Irish lover, your friend, Sir Callaghan? I hope he dines here.

Sir A. Ah, ah! guid faith wall he! I hae brought him along wi' me.

Char. What, is he in the house?

Sir A. Ay, in this very mansion, madam; for ye maun ken, that, like the monarchs o' auld, I never travel noo without my feul.

Char. Then, pray, Sir Archy, exhibit your fool.

Morde. Let's have a slice of him.

Sir A. Jauntily, jauntily; no' so fast! he's no' in right order yet.

Char. How do you mean, Sir Archy?

Sir A. Madam, as we came hither, I concocted him to write a love epistle to you, by way o' introduction till his courtship: he is noo about it below stairs, 'in ten minutes ye may look to see an amorous billet, sic as hae nae been penned sin' the days o' Don Quixote. Ha, ha, ha!

Char. Oh, charming! I shall be impatient till I see his passion upon paper.

Sir A. Gude faith! madam, he has done that already; for he has composed a jargon that he ca's a sonnet, upon his bewitching Charlotte, as he terms you. Mordecai, you have heard him sing it.

Morde. I beg your pardon, Sir Archy, I have heard him roar it. Madam, we had him last night at the tavern, and made him give it to us in an Irish howl, that might be heard from hence to West Chester.

Sir A. Ha, ha, ha! Why, ye have a deevilish deal o' wit, Mordecai.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! I must hear this song.

Morde. Madam, your servant: I will leave Sir Archy to entertain you for a few minutes.

Char. You are not going, Mr. Mordecai?

Morde. Madam, I am only going down stairs to see if Sir Callaghan is disengaged; and if he be, to have a laugh at him before dinner, by way of a whet; that's all, madam; only by way of a whet.

Sir A. But, harkye! Mr. Mordecai, not a seelable o' the letter.

Morde. Oh! never fear me, Sir Archy, I am as secret as a spy. [Exit.

Sir A. What a fantastical baboon this Eesraelite maks o' himself! The fallow is the mockery o' the hale nation.

Char. Why, to say the truth, he is entertaining, Sir Archy.

Sir A. Oh! yes, he is ridiculous, therefore, very usefu' in society; for wherever he comes there maun be laughter. But, now, madam, if ye please, a word or twa o' oor ain matters: ye see I dinna pester ye wi' flames, and darts, and sighings, and lamentations, and freevolous protestations, like yer silly lovers in a romance; for ye ken I always speak my thoughts wi' a blunt integrity: madam, I love you, and gin I didna, I wad scorn to say it.

Char. Oh! Sir Archy, all the world allows you sincerity, which is the most valuable quality a friend or a lover can possess.

Sir A. Very true, madam; therefore, I cannot help gi'ing ye a bit o' advice concerning these fallows about ye, wha ca' themselfs your lovers. 'Squire Groom, doubtless, is a man o' honour, and my very gude friend, but he is a beggar, a beggar; and, touching this Mordecai, the fallow's walthy, 'tis true; yes, yes, he is walthy, but he is a reptile, a mere reptile! and, as to the Irishman, Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, the fallow's weel enough to laugh at, but I wad hae ye look about ye there; for ye ken that yer guardian is his uncle, and, to my certain knowledge, there is a design upon yer fortune in that quarter, depend upon it.

Char. Very possible, Sir Archy, very possible; for a woman's fortune, I believe, is the principal object of every lover's wish.

Sir A. Madam, yer observation is very orthodox, in truth, as to Mordecai, Sir Callaghan, 'Squire Groom, and sic like fallows; but men o' honour—men o' honour, madam, hae ither principles. I assure ye, lady, the tenor o' my affection is nae for your pecuniar, but for the mental graces o' yer saul, and the deevine perfections o' yer body, which are, indeed, to me a Peru and a Mexico.

Char. Oh! Sir Archy, you overwhelm me.

Sir A. Madam, I speak upon the veerity o' mine honour; beside, madam, gin ye marry me, ye wull marry a man o' sobriety and economy: 'tis true, I am not in the high-day o' blude, yet, as the poet sings, 'far frae the vale o' years; not like our young

flashy whipsters, that gang aff like a squib or a cracker on a rejoicing night, in a noise and a stink, and are never heard o' after.

Char. You are certainly right, Sir Archy, the young fellows of fashion are mere trifles.

Sir A. They are baubles, madam; absolute baubles and prodigals; therefore, ye should preponderate the matter weel before ye mak' yer election. Consider, madam, there is nae scant o' walth or honour in oor family. Lady, ye hae, in the house o' Macsarcasm, twa harons, three viscounts, sax earls, ane marquise, and twa dukes, besides baronets and lairds oot o' a' reckoning.

Char. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir A. What gars ye laugh, madam?

Char. I beg yer pardon, sir; but—ha, ha, ha! —I am laughing to—ha, ha, ha!—to think what a number of noble relations I shall have.

Sir A. 'Faith! wull ye, madam; and ither guess families than ye hae in this part o' the world. Odswuns! madam, there is as much difference betwixt our nobeility o' the north, and your's o' the south, as there is between a hound o' blude and a mangrel.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! Pray, how do you make out that, Sir Archy?

Sir A. Why, madam, in Scotland, a' oor nobeility are sprung frae monarchs, warriors, heroes, and glorious achievements; now, here in the south, ye are a' sprung frae sugar-hogsheads, rum-punches, woo'-packs, hop-sacks, earn-bars, and tar-jackets; in short, ye are a composition of Jews, Turks, and refugees, and o' a' the commercial vagrants o' the land and sea; a sort of amphibious breed ye are.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! We are a strange mixture, indeed; nothing like so pure and noble as you are in the north.

Sir A. Oh! naething like it, madam, naething like it; we are o' another kidney. Now, madam, as ye yourself are nae weel propagated, as ye hae the misfortune to be a child o' commerce, ye should endeavour to mak' your espousals into ane o' oor auncient noble families o' the north; for ye maun ken, madam, that sic an alliance wull purify yer blude, and gie ye a rank and consequence in the world that a yer pelf, were it as muckle as the bank o' Edenbrough, cou'dna purchase for ye.

Char. Very true, Sir Archy, very true; upon my word, your advice is friendly and impartial, and I will think of it.

Enter MORDECAI.

Morde. Here he is; he is coming, madam; he is but just giving some orders to his servant about his baggage and post-horses.

Char. I hope he is not going away.

Morde. Troth is he, madam; he is impatient to be with the army in Germany.

Sir C. (Within.) Is Sir Archy Macsarcasm and the lady this way, do you say, young man?

Serv. (Within.) Yes, sir.

Sir C. (Within.) Then, I'll trouble you with no further ceremony.

Enter SIR CALLAGHAN O'BRALLAGHAN.

Madam, I am your most devoted and most obedient humble servant, and am proud to have the honour of kissing your fair hand this morning. (*Salutes Charlotte.*)

Char. Sir Callaghan, your humble servant. I am sorry to hear we are likely to lose you. I was in hopes the campaign had been quite over in Germany for this winter.

Sir C. Yes, madam, it was quite over, but it began again: a true genius never loves to quit the field till he has left himself nothing to do; for then, you know, madam, he can keep it with more safety.

Sir A. Well, but, Sir Callaghan, just as ye entered the apartment, the lady was urging she should

like it mightily, gin ye wad favour her wi' a slight narrative of the late transactions and battles in Germany.

Char. If Sir Callaghan would be so obliging.

Sir C. Oh! dear madam, don't ax me.

Char. Sir, I beg pardon; I would not press anything I thought might be disagreeable to you.

Sir C. Oh! dear madam, it is not for that; but it rebuts a man of honour to be talking to ladies of battles, and sieges, and skirmages; it looks like gasconading and making the fanfaron. Besides, madam, I give you my honour, there is no such thing in nature as making a true description of a

Char. How so, sir? [battle.

Sir C. Why, madam, there is so much doing everywhere, there is no knowing what is done anywhere; for every man has his own part to look after, which is as much as he can do, without minding what other people are about. Then, madam, there is such drumming and trumpeting, firing and smoking, fighting and rattling everywhere; and such an uproar of courage and slaughter in every man's mind; and such a delightful confusion altogether, that you can no more give an account of it than you can of the stars in the sky.

Sir A. As I shall answer it, I think it a very descriptive account that he gives of a battle.

Char. Admirable! and very entertaining.

Morde. Oh, delightful!

Sir A. Mordecai, ask him some questions; to him, to him, mon; hae a little fun wi' him; smoke him, smoke him; rally him, mon, rally him. (*Apart to Mordecai.*)

Morde. I'll do it, I'll do it; yes, I will smoke the Captain. (*Apart.*) Well, and pray, Sir Callaghan, how many might you kill in a battle?

Sir C. Sir?

Morde. I say, sir, how many might you have killed in any one battle?

Sir C. Kill! Hum! Why, I generally kill more in a battle than a coward would choose to look upon, or than an impertinent fellow would be able to eat. Ha! are you answered, Mr. Mordecai?

Morde. Yes, yes, sir, I am answered. He is a devilish droll fellow; vastly queer.

Sir A. Yes, he is very queer. But ye were very sharp upon him. Odswuns! at him again, at him again; have another cut at him. (*Apart.*)

Morde. Yes, I will have another cut at him. (*Apart.*)

Sir A. Do, do. He'll bring himsel intill a d—d scrape presently. (*Aside.*)

Morde. (*Going to Sir C. and sneering at him.*) He, he, he! But, harkye! Sir Callaghan—be, he, he!—give me leave to tell you now, if I were a general—

Sir C. You a general! 'Faith! then, you would make a very pretty general. (*Turns Mordecai about.*) Pray, madam, look at the general. Ha, ha, ha!

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir C. Oh! my dear Mr. Mordecai, be advised, and don't prate about generals; it is a very hard trade to learn, and requires being in the field late and early, a great many frosty nights and scorching days, to be able to eat and drink, and laugh, and rejoice, with danger on one side of you, and death on the other; and a hundred things beside, that you know no more of than I do of being high-priest of a synagogue; so hold your tongue about generals, Mr. Mordecai, and go and mind your lottery-tickets, and your cent. per cent. in 'Change-alley.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir A. Ha, ha, ha! He hath tickled up the Eesraelite: he has gi'en it the Moabite o' baith sides o' his lugs.

Char. But, Sir Callaghan, sure, you must have been in imminent danger in the variety of actions you must have gone through.

Sir C. Oh! to be sure, madam; who would be a soldier without danger? Danger, madam, is a soldier's greatest glory, and death his best reward.

Morde. Ha, ha, ha! That is an excellent bull. Death a reward! Pray, Sir Callaghan, no offence, I hope, how do you make death being a reward?

Sir C. How! Why, don't you know that?

Morde. Not I, upon honour!

Sir C. Why, a soldier's death in the field of battle, is a monument of fame, that makes him as much alive as Cæsar, or Alexander, or any dead hero of them all.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Char. Very well explained, Sir Callaghan.

Sir C. Why, madam, when the history of the English campaigns in America come to be written, there is your own brave young general, that died in the field of battle before Quebec, will be alive to the end of the world.

Char. You are right, Sir Callaghan; his virtues, and those of his fellow-soldiers in that action, will be remembered by their country while Britain or British greatness has a being.

Sir A. Oh! the highlanders did gude service in that action; they cut them, and slashed them, and whapt them about, and played the vary deevil wi' them, sir. There's the nae sic thing as standing a highlander's Andrew Ferara; they will slauchie aff a fallow's head, at a dash slap: it was they that did the business at Quebec.

Sir C. I dare say they were not idle, for they are tight fellows. Give me your hand, Sir Archy; I assure you, your countrymen are good soldiers; ay, and so are our's, too.

Char. Well, Sir Callaghan, I assure you, I am charmed with your heroism, and greatly obliged to you for your account. Come, Mr. Mordecai, we will go down to Sir Theodore, for I think I heard his coach stop.

Morde. Madam, I attend you with pleasure: will you honour me with the tip of your ladyship's wedding-finger? Sir Callaghan, your servant; your's, your's; look here, here. [*Exit with Char.*]

Sir C. I find he is a very impertinent coxcomb, this same beau Mordecai.

Sir A. Yes, sir, he is a d—d impudent rascal!

Sir C. I assure you, I had a great mind to be upon the *qui vive* with him, for his jokes and his mockeries, but that the lady was by.

Sir A. Yes, he is a cursed impudent fellow! Because he is suffered to speak till a man o' fashion at Bath and Tunbridge, and other public places, the rascal always obtrudes himsel upon ye. But, Sir Callaghan, hae ye written the letter to the lady?

Sir C. I have not.

Sir A. Hoo happened that, mon?

Sir C. Why, upon reflecting, I found it would not be consisting with the decorums of a man of honour, to write to a lady in the way of matrimonial advances, before I had first made my affections known to her guardian, who is, you know, my uncle; so, I have indited the letter to him instead of the lady, which is the same thing, you know.

Sir A. Ha, ha! Exactly, exactly: for, so ye do but write about it, ye ken, it matters not to whom.

Sir C. Ay, that is what I thought myself: so, here it is. (*Takes out a letter.*) "To Sir Theodore Goodchild."

Sir A. Ay, let us have it: I warrant it's a bonny epistle.

Sir C. (*Reads.*) "Sir,—As I have the honour to bear the character of a soldier, and to call Sir Theodore Goodchild uncle, I do not think it would be consisting with a man of honour to behave like a scoundrel."

Sir A. That's an excellent remark, Sir Callaghan, an excellent remark, and vary new.

Sir C. Yes, I think it is a good remark. (*Reads.*) "Therefore, I thought proper, before I proceeded any

farther, (for I have done nothing as yet,) to break my mind to you before I engage the affections of the young lady." You see, Sir Archy, I intend to carry the place like a soldier, *à la militaire*, as we say abroad, for I make my approaches regularly to the breast-work, before I attempt the covered way.

Sir A. Excellent! that's excellent!

Sir C. Yes, I think it will do. (Reads.) "*For as you are a gentleman, and one that knows my family by my father's side, which, you are sensible, is as old as any in the three kingdoms, and older, too; so, I thought it would be foolish to stand shilly-shally any longer, but come to the point at once.*" You see, Sir Archy, I give him a rub; but by way of a hint about my family; because why, do you see? Sir Theodore is my uncle only by my mother's side, which is a little upstart family, that came in with one Strongbow, but t'other day—lord! not above six or seven hundred years ago; whereas, my family, by my father's side, are all the true old Milesians, and related to the O'Flaherty's and O'Shaughnesses, and the Mac Lauchlins, the O'Donnaghans, O'Callaghans, O'Geogaghans, and all the tick blood of the nation; and I myself, you know, am an O'Brallaghan, which is the ouldest of them all.

Sir A. Ay, ay; I believe ye are o' an auncient family, Sir Callaghan; but ye are oot in ane point.

Sir C. What is that, Sir Archy?

Sir A. Whar, ye said ye were as auncient as any family i' the three kingdoms.

Sir C. 'Faith! then, I said nothing but truth.

Sir A. Hut, hut, hut awa', mon! hut awa'! ye munna say that; what the de'il! consider our families i' the north; why, ye o' Ireland, sir, are but a colony frae us; an ootcast, a mere ootcast; and as such ye remain till this hour.

Sir C. I beg your pardon, Sir Archy, that is the Scotch account, which, you know, never speaks truth, because it is always partial: but the Irish history, which must be the best, because it was written by an Irish poet of my own family, one Shemus Thurlough Shannaghan O'Brallaghan, and he says, in his chapter of genealogy, that the Scotch are all Irishmen's bastards.

Sir A. Hoo, sir! bastards! Do ye mak' us illegitimate, illegitimate, sir?

Sir C. 'Faith! I do: for the youngest branch of our family, one Mac Fergus O'Brallaghan, was the very man that went from Carrickfergus, and peopled all Scotland with his own hands; so that, my dear Sir Archy, you must be bastards, of course, you know.

Sir A. Harkye! Sir Callaghan, though yer ignorance and vanity wad mak' conquerors and ravishers o' yer auncesters, and harlots and Sabines o' oor mithers, yet, ye sall prove, sir, that their issue are a' the children o' honour.

Sir C. Harkye, harkye! Sir Archy, what is that ye mentioned about ignorance and vanity?

Sir A. Sir, I denounce ye baith ignorant and vain, and mak' yer maist o't.

Sir C. 'Faith! sir, I can make nothing of it; for they are words I don't understand, because they are what no gentleman is used to; and, therefore, you must unsay them.

Sir A. Hoo, sir! eat my words? a North Briton eat his words?

Sir C. Indeed, you must, and this instant eat them.

Sir A. Ye sall eat first a piece o' this weapon. (Draws.)

Sir C. Poo, poo! Sir Archy, put up, put up; this is no proper place for such work; consider, drawing a sword is a very serious piece of business, and ought always to be done in private: we may be prevented here; but if you are for a little of that fun, come away to the right spot, my dear.

Sir A. Nae equivocation, sir; dinna ye think ye

hae gotten beaun Mordecai to cope wi'. Defend yersel; for, by the sacred honour o' Saint Andrew, ye sall be responsible for makin' us illegitimate, sir, illegitimate!

Sir C. Then, by the sacred crook of Saint Patrick, you are a very foolish man to quarrel about such a trifle. But since you have a mind for a tilt, have at you, my dear, for the honour of the sod. Oh! my jewel! never fear us, you are as welcome as the flowers of May. (They fight.)

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. Oh, bless me! gentlemen, what are you doing? What is all this about?

Sir C. Madam, it is about Sir Archy's great-grandmother.

Char. His great-grandmother!

Sir C. Yes, madam; he is angry that I said my ancestor, Fergus O'Brallaghan, was a gallant of her's.

Char. Grandmother! Pray, Sir Archy, what is the meaning of all this?

Sir A. Madam, he has cast an affront upon a hale nation.

Sir C. I am sure, if I did, it was more than I intended; I only argued out of the history of Ireland, to prove the antiquity of the O'Brallaghans.

Sir A. Weel, sir, sin ye say ye didna intend the affront, I am satisfied. (Puts up his sword.)

Sir C. Not I, upon my honour; there are two things I am always afraid of: the one is, of being affronted myself, and the other, of affronting any man.

Sir A. Vary weel, sir, vary weel.

Char. That is a prudent and a very generous maxim, Sir Callaghan. Sir Archy, pray, let me beg that this affair may end here: I desire you will be the friends you were before this mistake happened.

Sir A. Madam, yer commands are absolute.

Char. Sir Callaghan—

Sir C. Madam, with all my heart and soul. I assure you, Sir Archy, I had not the least intention of affronting or quarrelling with you. (Offers to embrace.)

Sir A. (Starting from him with contempt.) Vary weel, sir, vary weel.

Sir C. Oh! the curse of Cromwell upon your proud Scotch stomach! (Aside.)

Char. Well, gentlemen, I am glad to see you are come to a right understanding: I hope 'tis all over.

Sir A. I am satisfied, madam; there is an end on't. But now, Sir Callaghan, let me tell ye as a friend, ye should never enter intill a dispute aboot leeterature, heestory, or the antequity o' families, for ye hae gotten sic a wicked, awkward, cursed jargon upon yer tongue, that ye are never inteelligible in yer language.

Sir C. Ha, ha, ha! I beg your pardon, Sir Archy, it is you that have got such a cursed twist of a fat Scotch brogue about the middle of your own tongue, that you can't understand good English when I spake it you.

Sir A. Ha, ha, ha! Weel, that is droll enough, upon honour! ye are as gude as a farce or a comedy: but ye are oot again, Sir Callaghan; it is ye that hae the brogue, and not me; for a' the world kens I speak the sooth country sae weel, that wharever I gang, I am always ta'en for an Englishman: but we wul mak' judgment by the lady which of us twa has the brogue?

Sir C. Oh! with all my heart! Pray, madam, have I the brogue?

Char. Ha, ha, ha! Not in the least, Sir Callaghan, not in the least.

Sir C. I am sure I could never perceive it.

Char. Pray, Sir Archy, drop this contention, or we may chance to have another quarrel; you both speak most elegant English: neither of you have the brogue; neither. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Dinner is served, madam, and Sir Theodore desires your company. *[Exit.]*

Char. I'll wait on him. Gentlemen, you will come. *[Exit.]*

Sir A. Instantly, madam. Weel, Sir Callaghan, dinna let us drap the design o' the letter, notwithstanding what has happened.

Sir C. Are we friends, Sir Archy?

Sir A. Pooh! upon honour am I; it was a' a mistake.

Sir C. Then give me your hand: I assure you, Sir Archy, I always love a man when I quarrel with him, after I am friends.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Dinner is served, gentlemen. *[Exit.]*

Sir A. Come along, then, Sir Callaghan; I will bring ye and the lady together after dinner, and then we sall see hoo ye'll mak' yer advances in love.

Sir C. Oh! never fear me, Sir Archy: I will not stay to make a regular siege of it, but will take her at once with a *coup de main*, or die upon the spot; for, as the old song says, Sir Archy:

*You never did hear of an Irishman's fear,
In love or in battle, in love or in battle;*

*We are always on duty, and ready for beauty,
Tho' cannons do rattle, tho' cannons do rattle:*

By day and by night, we love and we fight,

We're honour's defender, we're honour's defender;

The foe and the fair we always take care

To make them surrender, to make them surrender.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter SIR ARCHY MACSARCASM and CHARLOTTE.

Sir A. Odswuns! madam, step intill us for a moment, ye wull crack yoursell wi' laughter; we hae gotten anither feul come to divert us unexpectedly, which, I think, is the highest finished feul the age has produced.

Char. Whom do you mean, Sir Archy?

Sir A. 'Squire Groom, madam; but sic a figure, the finest ye ever beheld: his little half-beuts, black cap, jockey dress, and a' his pontificalibus, just as he rid the match yesterday at York. Antequity, in a' its records o' Greek and Roman folly, never produced a senator, visiting his mistress in so complete a feul's garb.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! Ridiculous! I thought I had done wondering at the mirror of folly; but he is one of those geniuses that never appear without surprising the world with some new stroke.

Enter MORDECAI.

Morde. Oh! madam—ha, ha, ha!—I am expiring! such a scene betwixt your two lovers, 'Squire Groom and Sir Callaghan! they have challenged each other.

Char. Oh, heavens! I hope not.

Sir A. Ha, ha, ha! That's gude, that's gude! I thought it would come to action. Ha, ha, ha! That's clever! now we sall hae ane o' them penked. Ha, ha, ha!

Char. How can you laugh, Sir Archy, at such a shocking circumstance?

Morde. Don't be frightened, madam—ha, ha, ha! don't be frightened; neither of them will be killed, take my word for it, unless it be with claret, for that's their weapon.

Char. Oh! Mr. Mordecai, how could you startle one so?

Sir A. Oh! I am sorry for that: gude faith! I was in hopes they had a mind to shew their prowess before their mistress, and that we should hae a little Irish or Newmarket bluid spilt. But what was the cause of challenge, Mordecai?

Morde. Their passion for this lady, sir. 'Squire Groom challenged Sir Callaghan to drink your ladyship's health in a pint bumper, which the knight gallantly accepted in an instant, and returned the challenge in a quart; which was as gallantly received and swallowed by the 'Squire—ha, ha, ha!—and out-braved by a fresh daring of three pints: upon which I thought proper to decamp; not thinking it altogether safe to be near the champions, lest I should be deluged by a cascade of claret.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Char. Oh, monstrous! they will kill themselves.

Morde. Never fear, madam.

Groom. (*Within, hallooing.*) Come along, Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan! hoices, hoices! hark forward, my honeys!

Morde. Here your champion comes, madam.

Enter 'SQUIRE GROOM, drunk.

Groom. Madam, I beg a million of pardons for not being with you at dinner; it was not my fault, upon my honour, for I sat up all night, on purpose to set out betimes; but, about one o'clock, last night, at York, as we were all d—d jolly, that fool, Sir Roger Bumper, borrowed my watch to set his by it—there it is, look at it, madam, it corrects the sun; they all stop by it, at Newmarket—and so, madam, as I was telling you, the drunken block-head put mine back two hours on purpose to deceive me; otherwise, I would have held fifty to one, I should have been here to a second.

Char. Oh! sir, there needs no apology: but how came you to travel in that extraordinary dress?

Groom. A bet, a bet, madam: I rid my match in this very dress yesterday; so, Jack Buck, Sir Roger Bumper, and some more of them, laid me a hundred each, that I would not ride to London and visit you in it, madam. Ha, ha, ha! Don't you think I have touched them, madam? eh! I have taken them all in, eh! haven't I, madam?

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Char. You have, indeed, sir. Pray, what time do you allow yourself to come from York to London?

Groom. Eh! time! Why, bar a neck, a leg, or an arm, sixteen hours, seven minutes, and thirty-three seconds; sometimes three or four seconds under; that is, to the Stones'-end, not to my own house.

Sir A. No, no; not till yer ain hoose, that would be too much.

Groom. No, no; only to the Stones'-end; but then, I have my own hacks—steel to the bottom—all blood—stickers and lappers every inch, my dear, that will come through if they have but one leg out the four. I never keep anything, madam, that is not bottom; game, game to the last: ay, ay, you will find everything that belongs to me game, madam.

Sir A. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, yes, he is game, game to the bottom. There, walk about, and let us see yer shapes. Ha! what a fine figure! why, ye are sae fine a figure, and hae sae gude an understanding for it, it is a pity ye should ever do onything a' yer life but ride horse-races. Dinna ye think he's a cursed idiot, Mordecai? (*Apart.*)

Morde. (*Apart.*) Hum! he is well enough for a 'squire. Ha, ha!

Groom. Madam, I am come to pay my respects to you, according to promise. Well, which of us is to be the happy man? you know I love you; may I never win a match if I don't.

Char. Oh! sir, I am convinced of your passion; I see it in your eyes.

Sir A. Weel, but 'Squire, ye' hae gi'en us nae account hoo the match went.

Char. What was the match?

Groom. Our contribution. There are seven of

us: Jack Buck, Lord Brainless, Bob Rattle, (you know Bob, madam; Bob's a d—d honest fellow!) Sir Harry Idle, Dick Riot, Sir Roger Bumper, and myself. We put in five hundred a-piece, all to ride ourselves, and all to carry my weight. The odds, at starting, were six and seven to four against me, the field round; and the field, ten, fifteen, and twenty to one; for you must know, madam, the thing I was to have ridden was let down—do you mind?—was let down, madam, in his exercise.

Sir A. That was unlucky!

Groom. Oh! d—d unlucky! however, we started off score, by Jupiter; and for the first half-mile, madam, you might have covered us with your under-petticoat. But your friend Bob, madam—ha, ha! I shall never forget it—poor Bob went out of the course, and run over two attorneys, an exciseman, and a little bean Jew, Mordecai's friend, madam, that you used to laugh at so immoderately at Bath; a little, fine, dirty thing, with a chocolate-coloured phiz, just like Mordecai's. The people were in hopes he had killed the lawyers, but were d—y disappointed when they found he had only broken a leg of one, and the back of the other.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir A. And hoo did it end, 'Squire? Wha wan the subscription?

Groom. It lay between Dick Riot and I. We were neck and neck, madam, for three miles, as hard as we could lay leg to ground; made running every inch; but, at the first loose, I felt for him—found I had the foot—knew my bottom—pulled up—pretended to dig and cut—all fudge, all fudge, my dear; gave the signal to Pond to lay it on thick—had the whip-hand all the way—lay with my nose in his flank, under the wind, thus—snug, snug, my dear, quite in hand; while Riot was digging and lapping, right and left; but it would not do, my dear, against foot, bottom, and head; so, within a hundred yards of the distance-post, poor Dick knocked up, as stiff as a turnpike, and left me to canter in by myself, and to touch them all round. Ha! took the odds.

Sir A. Weel, it is wonderful to think to what a pitch of excellence oor nobility are arrived at in the art of sporting; I believe we excel a' the nobility in Europe in that science, especially in jockeyship.

Groom. Sir Archy, I'll tell you what I'll do: I will start a horse, fight a main, hunt a pack of hounds, ride a match or a fox chase, drive a set of horses, or hold a toast, with any nobleman in Europe, for a thousand each, and I say done first.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir A. Why, I ken ye wull, and I wull gang yer halves. Why, madam, the 'Squire is the keenest sportsman in a' Europe. Madam, there is naething comes amiss till him; he wull fish, or fowl, or hunt; he hunts everything; everything frae the flae i' the blanket to the elephant in the forest. He is at a' a perfect Nimrod; are ye not, 'Squire?

Groom. Yes, d—e, I'm a Nimrod, madam; at all, at all; anything, anything. Why, I ran a snail with his grace, the other day, for five hundred; nothing in it; won it hollow, above half a horn's length.

Sir A. By above half a horn's length! that was hallow, indeed, 'Squire.

Groom. Oh! devilish hollow.

Sir A. But where is Sir Callaghan a' this time?

Groom. Oh! he's with Sir Theodore, who is joking him about his drinking bumpers with me, and his passion for you, madam.

Sir A. Ye mun ken, gentlemen, this lady and I hae laid a scheme to hae a little sport wi' Sir Callaghan; now, if you wull step behind that screen, and promise to be silent, I'll gang and fetch him, and ye sall hear him make love as fierce as any hero in a tragedy.

Groom. Sir Archy, I'll be as silent as a hound at fault.

Sir A. Then do ye retire, madam, and come in till him, as if ye came on purpose. I'll fetch him in an instant.

Char. I shall be ready, Sir Archy. [Exit.

Sir A. Get ye behind, get ye behind, gentlemen. [Exit.

Groom. Ay, ay; we'll squat, never fear, Sir Archy. An Irishman make love! I should be glad to hear what an Irishman can say when he makes love. What do you think he'll say, little Shadrach? Do you think he'll make love in Irish?

Morde. Something very like it, I dare say, 'Squire. Let us retire, here they come. [Exeunt.

Enter SIR ARCHY MACASCASM and SIR CALLAGHAN O'BALLAGHAN.

Sir A. Speak bauldly, man; ye ken the auld proverb, "Faint heart—"

Sir C. That is true—"never won fair lady." Yes, I think now I have got a bumper or two, I may tell her my passion, and bring the point to an *eclaircissement*.

Sir A. Ay, that's right, mon! stick to that, she will be wi' you in a twinkling. Yer servant, I wish ye gude success. [Exit.

Sir C. Sir Archy, your servant. Well, now, what am I to do in this business? I know it is a great scandal for a soldier to be in love in time of war: I strive to keep her out of my mind, but can't; the more I strive to do it, the more she comes in. I am upon the forlorn-hope here, so must e'en make my push with vigour at once.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. Sir Callaghan, your servant.

Sir C. Madam, I humbly beg your pardon for not seeing of you sooner; but I was speaking a soliloquy to myself, about your ladyship, and that kept me from observing you.

Char. Sir Theodore told me you wanted to speak to me upon some particular business.

Sir C. Why, lookye, madam, for my part, I was never born or bred in a school of compliments, where they learn fine bows and fine speeches, but in an academy where heads, and legs, and arms, and bullets, dance country-dances without the owner's leave, just as the fortune of war directs: therefore, madam, all that I can say to you is, that your eyes have made me a prisoner of war; that Cupid has made a garrison of my heart, and kept me to devilish hard duty; and if you don't believe me, I shall be a dead man before I come to action.

Char. But, Sir Callaghan, among all your symptoms of love, you have forgot to mention one that I am told is very elegant, and very powerful.

Sir C. Pray, what is that, madam.

Char. A song that I hear you have made, and set yourself, in the true Irish taste.

Sir C. Madam, I own I have been guilty of torturing the muses in the shape of a song, and I hope you will pardon my putting your ladyship's name to it.

Char. Upon one condition I will, which is, that you will do me the favour to let me hear you sing it.

Sir C. Oh! dear madam, don't ax me; it is a foolish song; a mere bagatelle.

Char. Nay, I must insist upon hearing it, as you expect or value the smiles, or fear the frowns, of your mistress; for, by your poetry, I shall judge of your passion.

Sir C. Then, madam, you shall have it, if it were ten times worse. Hem, hem! Fal, lal, la! I don't know how I shall come about the right side of my voice. Now, madam, I tell you beforehand, you must not expect such fine singing from

me as you hear at the opera; for, you know, we Irishmen are not cut out for it like the Italians.

SONG.

*Let other men sing of their goddesses bright,
That darken the day and enlighten the night;
I sing of a woman—but such flesh and blood,
A touch of her finger would do your heart good.
With my fal, la, la, &c.*

*Ten times in each day to my charmer I come,
To tell her my passion, but can't, I'm struck dumb;
For Cupid he seizes my heart by surprise,
And my tongue falls asleep at the sight of her eyes.*

*Her little dog Pompey's my rival, I see;
She kisses and hugs him, but frowns upon me:
Then, pr'ythee, my Charlotte, abuse not your
charms,*

Instead of a lap-dog, take me to your arms.

Char. Well, Sir Callaghan, your poetry is excellent; nothing can surpass it but your singing.

Sir C. Look ye, madam; to come to the point, I know I can't talk fine courtship, and love, and nonsense, like other men; for I don't spake from my tongue, but my heart; so that if you can take up your quarters for life with a man of honour, a sincere lover, and an honest Prussian soldier, now is your time, I am your man. What do you say, madam? Come, speak the word boldly, and take me to your arms.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! Don't be so violent, Sir Callaghan; but, say a lady were inclined to do herself the honour of going before a priest with you, I suppose you would have so much complaisance for your mistress, as to quit your trade of war, and live at home with her, were she to request it of you.

Sir C. Why, look ye, madam, I will deal with you like a man of honour in that point, too, and let you into the secret. I have received the king my master's money (and a brave king he is, I assure you) for above seventeen years, when I had none of my own; and now I am come to a title and fortune, and that he has need of my service, I think it would look like a poltroon to leave him: no, madam, it is a rule with me, never to desert my king or my friend in distress.

Char. Your sentiment is great, I confess. I like your principles; they are noble and most heroic, but a little too military for me. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*]

Sir C. What! does she decline the battle? Well, then, I'll not quit the field yet, though; I'll reconnoitre her once more, and if I can't bring her into action, why, then, I'll break up the camp at once, ride post to Germany to-morrow morning, and so take my leave in a passion, without saying a word. [*Exit.*]

Enter SIR ARCHY MACSARCASM and MORDECAI.

Morde. Pr'ythee, what is the meaning of all this, Sir Archy? the house seems to be in the possession of bailiffs, and Sir Theodore looks and speaks as if an earthquake had just happened.

Sir A. Your conjecture is very right, Mr. Mordecai; 'tis a' o'er wi' him! he is undone! a beggar, and so is the girl.

Morde. You astonish me.

Sir A. It is an unexpected business; but 'tis a fact, I assure ye. Here he is himself. Poor devil! hoo dismal he looks.

Enter SIR THEODORE GOODCHILD and an Attorney.

Sir T. You are the attorney concerned for the creditors, Mr. Atkins?

Attor. I am, Sir Theodore; and am extremely sorry for the accident.

Sir T. I am obliged to you, sir; you do but your duty. The young lady is that way, sir; if you will

step to her, I'll follow you. [*Exit Attorney.*] I hope you will excuse me, Sir Archy; this is a sudden and unhappy affair; I am unfit for company; I must go and open it myself to poor Charlotte. [*Exit.*]

Morde. But, pray, Sir Archy, what has occasioned all this?

Sir A. 'Faith, Mordecai, I dinna ken the particulars: but it seems, that he and a rich merchant in Holland, (his partner, and joint-guardian over this girl,) are baith bankrupts; and, as the lawyer that is without there confirms, have failed for above a hundred thousand pounds mair than they can answer.

Morde. But how is this to affect the young lady?
Sir A. Why, sir, the greatest part of her fortune was in trade it seems, with Sir Theodore and his partner; besides, the suit in chancery, that she had wi' the company for above forty thousand pounds, has been determined against her this very day; so, that they are a' undone. Beggars, beggars!

Morde. I understood that the affair was clearly in her favour.

Sir A. Oh! sir, ye dinna ken the law. The law is a sort of hocus-pocus science, that smiles in yer face while it picks yer pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it.—Here the parties come, and seemingly in great alliance.

Enter SIR THEODORE and CHARLOTTE GOODCHILD.

Char. Dear sir, be patient, and moderate your sorrow; it may not be so terrible as your apprehensions make it. Pray, bear up.

Sir T. For myself I care not; but that you should be involved in my ruin, and left fortuneless; your fair expectations of a noble alliance blasted; your dignity and affluence fallen to scorn and penury—

Char. It cannot prove so bad, sir. I will not despair, nor shall you; for though the law has been so hard against me, yet, in spite of its wiles and treachery, a competency will still remain, which shall be devoted to mitigate your misfortunes. Besides, Sir Archy Macsarcasm is a man of honour, and on his promise and assistance I will rely.

Sir A. Wull ye! ye may as weel rely upon the assistance o' the philosopher's stone. What the deevil, wad she marry me to tinker up the fortunes o' broken citizens. But I wull speak till them, and end the affair at once. (*Aside.*)—I am concerned to see you in this disorder, Sir Theodore.

Char. If all the vows of friendship, honour, and eternal love, which you have so often made me, were not composed of idle breath, and deceitful ceremony, now let their truth be seen.

Sir A. Madam, I am sorry to be the messenger o' ill tidings, but a' oor connexion is at an end. Oor house hae heard o' my addresses till you; and I hae had letters frae the dukes, the marquises, and a' the dignitaries o' the family, remonstrating, nay, expressly prohibiting my contaminating the blood of Macsarcasm wi' ony thing sprung from a hog's-head or a coonting-hoose. I assure ye my passion for ye is mighty strang, madam; but I canna bring disgrace upon an honourable family.

Char. No more; your apology is baser than your perfidy. There is no truth, no virtue in man!

Sir A. Gude troth, nor in woman neither, that has nae fortune. But here is Mordecai: now, madam, a wandering Eesraelite, a casualty, a mere casualty, sprung frae annuities, bills, bubbles, bears, and lottery-tickets, and can hae nae family objections. He is passionately fond of you; and till this offspring of accident and mammon I resign my interest in ye.

Morde. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you; but—

a—matrimony is a subject I have never thoroughly considered; and I must take some time to deliberate, before I determine upon that inextricable business: besides, madam, I assure you, my affairs are not in a matrimonial situation.

Char. No apology, sir. Begone! I despise you and your apology.

Enter 'SQUIRE GROOM.

Groom. Hoics! hoics! What's the matter here? What is all this? What, are we all at fault? Is this true, Sir Theodore? I hear that you and the filly have both run on the wrong side of the post.

Sir T. It is too true; but I hope, sir, that will make no alteration in your affection.

Groom. Harkye! Sir Theodore, I always make my match according to the weight my thing can carry. When I offered to take her into my stable, she was sound, and in good case; but I hear her wind is touched; if so, I would not back her for a shilling. Matrimony, Sir Theodore, is a cursed long course; devilish heavy and sharp turnings. It won't do; can't come through, my dear; can't come through.

Sir A. I think, 'Squire, ye judge very nicely. Noo, in my thoughts, the best thing the lady can do is to snap the Irishman.

Morde. Well observed, Sir Archy. Snap him, snap him, madam! Hush! he's here.

Enter SIR CALLAGHAN O'BRALLAGHAN.

Sir A. Ha! my gude friend, Sir Callaghan, I kiss yer hand. I hae been speaking to the lady wi' a' the eloquence I hae: she is enamoured o' yer person, and ye are just come i' the nick to receive her heart and her hand.

Sir C. By the honour of a soldier, madam, I shall think that a greater happiness than any that fortune can bestow upon me.

Sir A. Come, come, madam; true love is impatient, and despises ceremony; gie him yer hand at once.

Char. No, sir; I scorn to deceive a man who offers me his heart: though my fortune is ruined, my mind is untainted; even poverty shall not pervert it to principles of baseness.

Sir C. Fortune ruined! Pray, Sir Theodore, what does the import of this language mean?

Sir T. The sad meaning is, Sir Callaghan, that, in the circuit of Fortune's wheel, the lady's station is reversed: she who, some hours since, was on the highest round, is now degraded to the lowest: this, sir, has turned the passion these gentlemen professed for her into scorn and ridicule, and I suppose will cool the fervency of your's.

Sir C. Sir Theodore, I assure you, I am heartily glad of her distress.

Sir T. Sir?

Sir C. When she was computed to have a hundred thousand pounds, I loved her 'tis true; but it was with fear and trembling, like a man that loves to be a soldier, yet is afraid of a gun; because I looked upon myself as an unequal match to her; but now she is poor, and that it is in my power to serve her, I find something warm about my heart here, that tells me I love her better than when she was rich, and makes me beg she will take my life this instant, and all I have into her service.

Sir T. Generous, indeed, Sir Callaghan.

Sir C. Madam, my fortune is not much, but it is enough to maintain a couple of honest hearts, and have something to spare for the necessities of a friend, which is all we want, and all that fortune is good for.

Sir T. Here, take her, sir; she is your's, and what you first thought her, mistress of a noble fortune.

Groom. What?

Morde. How's this?

Sir A. Gently! hush! softly! he is only taking him in, he is taking him in! the bubble's bit!

Sir T. And had she millions, your principles deserve her: she has a heart, loving and generous as your own, which your manly virtue has subdued, and tempered to your warmest wishes.

Sir C. Pray, Sir Theodore, what does all this mean? Are you in jest, or in earnest? By my honour, I don't know how to understand one word you say. First, she has a fortune, then she has no fortune; and then she has a great fortune again! this is just what the little jackanapes about town call humbugging a man.

Sir T. Sir, I am serious.

Sir C. And, pray, what are you, madam? Are you serious, too, or in joke?

Char. Such as I am, sir, if you dare venture upon me for life, I am your's.

Sir C. By the integrity of my honour, madam, I will venture upon you, not only for life, but for death, too! which is a great deal longer than life, you know.

Sir T. I hope, nephew, you will excuse the deceit of my feigned bankruptcy, and the pretended ruin of the lady's fortune: it was a scheme devised to detect the illiberal, selfish views of prodigals, who never address the fair but as the mercenary lure attracts; a scheme to try and reward your passion, which hath shewn itself proof against the time's infection.

Sir C. 'Faith, then, it was no bad piece of generalship in you. But now she has surrendered herself prisoner of war, I think I have a right to lay her under contribution; for your kisses are lawful plunder, and mine by the laws of love. (*Kisses her.*) Upon my honour, her breath is as sweet as the sound of a trumpet.

Groom. Why, the knowing ones are all taken in here; double-distanced. Zounds! she has run a crimp upon us.

Morde. She has jilted us confoundedly.

Sir A. By the cross o' St. Andrew I'll be revenged; for I ken a lad of an honourable family, that understands the ancient classics in a' their perfection; he is writing a comedy, and he sall insinuate baith their characters intill it.

Morde. And I will write a satire upon her, in which she shall have an intrigue with a life-guard's-man and an opera-singer.

Groom. I can't write; but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll poison her parrot, and cut off her squirrel's tail, d—e!

Sir C. Harkye! gentlemen, I hope you will ax my leave for all this. If you touch a hair of the parrot's head, or a feather of the squirrel's tail, or if you write any of your nonsensical comedies or lampoons, I shall be after making bold to make a few remarks on your bodies. Ha! I have an excellent pen by my side, that is a very good critic, and that can write a very legible hand upon impatient authors.

Sir A. Hoot awa! hoot awa! Sir Callaghan, diuna talk in that idle manner, sir; oor swords are as sharp and as responsible as the swords of ither men. But this is nae time for sic matters; ye hae got the lady, and we hae got the willows. I am sorry for the little Girgishite here, because he has bespoken his nuptial chariot and a' his leeveries; and, upon honour, I am very sorry for my gude friend the 'Squire here; the lady's fortin wad hae been very convenient till him, for I fancy he is fetlock deep in the turf: and, upon honour, I am sorry for the lady, for she has missed being matched intill the house of Macsarcasm, which is the greatest loss of a'

Sir C. The whole business together is something like the catastrophe of a stage play, where knaves and fools are disappointed, and honest men rewarded.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE MAID OF THE OAKS;

A DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT, IN TWO ACTS.

BY JOHN BURGOYNE.



Act II.—Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

SIR HARRY GROVEBY
OLD GROVEBY
OLDWORTH
DUPELEY

HURRY
PAINTER
DRUID
SHEPHERDS

LADY BAB LARDOON
MARIA
SHEPHERDESSES
ATTENDANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Part of an ornamented Farm.

Enter SIR HARRY GROVEBY and DUPELEY, meeting.

Sir H. Dear Charles, welcome to England! and doubly welcome to Oldworth's Oaks! Friendship, I see, has wings, as well as love.

Dupe. Your summons found me the day after my arrival. Next to my eagerness to see you, was that of being in time for the *fête champêtre*. Novelty and pleasure are the beings I pursue.

Sir H. You have pursued but their shadows; here they reign, in the manners of this new Arcadia, and the smiles of the sweet maid of the Oaks.

Dupe. Who, in the name of curiosity, is she that bears this romantic title? for your letter was a mere eclogue; the devil a thing could I make out, but a rhapsody upon rural innocence, and an invitation from a gentleman I did not know, to an entertainment I never saw.

Sir H. The business of the day is a wedding, and Charles Dupely is invited to see his friend, Sir Harry Groveby, united to the most charming of her sex.

Dupe. The devil it is! What, a young fellow of

your hope and fortune, sacrificed to a marriage of romance! But, pr'ythee, tell me who she is?

Sir H. An orphan ward of the worthy old gentleman, at whose seat you now are: his character is singular, and as amiable in its way as her's. Inheriting a great estate, and liberally educated, his disposition led him early to a country life, where his benevolence and hospitality are boundless; and these qualities, joined with an imagination bordering upon the whimsical, have given a peculiar turn to the manners of the neighbourhood, that, in my opinion, degrades the polish of courts—but judge of the original.

Enter OLDWORTH.

Mr. Oldworth, I present you my friend; he is just arrived from abroad; I will not repeat how much he is worthy of your friendship.

Old. To be worthy of your's, Sir Harry, is the best recommendation. (*To Dupley.*) Sir, your friend is going to receive from my hands, a lovely girl, whose merit he has discerned and loved for its own sake: such nuptials should recall the ideas of a better age: he has permitted me to celebrate them upon my own plan, and I shall be happy to receive the judgment of an accomplished critic.

Dupe. Sir, by what I already see of Oldworth's Oaks, and know of the character of the master, I

am persuaded the talent most necessary for the company will be that of giving due praise.

Enter HURRY.

Hurry. Lord! sir, come down to the building directly; all the trades are together by the ears; it is for all the world like the tower of Babylon; they have drove a broad-wheel waggon over two hampers of wine, and it is all running among lilies and honeysuckles; one of the cooks stumbled over one of the clouds, and threw a ham and chickens into a tub of white-wash; a lamp-lighter spilt a gallon of oil into a creamed apple-tart; and they have sent for more roses, and there is not one left within twenty miles.

Old. Why, honest Hurry, if there is none to be had, you need not be in such haste about them. Mercy on us! my *fête* has turned this poor fellow's head already; he will certainly get a fever.

Hurry. Get a favour, sir! why, there has not been one left these three hours; all the girls in the parish have been scrambling for them, and I must get a hundred yards more. Lord ha' mercy! there is so much to do at once, and nobody to do it, that it is enough to moider one's head. If you loiter longer, sir, they will all be at loggerheads; they were very near it when I came away. [*Exit.*]

Old. I forgot to tell you, Sir Harry, that Lady Bab Lardoon is in the neighbourhood, and I expect her every moment.

Dupe. Who is she, pray?

Sir H. Oh! she's a superior! a phoenix! more worthy your curiosity than any object of your travels. She is an epitome, or rather a caricature, of what is called very fine life, and the first female gaudier of the time.

Old. For all that, she is amiable: one cannot help discerning and admiring the natural excellence of her heart and understanding, though she is an example that neither is proof against a false education, or a rage for fashionable excesses. But when you see her, she will best explain herself. This fellow will give me no rest.

Re-enter HURRY.

Hurry. Rest, sir! why, I have not slept this fortnight: come along, sir; pray, make haste; nothing's to be done without it.

Old. Nor with it, honest Hurry.

[*Exit with Hurry.*]

Dupe. Pr'ythee, Sir Harry, how came your acquaintance in this odd family?

Sir H. By mere chance: suffice it that I came, saw, and loved. I laid my rank and fortune at the fair one's feet, and would have married instantly; but that Oldworth insisted upon a probation of six months' absence—It has been a purgatory!

Dupe. I should like to see the woman that could entangle me in this manner. Shew me but a woman from an Italian princess, to a figurante at the French opera; and, at the first glance, I will discover the whole extent of their artifice, find their true lure, and bring them to my hand as easily as a tame sparrow.

Sir H. And pray, my sagacious friend, upon what circumstances have you formed your suspicions that I am more likely to be imposed upon than yourself?

Dupe. Upon every one I have seen and heard; but, above all, upon that natural propensity of every true home-bred Englishman, to think one woman different from another. Now, I hold there is but one woman in the world.

Sir H. I perfectly agree, and Maria is that charming one.

Dupe. Ay; but Maria, and Lady Bab, and Pa-

mela Andrews, and Clarissa Harlowe, and the girl that steals a heart in a country church, and she that picks your pocket in Covent-garden, are one and the same creature for all that; I am always too quick for them, and make fools of them first. Oh! do but try them by the principle I have laid down, you'll find them as transparent as glass.

Sir H. My own principle will answer my purpose just as well; with that perspective I have looked through the woman, and discovered the angel; and you will do the same when you see her, or never brag of your eye-sight more.

Dupe. Rhapsody and enthusiasm! I should as soon discover Mahomet's seventh heaven. But what says your uncle, old Groveby, to this match?

Sir H. 'Faith! I have asked him no questions, and why should I? when I know what must be his answer.

Dupe. Oh! he can never disapprove a passion that soars above the stars.

Sir H. He has all the prejudices of his years and worldly knowledge; the common old gentleman's character—you may see it in every drama from the days of Terence to those of Congreve; though not, perhaps, with quite so much good humour, and so little obstinacy as my uncle shews. He is ever most impetuous when most kind; and I dare trust his resentment will end with a dramatic forgiveness.

Re-enter HURRY.

Hurry. Lord! sir, I am out of breath to find you; why, almost everything is ready except yourself; and madam Maria is gone to the grove, and she is so dressed, and looks so charming!

Sir H. Propitious be the hour! Here, Hurry, find out this gentleman's servant, and shew him where he is to dress. [*Exit.*]

Dupe. Oh! I shall be time enough: Hurry shall first shew me a little of the preparation. What is going forward here? (*Approaches the side scene.*)

Hurry. Hold! sir, not that way; my master lets nobody see his devices and figaries there.

Dupe. Why, what is he doing there, Hurry?

Hurry. Doing! as you are a gentleman, I will tell you what he is doing—I hope nobody hears us. (*Looking about.*) Why, he is going to make the sun shine at midnight, and he is covering it with a thousand yards of sail-cloth, for fear the rain should put it out. Lord! such doings! Here, this way, your honour.

Dupe. But, harkye! honest Hurry, do stand still a moment to oblige me.

Hurry. Stand still, sir! Lord, sir! if I stand still, everything stands still; and then what a fine shampeter should we make of it! (*Restless.*)

Dupe. Who is this maid of the Oaks, friend Hurry?

Hurry. A young lady, sir.

Dupe. I thought as much.

Hurry. She is one of the most charmingest, sweetest, delightfulest, mildest, beautifullest, modestest, genteelest, never-to-be-praised-enough, young creature in all the world!

Dupe. And who is her father, pray?

Hurry. It is a wise child that knows its own father. Lord bless her! she does not want a father.

Dupe. Not while Mr. Oldworth lives.

Hurry. Nor when he is dead neither; everybody would be glad to be her father, and everybody wishes to be her husband; and so, sir, if you have more questions to ask, I'll answer them another time, for I am wanted here, and there, and everywhere. (*Bustles about.*)

Dupe. Shew me to my chamber to dress, and I'll desire no more of you at present.

Hurry. Bless your honour for letting me go; for

I have been very miserable all the while you were talking to me. This way, this way, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Oaks.*

MARIA discovered sitting under a tree.

SONG.—MARIA.

*Come, sing round my favourite tree,
Ye songsters that visit the grove;
'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me,
And the bark is a record of love.*

*Reclin'd on the turf by my side,
He tenderly pleaded his cause;
I only with blushes reply'd,
And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.*

Come, sing, &c.

Enter OLDWORTH.

Old. Joy to my sweet Maria! may long succeeding years resemble this, her bridal hour! may health, and peace, and love, still inspire her song, and make the harmony of her voice an emblem of her life! But come, my girl, if there is a wish remaining in your heart within my power to gratify, I hope, in this last hour of my cares, I shall not be a stranger to it.

Maria. My mind is incapable of reserve with you: the most generous of men is on the point of giving his hand to you—what shall I call myself? I am almost nameless, but as the creature of your bounty and cares; this title gives me a value in my own eyes, but I fear it is all I have to boast. The mystery you have kept, makes me apprehensive there is something in my origin ought to be concealed. What am I to interpret from your smiles?

Old. Everything that is contrary to your surmises: be patient, sweet maid of the Oaks; before night all mysteries shall be cleared. It is not an ordinary wedding I celebrate, I prepare a feast for the heart—Lady Bab Lardoon, as I live! the princess of dissipation! catch an observation of her while you can, Maria; for though she has been but three days out of London, she is as uneasy as a mole in sun-shine, and would expire if she did not soon dive into her old clement again.

Enter LADY BAB LARDOON.

Lady B. Dear Maria, I am happy to be the first of your company to congratulate you. Well, Mr. Oldworth, I am delighted with the idea of your *fête*; it is so novel, so French, so expressive of what everybody understands, and nobody can explain! then there is something so spirited in an undertaking of expense where a shower of rain would spoil it all.

Old. I did not expect to escape from so fine a lady, hut you and the world have free leave to comment upon all you see here. Laugh where you must, be candid where you can. I only hope that to celebrate a joyful event upon any plan, that neither hurts the morals or politeness of the company, and, at the same time, sets thousands of the industrious to work, cannot be thought blame-worthy.

Lady B. Oh! quite the contrary; and I am sure it will have a run: a force upon the seasons and the manners is the true test of a refined taste, and it holds good from a cucumber at Christmas to an Italian opera.

Enter SIR HARRY GROVEY.

Sir H. I come to claim my lovely bride; here at

her favourite tree I claim her mine: the hour is almost on the point, the whole country is beginning to assemble.

Lady B. Sir Harry, I rejoice at your happiness; and do not think me so tasteless, Maria, as not to acknowledge attachment like your's, preferable to all others, when it can be had—*fleur le parfait amour*, is the first happiness in life; but that, you know, is totally out of the question in town; the matrimonial comforts, in our way, are absolutely reduced to two: to plague a man, and to bury him.

Sir H. I heartily congratulate Lady Bab, and all who are to partake of her conversation, upon her being able to bring so much vivacity into the country.

Lady B. Nothing but the *fête champêtre* could have effected it; for I set out in miserable spirits; I had a horrid run before I left town. I suppose you saw my name in the papers?

Sir H. I did; and, therefore, concluded there was not a word of truth in the report.

Maria. Your name in the papers, Lady Bab!

Lady B. To be sure; have not they begun with you yet, Maria?

Maria. Not that I know of, and I am not at all ambitious of the honour.

Lady B. Oh! but you will have it; the *fête champêtre* will be a delightful subject! To be complimented one day, laughed at the next, and abused the third; you can't imagine how amusing it is:—“We hear a certain lady, not a hundred miles from Hanover-square, lost, at one sitting, some nights ago, two thousand guineas. *O tempora! O mores!*”

Old. (*Laughing.*) Pray, Lady Bab, is the concluding ejaculation your own, or was it the printer's.

Lady B. His, you may be sure: a dab of Latin adds surprising force to a paragraph, besides shewing the learning of the author.

Old. Well, but really, I don't see such a great matter in this; why should you suppose anybody applied this paragraph to you?

Lady B. None but my intimates did, for it was applicable to half St. George's parish; but about a week after they honoured me with initials and italics: “It is said, Lady B. L.'s ill success still continues: it was observed, the same lady appeared at court, in a *riband collier*, having laid aside her *diamond necklace*.” (*Diamond in italics.*) At last, to my infinite amusement, out I came at full length: “Lady Bab Lardoon has tumbled down three nights successively; a certain colonel has done the same, and we hear that both parties keep house with sprained ancles.”—But, hark! I hear the pastoral's beginning. (*Music behind.*) Lord! I hope I shall find a shepherd.

Old. The most elegant one in the world; Mr. Dupeley, Sir Harry's friend.

Lady B. You don't mean Charles Dupeley, who has been so long abroad?

Sir H. The very same: I wish you would undertake him; he thinks himself quite an overmatch for the fair sex, of whom his opinion is as ill founded as it is degrading.

Lady B. Oh! is that his turn? What, he has been studying some late posthumous letters, I suppose? 'Twould be a delight to make a fool of such a fellow! Where is he?

Sir H. He is only gone to dress; I appointed to meet him on the other side the grove; he'll be here in twenty minutes.

Lady B. I'll attend him there in your place. I have it: I'll try my hand a little at *naveté*; he never saw me; the dress I am going to put on for the *fête* will do admirably to impose upon him: I'll make an example of his hypocrisy, and his graces, and his *usage du monde*.

Sir H. My life for it, he will begin an acquaintance with you.

Lady B. If he don't, I'll begin with him: so come along, and we'll make our experiment immediately. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Garden-gate.*

Hurry. (Without.) Indeed, sir, I can't. Pray, don't insist upon it.

Enter OLD GROVEBY, booted and splashed, pushing in HURRY.

Grove. I must see Sir Harry Groveby, and I will see him. Do ye think—

Hurry. Sir Harry won't see you to-day, he has a great deal of business upon his hands; he's going to be married. What would the man have?

Grove. I shall mar his marriage, I believe. (Aside.) I am his uncle, puppy, and ought to be at the wedding.

Hurry. Are you so, sir? Bless my heart! why would you not say so? This way, good sir. It was impossible to know you in such a figure; I could sooner have taken you for a smuggler than his uncle: no offence, sir. If you will please to walk in that grove there, I'll find him directly. I am sorry for what has happened; but you did not say you were a gentleman, and it was impossible to take you for one. [Exit.]

Grove. Going to be married! and to whom? to a young girl, without birth, fortune, or without anybody's knowing anything about her; and without so much as saying to me, his uncle, with your leave, or by your leave: if he will prefer the indulgence of a boyish passion, to my affection and two thousand pounds per annum, I shall return to Gloomstock-hall, and make a new will directly. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*A Grove.*

Enter MARIA.

Maria. I wish I may have strength to support my happiness: I cannot get the better of my agitation; and though this day is to complete my wishes, my heart, I don't know how, feels something like distress. But what strange person is coming this way?

Enter OLD GROVEBY.

Grove. Madam, your servant; I hope I don't intrude: I am waiting here for a young gentleman; if I disturb you, I'll walk at the other end.

Maria. Indeed, sir, you don't disturb me. Shall I call anybody to you, sir?

Grove. Not for the world, fair lady. This is a most lovely creature! (Aside.)

Maria. Who can this be? (Aside.)

Grove. I find, madam, there is going to be a wedding here to-day.

Maria. Yes, sir; a very splendid one, by the preparations.

Grove. A very foolish business, to make such a fuss about a matter which both parties may have reason to curse this time twelvemonth.

Maria. I hope not, sir. Do you know the parties?

Grove. One of them, too well, by being a near relation. Do you know the bride, young lady?

Maria. Pretty well, sir; my near acquaintance with her makes me attend here to-day. (Confused.)

Grove. Might I, without being impertinent, beg to know something about her: but you are partial to her, and won't speak your mind.

Maria. I am, indeed, partial to her; everybody is too partial to her; her fortune is much above her deserts.

Grove. Ay, ay, I thought so: sweet lady, your sincerity is as lovely as your person—you really think, then, she does not deserve so good a match?

Maria. Deserve it, sir! so far from deserving it, that I don't know that human creature that can deserve Sir Harry Groveby.

Grove. What a sensible, sweet creature this is! (Aside.) Young lady, your understanding is very extraordinary for your age: you sincerely think, then, that this is a very unequal match?

Maria. Indeed I do, very sincerely.

Grove. And that it ought not to be?

Maria. Ought not to be, sir! (Hesitating.) Upon my word, sir, I scarce know how to answer your question. (Confused.)

Grove. Your delicacy to your friend won't let you speak out; but I understand your objections: nay, I feel them so much, that I am come on purpose to break the match.

Maria. (Astonished.) Indeed, sir!

Grove. Ay, indeed, am I: a silly young puppy! without acquainting me with it, to go so far. I suppose some interested creature, with a little beauty and more cunning, has laid hold of this precious fool of a nephew of mine

Maria. Your nephew, sir?

Grove. Yes, yes, my nephew; but he must give up his girl, or renounce the relationship.

Maria. But consider, sir, what the poor young woman must suffer!

Grove. She ought to suffer, a designing baggage! Had the young blockhead but half an eye he would have fallen in love with you; and if he had, there had been some excuse for his folly.

Maria. But, sir, pray, let me plead for him.

Grove. Nay, nay; my nephew, as you hinted at first, is a very silly fellow; and, in short, it is a d—d match.

Enter SIR HARRY GROVEBY, who starts at seeing his Uncle.

Maria. I cannot stand this interview. [Exit.]

Grove. Oh! your humble servant, Sir Harry Groveby! So, you are going to be married, and forgot that you had an uncle living, did you? But where is the old fox that has made a chicken of you? I shall let him know a piece of my mind.

Sir H. Mr. Oldworth, sir, knew nothing of my having an uncle, or he would never have given his consent without your's.

Grove. I have but a short word to say to you: give up the lady, or give up me.

Sir H. Let me entreat you to see her first.

Grove. I have seen a young lady; and I am so put upon my mettle by your ingratitude, that if she would but talk to me half-an-hour longer, I'd take her without a petticoat to Gloomstock-hall, and have my *champêtre* wedding, too.

Sir H. You are at liberty, sir—

Grove. To play the fool, as you have done: her own friend and companion told me she was undeserving.

Sir H. That Maria was undeserving! where is she who told you so? who is the slanderer? she has deceived you.

Grove. I don't know her name.

Sir H. Where did you see her?

Grove. Here, here.

Sir H. When, sir?

Grove. This moment, sir.

Sir H. As I came in, sir?

Grove. Yes, sir; yes; she could not bear the sight of you, and went away.

Sir H. Dear sir, that was Maria herself.

Grove. Maria! what?

Sir H. Maria, the maid of the Oaks, my bride that is to be.

Grove. And she is the person you are going to marry?

Sir H. I cannot deny it.

Grove. If you did, you ought to be hanged: follow me, sir, follow me, sir; shew me to her this moment.

Sir H. What do you mean, sir?

Grove. What's that to you, sir? she has bamboozled you and I, too, and I will be revenged.

Sir H. But, dear sir—

Grove. Don't dear me, I won't rest a moment till I have seen her; either follow me or lead the way, for I must, I will see her directly, and then you shall know, and she, too, that I am—Zounds! I'll shew you what I am; and so, come along, you puppy, you!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Flower-garden.

Enter LADY BAB LARDOON, *dressed as a Shepherdess*, OLDWORTH *following*.

Old. Hist, hist! Lady Bab! Here comes your prize; for the sake of mirth, and the revenge of your sex, don't miss the opportunity.

Lady B. Not for the world; you see I am dressed for the purpose. Step behind that stump of shrubs, and you shall see what an excellent actress I should have made. Away, away!

[*Exit Oldworth. Lady B. retires.*]

Enter DUPELEY.

Dupe. Where the devil is Sir Harry? this is certainly the place where I was appointed to find him; but I suppose I shall spring him and his bride from under a rose-bush by-and-by, like two pheasants in pairing-time. (*Observing Lady B.*) Ha! is that a dress, now, for the day, or is she one of the natives of this extraordinary region? Oh! I see now, it is all pure Arcadian; her eyes have been used to nothing but daisy-hunting: but what a neck she has! how beautifully Nature works when she is not spoiled by a d—d town stay-maker! what a pity she is so awkward! I hope she is not foolish. (*During this observation, he keeps his eyes fixed upon her; Lady B. looks first at him, then at herself; unpins her nosegay, and with an air of the most perfect naïveté, presents it to him.*)

Lady B. You seem to wish for my nosegay, sir; it is much at your service. (*Offers the flowers and courtesies awkwardly.*)

Dupe. Oh! the charming innocent! my wishes extend a little further. (*Aside.*) A thousand thanks, my fair one! I accept it as a faint image of your own sweets. To whom am I so much obliged?

Lady B. To the garden-man, to be sure; he has made flowers to grow all over the garden, and they smell so sweet! pray, smell 'em; they are charming sweet, I assure you, and have such fine colours!—La! you are a fine nosegay yourself, I think. (*Smiles and looks at him.*)

Dupe. Exquisite simplicity! (*Aside.*) Ah! I knew at first glance you were a compound of innocence and sensibility.

Lady B. Lack-a-daisy heart! how could you hit upon my temper so exactly?

Dupe. By a certain instinct I have; for I have seen few or none of the sort before: but, my dear girl, what is your name and situation?

Lady B. Situation!

Dupe. Ay, what are you?

Lady B. I am a bridemaid.

Dupe. But when you are not a bridemaid, what is your way of life? how do you pass your time?

Lady B. I rise with the lark, keep my hands always employed, dance upon a holyday, and eat brown bread with content.

Dupe. Oh! the delicious description!—beachen shades, bleating flocks, and pipes, and pastorals. What an acquisition to my fame, as well as pleasure, to carry off this quintessence of *champêtre*! 'tis but an annuity job—I'll do it. (*Aside.*)

Lady B. (*Examines him.*) And pray, what may you be? for I never saw anything so out of the way in all my life. He, he, he! (*Simpering.*)

Dupe. I, my dear—I am a gentleman.

Lady B. What a fine gentleman! Bless me, what a thing it is! Ha, ha, ha! I never saw anything so comical in all my life. Ha, ha, ha! And this is a fine gentleman, of which I have heard so much.

Dupe. What is the matter, my dear? is there anything ridiculous about me, that makes you laugh? What have you heard of fine gentlemen, my sweet innocence?

Lady B. That they are as gaudy as peacocks, as mischievous as jays, as chattering as magpies, as wild as hawks—

Dupe. And as loving as sparrows.

Lady B. I know you are very loving—of yourselves. Ha, ha, ha! You are a sort of birds that flock but never pair.

Dupe. Why, you are satirical, my fairest: and have you heard anything else of fine gentlemen?

Lady B. Yes, a great deal more: that they take wives for fortunes, and mistresses for shew; squander their money among tailors, barbers, cooks, and fiddlers; pawn their honour to sharpers, and their estates to Jews; and, at last, run to foreign countries to repair a pale face, a flimsy carcass, and an empty pocket:—that's a fine gentleman for you!

Dupe. (*Surprised.*) Pray, my dear, what is really your name?

Lady B. (*Resuming her simplicity.*) My name is Philly.

Dupe. Philly!

Lady B. Philly Nettletop, of the vale.

Dupe. And pray, my sweet Philly, where did you learn this character of a fine gentleman?

Lady B. Oh! I learnt it with my catechism. Mr. Oldworth has taught it to all the young maidens hereabout.

Dupe. (*Significantly.*) So it is from Mr. Oldworth, is it, my charming innocence, that you have learnt to be so afraid of fine gentlemen?

Lady B. No, not at all afraid; I believe you are perfectly harmless if one treats you right, as I do our young mastiff at home.

Dupe. And how is that, pray?

Lady B. Why, while one keeps at a distance, he frisks, and he flies, and he barks, and tears, and grumbles, and makes a sad rout about it—Lord! you'd think he would devour one at a mouthful; but if one does but walk boldly up and look him in the face, and ask him what he wants, he drops his ears and runs away directly.

Dupe. Well said, rural simplicity, again! Well, but, my dear heavenly creature, don't commit such a sin as to waste your youth and your charms upon a set of rustics here; fly with me to the true region of pleasure: my chaise and four shall be ready at the back gate of the park, and we will take the opportunity, when all the servants are drunk, as they certainly will be, and the company is gone tired to bed.

Lady B. (*Fondly.*) And would you really love me dearly now, Saturdays, and Sundays, and all?

Dupe. (*Aside.*) Oh! this will do without an annuity, I see.

Lady B. You'll forget all this prittle-prattle gibberish to me now, as soon as you see the fine strange ladies, by-and-by; there's Lady Bab Lardoon, I think they call her, from London.

Dupe. Lady Bab Lardoon, indeed! I should as soon be in love with the figure of the great mogul at the back of a pack of cards; if she has anything to do with hearts, it must be when they are trumps, and she pulls them out of her pocket: no, sweet Philly; thank heaven, that gave me insight into the sex, and reserved me for a woman in her native charms; here alone she is to be found, and paradise is on her lips. (*Struggling to kiss her.*)

Enter HURRY.

Hurry. Oh! Lady Bab, I come to call your ladyship—Lord! I thought they never kissed at a wedding till after the ceremony. (*Going. Dupeley stares; Lady B. laughs.*)

Dupe. Stay, Hurry; who were you looking for?

Hurry. Why, I came with a message for Lady Bab Larder, and would have carried her answer, but you stopped her mouth.

Dupe. Who—what—who? This is Philly Nettletop.

Hurry. Philly Fiddlestick! 'Tis Lady Bab Larder, I tell you: do you think I don't know her because she has got a new dress? [*Exit.*]

Dupe. Lady Bab Lardoon!

Lady B. No, no; Philly Nettletop.

Dupe. Here's a d—d scrape! (*Aside.*)

Lady B. In every capacity, sir, a rural innocent, Mr. Oldworth's mistress, or the great mogul, equally grateful for your favourable opinion. (*With a low courtesy.*)

Enter OLDWORTH and SIR HARRY GROVEBY, laughing.

Mr. Oldworth, give me leave to present to you a gentleman remarkable for second sight; he knows all women by instinct—

Sir H. From a princess to a figurante, from a vintage to a May-pole; I am rejoiced I came in time for the catastrophe.

Lady B. Mr. Oldworth, there is your travelled man for you; and I think I have given a pretty good account of him. (*Pointing at Dupeley, who is disconcerted.*)

Old. Come, come, my good folks, you have both acquitted yourselves admirably: Mr. Dupeley must forgive the innocent deceit; and you, Lady Bab, like a generous conqueror, should bear the triumph moderately.

Sir H. Now this scene is finished, let me open another to you: Maria's charms have been as much signalized as her ladyship's wit: my old uncle Groveby—

Lady B. Of Gloomstock-hall?

Sir H. The same; and full primed with the rhetoric of sixty-five, against the marriage of inclination; but such a conversion! such a revolution!

Old. Your uncle here! I must chide you, Sir Harry, for concealing from me that you had a relation so well entitled to be consulted. Which way is he?

Sir H. I left him all in transport with my bride; he kisses her, and squeezes her hand: 'gad! I sha'n't get her away from him, without your help.

Enter OLD GROVEBY with MARIA under his arm.

I was coming to seek you, my Maria.

Grove. Your Maria, sir! my Maria: she will own me, if you won't; there, sir, let her teach you your duty. (*Quitting Maria, who retires with Sir H. to the bottom of the stage.*)

Old. Sir, I have many pardons to ask of you; but Sir Harry will be my witness, that my fault was in my ignorance; had I known your name and

situation, I should have paid you my respects months ago.

Grove. Sir, I don't wonder the graceless rogue forgot me; but I'll be even with him; he sha'n't have a guinea from me.

Old. Good sir, you are not serious that he has offended you.

Grove. I am serious, that I have found another inheritor for Gloomstock-hall; I have got a niece worth twenty such nephews. (*Maria and Sir H. approach.*) Ay, you may look, sir, but she shall have every acre of it. (*Taking Maria by the hand.*) Mr. Oldworth, I intend there shall be no more ceremony between us; I shall not quit your *champêtre*, I assure you.

Old. Sir, your good humour and compliance will be a new compliment to the day: my hopes and wishes are accomplished! my long-projected joys are full, and I will proclaim them! Come to my arms, Maria; I have a father's right; and my child's conduct has made it a proud one.

Maria. How, how, sir?

Old. Excuse me, brother, madam, all: my story is very short, Maria; the hour of your birth made me a widower, and you a splendid heiress; I trembled at the dangers of that situation, made more dangerous by the loss of your mother—to be the object of flattery in the very cradle, and made a prey to interest is the common lot attending it; these reflections induced me to conceal your birth.

Maria. How blind have I been! benevolent as you are to all, I might still have perceived and interpreted the distinction of your unremitting tenderness. Oh! sir, expect not words; where shall I find even sentiments of tenderness, gratitude, and duty, that were not your's before?

Old. To you, Sir Harry, I shall make no apology for my secrecy; it has served to give scope and exercise to your generosity, a sensation more gratifying to minds like your's, than any acquisition of fortune; that pleasure past, accept now, with Maria's hand, the inheritance of Oldworth's Oaks.

Sir H. Sir, your conduct does not surprise, but it overwhelms me; long may you remain the possessor of Oldworth's Oaks! when you cease to be so, he will ill deserve to succeed you who does not make your example the chief object of his imitation.

Lady B. Mr. Oldworth, you promised us a singular regale, but you have outdone yourself.

Grove. Regale! Egad! I don't know what to call it; he has almost turned the *champêtre* into a tragedy, I think.

Old. My worthy friend, I have robbed you of a pleasure; I know you also had your eye upon my maid of the Oaks, for an exercise of your generosity.

Enter HURRY.

Hurry. An't please your honour and worship, here are all the quality persons in fanciful dresses; you never saw such a sight; they are, for all the world, like the Turks and Prussians; do but look at 'em, how they come prancing along through the grove. I never saw anything so fine, and so proud, and so fantastical! Lord! I wonder anybody will ever wear a coat and waistcoat again! this is sham-peter, indeed! [*Exit.*]

Grove. My friend Hurry is in the right; Harry, come and help to dress me; for, till I have got my fool's coat on, I can't make one among them.

Sir H. I'll wait upon you. My sweet Maria, I must leave you for a few minutes—for an age.

Old. My heart is now disburthened, and free to entertain my friends: come, Maria, let us meet them, and shew in our face the joy of our hearts:

will your ladyship and Mr. Dupeley assist us?

[Exit Sir H.]

Lady B. Oh! most willingly, Mr. Oldworth.

Re-enter HURRY.

Hurry. Gentlemen, nobility, ladies, and gentry, you are all wanted in the temple of Venice to—but I'll not say what, that you may be more surprised; and if you are surprised here, you'll be more surprised there; and we sha'n't have done with you there neither: pray, make haste, or you'll get no place.

[All crowd off but Oldworth, Old Groveby, Dupely, and Lady Bab.]

Dupe. Well, Lady Bab, are your spirits quite exhausted, or have the events of the day made you pensive? I begin to believe there are more rational systems of happiness than ours; should my fair instructress become a convert, my ambition would be still to follow her.

Lady B. I am no convert; my mind has ever been on the side of reason, though the torrent in which I have lived has not allowed me time to practise, or even to contemplate it as I ought; but to follow fashion, where we feel shame, is surely the strongest of all hypocrisy, and from this moment I renounce it.

Grove. And you never made a better renounce in your life.

Dupe. To those charms I owe my conversion; and there wants but the hand of Lady Bab to make Oldworth's Oaks distinguished by another union, founded on merit in her sex, and discernment in mine.

Lady B. Sir, your proposal does me honour; but it is time enough to talk of hearts and hands: after the life we have led, six months' probation may be very proper for us both.

Old. Lady Bab, confer the gift when you please; but my *fête champêtre* shall be remembered as the date of the promise: and now for such a song and dance as will best conclude so happy a day.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A grand Saloon.

Enter Masqueraders, with all the Characters in the piece.

FINALE.

Shepherd. *Ye fine-fangled folks, who, from cities and courts,*

*By your presence enliven the fields,
Accept for your welcome innocent sports,
And the fruits that our industry yields.*

Cho. *Ye fine fangled folks, &c.*

*No temple we raise to the idol of wealth,
No altar to interest smokes;
To the blessings of love, kind seasons, and health,
Is devoted the feast of the Oaks.*

Cho. *No temple we raise, &c.*

Shepherdess. *From the thicket and plain, each favourite haunt,*

*The villagers hasten away:
Your encouraging smile is the bounty they want,
To compensate the toils of the day.*

Cho. *From the thicket, &c.*

*The milk-maid abandons her pail and her cow,
In the furrow the ploughman unyokes,
From the valley and meadow all press to the brow,
To assist at the feast of the Oaks.*

Cho. *The milk-maid, &c.*

Shepherd. *The precept we teach is contentment and truth,*

*That our girls may not learn to beguile;
By reason to govern the pleasures of youth,
And decorate age with a smile.*

Cho. *The precept we teach, &c.*

*No serpent approaches with venomous tooth,
No raven with ominous croaks,
Nor rancorous critic, more fatal than both,
Shall poison the feast of the Oaks.*

Cho. *No serpent approaches, &c.*

[Exeunt.]

THE TENDER HUSBAND;

OR, THE ACCOMPLISHED FOOLS:

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY SIR RICHARD STEELE.



Act IV.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

SIR HARRY GUBBIN
HUMPHREY GUBBIN
TIPKIN
POUNCE

CAPTAIN CLERIMONT
CLERIMONT, SENIOR
MRS. CLERIMONT
AUNT

FAINLOVE
NIECE
JENNY
SERVANTS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Park.*

Enter CLERIMONT, Senior, and FAINLOVE.

Cler. sen. Well, Mr. Fainlove, how do you go on in your amour with my wife?

Fain. I am very civil and very distant; if she smiles or speaks, I bow and gaze at her; then throw down my eyes, as if oppressed by fear of offence, then steal a look again till she again sees me:—this is my general method.

Cler. sen. And 'tis right: for such a fine lady has no guard to her virtue, but her pride; therefore, you must constantly apply yourself to that. But, dear Lucy, as you have been a very faithful, but a very costly wench to me; so my spouse, also, has been constant to my bed, but careless of my fortune.

Fain. Ah! my dear, how could you leave your poor Lucy, and run into France to see sights, and shew your gallantry with a wife? Was not that unnatural?

Cler. sen. She brought me a noble fortune, and I thought she had a right to share it: therefore, I carried her to see the world, forsooth, and make the

tour of France and Italy, where she learned to lose her money gracefully, to admire every vanity in our sex, and condemn every virtue in her own; which, with ten thousand other perfections, are the ordinary improvements of a travelled lady. Now I can neither mortify her vanity that I may live at ease with her, or quite discard her, till I have caught her a little enlarging her innocent freedoms, as she calls them; for this end, I am content to be a French husband, though, now and then, with the secret pangs of an Italian one; and therefore, sir, or madam, you are thus equipped to attend and accost her ladyship: it concerns you to be diligent: if we wholly part—I need say no more; if we do not—I'll see thee well provided for.

Fain. I'll do all I can, I warrant you; but you are not to expect I'll go much among the men.

Cler. sen. No, no; you must not go near men, you are only (when my wife goes to a play) to sit in a side-box with pretty fellows: I don't design you to personate a real man, you are only to be a pretty gentleman. Not to be of any use or consequence in the world, as to yourself, but merely as a property to others. You must have seen many of that species.

Fain. I apprehend you; such as stand in assem-

blies, with an indolent softness and contempt of all around them; who make a figure in public, and are scorned in private. I have seen such an one with a pocket-glass to see his own face, and an affected perspective to know others. (*Imitates each.*)

Cler. sen. Ay, ay, that's my man. Thou dear rogue!

Fain. Let me alone; I'll lay my life I'll horn you; that is, I'll make it appear I might if I could.

Cler. sen. Ay, that will please me quite as well.

Fain. To shew you the progress I have made, I last night won of her five hundred pounds, which I have brought you safe. (*Giving him bills.*)

Cler. sen. Oh! the d—d vice! That women can imagine all household care, regard to posterity, and fear of poverty, must be sacrificed to a game at cards. Suppose she had not had it to pay, and you had been capable of finding your account another way—

Fain. That's but a suppose.

Cler. sen. I say she must have complied with everything you asked.

Fain. But she knows you never limit her expenses. I'll gain her from him for ever if I can. (*Aside.*)

Cler. sen. With this, you have repaid me two thousand pounds, and if you did not refund thus honestly, I could not have supplied her. We must have parted.

Fain. Then you shall part—if t'other way fails. (*Aside.*) However, I can't blame your fondness of her, she has so many entertaining qualities with her vanity. Then she has such a pretty unthinking air, while she saunters round a room, and prattles sentences—

Cler. sen. That was her way from her infancy; she always had a great genius for knowing everything but what it was necessary she should. Thus the case stood when she went to France; but her fine follies improved so daily, that, though I was then proud of her being called Mr. Clerimont's wife, I am now as much out of countenance to hear myself called Mrs. Clerimont's husband; so much is the superiority of her side.

Fain. I am sure, if ever I gave myself a little liberty, I never found you so indulgent.

Cler. sen. I should have the whole sex on my back, should I pretend to retrench a lady so well visited as mine is. Therefore, I must bring it about that it shall appear her own act, if she reform; or else I shall be pronounced jealous, and have my eyes pulled out for being open. But I hear my brother Jack coming, who, I hope, has brought your's with him. Hist! not a word.

Enter CAPTAIN CLERIMONT and POUNCE.

Capt. C. I have found him out, at last, brother, and brought you the obsequious Mr. Pounce. I saw him at a distance, in a crowd, whispering in their turns with all about him. He is a gentleman so received, so courted, and so trusted—

Pounce. I am very glad if you saw anything like that, if the approbation of others can recommend me (where I much more desired it) to this company.

Capt. C. Oh! the civil person! But, dear Pounce, you know I am your professed admirer. Now my brother and I want your help in a business that requires a little more dexterity than we ourselves are masters of.

Pounce. You know, sir, my character is helping the distressed, which I do freely, and without re-

serve; while others are for distinguishing rigidly on the justice of the occasion, and so lose the grace of the benefit. Now 'tis my profession to assist a free-hearted young fellow against an unnatural long-lived father; to disencumber men of pleasure of the vexation of unwieldy estates; to support a feeble title to an inheritance; to—

Cler. sen. I have been well acquainted with your merits ever since I saw you, with so much compassion, prompt a stammering witness in Westminster-hall, that wanted instruction. I love a man that can venture his ears with so much bravery for his friend.

Pounce. Dear, sir, spare my modesty, and let me know to what all this panegyric tends.

Cler. sen. Why, sir, what I would say is in behalf of my brother, the Captain, here, whose misfortune it is that I was born before him.

Pounce. I am confident that he had rather you should have been so, than any other man in England.

Capt. C. You do me justice, Mr. Pounce: but though 'tis to that gentleman, I am still a younger brother; and you know we that are so, are generally condemned to shops, colleges, or inns of court—

Pounce. But you, sir, have escaped them; you have been trading in the noble mart of glory.

Capt. C. That's true: but the general makes such haste to finish the war, that we red coats may be soon out of fashion; and then, I am a fellow of the most easy, indolent disposition in the world; I hate all manner of business.

Pounce. A composed temper, indeed!

Capt. C. In such case, I should have no way of livelihood, but calling over this gentleman's dogs in the country, drinking his stale beer to the neighbourhood, or marrying a fortune.

Cler. sen. To be short, Pounce, I am putting Jack upon marriage; and you are so public an envoy, or rather plenipotentiary, from the very different nations of Cheapside, Covent-garden, and St. James's; you have, too, the mien and language of each place so naturally, that you are the properest instrument I know in the world, to help an honest young fellow to favour in one of them, by credit in the other.

Pounce. By what I understand of your many prefaces, gentlemen, the purpose of all is this: that it would not, in the least, discompose this gentleman's easy, indolent disposition, to fall into twenty thousand pounds, though it came upon him never so suddenly.

Capt. C. You are a very discerning man. How could you see so far through me as to know I love a fine woman, pretty equipage, good company, and a clean habitation?

Pounce. Well, though I am so much a conjurer, what then?

Cler. sen. You know a certain person into whose hands you now and then recommend a young heir to be relieved from the vexation of tenants, taxes, and so forth—

Pounce. What, my worthy friend, and city patron, Hezekiah Tipkin, banker, in Lombard-street? Would the noble Captain lay any sums in his hands?

Capt. C. No; but the noble Captain would have treasure out of his hands. You know his niece.

Pounce. To my knowledge, ten thousand pounds in money.

Capt. C. Such a stature! such a blooming countenance! so easy a shape!

Pounce. In jewels of her grandmother's five thousand—

Capt. C. Her wit so lively, her mien so alluring!

Pounce. In land a thousand a year.

Capt. C. Her lips have that certain prominence, that swelling softness, that they invite to a pressure; her eyes that languish, that they give pain, though they look only inclined to rest; her whole person that one charm—

Pounce. Why, I thought you had never seen her.

Capt. C. No more I haven't.

Pounce. Who told you, then, of her inviting lips, her soft, sleepy eyes?

Capt. C. You yourself.

Pounce. Sure, you rave; I never spoke of her before to you.

Capt. C. Why, you won't face me down.—Did you not just now say, she had ten thousand pounds in money, five in jewels, and a thousand a year?

Pounce. I confess my own stupidity, and her charms. Why, if you were to meet, you would certainly please her; you have the cant of loving. But, pray, may we be free? That young gentleman—

Capt. C. A very honest, modest gentleman of my acquaintance: one that has much more in him than he appears to have; you shall know him better, sir: this is Mr. Pounce; Mr. Pounce, this is Mr. Fainlove; I must desire you to let him be known to you and your friends.

Pounce. I shall be proud. Well, then, since we may be free, you must understand, the young lady, by being kept from the world, has made a world of her own. She has spent all her solitude in reading romances; her head is full of shepherds, knights, flowery meads, groves, and streams; so that if you talk like a man of this world to her, you do nothing.

Capt. C. Oh! let me alone; I have been a great traveller in fairy land myself; I know Oronodates, Cassandra—Astrea and Clelia are my intimate acquaintance.

Pounce. That would do, that would do; her very language.

Cler. sen. Why, then, dear Pounce, I know thou art the only man living that can serve him.

Pounce. Gentlemen, you must pardon me, I am soliciting the marriage settlement between her and a country booby, her cousin, Humphrey Gubbin, Sir Harry's heir, who is come to take possession of her.

Cler. sen. Well, all that I can say to the matter is, that a thousand pounds on the day of Jack's marriage to her, is more than you'll get by the despatch of those deeds.

Pounce. Why, a thousand pounds is a pretty thing; especially when 'tis to take a lady fair out of the hands of an obstinate, ill-bred clown, to give her to a gentle swain, a dying, enamoured knight.

Cler. sen. Ay, dear Pounce, consider but that: the justice of the thing.

Pounce. Besides, he is just come from the glorious Blenheim. Lookye! Captain, I hope you have learned an implicit obedience to your leaders.

Capt. C. 'Tis all I know.

Pounce. Then, if I am to command, make no one step without me. And since we may be free, I am also to acquaint you, there will be more merit in bringing this matter to bear than you imagine. Yet right measures make all things possible.

Capt. C. We'll follow your's exactly.

Pounce. But the great matter against us is want of time; for the nymph's uncle, and squire's father, this morning met, and made an end of the matter.

But the difficulty of a thing; Captain, shall be no reason against attempting it.

Capt. C. I have so great an opinion of your conduct, that I warrant you we conquer all.

Pounce. I am so intimately employed by old Tipkin, and so necessary to him, that I may, perhaps, puzzle things yet.

Cler. sen. I have seen thee cajole the knave very dexterously.

Pounce. Why, really, sir, generally speaking, 'tis but knowing what a man thinks of himself, and giving him that, to make him what else you please. Now Tipkin is an absolute Lombard-street wit, a fellow that drolls on the strength of fifty thousand pounds: he is called, on 'Change, Slyboots; and by the force of a very good credit, and very bad conscience, he is a leading person: but we must be quick, or he'll sneer old Sir Harry out of his senses, and strike up the sale of his niece immediately.

Capt. C. But my rival, what's he?

Pounce. There's some hopes there; for I hear the booby is as averse, as his father is inclined to it. One is as obstinate, as the other cruel.

Cler. sen. He is, they say, a pert blockhead, and very lively out of his father's sight.

Pounce. He that gave me his character, called him a docile dunce; a fellow rather absurd, than a direct fool. When his father's absent, he'll pursue anything he's put upon. But we must not lose time. Pray, be you two brothers at home to wait for any notice from me, while that pretty gentleman and I, whose face I have known, take a walk and look about for them. So, so, young lady!

[*Aside to Fainlove. Exeunt.*]

Enter SIR HARRY GUBBIN and TIPKIN.

Sir H. Lookye! brother Tipkin, as I told you before, my business in town is to dispose of a hundred head of cattle and my son.

Tip. Brother Gubbin, as I signified to you in my last, bearing date September 13th, my niece has a thousand pounds per annum; and because I have found you a plain-dealing man, (particularly in the easy pad you put into my hands last summer,) I was willing you should have the refusal of my niece, provided that I have a discharge from all retrospects while her guardian, and one thousand pounds for my care.

Sir H. Ay, but, brother, you rate her too high; the war has fetched down the price of women: the whole nation is overrun with petticoats; our daughters lie upon our hands, brother Tipkin; girls are drugs, sir, mere drugs.

Tip. Lookye! Sir Harry, let girls be what they will, a thousand pounds a year is a thousand pounds a year; and a thousand pounds a year is neither girl nor boy.

Sir H. Lookye! Mr. Tipkin, the main article with me is, that foundation of wives' rebellion, and husbands' cuckoldom, that cursed pin-money. Five hundred pounds per annum pin-money!

Tip. The word pin-money, Sir Harry, is a term—

Sir H. It is a term, brother, we never had in our family, nor ever will; make her jointure in widowhood accordingly large, but four hundred pounds a year is enough to give no account of.

Tip. Well, Sir Harry, since you can't swallow these pins, I will abate to four hundred pounds.

Sir H. And to mollify the article, as well as specify the uses, we'll put in the names of several female utensils; as needles, knitting-needles, tape, thread, scissors, bodkins, fans, play-books, with other toys of that nature. And now, since we have as good as concluded on the marriage, it

will not be improper that the young people see each other.

Tip. I don't think it prudent till the very instant of marriage, lest they should not like one another.

Sir H. They shall meet. As for the young girl, she cannot dislike Numps; and for Numps, I never suffered him to have anything he liked in his life. He'll be here immediately; he has been trained up from his childhood under such a plant as this in my hand: I have taken pains in his education.

Tip. Sir Harry, I approve your method; for since you have left off hunting, you might otherwise want exercise, and this is a subtle expedient to preserve your own health, and your son's good manners.

Sir H. It has been the custom of the Gubbins to preserve severity and discipline in their families: I myself was caned the day before my wedding.

Tip. Ay, Sir Harry, had you not been well cudgelled in youth, you had never been the man you are.

Sir H. You say right; now I feel the benefit of it. There's a crab-tree near our house, which flourishes for the good of my posterity, and has brushed our jackets, from father to son, for several generations.

Tip. I am glad to hear you have all things necessary for the family within yourselves.

Sir H. Oh! yonder, I see Numps is coming; I have dressed him in the very suit I had on at my own wedding; 'tis a most becoming apparel.

Enter HUMPHREY GUBBIN.

Tip. Truly, the youth makes a good marriageable figure.

Sir H. Come forward, Numps; this is your uncle Tipkin, your mother's brother, Numps, that is so kind as to bestow his niece upon you. Don't be so glum, sirrah. Don't bow to a man with a face as if you'd knock him down, don't, sirrah! (*Apert.*)

Tip. I am glad to see you, cousin Humphrey. He is not talkative, I observe already.

Sir H. He is very shrewd, sir, when he pleases. Do you see this crab-stick, you dog? (*Apert.*) Well, Numps, don't be out of humour. Will you talk? (*Apert.*) Come, we're your friends, Numps; come, lad.

Hump. You are a pure fellow for a father. This is always your trick, to make a great fool of one before company. (*Apert to his father.*)

Sir H. Don't disgrace me, sirrah: you grim graceless rogue! (*Apert.*) Brother, he has been bred up to respect and silence before his parents; yet did you but hear what a noise he makes sometimes in the kitchen, or the kennel, he's the loudest of them all.

Tip. Well, Sir Harry, since you assure me he can speak, I'll take your word for it.

Hump. I can speak when I see occasion, and I can hold my tongue when I see occasion.

Sir H. Well said, Numps! Sirrah, I see you can do well, if you will. (*Apert.*)

Tip. Pray, walk up to me, cousin Humphrey.

Sir H. Ay, walk to and fro between us, with your hat under your arm. Clear up your countenance. (*Apert.*)

Tip. I see, Sir Harry, you haven't set him a capering under a French dancing-master; he does not mince it; he has not learned to walk by a *courant*, or a *borée*. His paces are natural, Sir Harry.

Hump. I don't know, but 'tis so we walk in the west of England.

Sir H. Ay, right, Numps, and so we do. Ha,

ha, ha! Pray, brother, observe his make; none of your lath-backed, wishy-washy breed. Come hither, Numps. Can't you stand still? (*Apert, measuring his shoulders.*)

Tip. I presume, this is not the first time, Sir Harry, you have measured his shoulders with your cane.

Sir H. Lookye! brother, two feet and a half in the shoulders.

Tip. Two feet and a half! we must make some settlement on the younger children.

Sir H. Not like him, quotha!

Tip. He may see his cousin when he pleases.

Hump. But harkye! uncle, I have a scruple I had better mention before marriage than after.

Tip. What's that? what's that?

Hump. My cousin, you know, is akin to me, and I don't think it lawful for a young man to marry his own relation.

Sir H. Harkye, harkye! Numps, we have got a way to solve all that. Sirrah! consider this cudgel! Your cousin! Suppose I'd have you marry your grandmother, what then? (*Apert.*)

Tip. Well, has your father satisfied you in the point, Mr. Humphrey?

Hump. Ay, ay, sir, very well; I have not the least scruple remaining; no, no, not in the least, sir.

Tip. Then harkye! brother, we'll go take a wet, and settle the whole affair.

Sir H. Come, we'll leave Numps here; he knows the way. Not marry your own relations, sirrah! [*Apert. Exit with Tipkin.*]

Hump. Very fine, very fine! how prettily this park is stocked with soldiers, and deer, and ducks, and ladies. Ha! where are the old fellows gone? where can they be, 'trow? I'll ask these people.

Enter POUNCE and FAINLOVE.

Ha! you pretty young gentleman, did you see my father?

Fain. Your father, sir?

Hump. A weazel-faced, cross, old gentleman with spindle shanks.

Fain. No, sir.

Hump. A crab-tree stick in his hand.

Pounce. We haven't met anybody with these marks; but, sure, I have seen you before: are not you Mr. Humphrey Gubbin, son and heir to Sir Henry Gubbin?

Hump. I am his son and heir, but how long I shall be so I can't tell, for he talks every day of disinheriting me.

Pounce. Dear sir, let me embrace you. Nay, don't be offended if I take the liberty to kiss you; Mr. Fainlove, pray, kiss the gentleman. (*Fainlove kisses Humphrey.*) Nay, dear sir, don't stare and be surprised; for I have had a desire to be better known to you ever since I saw you, one day, clinch your fist at your father, when his back was turned upon you: for, I must own, I very much admire a young gentleman of spirit.

Hump. Why, sir, would it not vex a man to the heart, to have an old fool snubbing a body every minute afore company?

Pounce. Oh, fie! he uses you like a boy.

Hump. Like a boy! He lays me on, now and then, as if I were one of his hounds. You can't think what a rage he was in this morning, because I boggled a little at marrying my own cousin.

Pounce. A man can't be too scrupulous, Mr. Humphrey; a man can't be too scrupulous.

Hump. Sir, I could as soon love my own flesh and blood; we should squabble like brother and sister; do you think we should not, Mr. ———?

Pray, gentlemen, may I crave the favour of your names?

Pounce. Sir, I am the very person that have been employed to draw up the articles of marriage between you and your cousin.

Hump. Ay, say you so? Then you can inform me in some things concerning myself: pray, sir, what estate am I heir to?

Pounce. To fifteen hundred pounds a year, an entailed estate—

Hump. I am glad to hear it, with all my heart; and can you satisfy me in another question: pray, how old am I at present?

Pounce. Three-and-twenty last March.

Hump. Why, as sure as you are there, they have kept me back. I have been told, by some of the neighbourhood, that I was born the very year the pigeon-house was built, and everybody knows the pigeon-house is three-and-twenty. Why, I find there have been tricks played me; I have obeyed him all along, as if I had been obliged to it.

Pounce. Not at all, sir; your father can't cut you out of one acre of fifteen hundred pounds a year.

Hump. What a fool have I been to give him his head so long!

Pounce. A man of your beauty and fortune may find out ladies enough that are not akin to you.

Hump. Lookye! Mr. What-d'ye-call, as to my beauty, I don't know but they may take a liking to that. But, sir, mayn't I crave your name?

Pounce. My name, sir, is Pounce, at your service.

Hump. Pounce, with a P?

Pounce. Yes, sir; and Samuel, with an S.

Hump. Why, then, Mr. Samuel Pounce, do you know any gentlewoman that you think I could like? For to tell you truly, I took an antipathy to my cousin ever since my father proposed her to me: and since everybody knows I came up to be married, I don't care to go down and look balked.

Pounce. I have a thought just come into my head: do you see this young gentleman? he has a sister, a prodigious fortune—faith! you two shall be acquainted.

Fain. I can't pretend to expect so accomplished a gentleman as Mr. Humphrey for my sister; but, being your friend, I will be at his service in the affair.

Hump. If I had your sister, she and I should live like two turtles.

Pounce. Mr. Humphrey, you shan't be fooled any longer. I'll carry you into company. Mr. Fainlove, you shall introduce him to Mrs. Clerimont's toilet.

Fain. She'll be highly taken with him, for she loves a gentleman whose manner is particular.

Pounce. What, sir, a person of your pretensions, a clear estate, no portions to pay! 'tis barbarous your treatment. Mr. Humphrey, I'm afraid you want money: there's for you. (*Giving him a purse.*) What, a man of your accomplishments!

Hump. And yet, you see, sir, how they use me. Dear sir, you are the best friend I ever met with in all my life. Now I am flush of money bring me to your sister, and I warrant you for my behaviour. A man's quite another thing with money in his pocket, you know.

Pounce. How little the oaf wonders why I should give him money! (*Aside.*) You shall never want, Mr. Humphrey, while I have it, Mr. Humphrey. But, dear friend, I must take my leave of you; I have some extraordinary business on my hands; I can't stay; but you must not say a word.

Fain. But you must be in the way half-an-hour hence, and I'll introduce you at Mrs. Clerimont's.

Pounce. Make them believe you are willing to

have your cousin Bridget, till opportunity serves: farewell, dear friend. [*Exit with Fainlove.*]

Hump. Farewell, good Mr. Samuel Pounce. But let's see my cash: 'tis very true, the old saying, a man meets with more friendship from strangers, than his own relations. Let's see my cash: one, two, three, four, there on that side; one, two, three, four, on that side; 'tis a foolish thing to put all one's money in one pocket; 'tis like a man's whole estate in one county. I'll keep these in my hand, lest I should have present occasion. But this town's full of pickpockets, so I'll go home again.

[*Exit, whistling.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter POUNCE and CAPTAIN CLERIMONT with his arm in a scarf.

Pounce. You are now well enough instructed both in the aunt and niece to form your behaviour.

Capt. C. But to talk with her apart is the great matter.

Pounce. The antiquated virgin has a mighty affection for youth, and is a great lover of men and money. One of these, at least, I am sure I can gratify her in, by turning her pence in the annuities, or the stocks of one of the companies; some way or other I'll find to entertain her, and engage you with the young lady.

Capt. C. Since that is her ladyship's turn, so busy and fine a gentleman as Mr. Pounce must needs be in her good graces.

Pounce. So shall you, too. But you must not be seen with me at first meeting; I'll dog them, while you watch at a distance. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Aunt and Niece.

Niece. Was it not my gallant that whistled so charmingly in the parlour, before we went out this morning? He's a most accomplished cavalier!

Aunt. Come, niece, come; you don't do well to make sport of your relations, especially with a young gentleman that has so much kindness for you.

Niece. Kindness for me! What a phrase is there to express the darts and flames, the sighs and languishings of an expecting lover!

Aunt. Pray, niece, forbear this idle trash, and talk like other people. Your cousin Humphrey will be true and hearty in what he says, and that's a great deal better than the talk and compliment of romances.

Niece. Good, madam, don't wound my ears with such expressions: do you think I can ever love a man that's true and hearty? What a peasant-like amour do these coarse words import! True and hearty! Pray, aunt, endeavour a little at the embellishment of your style.

Aunt. Alack-a-day! cousin Biddy, these idle romances have quite turned your head.

Niece. How often must I desire you, madam, to lay aside that familiar name, cousin Biddy? I never hear it without blushing. Did you ever meet with an heroine, in those idle romances as you call 'em, that was termed Biddy?

Aunt. Ah! cousin, cousin, these are mere vapours, indeed; nothing but vapours.

Niece. No; the heroine has always something soft and engaging in her name; something that gives us a notion of the sweetness of her beauty

and behaviour. A name that glides through half-a-dozen tender syllables, as Elismunda, Clidamira, Deidamia, that runs upon vowels of the tongue, not hissing through one's teeth, or breaking them with consonants. 'Tis strange rudeness, those familiar names they give us, when there is Aurelia, Saccharissa, Gloriana, for people of condition; and Celia, Chloris, Corinna, Mopsa, for their maids and those of lower rank.

Aunt. Lookye! Biddy, this is not to be supported; I know not where you have learned this nicety; but I can tell you, forsooth, as much as you despise it, your mother was a Bridget afore you, and an excellent housewife.

Niece. Good madam, don't upbraid me with my mother Bridget, and an excellent housewife.

Aunt. Yes, I say, she was; and spent her time in better learning than ever you did; not in reading of fights and battles of dwarfs and giants; but in writing out receipts for broths, possets, caudles, and surfeit-waters, as became a good country gentlewoman.

Niece. My mother, and a Bridget?

Aunt. Yes, niece; I say again, your mother, my sister, was a Bridget: the daughter of her mother Margery, of her mother Cicely, of her mother Alice—

Niece. Have you no mercy? Oh! the barbarous genealogy!

Aunt. Of her mother Winifred, of her mother Joan—

Niece. Since you will run on, then, I must needs tell you I am not satisfied in the point of my nativity. Many an infant has been placed in a cottage with obscure parents, till by chance some ancient servant of the family has known it by its marks.

Aunt. Ay, you had best be searched. That's like your calling the winds the fanning gales, before I don't know how much company; and the tree that was blown by them, had, forsooth, a spirit imprisoned in the trunk of it.

Niece. Ignorance!

Aunt. Then, a cloud, this morning, had a flying dragon in it.

Niece. What eyes had you that you could see nothing? For my part, I look upon it as a prodigy, and expect something extraordinary will happen to me before night. But you have a gross relish of things. What noble descriptions in romances had been lost, if the writers had been persons of your goût!

Aunt. I wish the authors had been hanged, and their books burnt, before you had seen them.

Niece. Simplicity!

Aunt. A parcel of improbable lies—

Niece. Indeed, madam, your railery is coarse.

Aunt. Fit only to corrupt young girls, and turn their heads with a thousand foolish dreams of I don't know what.

Niece. Nay, now, madam, you grow extravagant.

Aunt. What I say is not to vex, but advise you for your good.

Niece. What, to burn Philoctes, Artaxerxes, Oroondates, and the rest of the heroic lovers, and take my country booby, cousin Humphrey, for a husband!

Aunt. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Biddy, pray, good dear, learn to act and speak like the rest of the world; come, come, you shall marry your cousin, and live comfortably.

Niece. Live comfortably! What kind of life is that? A great heiress live comfortably! Pray, aunt, learn to raise your ideas. What is, I wonder, to live comfortably?

Aunt. To live comfortably, is to live with prudence and frugality, as we do in Lombard-street.

Niece. As we do! That's a fine life, indeed! with one servant of each sex. Let us see how many things our coachman is good for: he rubs down his horses, lays the cloth, whets the knives, and sometimes makes beds.

Aunt. A good servant should turn his hand to everything in a family.

Niece. Nay, there's not a creature in our family that has not two or three different duties: as John is butler, footman, and coachman; so, Mary is cook, laundress, and chamber-maid.

Aunt. Well, and do you laugh at that?

Niece. No, not I; nor at the coach-horses, though one has an easy trot for my uncle's riding, and t'other an easy pace for your side-saddle.

Aunt. And so you jeer at the good management of your relations, do you?

Niece. No, I am well satisfied that all the house are creatures of business; but, indeed, was in hopes that my poor lap-dog might have lived with me upon my fortune without an employment; but my uncle threatens every day to make him a turn-spit, that he, too, in his sphere, may help us to live comfortably.

Aunt. Harkye! cousin Biddy—

Niece. I vow I'm out of countenance when our butler, with his careful face, drives us all stowed in a chariot, drawn by one horse ambling, and t'other trotting, with his provisions behind for the family, from Saturday night till Monday morning, bound for Hackney. Then we make a comfortable figure, indeed.

Aunt. So we do; and so will you always, if you marry your cousin Humphrey.

Niece. Name not the creature.

Aunt. Creature! what, your own cousin a creature!

Niece. Oh! let's be going; I see yonder another creature, that does my uncle's law business, and has, I believe, made ready the deeds, those barbarous deeds!

Aunt. What, Mr. Pounce a creature, too! Nay, now I'm sure you're ignorant. You shall stay, and you'll learn more wit from him in an hour, than in a thousand of your foolish books in an age. Your servant, Mr. Pounce.

Enter POUNCE.

Pounce. Ladies, I hope I don't interrupt any private discourse.

Aunt. Not in the least, sir.

Pounce. I should be loth to be esteemed one of those who think they have a privilege of mixing in all companies, without any business, but to bring forth a loud laugh, or vain jest.

Niece. He talks with the mien and gravity of a Paladin. (*Aside.*)

Pounce. Madam, I bought, the other day, at three and a half, and sold at seven.

Aunt. Then, pray, sir, sell for me in time. Niece, mind him; he has an infinite deal of wit. (*Apart.*)

Pounce. This that I speak of was for you. I never neglect such opportunities to serve my friends.

Aunt. Indeed, Mr. Pounce, you are, I protest, without flattery, the wittiest man in the world.

Pounce. I assure you, madam, I said, last night, before a hundred head of citizens, that Mrs. Bar-sheba Tipkin was the most ingenious young lady in the liberties.

Aunt. Well, Mr. Pounce, you are so facetious! but you are always among the great ones; 'tis no wonder you have it.

Niece. Idle, idle! (*Aside.*)

Pounce. But madam, you know Alderman Greygoose; he's a notable joking man: "Well," says

he, "here's Mrs. Barsheba's health; she's my mistress."

Aunt. That man makes me split my sides with laughing, he's such a wag. Mr. Pounce pretends Greygoose said all this, but I know 'tis his own wit, for he's in love with me. (*Aside.*)

Pounce. But, madam, there's a certain affair I should communicate to you. (*Apart.*)

Aunt. Ay, 'tis certainly so; he wants to break his mind to me. (*Aside.*)

Enter CAPTAIN CLERIMONT.

Pounce. Oh! Captain Clerimont, Captain Clerimont! Ladies, pray, let me introduce this young gentleman; he's my friend; a youth of great virtue and goodness, for all he is in a red coat.

Aunt. If he's your friend, we need not doubt his virtue.

Capt. C. Ladies, you're taking the cool breath of the morning.

Niece. A pretty phrase. (*Aside.*)

Aunt. That's the pleasantest time this warm weather.

Capt. C. Oh! 'tis the season of the pearly dews and gentle zephyrs.

Niece. Ay, pray, mind that again, aunt. (*Aside.*)

Pounce. Sha'n't we repose ourselves on yonder seat? I love improving company, and to communicate.

Aunt. 'Tis certainly so: he's in love with me, and wants opportunity to tell me so. I don't care if we do. He's a most ingenious man.

[*Aside, and exit with Pounce.*]

Capt. C. We enjoy here, madam, all the pretty landscapes of the country, without the pain of going thither.

Niece. Art and nature are in a rivalry, or rather a confederacy, to adorn this beauteous park with all the agreeable variety of water, shade, walks, and air. What can be more charming than these flowery lawns?

Capt. C. Or these gloomy shades?

Niece. Or these embroidered valleys?

Capt. C. Or that transparent stream?

Niece. Or these bowing branches on the banks of it, that seem to admire their own beauty in the crystal mirror?

Capt. C. I am surprised, madam, at the delicacy of your phrase. Can such expressions come from Lombard-street?

Niece. Alas! sir, what can be expected from an innocent virgin, that has been immured almost one-and-twenty years from the conversation of mankind, under the care of an Urganda of an aunt?

Capt. C. Bless me! madam, how you have been abused! many a lady, before your age, has had a hundred lances broken in her service, and as many dragons cut to pieces in honour of her.

Niece. Oh! the charming man! (*Aside.*)

Capt. C. Do you believe Pamela was one-and-twenty before she knew Musidorus?

Niece. I could hear him ever. (*Aside.*)

Capt. C. A lady of your wit and beauty might have given occasion for a whole romance in folio before that age.

Niece. Oh! the powers! who can he be? (*Aside.*) Oh! youth unknown! But let me, in the first place, know whom I talk to; for, sir, I am wholly unacquainted both with your person and your history. You seem, indeed, by your deportment, and the distinguishing mark of your bravery which you bear, to have been in a conflict; may I not know what cruel beauty obliged you to such adventures, till she pitied you?

Capt. C. Oh! the pretty coxcomb! (*Aside.*)

Oh! Blenheim, Blenheim! Oh! Cordelia, Cordelia!

Niece. You mention the place of battle, I would fain hear an exact description of it. Our public papers are so defective, they don't so much as tell us how the sun rose on that glorious day. Were there not a great many flights of vultures before the battle begun?

Capt. C. Oh! madam, they have eaten up half my acquaintance.

Niece. Certainly, never birds of prey were so feasted; by report, they might have lived half a year on the very legs and arms our troops left behind them.

Capt. C. Had we not fought near a wood, we should never have got legs enough to have come home upon. The joiner of the foot-guards has made his fortune by it.

Niece. I shall never forgive your general. He has put all my ancient heroes out of countenance; he has pulled down Cyrus and Alexander, as much as Louis le Grand. But your own part in that action—

Capt. C. Only that slight hurt; for the astrologer said, at my nativity, "Nor fire, nor sword, nor pike, nor musket shall destroy this child, let him but avoid fair eyes." But, madam, may not I crave the name of her that has captivated my heart?

Niece. I can't guess whom you mean by that description; but if you ask my name, I must confess you put me upon revealing what I always keep as the greatest secret I have; for, would you believe it? they have called me—I don't know how to own it—but have called me Bridget.

Capt. C. Bridget!

Niece. Bridget.

Capt. C. Bridget!

Niece. Spare my confusion, I beseech you, sir; and if you have occasion to mention me, let it be by Parthenissa; for that's the name I have assumed ever since I came to years of discretion.

Capt. C. The insupportable tyranny of parents, to fix names on helpless infants which they must blush at all their lives after! I don't think there's a surname in the world to match it.

Niece. No! what do you think of Tipkin?

Capt. C. Tipkin! Why, I think if I were a young lady that had it, I'd part with it immediately.

Niece. Pray, how would you get rid of it?

Capt. C. I'd change it for another. I could recommend to you three very pretty syllables: what do you think of Clerimont?

Niece. Clerimont, Clerimont! Very well. But what right have I to it?

Capt. C. If you will give me leave, I'll put you in possession of it. By a very few words, I can make it over to you, and your children after you.

Niece. Oh, fie! whither are you running? You know, a lover should sigh in private, and languish whole years before he reveals his passion; he should retire into some solitary grove, and make the woods and wild beasts his confidants; you should have told it to the echo half a year before you had discovered it even to my handmaid. And yet, besides, to talk to me of children! Did you ever hear of a heroine having children?

Capt. C. What can a lover do, madam, now the race of giants is extinct? Had I loved in those days, there had not been a mortal six feet high, but should have owned Parthenissa for the paragon of beauty, or measured his length on the ground. Parthenissa should have been heard by the brooks and deserts at midnight; the echo's burden, and the river's murmur.

Niece. That had been a golden age, indeed! But see, my aunt has left her grave companion,

and is coming towards us; I command you to leave me.

Capt. C. Thus Oroondates, when Statira dismissed him her presence, threw himself at her feet, and implored permission but to live. (*Offering to kneel.*)

Niece. And thus Statira raised him from the earth, permitting him to live and love.

[*Exit Capt. C.*]

Enter Aunt.

Aunt. Is not Mr. Pounce's conversation very improving, niece?

Niece. Is not Mr. Clerimont a very pretty name, aunt?

Aunt. He has so much prudence—

Niece. He has so much gallantry.

Aunt. So sententious in his expressions—

Niece. So polished in his language.

Aunt. All he says is, methinks, so like a sermon.

Niece. All he speaks savours of romance.

Aunt. Romance, niece! Mr. Pounce? What savours of romance?

Niece. No, I mean his friend, the accomplished Mr. Clerimont.

Aunt. Fie! for one of your years to commend a young fellow!

Niece. One of my years is mightily governed by example. You did not dislike Mr. Pounce.

Aunt. What, censorious, too? I find there is no trusting you out of the house; a moment's fresh air does but make you still the more in love with strangers, and despise your own relations.

Niece. I am, certainly, by the power of an enchantment placed among you; but I hope I this morning employed one to seek adventures, and break the charm.

Aunt. Vapours, Biddy, indeed! Nothing but vapours. Cousin Humphrey shall break the charm.

Niece. Name him not. Call me still Biddy, rather than name that brute.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CAPTAIN CLERIMONT and POUNCE.

Capt. C. A perfect Quixote in petticoats! I tell thee, Pounce, she governs herself wholly by romance. It has got into her very blood: she starts by rule, and blushes by example. Could I but have produced one instance of a lady's complying at first sight, I should have gained her promise on the spot. How am I bound to curse the cold constitutions of the Philocleas and Staturas! I am undone for want of precedents.

Pounce. I am sure I laboured hard to favour your conference; and plied the old woman all the while with something that tickled either her vanity or her covetousness.

Capt. C. I pity the drudgery you have gone through; but what's next to be done towards getting my pretty heroine?

Pounce. What should be next done in the ordinary method of things? You have seen her; the next regular approach is, that you cannot subsist a moment without sending forth musical complaints of your misfortune, by way of serenade.

Capt. C. I can nick you there, sir; I'll get everything ready as soon as possible.

Pounce. While you are playing upon the fort, I'll be within, and observe what execution you do, and give you intelligence accordingly.

Capt. C. You must have an eye upon Mr. Humphrey, while I feed the vanity of Parthenissa;

for I am so experienced in these matters, that I know none but coxcombs think to win a woman by any desert of their own. No; it must be done rather by complying with some prevailing humour of your mistress, than exerting any good quality in yourself.

*'Tis not the lover's merit wins the field,
But to themselves alone the beauteous yield.*

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Chamber.

Enter MRS. CLERIMONT, FAINLOVE carrying her lap-dog, and JENNY.

Jenny. Madam, the footman that's recommended to you is below, if your ladyship will please to take him.

Mrs. C. Oh, fie! don't believe I'll think on't; it is impossible he should be good for anything. The English are so saucy with their liberty. I'll have all my lower servants French; there cannot be a good footman born out of an absolute monarchy.

Jenny. I am beholden to your ladyship for believing so well of the maid-servants in England.

Mrs. C. Indeed, Jenny, I could wish thou wert really French: for thou art plain English in spite of example. Your arms do but hang on, and you move perfectly upon joints; not with a swim of the whole person. But I am talking to you, and have not adjusted myself to-day. What pretty company a glass is, to have another self! (*Kisses the dog.*) The converse in soliloquy! To have company that never contradicts or displeases us! The pretty visible echo of our actions! (*Kisses the dog.*) How easy, too, it is to be disencumbered with stays, where a woman has anything like shape; if no shape, a good air! But I look best when I am talking.

Jenny. You always look well.

Mrs. C. For I'm always talking, you mean so: that disquiets thy sullen English temper; but I don't really look so well when I am silent: if I do but offer to speak, then I may say that—Oh! bless me! Jenny, I am so pale, I am afraid of myself; I have not laid on half red enough. What a dough-baked thing I was before I improved myself, and travelled for beauty. However, my face is very prettily designed to-day.

Fain. Indeed, madam, you begin to have so fine a hand, that you are younger every day than otherwise.

Mrs. C. The ladies abroad used to call me Mademoiselle Titian, I was so famous for my colouring: but, pr'ythee, wench, bring me my black eyebrows out of the next room.

Jenny. Madam, I have them in my hand.

Fain. It would be happy for all that are to see you to-day, if you could change your eyes, too.

Mrs. C. Gallant enough! No, hang it! I'll wear these I have on; this mode of visage takes mightily; I had three ladies, last week, come over to my complexion. I think to be a fair woman this fortnight, till I find I am aped too much; I believe there are a hundred copies of me already.

Jenny. Dear madam, won't your ladyship please to let me be of the next countenance you leave off?

Mrs. C. You may, Jenny; but I assure you it is a very pretty piece of ill-nature, for a woman that has any genius for beauty, to observe the servile

imitation of her manner, her motion, her glances, and her smiles.

Fain. Ay, indeed, madam, nothing can be so ridiculous as to imitate the inimitable.

Mrs. C. Indeed, as you say, Fainlove, the French mien is no more to be learned than the language, without going thither. Then again, to see some poor ladies who have clownish, penurious, English husbands, turn and torture their old clothes into so many forms, and dye them into so many colours, to follow me. What say'st, Jenny? what say'st? not a word?

Jenny. Why, madam, all that I can say—

Mrs. C. Nay, I believe, Jenny, thou hast nothing to say any more than the rest of thy countrywomen. The splenetics speak just as the weather lets them; they are mere talking barometers. Abroad, the people of quality go on so eternally, and still go on, and are gay and entertaining: in England, discourse is made up of nothing but question and answer—I was, t'other day, at a visit where there was a profound silence for, I believe, the third part of a minute.

Jenny. And your ladyship there?

Mrs. C. They infected me with their dulness. Who can keep up their good humour at an English visit? They sit, as at a funeral, silent in the midst of many candles; one, perhaps, alarms the room: "'Tis very cold weather!" then all the mutes play their fans till some other question happens, and then the fans go off again.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, Captain Clerimont and a very strange gentleman are come to wait on you.

Mrs. C. Let him and the very strange gentleman come in. [*Exit Serv.*]

Fain. Oh! madam, that's the country gentleman I was telling you of.

Enter HUMPHREY GUBBIN and CAPTAIN CLERIMONT.

Madam, may I do myself the honour to recommend Mr. Gubbin, son and heir to Sir Harry Gubbin, to your ladyship's notice?

Mrs. C. Mr. Gubbin, I am extremely pleased with your suit; 'tis antique, and originally from France.

Hump. It is always locked up, madam, when I am in the country. My father prizes it mightily.

Mrs. C. 'Twould make a very pretty dancing suit in a mask. Oh! Captain Clerimont, I have a quarrel with you.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, your ladyship's husband desires to know whether you see company to-day, or not?

Mrs. C. Who, you clown?

Serv. Mr. Clerimont, madam.

Mrs. C. He may come in. [*Exit Serv.*]

Enter CLERIMONT, Senior.

Your very humble servant.

Cler. sen. I was going to take the air this morning in my coach, and did myself the honour, before I went, to receive your commands, finding you saw company.

Mrs. C. At any time, when you know I do, you may let me see you. Pray, how did you sleep last

night? If I had not asked him that question, they might have thought we lay together. (*Aside.*) But, Captain, I have a quarrel with you; I have utterly forgot those three *coupées* you promised to come again and shew me. But, oh! (*as she is going to be led by the Captain*) have you signed that mortgage to pay off my Lady Faddle's winnings at ombre?

Cler. sen. Yes, madam.

Mrs. C. Then, all's well; my honour's safe. [*Exit Clerimont, sen.*] Come, Captain, lead me this step, for I'm apt to make a false one: you shall shew me.

Capt. C. I'll shew you, madam; 'tis no matter for a fiddle; I'll give you them the French way, in a teaching tune. Pray, more quickly—"Oh! *mademoiselle, que faites vous—à moi?*"—There again: now slide, as it were, with and without measure. There you outdid the gipsy; and you have all the smiles of the dance to a tittle.

Hump. If this be French dancing and singing, I fancy I could do it. Haw, haw! (*Capers aside.*)

Mrs. C. I protest, Mr. Gubbin, you have almost the step, without any of our country bashfulness. Give me your hand—haw, haw! So, so, a little quicker; that's right—haw! Captain, your brother delivered this spark to me, to be diverted here, till he calls for him. [*Exit Capt. C.*]

Hump. This cutting so high makes one's money jingle confoundedly; I'm resolved I'll never carry above one pocket full hereafter.

Mrs. C. You do it very readily; you amaze me.

Hump. Are the gentlemen of France generally so well bred as we are in England? are they, madam, eh? But, young gentleman, when shall I see this sister? Haw, haw, haw! Is not the higher one jumps the better?

Fain. She'll be mightily taken with you, I'm sure. One would not think 'twas in you; you're so gay, and dance so very high—

Hump. What should ail me? Did you think I were wind-galled? I can sing, too, if I please; but I won't till I see your sister. This is a mighty pretty house.

Mrs. C. Well, do you know that I like this gentleman extremely? I should be glad to form him. But were you never in France, Mr. Gubbin?

Hump. No; but I'm always thus pleasant, if my father's not by. I protest, I'd advise your sister to have me; I am for marrying her at once: why should I stand shilly-shally like a country bumpkin?

Fain. Mr. Gubbin, I dare say she'll be as forward as you; we'll go in and see her. (*Apart.*)

Mrs. C. Then he has not yet seen the lady he is in love with. I protest, very new and gallant. Mr. Gubbin, she must needs believe you a frank person. Fainlove, I must see this sister, too; I am resolved she shall like him.

*There needs not time true passion to discover;
The most believing is the most a lover.* [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Park.

Enter Niece.

Niece. Oh! Clerimont, Clerimont! To be struck at first sight! I'm ashamed of my weakness; I find in myself all the symptoms of a raging amour: I love solitude; I grow pale; I sigh frequently; I call upon the name of Clerimont when I don't think of it; his person is ever in my eyes, and his voice in my ears; methinks, I long to lose myself in some pensive grove, or to hang over the head of some

warbling fountain, with a lute in my hand, softening the murmurs of the water.

Enter Aunt.

Aunt. Biddy, Biddy! Where's Biddy Tipkin?

Niece. Who do you inquire for?

Aunt. Come, come; he's just a-coming at the park-door?

Niece. Who is coming?

Aunt. Your cousin Humphrey. Who should be coming? Your lover, your husband that is to be. Pray, my dear, look well, and be civil, for your credit and mine too.

Niece. If he answers my idea, I shall rally the rustic to death.

Aunt. Hist! here he is.

Enter HUMPHREY GUBBIN.

Hump. Aunt, your humble servant. Is that—eh! aunt?

Aunt. Yes, cousin Humphrey, that's your cousin Bridget. Well, I'll leave you together.

[*Exit.*]

Hump. Aunt does as she'd be done by, cousin Bridget, doesn't she, eh! cousin? What, are you a Londoner, and not speak to a gentleman? Lookye! cousin, the old folks resolving to marry us, I thought it would be proper to see how I liked you, as not caring to buy a pig in a poke; for I love to look before I leap.

Niece. Sir, your person and address bring to my mind the whole history of Valentine and Orson: what, would they marry me to a wild man? Pray, answer me a question or two.

Hump. Ay, ay, as many as you please, cousin Bridget.

Niece. What wood were you taken in? How long have you been caught?

Hump. Caught!

Niece. Where were your haunts?

Hump. My haunts!

Niece. Are not clothes very uneasy to you? Is this strange dress the first you ever wore?

Hump. How!

Niece. Are you not a great admirer of roots and raw flesh? Let me look upon your nails. Don't you love blackberries, haws, and pig-nuts, mightily?

Hump. How!

Niece. Canst thou deny that thou wert suckled by a wolf? You haven't been so barbarous, I hope, since you came amongst men, as to hunt your nurse, have you?

Hump. Hunt my nurse! Ay, 'tis so; she's distracted, as sure as a gun. (*Aside.*)—Harkye! cousin, pray, will you let me ask you a question or two?

Niece. If thou hast yet learned the use of language, speak, monster.

Hump. How long have you been thus?

Niece. Thus! what wouldst thou say?

Hump. What's the cause of it? Tell me truly, now: did you never love anybody before me?

Niece. Go, go; thou'rt a savage.

Hump. They never let you go abroad, I suppose.

Niece. Thou'rt a monster, I tell thee.

Hump. Indeed, cousin, though 'tis folly to tell thee so, I am afraid thou art a mad woman.

Niece. I'll have thee into some forest.

Hump. I'll take thee into a dark room.

Niece. I hate thee.

Hump. I wish you did; there's no hate lost, I assure you, cousin Bridget.

Niece. Cousin Bridget, quotha! I'd as soon

claim kindred with a mountain bear. I detest thee.

Hump. You never do any harm in these fits, I hope. But do you hate me in earnest?

Niece. Dost thou ask it, ungentle forester?

Hump. Yes; for I've a reason, lookye! It happens very well if you hate me, and are in your senses; for to tell you truly, I don't much care for you; and there is another fine woman, as I am informed, that is in some hopes of having me.

Niece. This merits my attention. (*Aside.*)

Hump. Lookye! d'ye see? as I said, I don't care for you. I would not have you set your heart on me; but, if you like anybody else, let me know it, and I'll find out a way for us to get rid of one another, and deceive the old folks that would couple us.

Niece. This wears the face of an amour. (*Aside.*) There is something in that thought which makes thy presence less insupportable.

Hump. Nay, nay, now you're growing foud; if you come with these maid's tricks, to say you hate at first and afterwards like me, you'll spoil the whole design.

Niece. Don't fear it. When I think of consorting with thee, may the wild boar defile the cleanly ermine! may the tiger be wedded to the kid!

Hump. When I of thee, may the pole-cat catterwaul with the civet!

Niece. When I harbour the least thought of thee, may the silver Thames forget its course!

Hump. When I like thee, may I be soused over head and ears in a horse-pond! But do you hate me?

Enter Aunt.

Niece. For ever; and you me?

Hump. Most heartily.

Aunt. Ha! I like this. They are come to promises and protestations. (*Aside.*)

Hump. I am very glad I have found a way to please you.

Niece. You promise to be constant?

Hump. Till death.

Niece. Thou best of savages!

Hump. Thou best of savages! poor Biddy!

Aunt. Oh! the pretty couple joking on one another. Well, how do you like your cousin Humphrey now?

Niece. Much better than I thought I should. He's quite another thing than what I took him for. We have both the same passions for one another.

Hump. We only wanted an occasion to open our hearts, aunt.

Aunt. Oh! how this will rejoice my brother and Sir Harry! We'll go to them.

Hump. No; I must fetch a walk with a new acquaintance, Mr. Samuel Pounce.

Aunt. An excellent acquaintance for your husband! Come, niece, come.

Niece. Farewell, rustic!

Hump. B'ye, Biddy!

Aunt. Rustic! Biddy! Ha, ha! Pretty creatures! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter CAPTAIN CLERIMONT and POUNCE.

Capt. C. Does she expect me, then, at this very instant?

Pounce. I tell you, she ordered me to bring the

painter at this very hour precisely, to draw her niece. Now I know you are a pretender that way.

Capt. C. Enough, I warrant, to personate the character on such an inspiring occasion.

Pounce. Be sure you play your part in humour: to be a painter for a lady, you're to have the excessive flattery of a lover, the ready invention of a poet, and the easy gesture of a player.

Capt. C. Come, come, no more instructions; my imagination out-runs all you can say. Begone, begone! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The Niece's Lodgings.*

Enter Aunt and Niece.

Aunt. Indeed, niece, I am as much overjoyed to see your wedding-day, as if it were my own.

Niece. But, why must it be huddled up so?

Aunt. Oh! my dear, a private wedding is much better; your mother had such a bustle at her's, with feasting and fooling: besides, they did not go to bed till two in the morning.

Niece. Since you understand things so well, I wonder you never married yourself.

Aunt. My dear, I was very cruel thirty years ago, and nobody asked me since.

Niece. Alas-a-day!

Aunt. Yet, I assure you, there were a great many matches proposed to me. There was Sir Gilbert Jolly; but he, forsooth, could not please; he drank ale, and smoked tobacco, and was no fine gentleman, forsooth! but then, again, there was young Mr. Peregrine Shapely, who had travelled, and spoke French, and smiled at all I said; he was a fine gentleman, but then, he was consumptive; and yet, again, to see how one may be mistaken! Sir Jolly died in half a year, and my Lady Shapely has, by that thin slip, eight children, that should have been mine. But here's the bridegroom. So, cousin Humphrey!

Enter HUMPHREY GUBBIN.

Hump. Your servant, ladies. So, my dear!

Niece. So, my savage!

Aunt. Oh, fie! no more of that to your husband, Biddy.

Hump. No matter; I like it as well as duck or love. I know my cousin loves me as well as I do her.

Aunt. I'll leave you together; I must go and get ready an entertainment for you when you come home. [Exit.]

Hump. Well, cousin, are you constant? Do you hate me still?

Niece. As much as ever.

Hump. What a happiness it is, when people's inclinations jump! I wish I knew what to do with you. Can you get nobody, d'ye think, to marry you?

Niece. Oh! Clerimont, Clerimont! where art thou? (Aside.)

Enter Aunt, and CAPTAIN CLERIMONT disguised.

Aunt. This, sir, is the lady who you are to draw. You see, sir, as good flesh and blood as a man would desire to put into colours. I must have her maiden picture.

Hump. Then the painter must make haste—ch! cousin!

Niece. Hold thy tongue, good savage.

Capt. C. Madam, I am generally forced to new-

mould every feature, and mend nature's handy-work; but here she has made so finished an original, that I despair of my copy's coming up to it.

Aunt. Do you hear that, niece?

Niece. I don't desire you to make graces where you find none.

Capt. C. To see the difference of the fair sex! I protest to you, madam, my fancy is utterly exhausted with inventing faces for those that sit to me. The first entertainment I generally meet with are complaints for want of sleep; they never looked so pale in their lives, as when they sit for their pictures. Then, so many touches and retouches when the face is finished! "That wrinkle ought not to have been; those eyes are too languid; the colour's too weak; that side-look hides the mole on the left cheek." In short, the whole likeness is struck out: but in you, madam, the highest I can come up to will be but rigid justice.

Hump. A comical dog, this! (Aside.)

Aunt. Truly, the gentleman seems to understand his business.

Niece. Sir, if your pencil flatters like your tongue, you are going to draw a picture that won't be at all like me. Sure, I have heard that voice somewhere. (Aside.)

Capt. C. Madam, be pleased to place yourself near me; nearer still, madam; here falls the best light. You must know, madam, there are three kinds of airs which the ladies most delight in: there is your haughty, your mild, and your pensive air. The haughty may be expressed with the head a little more erect than ordinary, and the countenance with a certain disdain in it, so as she may appear almost, but not quite inexorable: this kind of air is generally heightened with a little knitting of the brows. I gave my Lady Scornwell her choice of a dozen frowns, before she could find one to her liking.

Niece. But what's the mild air?

Capt. C. The mild air is composed of a languish and a smile. But, if I might advise, I'd rather be a pensive beauty; the pensive usually feels her pulse, leans on one arm, or sits ruminating with a book in her hand; which conversation she is supposed to choose, rather than the endless importunities of lovers.

Hump. A comical dog!

Aunt. Upon my word, he understands his business well. I'll tell you, niece, how your mother was drawn: she had an orange in her hand, and a nosegay in her bosom; but a look so pure and fresh-coloured, you'd have taken her for one of the seasons.

Capt. C. You seem, indeed, madam, most inclined to the pensive. The pensive delights also in the fall of waters, pastoral figures, or any rural view suitable to a fair lady, who, with a delicate spleen, has retired from the world, as sick of its flattery and admiration.

Niece. No; since there is room for fancy in a picture, I would be drawn like the amazon Thales-tris, with a spear in my hand, and an helmet on a table before me. At a distance behind, let there be a dwarf, holding by the bridle a milk-white palfrey.

Capt. C. Madam, the thought is full of spirit; and, if you please, there shall be a Cupid stealing away your helmet, to shew that love should have a part in all gallant actions.

Niece. That circumstance may be very picturesque.

Capt. C. Here, madam, shall be your own picture, here the palfrey, and here the dwarf. The dwarf must be very little, or we sha'n't have room for him.

Niece. A dwarf cannot be too little.

Capt. C. I'll make him a blackamoor, to distin-

gnish him from the other too powerful dwarf, (*sighs*) the Cupid. I'll place that beauteous boy near you, 'twill look very natural: he'll certainly take you for his mother, Venus.

Niece. I leave those particulars to your own fancy.

Capt. C. Please, madam, to uncover your neck a little; a little lower still; a little, little lower.

Niece. I'll be drawn thus, if you please, sir.

Capt. C. Ladies, have you heard the news of a late marriage between a young lady of a great fortune and a younger brother of a good family?

Aunt. Pray, sir, how is it?

Capt. C. This young gentleman, ladies, is a particular acquaintance of mine, and much about my age and stature—Look me full in the face, madam—He accidentally met the young lady, who had in her all the perfections of her sex—Hold up your head, madam; that's right—She let him know that his person and discourse were not altogether disagreeable to her; the difficulty was how to gain a second interview—Your eyes full upon mine, madam—For never was there such a sigher in all the valleys of Arcadia, as that unfortunate youth, during the absence of her he loved.

Aunt. Alack-a-day! poor young gentleman!

Niece. It must be him: what a charming amour is this! (*Aside.*)

Capt. C. At length, ladies, he bethought himself of an expedient: he dressed himself just as I am now, and came to draw her picture—Your eyes full upon mine, pray, madam.

Hump. A subtle dog, I warrant him.

Capt. C. And by that means found an opportunity of carrying her off, and marrying her.

Aunt. Indeed, your friend was a very vicious young man.

Niece. Yet, perhaps, the young lady was not displeased at what he had done.

Capt. C. But, madam, what were the transports of the lover, when she made him that confession?

Niece. I dare say she thought herself very happy when she got out of her guardian's hands.

Aunt. 'Tis very true, niece, there is abundance of those headstrong young baggages about town.

Capt. C. The gentleman has often told me, he was strangely struck at first sight; but when she sat to him for her picture, and assumed all those graces that are proper for the occasion, his torment was so exquisite, his occasions so violent, that he could not have lived a day, had he not found means to make the charmer of his heart his own.

Hump. 'Tis certainly the foolishhest thing in the world to stand shilly-shally about a woman when one has a mind to marry her.

Capt. C. The young painter turned poet on the subject; I believe I have the words by heart.

Niece. A sonnet! Pray, repeat it.

Capt. C. When gentle Parthenissa walks,
And sweetly smiles, and gaily talks,
A thousand shafts around her fly,
A thousand swains unheeded die.

If, then, she labours to be seen
With all her killing air and mien;
For so much beauty, so much art,
What mortal can secure his heart?

Aunt. Why, this is pretty! I think a painter should never be without poetry; it brightens the features strangely. I profess, I'm mightily pleased: I'll but just step in, and give some orders, and be with you presently. [Exit.]

Niece. Was not this adventurous painter called Clerimont?

Capt. C. It was Clerimont, the servant of Parthenissa; but let me beseech that beauteous maid to resolve, and make the incident I feigned to her a real one; consider, madam, you are environed by cruel and treacherous guards, which would force you to a disagreeable marriage; your case is exactly the same with the princess of the Leontines in Clelia.

Niece. How can we commit such a solecism against all rules! What, in the first leaf of our history to have the marriage? You know it cannot be.

Capt. C. The pleasantest part of the history will be after marriage.

Niece. No; I never yet read of a knight that entered tilt or tournament after wedlock. 'Tis not to be expected. When the husband begins, the hero ends; all that noble impulse to glory, all the generous passion for adventures is consumed in the nuptial torch; I don't know how it is, but Mars and Hymen never hit it.

Hump. (*Listening.*) Consumed in the nuptial torch! Mars and Hymen! What can all this mean? I am very glad I can hardly read; they could never get these foolish fancies into my head; I had always a strong brain. (*Aside.*) Harkye! cousin, is not this painter a comical dog?

Niece. I think he's very agreeable company.

Hump. Why, then, I tell you what—marry him. A painter's a very genteel calling. He's an ingenious fellow, and certainly poor; I fancy he'd be glad of it. I'll keep my aunt out of the room a minute or two, that's all the time you have to consider. [Exit.]

Capt. C. Fortune points out to us this only occasion of our happiness: love's of celestial origin, and needs no long acquaintance to be manifest. Lovers, like angels, speak by intuition: their souls are in their eyes.

Niece. Then I fear he sees mine. (*Aside.*) But I can't think of abridging our amours, and cutting off all farther decorations of disguise, serenade, and adventure.

Capt. C. Nor would I willingly lose the merit of long services, midnight sighs, and plaintive solitudes, were there not a necessity.

Niece. Then to be seized by stealth!

Capt. C. Why, madam, you are a great fortune, and should not be married the common way. Indeed, madam, you ought to be stolen.

Niece. But, then, our history will be so short.

Capt. C. I grant it; but you don't consider there's a device in another's leading you instead of this person that's to have you; and, madam, though our amours can't furnish out a romance, they'll make a very pretty novel. Why smiles my fair?

Niece. I am almost of opinion that had Oroonates been as pressing as Clerimont, Cassandra had been but a pocket-book: but it looks so ordinary, to go out at a door to be married. Indeed, I ought to be taken out of a window, and run away with.

Enter HUMPHREY GUBBIN and POUNCE.

Hump. Well, cousin, the coach is at the door. If you please, I'll lead you.

Niece. I put myself into your hands, good savage; but you promise to leave me?

Hump. I tell you plainly, you must not think of having me.

Pounce. (*To Capt. C.*) You'll have opportunity enough to carry her off; the old fellow will be busy with me; I'll gain all the time I can; but be bold and prosper.

Niece. Clerimont, you follow us.
Capt. C. Upon the wings of love.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber.*

Enter CLERIMONT, Senior, and FAINLOVE.

Cler. sen. Then she gave you this letter, and bid you read it as a paper of verses?

Fain. This is the place, the hour, the lucky minute. Now am I rubbing up my memory, to recollect all you said to me when you first ruined me, that I may attack her rightly.

Cler. sen. Your eloquence would be needless; 'tis so unmodish to need persuasion: modesty makes a lady embarrassed; but my spouse is above that, as for example: (*reading her letter*) "*Fainlove,—You don't seem to want wit, therefore, I need say no more than that distance to a woman of the world is becoming in no man but a husband; an hour hence come up the back stairs to my closet. Adieu, mon mignon.*" I am glad you are punctual. I'll conceal myself to observe your interview. Oh! torture!—But this wench must not see it. (*Aside.*)

Fain. Be sure you come time enough to save my reputation.

Cler. sen. Remember your orders, distance becomes no man but a husband.

Fain. I am glad you are in so good humour on the occasion; but you know me to be but a bully in love, that can only bluster till the minute of engagement. But I'll top my part; and form my conduct by my own sentiments: if she grow coy, I'll grow more saucy: 'twas so I was won myself.

Cler. sen. Well, my dear rival, your assignation draws nigh; you are to put on your transport, your impatient, throbbing heart won't let you wait her arrival: let the dull family thing and husband, who reckons his moments by his cares, be content to wait; but you are a gallant, and measure time by ecstasies.

Fain. I hear her coming: to your post; good husband, know your duty, and don't be in the way when your wife has a mind to be in private; to your post, into the coal-hole.

Enter MRS. CLERIMONT.

Welcome, my dear, my tender charmer! Oh! to my longing arms; feel the heart pant, that falls and rises as you smile or frown. Oh! the ecstatic moment! I think that was something like what has been said to me. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. C. Very well, Fainlove! I protest I value myself for my discerning; I knew you had fire through all the respect you shewed me. But how came you to make no direct advances, young gentleman? Why was I forced to admonish your gallantry?

Fain. Why, madam, I knew you a woman of breeding, and above the senseless niceties of an English wife. The French way is, you are to go so far, whether they are agreeable or not: if you are so happy as to please, nobody that is not of a constrained behaviour is at a loss to let you know it; besides, if the humble servant makes the first approaches, he has the impudence of making a request, but not the honour of obeying a command.

Mrs. C. Right; a woman's man should conceal passion in a familiar air of indifference. Now there's

Mr. Clerimont; I can't allow him the least freedom, but the unfashionable fool grows so fond of me, he cannot hide it in public.

Fain. Ay, madam, I have often wondered at your ladyship's choice of one who seems to have so little of the *beau monde* in his carriage, but just what you force him to, while there were so many pretty gentlemen. (*Dancing.*)

Mrs. C. Oh! young gentleman, you are mightily mistaken, if you think such animals as you, and pretty Beau Titmouse, and pert Billy Butterfly, though I suffer you to come in, and play about my rooms, are any way in competition with a man whose name one would wear.

Fain. Oh! madam, then I find we are—

Mrs. C. A woman of sense must have respect for a man of that character; but, alas! respect, is respect! respect is not the thing; respect has something too solemn for soft moments. You things are more proper for hours of dalliance.

Cler. sen. (*Peeping.*) How have I wronged this fine lady! I find I am to be a cuckold out of her pure esteem for me.

Mrs. C. Besides, those fellows for whom we have respect, have none for us; I warrant, on such an occasion, Clerimont would have ruffled a woman out of all form, while you—

Cler. sen. A good hint: now my cause comes on. (*Aside.*)

Fain. Since, then, you allow us fitter for soft moments, why do we misemploy them? Let me kiss that beauteous hand, and clasp that graceful frame.

Mrs. C. How, Fainlove! What, you don't design to be impertinent? But my lips have a certain roughness on them to-day, haven't they?

Fain. (*Kissing.*) No; they are all softness; their delicious sweetness is inexpressible. Here language fails: let me applaud thy lips not by the utterance but by the touch of mine.

Enter CLERIMONT, Senior, drawing his sword.

Cler. sen. Ha! villain, ravisher, invader of my bed and honour! draw.

Mrs. C. What means this insolence, this intrusion into my privacy? What, do you come into my very closet without knocking? Who put this into your head!

Cler. sen. My injuries have alarmed me, and I'll bear no longer, but sacrifice your bravado, the author of them.

Mrs. C. Oh! poor Mr. Fainlove! Must he die for his complaisance and innocent freedoms with me? How could you, if you might? Oh! the sweet youth! What, fight Mr. Fainlove? What will the ladies say?

Fain. Let me come at the intruder on ladies' private hours: the unfashionable monster! I'll prevent all future interruption from him: let me come. (*Drawing her sword.*)

Mrs. C. Oh! the brave, pretty creature! Look at his youth and innocence. He is not made for such rough encounters. Stand behind me, poor Fainlove! There is not a visit in town, sir, where you shall not be displayed at full length for this intrusion. I banish you for ever from my sight and bed.

Cler. sen. I obey you; madam, for distance is becoming in no man but a husband! (*Giving her the letter, which she reads, and falls into a swoon.*) I've gone too far. (*Kissing her.*) The impertinent was guilty of nothing but what my indiscretion led her to. This is the first kiss I've had these six weeks; but she awakes. Well, Jenny, you topped your part, indeed! Come to my arms, thou ready, willing fair one; thou hast no vanities, no niceties;

but art thankful for every instance of love I bestow on thee. (*Embracing her.*)

Mrs. C. What, am I, then, abused? Is it a wench, then, of his? Oh, me! Was ever poor abused wife, poor innocent lady thus injured! (*Runs and seizes Fainlove's sword.*)

Cler. sen. Oh! the brave, pretty creature! Hurt Mr. Fainlove! Look at his youth, his innocence. Ha, ha! (*Interposing.*)

Fain. Have a care, have a care, dear sir. I know myself she'll have no mercy.

Mrs. C. I'll be the death of her: let me come on. Stand from between us, Mr. Clerimont, I would not hurt you.

Cler. sen. Run, run, Jenny. [*Exit Fainlove. Looks at Mrs. C. upbraidingly.*] Well, madam, are these the innocent freedoms you claimed of me? Have I deserved this? How has there been a moment of your's ever interrupted with the real pangs I suffer? The daily importunities of creditors, who become so by serving your profuse vanities: did I ever murmur at supplying any of your diversions, while I believed them (as you called them) harmless? Must, then, those eyes, that used to glad my heart with their familiar brightness, hang down with guilt? Guilt has transformed thy whole person; nay, the very memory of it. Fly from my growing passion.

Mrs. C. I cannot fly, nor bear it. Oh! look not.

Cler. sen. What can you say? Speak quickly. (*Offering to draw.*)

Mrs. C. I never saw you moved before. Don't murder me, impenitent; I'm wholly in your power as a criminal; but, remember, I have been so in a tender regard.

Cler. sen. But how have you considered that regard?

Mrs. C. Is it possible you can forgive what you ensnared me into? Oh! look at me kindly. You know I have only erred in my intention, nor saw my danger till, by this honest art, you had shewn me what 'tis to venture to the utmost limit of what is lawful. You laid that train, I'm sure, to alarm, not to betray, my innocence. Mr. Clerimont scorns such baseness; therefore, I kneel, I weep, I am convinced. (*Kneels.*)

Cler. sen. (*Raising her up and embracing her.*) Then kneel, and weep no more, my fairest, my reconciled! Be so in a moment; for know I cannot, without wringing my own heart, give you the least compunction. Be in humour: it shall be your own fault, if ever there be a serious word more on this subject.

Mrs. C. I must correct every idea that rises in my mind, and learn every gesture of my body anew. I detest the thing I was.

Cler. sen. No, no, you must not do so; our joy and grief, honour and reproach, are the same; you must slide out of your foppery by degrees, so that it may appear your own act.

Mrs. C. But this wench?

Cler. sen. She is already out of your way. You shall see the catastrophe of her fate yourself. But still keep up the fine lady till we go out of town. You may return to it with as decent airs as you please. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room.

Enter POUNCE, with papers.

Pounce. 'Tis a delight to gall these old rascals, and set them at variance about stakes, which I know neither of them will ever have possession of.

Enter TIPKIN and SIR HARRY GUBBIN.

Tip. Do you design, Sir Harry, that they shall have an estate in their own hands, and keep house themselves, poor things?

Sir H. No, no, sir, I know better; they shall go down into the country, and live with me; not touch a farthing of money; but having all things necessary provided, they shall go tame about the house, and breed.

Tip. Well, Sir Harry, then considering that all human things are subject to change, it behoves every man that has a just sense of mortality, to take care of his money.

Sir H. I don't know what you mean, brother. What do you drive at, brother?

Tip. This instrument is executed by you, your son, and my niece, which discharges me of all retrospects.

Sir H. It is confessed, brother; but what then?

Tip. All that remains is, that you pay me for the young lady's twelve years' board, as also all other charges, as wearing apparel, &c.

Sir H. What is this you say? Did I give you my discharge from all retrospects, as you call it, and after all do you come with this, and t'other, and all that? I find you are—I tell you, sir, to your face—I find you are—

Tip. I find, too, what you are, Sir Harry.

Sir H. What am I, sir? what am I?

Tip. Why, sir, you are angry.

Sir H. Sir, I scorn your words; I am not angry. Mr. Pounce is my witness, I am as gentle as a lamb. Would it not make any flesh alive angry to see a close hunk come after all with a demand of—

Tip. Mr. Pounce, pray, inform Sir Harry in this point.

Pounce. Indeed, Sir Harry, I must tell you plainly, that Mr. Tipkin, in this, demands nothing but what he may recover. For though this case may be considered *multifarium*; that is to say, as 'tis usually, commonly, *vicatim*, or vulgarly expressed. Yet, I say, when we only observe, that the power is settled as the law requires, *assensu patris*, by the consent of the father, that circumstance imports you are well acquainted with the advantage which accrue to your family by this alliance, which corroborates Mr. Tipkin's demand, and avoids all objections that can be made.

Sir H. Why, then, I find you are his adviser in all this.

Pounce. Lookye! Sir Harry, to shew you I love to promote among my clients a good understanding; though Mr. Tipkin may claim four thousand pounds, I'll engage for him, and I know him so well, that he shall take three thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight pounds, four shillings, and eight-pence farthing.

Tip. Indeed, Mr. Pounce, you are too hard upon me.

Pounce. You must consider a little, Sir Harry is your brother.

Sir H. Three thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight pounds, four shillings, and eight-pence farthing! for what, I say? for what, sir?

Pounce. For what, sir! for what she wanted, sir; a fine lady is always in want, sir; her very clothes would come to that money in half the time.

Sir H. Three thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight pounds, four shillings, and eight-pence farthing, for clothes! Pray, how many suits does she wear out in a year?

Pounce. Oh, dear! sir, a fine lady's clothes are not old by being worn, but by being seen.

Sir H. Well, I'll save her clothes for the future;

after I have got her into the country, I'll warrant her she shall not appear more in this wicked town, where clothes are worn out by sight. And as to what you demand, I tell you, sir, 'tis extortion.

Tip. Sir Harry, do you accuse me of extortion?

Sir H. Yes, I say extortion.

Tip. Mr. Pounce, write down that. There are very good laws provided against scandal and calumny; loss of reputation may tend to loss of money.

Pounce. (*Writes.*) Item, for having accused Mr. Tipkin of extortion—

Sir H. Nay, if you come to your items, lookye! Mr. Tipkin, this is an inventory of such goods as were left to my niece Bridget by her deceased father, and which I expect shall be forthcoming at her marriage to my son. (*Reads.*) Imprimis: A golden locket of her mother's, with something very ingenious in Latin on the inside of it. Item, A couple of muskets, with two shoulder belts and bandeliers. Item, A large silver caudle-cup, with a true story engraven on it.

Pounce. But, Sir Harry—

Sir H. (*Reads.*) Item, A base viol, with almost all the strings to it, and only a small hole on the back.

Pounce. But nevertheless, sir—

Sir H. This is the furniture of my brother's bed-chamber that follows: (*reads*) A suit of tapestry hangings, with the story of Judith and Holofernes, torn only where the head should have been off. An old bestead, curiously wrought about the posts, consisting of two load of timber. A hone, a basin, three razors, and a comb-case. Lookye! sir, you see I can item it.

Pounce. Alas! Sir Harry, if you had ten quire of items, 'tis all answered in the word retrospect.

Sir H. Why, then, Mr. Pounce and Mr. Tipkin, you are both rascals.

Tip. Do you call me rascal, Sir Harry?

Sir H. Yes, sir.

Tip. Write it down, Mr. Pounce, at the end of the leaf.

Sir H. If you have room, Mr. Pounce, put down villain, son of a w—, curmudgeon, hunks, and scoundrel.

Tip. Not so fast, Sir Harry; he cannot write so fast; you are at the next word, villain; son of a w—, I take it, was next. You may make the account as large as you please, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Come, come, I won't be used thus. Harkye! sirrah, draw! What do you do at this end of the town without a sword? Draw, I say.

Tip. Sir Harry, you are a military man, a colonel of the militia.

Sir H. I am so, sirrah, and will run such an extorting dog as you through the guts, to shew the militia is useful.

Pounce. Oh, dear! oh, dear! how am I concerned to see persons of your figure thus moved. The wedding is coming in. We'll settle these things afterwards.

Tip. I am calm.

Sir H. Tipkin, live these two hours; but expect—

Enter HUMPHREY GUBBIN, leading Niece; MRS. CLERIMONT led by FAINLOVE; CAPTAIN CLERIMONT; and CLERIMONT, Senior.

Pounce. Who are these? Heyday! who are these, Sir Harry?

Sir H. Some frolic; 'tis wedding-day. No matter.

Hump. Haw, haw! Father, master uncle, come,

you must stir your stumps; you must dance. Come, old lads, kiss the ladies.

Mrs. C. Mr. Tipkin, Sir Harry, I beg pardon for an introduction so *mal-à-propos*; I know sudden familiarity is not the English way. Alas! Mr. Gubbin, this father and uncle of your's must be new modelled. How they stare both of them!

Sir H. Harkye! Numps, who is this you have brought hither? Is it not the famous fine lady, Mrs. Clerimont? What a plague, did you let her come near your wife?

Hump. Lookye: don't expose yourself, and play some mad country prank to disgrace me before her; I shall be laughed at, because she knows I understand better.

Mrs. C. I congratulate, madam, your coming out of the bondage of a virgin state: a woman can't do what she will properly till she's married.

Sir H. Did you hear what she said to your wife? (*Apart.*)

Enter Aunt, before a service of dishes.

Aunt. So, Mr. Bridegroom, pray take that napkin, and serve your spouse to-day, according to custom.

Hump. Mrs. Clerimont, pray, know my aunt.

Mrs. C. Madam, I must beg your pardon; I can't possibly like all that vast load of meat that you are sending in to table; besides, 'tis so offensively sweet, it wants that *haut-goût* we are so delighted with in France.

Aunt. You'll pardon it, since we did not expect you. Who is this? (*Aside.*)

Mrs. C. Oh! madam, I only speak for the future: little saucers are much more polite. Look-ye! I'm perfectly for the French way: whenever I'm admitted, I take the whole upon me.

Sir H. The French, madam! I'd have you to know—

Mrs. C. You'll not like it at first, out of a natural English sullenness; but that will come upon you by degrees. When I first went into France, I was mortally afraid of a frog; but, in a little time, I could eat nothing else, except sallads.

Aunt. Eat frogs! Have I kissed one that has eaten frogs? Paw, paw!

Mrs. C. Oh! madam, a frog and a sallad are delicious fare.

Hump. Now, father, uncle, before we go any further, I think 'tis necessary we know who and who's together; then I give either of you two hours to guess which is my wife. And 'tis not my cousin; so far I'll tell you.

Sir H. How! what do you say? But, oh! you mean she is not your cousin now; she's nearer akin; that's well enough. Well said, Numps. Ha, ha, ha!

Hump. No; I don't mean so, I tell you; I don't mean so: my wife hides her face under her hat. (*All looking at Fainlove.*)

Tip. What does the puppy mean? His wife under a hat!

Hump. Ay, ay; that's she, that's she! A good jest, 'faith.

Sir H. Harkye! Numps, what dost mean, child? Is that a woman, and are you really married to her?

Hump. I am sure of both.

Sir H. Are you so, sirrah? Then, sirrah, this is your wedding-dinner, sirrah! Do you see, sirrah, here's roast meat? (*Shakes his cane at Humphrey.*)

Hump. Oh, oh! what, beat a married man? Hold him, Mr. Clerimont,—brother Pounce,—Mr. Wife,—Nobody stand by a young married man! (*Runs behind Fainlove.*)

Sir H. Did not the dog say, brother Pounce? What, is this Mrs. Ragout, this Madam Clerimont? Who the devil are you all? but, especially, who the devil are you, too?

[*Beats Humphrey and Fainlove off; Sir Harry follows.*]

Tip. (Aside.) Master Pounce, all my niece's fortune will be demanded now; for, I suppose, that red coat has her. Don't you think that you and I had better break?

Pounce. You may as soon as you please; but 'tis my interest to be honest a little longer.

Tip. Well, Biddy, since you would not accept of your cousin, I hope you haven't disposed of yourself elsewhere.

Niece. If you will for a little while suspend your curiosity, you shall have the whole history of my amour to this my nuptial day, under the title of the loves of Clerimont and Parthenissa.

Tip. Then, madam, your portion is in safe hands.

Capt. C. Come, come, old gentleman, 'tis in vain to contend; here's honest Mr. Pounce shall be my engineer, and I warrant you, we beat you out of all your holds.

Aunt. What, then, is Mr. Pounce a rogue? he must have some trick, brother; it cannot be; he

must have cheated t'other side, for I'm sure he's honest. (*Apart to Tipkin.*)

Cler. sen. Mr. Pounce, all your sister has won of this lady, she has honestly put into my hands, and I'll return it her at this lady's particular request. (*To Pounce.*)

Pounce. And the thousand pounds you promised in your brother's behalf, I'm willing should be her's also.

Re-enter FAINLOVE, SIR HARRY GUBBIN, and HUMPHREY GUBBIN.

Sir H. Well, since you say you are worth something, and the boy has set his heart upon you, I'll have patience till I see further.

Pounce. Come, come, Sir Harry, you shall find my alliance more considerable than you imagine; the Pounces are a family that will always have money, if there be any in the world.

*You've seen th' extremes of the domestic life,
A son too much confin'd, too free a wife;
By generous bonds you either should restrain,
And only on their inclinations gain;
Wives to obey must love, children revere,
While only slaves are govern'd by their fear.*
[*Exeunt.*]

THE ORPHAN; OR, THE UNHAPPY MARRIAGE:

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY THOMAS OTWAY.



Act II.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

ACASTO
CASTALIO
POLYDORE

CHAMONT
ERNESTO
CHAPLAIN

MONIMIA
SERINA
FLORELLA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Garden.

Enter CASTALIO, POLYDORE, and Page.

Castalio. Polydore, our sport
Has been, to-day, much better for the danger:
When on the brink the foaming boar I met,
And in his side thought to have lodg'd my spear,
The desperate savage rush'd within my force,
And bore me headlong with him down the rock.

Polydore. But, then—

Castalio. Ay, then, my brother, my friend.

Polydore,
Like Perseus mounted on his winged steed,
Came on, and down the dang'rous precipice
leap'd

To save Castalio. 'Twas a godlike act!

Polydore. But when I came, I found you conqueror.

Oh! my heart danc'd to see your danger past!

The heat and fury of the chase was cold,
And I had nothing in my mind but joy.

Castalio. So, Polydore, methinks, we might in
war

Rush on together; thou shouldst be my guard,
And I be thine. What is't could hurt us then?

Now half the youth of Europe are in arms,

How fulsome must it be to stay behind,

And die of rank diseases here at home!

Polydore. No; let me purchase in my youth
renown,

To make me lov'd and valu'd when I'm old;
I would be busy in the world, and learn;
Not like a coarse and useless dunghill weed,
Fix'd to one spot, and rot just as I grow.

Castalio. Our father
Has ta'en himself a surfeit of the world,
And cries, it is not safe that we should taste it.
I own, I have duty very pow'ful in me:
And though I'd hazard all to raise my name,
Yet he's so tender, and so good a father,
I could not do a thing to cross his will.

Polydore. Castalio, I have doubts within my
heart,

Which you, and only you, can satisfy.

Will you be free and candid to your friend?

Castalio. Have I a thought my Polydore should
not know?

What can this mean?

Polydore. Nay, I'll conjure you, too,
By all the strictest bonds of faithful friendship,
To shew your heart as naked in this point,
As you would purge you of your sins to heav'n.
And should I chance to touch it near, bear it
With all the suff'rance of a tender friend.

Castalio. As calmly as the wounded patient bears
The artist's hand, that ministers his cure.

Polydore. That's kindly said. You know our fa-
ther's ward,

The fair Monimia:—is your heart at peace?
Is it so guarded, that you could not love her?

Castalio. Suppose I should?

Polydore. Suppose you should not, brother?

Castalio. You'd say, I must not.

Polydore. That would sound too roughly

"T'wixt friends and brothers, as we two are.

Castalio. Is love a fault?

Polydore. In one of us it may be.

What, if I love her?

Castalio. Then I must inform you

I lov'd her first, and cannot quit the claim;

But will preserve the birthright of my passion.

Polydore. You will?

Castalio. I will.

Polydore. No more; I've done.

Castalio. Why not?

Polydore. I told you I had done.

But you, *Castalio*, would dispute it.

Castalio. No;

Not with my *Polydore*: though I must own

My nature obstinate, and void of suff'rance;

I could not bear a rival in my friendship,

I am so much in love, and fond of thee.

Polydore. Yet you will break this friendship!

Castalio. Not for crowns.

Polydore. But for a toy you would, a woman's toy.

Unjust *Castalio*!

Castalio. Pr'ythee, where's my fault?

Polydore. You love *Monimia*.

Castalio. Yes.

Polydore. And you would kill me,

If I'm your rival?

Castalio. No; sure, we're such friends,

So much one man, that our affections, too,

Must be united, and the same as we are.

Polydore. I dote upon *Monimia*.

Castalio. Love her still;

Win, and enjoy her.

Polydore. Both of us cannot.

Castalio. No matter

Whose chance it prove; but let's not quarrel
for't.

Polydore. You would not wed *Monimia*, would
you?

Castalio. Wed her!

No; were she all desire could wish, as fair

As would the vainest of her sex be thought,

With wealth beyond what woman's pride could
waste,

She should not cheat me of my freedom. Marry!

When I am old and weary of the world,

I may grow desperate,

And take a wife to mortify withal.

Polydore. It is an elder brother's duty so

To propagate his family and name.

You would not have your's die, and buried with
you?

Castalio. Mere vanity, and silly dotage, all:

No; let me live at large, and when I die—

Polydore. Who shall possess th' estate you
leave?

Castalio. My friend,

If he survive me; if not, my king,

Who may bestow't again on some brave man,

Whose honesty and services deserve one.

Polydore. 'Tis kindly offer'd.

Castalio. By yon heaven, I love

My *Polydore* beyond all worldly joys;

And would not shock his quiet, to be bless'd

With greater happiness than man e'er tasted.

Polydore. And, by that heaven, eternally I
swear,

To keep the kind *Castalio* in my heart.

Whose shall *Monimia* be?

Castalio. No matter whose.

Polydore. Were you not with her privately last
night?

Castalio. I was; and should have met her here
again.

The opportunity shall now be thine;

But have a care, by friendship I conjure thee,

That no false play be offer'd to thy brother.

Urgè all thy powers to make thy passion prosper;
But wrong not mine.

Polydore. By heaven, I will not.

Castalio. If't prove thy fortune, *Polydore*, to
conquer,

(For thou hast all the arts of soft persuasion,)

Trust me, and let me know thy love's success,

That I may ever after stifle mine.

Polydore. Though she be dearer to my soul than
rest

To weary pilgrims, or to misers gold,

To great men pow'r, or wealthy cities pride;

Rather than wrong *Castalio*, I'd forget her.

[Exit with *Castalio*.]

Enter *MONIMIA*.

Monimia. Pass'd not *Castalio* and *Polydore* this
way?

Page. Madam, just now.

Monimia. Sure, some ill fate's upon me:

Distrust and heaviness sit round my heart,

And apprehension shocks my tim'rous soul.

Why were not I laid in my peaceful grave:

With my poor parents, and at rest as they are?

Instead of that, I'm wand'ring into cares.

Castalio! Oh, *Castalio!* thou hast caught

My foolish heart; and, like a tender child,

That trusts his plaything to another hand,

I fear its harm, and fain would have it back.

Come near, *Cordelio*; I must chide you, sir.

Page. Why, madam, have I done you any
wrong?

Monimia. I never see you now; you have been
kinder;

Perhaps I've been ungrateful. Here's money for
you.

Page. Madam, I'd serve you with my soul.

Monimia. Tell me, *Cordelio*, (for thou oft hast
heard

Their friendly converse, and their bosom secrets,)
Sometimes, at least, have they not talk'd of me?

Page. Oh! madam, very wickedly they've
talk'd:

But I am afraid to name it; for, they say,

Boys must be whipp'd, that tell their masters'
secrets.

Monimia. Fear not, *Cordelio*; it shall ne'er be
known;

For I'll preserve the secret as 'twere mine.

Polydore cannot be so kind as I.

I'll furnish thee with all thy harmless sports,

With pretty toys, and thou shalt be my page.

Page. And truly, madam, I had rather be so.

Methinks you love me better than my lord;

For he was never half so kind as you are.

What must I do?

Monimia. Inform me bow thou'st heard

Castalio and his brother use my name.

Page. With all the tenderness of love,

You were the subject of their last discourse.

At first I thought it would have fatal prov'd;

But, as the one grew hot, the other cool'd,

And yielded to the frailty of his friend;

At last, after much struggling, 'twas resolv'd—

Monimia. What, good *Cordelio*?

Page. Not to quarrel for you.

Monimia. I would not have 'em, by my dearest
hopes;

I would not be the argument of strife.

But, surely, my *Castalio* won't forsake me,

And make a mock'ry of my easy love.

Went they together?

Page. Yes, to seek you, madam.

Castalio promis'd Polydore to bring him,
Where he alone might meet you,
And fairly try the fortune of his wishes.

Monimia. Am I, then, grown so cheap, just to
be made

A common stake, a prize for love in jest?

Was not Castalio very loth to yield it?

Or was it Polydore's unruly passion,

That heighten'd the debate?

Page. The fault was Polydore's.

Castalio play'd with love, and, smiling, shew'd

The pleasure, not the pangs of his desire.

He said, no woman's smiles should buy his freedom:

And marriage is a mortifying thing. *[Exit.]*

Monimia. Then I am ruin'd! if Castalio's false,

Where is there faith and honour to be found?

Ye gods, that guard the innocent, and guide

The weak, protect and take me to your care.

Oh! but I love him. There's the rock will wreck me!

Why was I made with all my sex's fondness,

Yet want the cunning to conceal its follies?

I'll see Castalio, tax him with his falsehoods,

Be a true woman; rail, protest my wrongs;

Resolve to hate him, and yet love him still.

Re-enter CASTALIO and POLYDORE.

He comes.

Castalio. Madam, my brother begs he may have leave

To tell you something that concerns you nearly.

I leave you, as becomes me, and withdraw.

Monimia. My lord Castalio!

Castalio. Madam?

Monimia. Have you purpos'd

To abuse me palpably? What means this usage?

Why am I left with Polydore alone?

Castalio. He best can tell you: Business of importance

Calls me away: I must attend my father.

Monimia. Will you, then, leave me thus?

Castalio. But for a moment.

Monimia. It has been otherwise: the time has been,

When pleasure might have stay'd, and I been heard.

Castalio. I could for ever hear thee; but this time Matters of such odd circumstances press me,

That I must go. *[Exit.]*

Monimia. Then go, and, if't be possible, for ever.

Well, my lord Polydore, I guess your business,

And read th' ill-natur'd purpose in your eyes.

Polydore. If to desire you more than misers wealth,

Or dying men an hour of added life;

If softest wishes, and a heart more true

Than ever suffer'd yet for love disdain'd,

Speak an ill nature, you accuse me justly.

Monimia. Talk not of love, my lord, I must not hear it.

Polydore. Who can behold such beauty, and be silent?

Desire first taught us words. Man, when created,

At first alone long wander'd up and down

Forlorn, and silent as his vassal beasts:

But when a heav'n-born maid, like you, appear'd,

Strange pleasure fill'd his eyes, and fir'd his heart,

Unloos'd his tongue, and his first talk was love.

Monimia. The first created pair, indeed, were bless'd;

They were the only objects of each other,

Therefore, he courted her, and her alone;

But in this peopled world of beauty, where
There's roving room, where you may court, and
ruin

A thousand more, why need you talk to me?

Polydore. Oh! I could talk to thee for ever.
Thus!

Eternally admiring, fix and gaze

On those dear eyes; for every glance they send
Darts through my soul.

Monimia. How can you labour thus for my undoing?

I must confess, indeed, I owe you more

Than ever I can hope, or think, to pay.

There always was a friendship 'twixt our families;

And, therefore, when my tender parents dy'd,

Whose ruin'd fortunes, too, expir'd with them,

Your father's pity and his bounty took me,

A poor and helpless orphan, to his care.

Polydore. 'Twas heav'n ordain'd it so, to make
me happy.

Hence with this peevish virtue, 'tis a cheat;

And those who taught it first were hypocrites.

Come; these soft, tender limbs were made for
yielding.

Monimia. Here on my knees, by heav'n's blest
pow'r I swear, *(Kneels.)*

If you persist, I ne'er henceforth will see you,

But rather wander through the world a beggar,

And live on sordid scraps at proud men's doors;

For though to fortune lost, I'll still inherit

My mother's virtues, and my father's honour.

Polydore. Intolerable vanity! your sex

Was never in the right! y'are always false,

Or silly; ev'n your dresses are not more

Fantastic than your appetites: you think

Of nothing twice; opinion you have none.

To-day y'are nice, to-morrow not so free;

Now smile, then frown; now sorrowful, then
glad;

Now pleas'd, now not: and all, you know not
why!

Monimia. Indeed, my lord,

I own my sex's follies; I have 'em all;

And, to avoid its fault, must fly from you.

Therefore, believe me, could you raise me high

As most fantastic woman's wish could reach,

And lay all nature's riches at my feet;

I'd rather run a savage in the woods,

Amongst brute beasts, grow wrinkled and de-
form'd,

So I might still enjoy my honour safe,

From the destroying wiles of faithless men.

[Exit.]

Polydore. Who'd be that sordid thing call'd
man?

I'll yet possess my love; it shall be so. *[Exit.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Saloon.

*Enter ACASO, CASTALIO, POLYDORE, and
Attendants.*

Acaso. To-day has been a day of glorious
sport:

When you, Castalio, and your brother left me,

Forth from the thickets rush'd another boar,

So large, he seem'd the tyrant of the woods,

With all his dreadful bristles rais'd up high,

They seem'd a grove of spears upon his back;

Foaming he came at me, where I was posted

Best to observe which way he'd lead the chase,

Whetting his huge large tusks, and gaping wide,

As if he already had me for his prey:

Till brandishing my well-poisd javelin high,

With this bold executing arm I struck

The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

Castalio. The actions of your life were always
wondrous.

Acaso. No flattery, boy; an honest man can't
live by't;

It is a little sneaking art, which knaves

Use to cajole and soften fools withal.

If thou hast flattery in thy nature, out with't,
Or send it to a court, for there 'twill thrive.

Castalio. Your lordship's wrongs have been
So great, that you with justice may complain;
But suffer us, whose younger minds ne'er felt
Fortune's deceits, to court her, as she's fair:
Were she a common mistress, kind to all,
Her worth would cease, and half the world grow
idle.

Methinks, I would be busy.

Polydore. So would I;
Not loiter out my life at home, and know
No further than one prospect gives me leave.

Acasto. Busy your minds, then; study arts and
men;

Learn how to value merit, though in rags,
And scorn a proud, ill-manner'd knave in office.

Enter SERINA.

Serina. My lord, my father!

Acasto. Blessings on my child!

My little cherub, what hast thou to ask me?

Serina. I bring you, sir, most glad and welcome
news;

The young Chamont, who you've so often wish'd
for,

Is just arriv'd, and entering.

Acasto. By my soul,
And all my honours, he's most dearly welcome;
Let me receive him like his father's friend.

Enter CHAMONT.

Welcome, thou relic of the best lov'd man!
Welcome from all the turmoils and the hazards
Of certain danger, and uncertain fortune!
Welcome as happy tidings after fears!

Chamont. Words would but wrong the gratitude
I owe you;

Should I begin to speak, my soul's so full,
That I should talk of nothing else all day.

Enter MONIMIA.

Monimia. My brother!

Chamont. Oh! my sister! let me hold thee
Long in my arms. I've not beheld thy face
These many days; by night I've often seen thee
In gentle dreams, and satisfy'd my soul
With fancy'd joys, till morning cares awak'd me.
Another sister! sure, it must be so;
Though I remember well I had but one:
But I feel something in my heart that prompts,
And tells me, she has claim and interest there.

Acasto. Young soldier, you've not only studied
war;

Courtship, I see, has been your practice, too,
And may not prove unwelcome to my daughter.

Chamont. Is she your daughter? then my heart
told true,

And I'm, at least, her brother by adoption;
For you have made yourself to me a father,
And by that patent I have leave to love her.

Serina. Monimia, thou hast told me men are
false,

Will flatter, feign, and make an art of love:
Is Chamont so? no, sure, he's more than man;
Something that's near divine, and truth dwells in
him.

Acasto. Thus happy, who would envy pompous
pow'r,

The luxury of courts, or wealth of cities?
Let there be joy through all the house this day!
In ev'ry room let plenty flow at large!
It is the birth-day of my royal master.
You have not visited the court, Chamont,
Since your return?

Chamont. I have no bus'ness there;
I have not slavish temperance enough
T' attend a favourite's heels, and watch his smiles,

Bear an ill office done me to my face,
And thank the lord that wrong'd me for his fa-
vour.

Acasto. This you could do. (To his Sons.)

Castalio. I'd serve my prince.

Acasto. Who'd serve him?

Castalio. I would, my lord.

Polydore. And I; both would.

Acasto. Away!

He needs not any servants such as you.
Serve him! he merits more than man can do!
He is so good, praise cannot speak his worth;
So merciful, sure, he ne'er slept in wrath!
So just, that were he but a private man,
He could not do a wrong! How would you serve
him?

Castalio. I'd serve him with my fortune here at
home,

And serve him with my person in his wars:
Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him.

Polydore. Die for him,

As ev'ry true-born, loyal subject ought.

Acasto. Let me embrace ye both: now, by the
souls

Of my brave ancestors, I'm truly happy!
For this, be ever bless'd my marriage day!
Bless'd be your mother's memory that bore you;
And doubly bless'd be that auspicious hour
That gave ye birth!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, th' expected guests are just
arriv'd. [Exit.]

Acasto. Go you, and give 'em welcome and re-
ception.

[Exit *Serina*, *Castalio* and *Polydore*.]

Chamont. My lord, I stand in need of your as-
sistance,

In something that concerns my peace and honour.

Acasto. Spoke like the son of that brave man I
lov'd!

So freely, friendly, we convers'd together.
Whate'er it be, with confidence impart it;
Thou shalt command my fortune and my sword.

Chamont. I dare not doubt your friendship, nor
your justice;

Your bounty shewn to what I hold most dear,
My orphan sister, must not be forgotten!

Acasto. Pr'ythee, no more of that, it grates my
nature.

Chamont. When our dear parents dy'd, they
dy'd together;

One fate surpris'd 'em, and one grave receiv'd 'em;
My father, with his dying breath, bequeath'd
Her to my love; my mother, as she lay
Languishing by him, call'd me to her side,
Took me in her fainting arms, wept, and embrac'd
me;

Then press'd me close, and, as she observ'd my
tears,

Kiss'd them away; said she, "Chamont, my son,
By this, and all the love I ever shew'd thee,
Be careful of Monimia: watch her youth;
Let not her wants betray her to dishonour;
Perhaps kind heaven may raise some friend." Then
sigh'd,

Kiss'd me again; so bless'd us, and expir'd.
Pardon my grief.

Acasto. It speaks an honest nature.

Chamont. The friend heav'n rais'd was you; you
took her up,

An infant, to the desert world expos'd,
And prov'd another parent.

Acasto. I've not wrong'd her.

Chamont. Far be it from my fears.

Acasto. Then why this argument?

Chamont. My lord, my nature's jealous, and
you'll bear it.

Acasto. Go on.

Chamont. Great spirits bear misfortune hardly ;
Good offices claim gratitude; and pride,
Where pow'r is wanting, will usurp a little,
And make us (rather than be thought behind
hand).

Pay over price.

Acasto. I cannot guess your drift;
Distrust you me?

Chamont. No; but I fear her weakness
May make her pay her debt at any rate:
And, to deal freely with your lordship's goodness,
I've heard a story lately much disturbs me.

Acasto. Then first charge her; and if th' offence
be found
Within my reach, though it should touch my na-
ture,

In my own offspring, by the dear remembrance
Of thy brave father, whom my heart rejoic'd in,
I'd prosecute it with severest vengeance. [*Exit.*

Chamont. I thank you, from my soul.

Monimia. Alas! my brother. What have I
done?

My heart quakes in me; in your settled face,
And clouded brow, methinks I see my fate.
You will not kill me?

Chamont. Pr'ythee, why dost thou talk so?

Monimia. Look kindly on me, then; I cannot
bear

Severity; it daunts, and does amaze me;
My heart's so tender, should you charge me rough,
I should but weep, and answer you with sobbing;
But use me gently, like a loving brother,
And search through all the secrets of my soul.

Chamont. Fear nothing, I will shew myself a
brother,

A tender, honest, and a loving brother.

You've not forgot our father?

Monimia. I never shall.

Chamont. Then you'll remember, too, he was a
man

That liv'd up to the standard of his honour,
And priz'd that jewel more than mines of wealth:
He'd not have done a shameful thing but once;
Though kept in darkness from the world, and
hidden,

He could not have forgiv'n it to himself.
This was the only portion that he left us;
And I more glory in't than if possess'd
Of all that ever fortune threw on fools.
'Twas a large trust, and must be manag'd nicely;
Now if, by any chance, *Monimia*,
You have soil'd this gem, and taken from its
value,

How will you account with me?

Monimia. I challenge envy,
Malice, and all the practices of hell,
To censure all the actions of my past
Unhappy life, and taint me if they can.

Chamont. I'll tell thee, then: three nights ago,
as I

Lay musing in my bed, all darkness round me,
A sudden damp struck to my heart, cold sweat
Dew'd all my face, and trembling seiz'd my
limbs;

My bed shook under me, the curtains started,
And to my tortur'd fancy there appear'd
The form of thee, thus beauteous as thou art;
Thy garments flowing loose, and in each hand
A wanton lover, who by turtur caress'd thee
With all the freedom of unbounded pleasure.
I snatch'd my sword, and, in the very moment,
Darted it at the phantom; straight it left me;
Then rose, and call'd for lights, when, (oh! dire
omen!)

I found my weapon had the arras pierc'd,
Just where that famous tale was interwoven,
How the unhappy Theban slew his father.

Monimia. And for this cause my virtue is sus-
pected!

Because in dreams your fancy has been ridden,
I must be tortur'd waking!

Chamont. Have a care;

Labour not to be justify'd too fast:

Hear all, and then let justice hold the scale.

What follow'd was the riddle that confounds me:

Through a close lane, as I pursu'd my journey,

And meditating on the last night's vision,

I spy'd a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,

Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;

Her eyes, with scalding rheum, were gall'd and
red:

Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seem'd
wither'd,

And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd

The tatter'd remnant of an old strip'd hanging,

Which serv'd to keep her carcass from the cold;

So there was nothing of a piece about her.

Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd

With different colour'd rags, black, red, white,
yellow,

And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.

I ask'd her of my way, which she inform'd me;

Then crav'd my charity, and bade me hasten

To save a sister! At that word I started.

Monimia. The common cheat of beggars; every
day

They flock about our doors, pretend to gifts

Of prophecy, and telling fools their fortune.

Chamont. Oh! but she told me such a tale,

Monimia,

As in it bore great circumstance of truth;

Castalio and *Polydore*, my sister.

Monimia. Ha!

Chamont. What, alter'd? Does your courage
fail you?

Now, by my father's soul, the witch was honest!

Answer me, if thou hast not lost to them

Thy honour at a sordid game?

Monimia. I will,

I must, so hardly my misfortune loads me,

That both have offer'd me their love's most true.

Chamont. And 'tis as true, too, they have both
undone thee.

Monimia. Though they both with earnest vows
Have press'd my heart, if e'er in thought I
yielded

To any but *Castalio*—

Chamont. But *Castalio*!

Monimia. Still will you cross the line of my dis-
course.

Yes, I confess that he has won my soul

By gen'rous love and honourable vows,

Which he this day appointed to complete,

And make himself by holy marriage mine.

Chamont. Art thou then spotless? hast thou still
preserv'd

Thy virtue white, without a blot, untainted?

Monimia. When I'm unchaste, may heaven re-
ject my prayers;

Or more, to make me wretched, may you know
it.

Chamont. Oh! then, *Monimia*, thou art dearer
to me

Than all the comforts ever yet bless'd man.

But let not marriage bait thee to thy ruin.

Trust not a man; we are by nature false,

Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and inconstant:

When a man talks of love, with caution trust him;

But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.

I charge thee, let *Castalio* no more sooth thee;

Avoid it, as thou wouldst preserve the peace

Of a poor brother, to whose soul thou'rt precious.

Monimia. I will.

Chamont. Appear as cold, when next you meet,
as great ones,

When merit begs ; then shalt thou see how soon
His heart will cool, and all his pains grow easy.

[Exit.]

Monimia. Yes, I will try him, torture him severely ;

For, oh ! Castalio, thou too much hast wrong'd me,

In leaving me to Polydore's ill usage.

He comes ! and now, for once, oh, love ! stand neuter.

Whilst a hard part's perform'd ; for I must 'tempt,
Wound his soft nature, though my heart aches for't.

Re-enter CASTALIO.

Castalio. Monimia, my angel ! 'twas not kind
To leave me here alone.

Re-enter POLYDORE, with Page.

Polydore. Here place yourself, and watch my brother thoroughly ;

Pass not one circumstance without remark.

[Apart to Page, and exit.]

Castalio. When thou art from me, every place is desert,

And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn :

Thy presence only 'tis can make me bless'd,

Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my soul.

Monimia. Oh ! the bewitching tongues of faithless men !

'Tis thus the false hyena makes her moan,

To draw the pitying traveller to her den :

Your sex are so, such false dissemblers all ;

With sighs and complaints y' entice poor women's hearts,

And all that pity you are made your prey.

Castalio. What means my love ? Oh ! how have I deserv'd

This language from the sovereign of my joys ?

Stop, stop these tears, Monimia, for they fall

Like baneful dew from a distemper'd sky :

I feel 'em chill me to my very heart.

Monimia. Oh ! you are false, Castalio, most forsworn !

Attempt no further to delude my faith ;

My heart is fix'd, and you shall shak' no more.

Castalio. Who told you so ? What hell-bred villain durst

Profane the sacred business of my love ?

Monimia. Your brother, knowing on what terms I'm here,

Th' unhappy object of your father's charity,

Licentious discourses'd to me of love,

And durst affront me with his brutal passion.

Castalio. 'Tis I have been to blame, and only I ;

False to my brother, and unjust to thee.

For, oh ! he loves thee too, and this day own'd it,

Tax'd me with mine, and claim'd a right above me.

Monimia. And was your love so very tame to shrink ?

Or, rather than lose him, abandon me ?

Castalio. I, knowing him precipitate and rash,

Seem'd to comply with his unruly will ;

Lest he in rage might have our loves betray'd,

And I for ever had Monimia lost.

Monimia. Could you, then, did you, can you own it, too ?

'Twas poorly done, unworthy of yourself !

And I can never think you meant me fair.

Castalio. Is this Monimia ? Surely, no ! till now

I ever thought her dove-like, soft, and kind.

Who trusts his heart with woman's surely lost :

You were made fair on purpose to undo us,

While greedily we snatch th' alluring bait,

And ne'er distrust the poison that it hides.

Monimia. When love ill-plac'd, would find a means to break—

Castalio. It never wants pretences or excuse.

Monimia. Man, therefore, was a lordlike creature made,

Rough as the winds, and as inconstant too :

A lofty aspect given him for command ;

Easily soften'd when he would betray.

Like conqu'ring tyrants, you our breasts invade ;

But soon you find new conquests out, and leave

The ravag'd province ruin'd and waste.

If so, Castalio, you have serv'd my heart,

I find that desolation's settled there,

And I shall ne'er recover peace again.

Castalio. Who can hear this and bear an equal mind ?

Since you will drive me from you, I must go :

But, oh ! Monimia, when thou hast banish'd me,

No creeping slave, though tractable and dull

As artful woman for her ends would choose,

Shall ever dote as I have done.

Monimia. Castalio, stay : we must not part. I find

My rage ebbs out, and love flows in apace.

These little quarrels love must needs forgive.

Oh ! charm me with the music of thy tongue,

I'm ne'er so bless'd as when I hear thy vows,

And listen to the language of thy heart.

Castalio. Where am I ? Surely, Paradise is round me !

Sweets planted by the hand of heaven grow here,

And every sense is full of thy perfection.

Sure, framing thee, heaven took unusual care ;

As its own beauty it design'd thee fair,

And form'd thee by the best lov'd angel there.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Garden.

Enter POLYDORE and Page.

Polydore. Were they so kind ? Express it to me all

In words ; 'twill make me think I saw it, too.

Page. At first I thought they had been mortal foes :

Monimia rag'd, Castalio grew disturb'd :

Each thought the other wrong'd ; yet both so haughty,

They scorn'd submission, though love all the while

The rebel play'd, and scarce could be contain'd,

Polydore. But what succeeded ?

Page. Oh ! 'twas wondrous pretty !

For of a sudden all the storm was past :

A gentle calm of love succeeded it :

Monimia sigh'd and blush'd ; Castalio swore ;

As you, my lord, I well remember, did

To my young sister, in the orange grove,

When I was first preferr'd to be your page.

Polydore. Boy, go to your chamber, and prepare your lute. [Exit Page.]

Happy Castalio ! now, by my great soul,

My ambitious soul, that languishes to glory,

I'll have her yet ; by my best hopes, I will ;

She shall be mine, in spite of all her arts.

But for Castalio why was I refus'd ?

Has he supplanted me by some foul play ?

Traduc'd my honour ? Death ! he durst not do't,

It must be so : we parted, and he met her,

Half to compliance brought by me ; surpris'd

Her sinking virtue, till she yielded quite.

So poachers pick up tired game,

While the fair hunter's cheated of his prey,

Boy !

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Oh ! the unhappiest tidings tongue e'er told !

Polydore. The matter ?

Serv. Oh ! your father, my good master,

As with his guests he sat, in mirth rais'd high,

And chas'd the goblet round the joyful board,
A sudden trembling seiz'd on all his limbs;
His eyes distorted grew, his visage pale,
His speech forsook him, life itself seem'd fled,
And all his friends are waiting now about him.

Enter ACASTO, Chaplain, and Attendants.

Acasto. Support me, give me air, I'll yet recover.

'Twas but a slip decaying nature made;
For she grows weary near her journey's end.
Where are my sons? Come near, my Polydore!
Your brother—where's Castalio?

Serv. My lord,
I've search'd, as you commanded, all the house:
He and Monimia are not to be found.

Acasto. Not to be found? then, where are all my friends?

'Tis well!
I hope they'll pardon an unhappy fault
My unmannerly infirmity has made.
Death could not come in a more welcome hour;
For I'm prepar'd to meet him; and, methinks,
Would live and die with all my friends about me.

Enter CASTALIO.

Castalio. Angels preserve my dearest father's life!

Oh! may he live till time itself decay,
Till good men wish him dead, or I offend him!

Acasto. Thank you, Castalio! give me both your hands.

So now, methinks,
I appear as great as Hercules himself,
Supported by the pillars he had rais'd.

Enter SERINA.

Serina. My father!

Acasto. My heart's darling!

Serina. Let my knees

Fix to the earth, ne'er let my eyes have rest,
But wake and weep, till heaven restore my father.

Acasto. Rise to my arms, and thy kind pray'rs
are answer'd.

For thou'rt a wondrous extract of all goodness;
Born for my joy, and no pain's felt when near thee.

Chamont!

Enter CHAMONT.

Chamont. My lord, may't prove not an unlucky omen!

Many I see are waiting round about you,
And I am come to ask a blessing, too.

Acasto. May'st thou be happy!

Chamont. Where?

Acasto. In all thy wishes.

Chamont. Confirm me so, and make this fair one mine:

I am unpractis'd in the trade of courtship,
And know not how to deal love out with art:
Onsets in love seem best like those in war,
Fierce, resolute, and done with all the force;
So I would open my whole heart at once,
And pour out the abundance of my soul.

Acasto. What says Serina? Canst thou love a soldier?

One born to honour, and to honour bred?

One that has learn'd to treat e'en foes with kindness,

To wrong no good man's fame, nor praise himself?

Serina. Oh! name not love, for that's ally'd to joy;

And joy must be a stranger to my heart,
When you're in danger. May Chamont's good fortune

Render him lovely to some happier maid!

Whilst I, at friendly distance, see him bless'd,
Praise the kind gods, and wonder at his virtues.

Acasto. Chamont, pursue her, conquer, and possess her;

And, as my son, a third of all my fortune
Shall be thy lot.

Chamont, you told me of some doubts that press'd you:

Are you yet satisfy'd that I'm your friend?

Chamont. My lord, I would not lose that satisfaction,

For any blessing I could wish for:
As to my fears, already I have lost them:
They ne'er shall vex me more, nor trouble you.

Acasto. I thank you.

My friends, 'tis late:

Now my disorder seems all past and over,
And I, methinks, begin to feel new health.

Castalio. Would you but rest, it might restore you quite.

Acasto. Yes, I'll to bed; old men must humour weakness.

Good night, my friends! Heav'n guard you all!

Good night!

To-morrow early we'll salute the day,
Find out new pleasures, and redeem lost time.

[*Exeunt all but Chamont and Chaplain.*]

Chamont. If you're at leisure, sir, we'll waste an hour:

'Tis yet too soon to sleep, and 'twill be charity
To lend your conversation to a stranger.

Chaplain. Sir, you're a soldier?

Chamont. Yes.

Chaplain. I love a soldier;

And had been one myself, but that my parents
Would make me what you see me.

Chamont. Have you had long dependance on this family?

Chaplain. I have not thought it so, because my time's

Spent pleasantly. My lord's not haughty nor imperious.

Nor I gravely whimsical: he has good nature.

His sons, too, are civil to me, because

I do not pretend to be wiser than they are;

I meddle with no man's business but my own;

So meet with respect, and am not the jest of the family.

Chamont. I'm glad you are so happy.

A pleasant fellow this, and may be useful. (*Aside.*)
Knew you my father, the old Chamont?

Chaplain. I did; and was most sorry when we lost him.

Chamont. Why, didst thou love him?

Chaplain. Ev'rybody lov'd him; besides, he was my patron's friend.

Chamont. I could embrace thee for that very notion:

If thou didst love my father, I could think
Thou wouldst not be an enemy to me.

Chaplain. I can be no man's foe.

Chamont. Then, pry'thee, tell me;

Think'st thou the lord Castalio loves my sister?

Chaplain. Love your sister?

Chamont. Ay, love her.

Chaplain. Either he loves her, or he much has wrong'd her.

Chamont. How wrong'd her? have a care; for this may lay

A scene of mischief to undo us all.

But tell me, wrong'd her, saidst thou?

Chaplain. Ay, sir, wrong'd her.

Chamont. This is a secret worth a monarch's fortune:

What shall I give thee for't? thou dear physician
Of sickly souls, unfold this riddle to me,
And comfort mine.

Chaplain. I would hide nothing from you willingly.

Chamont. By the reverenc'd soul

Of that great honest man that gave me being,
Tell me but what thou know'st concerns my honour,

And, if I e'er reveal it to thy wrong,
May this good sword ne'er do me right in battle!
May I ne'er know that blessed peace of mind,
That dwells in good and pious men like thee!

Chaplain. I see your temper's mov'd, and I will trust you.

Chamont. Wilt thou?

Chaplain. I will; but if it ever 'scape you—

Chamont. It never shall.

Chaplain. Then this good day, when all the house was busy,

When mirth and kind rejoicing fill'd each room,
As I was walking in the grove I met them.

Chamont. What, met them in the grove together?

Chaplain. I, by their own appointment, met them there,

Receiv'd their marriage vows, and join'd their hands.

Chamont. How! married?

Chaplain. Yes, sir.

Chamont. Then my soul's at peace:

But why would you so long delay to give it?

Chaplain. Not knowing what reception it may find

With old Acasto; may be, I was too cautious
To trust the secret from me.

Chamont. What's the cause

I cannot guess, though 'tis my sister's honour,
I do not like this marriage,

Huddled i'th' dark, and done at too much venture;

The business looks with an unlucky face.

Keep still the secret; for it ne'er shall 'scape me,
Not ev'n to them, the new match'd pair. Farewell!

Believe my truth, and know me for thy friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter CASTALIO, with MONIMIA.

Castalio. Young Chamont and the Chaplain! sure, 'tis they!

No matter what's contriv'd, or who consulted,
Since my Monimia's mine; though this sad look
Seems no good boding omen to our bliss;
Else, pr'ythee, tell me why that look cast down,
Why that sad sigh, as if thy heart were breaking?

Monimia. Castalio, I am thinking what we've done:

The heavenly powers were sure displeas'd to-day;

For, at the ceremony as we stood,

And as your hand was kindly join'd with mine,
As the good priest pronounc'd the sacred words,
Passion grew big, and I could not forbear,
Tears drown'd my eyes, and trembling seiz'd my soul.

What should that mean?

Castalio. Oh! thou art tender all!

Gentle and kind as sympathizing nature!

Re-enter POLYDORE, unobserved.

But therefore do I dally with my bliss?
The night's far spent, and day draws on apace;
To bed, my love, and wake till I come thither.

Monimia. 'Twill be impossible:

You know your father's chamber's next to mine,
And the least noise will certainly alarm him.

Castalio. No more, my blessing!

What shall be the sign?

When shall I come? for to my joys I'll steal,
As if I ne'er had paid my freedom for them.

Monimia. Just three soft strokes upon the chamber-door;

And at that signal you shall gain admittance;

But speak not the least word; for, if you should,
'Tis surely heard, and all will be betray'd.

Castalio. Oh! doubt it not, Monimia; our joys
Shall be as silent as the ecstatic bliss
Of souls, that by intelligence converse.
Away, my love! first take this kiss. Now haste:
I long for that to come, yet grudge each minute
past. [*Exit Monimia.*]

My brother wand'ring, too, so late this way!

Polydore. Castalio!

Castalio. My Polydore, how dost thou?
How does our father? Is he well recover'd?

Polydore. I left him happily repos'd to rest:

He's still as gay as if his life were young.

But how does fair Monimia?

Castalio. Doubtless well:

A cruel beauty, with her conquest pleas'd,
Is always joyful, and her mind in health.

Polydore. Is she the same Monimia still she was?

May we not hope she's made of mortal mould?

Castalio. She's not woman else:

Though I'm grown weary of this tedious hoping;
We've in a barren desert stray'd too long.

Polydore. Yet may relief be unexpected found,
And love's sweet manna cover all the field.

Met ye to-day?

Castalio. No; she has still avoided me:

I wish I'd never meddled with the matter;

And would enjoin thee, Polydore—

Polydore. To what?

Castalio. To leave this peevish beauty to herself.

Polydore. What, quit my love? as soon I'd quit

my post

In fight, and like a coward run away.

No, by my stars, I'll chase her till she yields
To me, or meet her rescue in another.

Castalio. But I have wondrous reasons on my side,

That would persuade thee, were they known.

Polydore. Then speak 'em:

What are they? Came ye to her window here

To learn 'em now? Castalio, have a care;

Use honest dealing with a friend and brother.

Believe me, I'm not with love so blinded,

But can discern your purpose to abuse me:

Quit your pretences to her.

You say you've reasons: why are they conceal'd?

Castalio. To-morrow I may tell you.

Polydore. Why not now?

Castalio. It is a matter of such consequence,

As I must well consult ere I reveal.

But, pr'ythee, cease to think I would abuse thee.

Till more be known.

Polydore. When you, Castalio, cease

To meet Monimia unknown to me,

And then deny it slavishly, I'll cease

To think Castalio faithless to his friend.

Did I not see you part this very moment?

Castalio. It seems you watch'd me, then?

Polydore. I scorn the office.

Castalio. Pr'ythee, avoid a thing thou may'st repent.

Polydore. That is, henceforward making leagues with you.

Castalio. Nay, if ye're angry, Polydore, good night. [*Exit.*]

Polydore. Good night, Castalio, if ye're in such haste.

He little thinks I've overheard th' appointment:

But to his chamber's gone to wait awhile,

Then come and take possession of my love.

This is the utmost point of all my hopes;

Or now she must, or never can be mine.

Oh! for a means now how to counterplot,

And disappoint this happy, elder brother!

In everything we do or undertake,

He soars above me, mount what height I can,
And keeps the start he got of me in birth.
Cordelio!

Re-enter Page.

Page. My lord?

Polydore. Come hither, boy!

Thou hast a pretty, forward, lying face,
And may'st, in time, expect preferment. *Caust thou*

Pretend to secrecy, cajole and flatter
Thy master's follies, and assist his pleasures?

Page. My lord, I could do anything for you,
And ever be a very faithful boy.
Command, whate'er's your pleasure I'll observe;
Be it to run, to watch, or to convey
A letter to a beautiful lady's bosom;
At least, I am not dull, and soon should learn.

Polydore. 'Tis pity, then, thou shouldst not be
employ'd.

Go to my brother, he's in his chamber now,
Undressing, and preparing for his rest;
Find out some means to keep him up awhile:
Tell him a pretty story, that may please
His ear; invent a tale, no matter what:
If he should ask of me, tell him I'm gone
To bed, and sent you there to know his pleasure,
Whether he'll hunt to-morrow.

But do not leave him till he's in his bed;
Or if he chance to walk again this way,
Follow, and do not quit him, but seem fond
To do him little offices of service.

Perhaps, at last, it may offend him; then
Retire, and wait till I come in. Away:
Succeed in this, and be employ'd again.

Page. Doubt not, my lord: he has been always
kind

To me; would often set me on his knee,
Then give me sweetmeats, call me pretty boy,
And ask me what the maids talk'd of at nights.

Polydore. Run quickly, then, and prosper be
thy wishes! [*Exit Page.*]

Here I'm alone, and fit for mischief.

I heard the sign she order'd him to give:

"Just three soft strokes against the chamber-
door;

But speak not the least word, for if you should,
It's surely heard, and we are both betray'd."

Bless'd heav'n's, assist me but in this drear hour,
And my kind stars be but propitious now,
Dispose of me hereafter as you please!

Monimia, Monimia! (*Gives the sign.*)

Florella. (*At the window.*) Who's there?

Polydore. 'Tis I.

Florella. My lord Castalio?

Polydore. The same.

How does my love, my dear Monimia?

Florella. Oh!

She wonders much at your unkind delay;
You've staid so long, that at each little noise

The wind but makes, she asks if you are coming.
Polydore. Tell her I'm here, and let the door be
open'd. [*Florella withdraws.*]

Now boast, Castalio, triumph now, and tell
Thyself strange stories of a promis'd bliss!
[*Exit into the house.*]

Re-enter CASTALIO and Page.

Page. Indeed, my lord, 'twill be a lovely
morning:

Pray, let us hunt.

Castalio. Go, you're an idle prattler:
I'll stay at home to-morrow; if your lord
Think fit, he may command my hounds. Go, leave
me;

I must to bed.

Page. I'll wait upon your lordship,
If you think fit, and sing you to repose.

Castalio. No, my kind boy.

Good night: commend me to my brother.

Page. Oh!

You never heard the last new song I learn'd;
It is the finest, prettiest song, indeed,
Of my lord and my lady, you know who, that were
caught together, you know where. My lord, in-
deed it is.

Castalio. You must be whipp'd, youngster, if
you get such songs as those are.

What means this boy's impertinence to-night?

(*Aside.*)

Page. Why, what must I sing, pray, my dear
lord?

Castalio. Psalms, child, psalms.

Page. Oh dear me! boys that go to school learn
psalms;

But pages, that are better bred, sing lampoons.

Castalio. Well, leave me; I'm weary.

Page. Indeed, my lord, I can't abide to leave
you.

Castalio. Why, wert thou instructed to attend
me?

Page. No, no; indeed, my lord, I was not.

But I know what I know.

Castalio. What dost thou know? 'Sdeath! what
can all this mean? (*Aside.*)

Page. Oh! I know who loves somebody.

Castalio. What's that to me, boy?

Page. Nay, I know who loves you, too.

Castalio. That's a wonder! pr'ythee, tell it me.

Page. 'Tis,—'tis—I know who—but will
You give me the horse, then?

Castalio. I will, my child.

Page. It is my lady Monimia, look you; but
don't you tell her I told you: she'll give me no
more playthings then. I heard her say so, as she
lay abed, man.

Castalio. Talk'd she of me when in her bed,
Cordelio?

Page. Yes; and I sung her the song you made,
too; and she did so sigh, and look with her eyes!

Castalio. Hark! what's that noise?

Take this; begone, and leave me.

You knave, you little flatterer, get you gone.

[*Exit Page.*]

Surely, it was a noise!—only faucy;

For all is hush'd, as nature were retir'd.

'Tis now, that guided by my love, I go

To take possession of Monimia's arms.

Sure, Polydore's by this time gone to bed.

(*Knocks.*)

She hears me not; sure, she already sleeps!

Her wishes could not brook so long delay,

And her poor heart has beat itself to rest.

(*Knocks.*)

Once more—

Florella. (*At the window.*) Who's there,
That comes thus rudely to disturb our rest?

Castalio. 'Tis I.

Florella. Who are you? what's your name?

Castalio. Suppose the lord Castalio.

Florella. I know you not.

The lord Castalio has no business here.

Castalio. Ha! have a care! What can this
mean?

Whoe'er thou art, I charge thee, to Monimia fly:
Tell her I'm here, and wait upon my doom.

Florella. Whoe'er you are, you may repent this
outrage:

My lady must not be disturb'd. Good night!

Castalio. She must; tell her she shall: go, I'm
in haste,

And bring her tidings from the state of love.

Florella. Sure, the man's mad!

Castalio. Or this will make me so.

Obey me; or, by all the wrongs I suffer,

I'll scale the window, and come in by force,

Let the sad consequence be what it will!

This creature's trifling folly makes me mad!

Florella. My lady's answer is, you may depart.
She says she knows you: you are Polydore,
Sent by Castalio, as you were to-day,
'T' affront and do her violence again.

Castalio. I'll not believe't.

Florella. You may, sir.

Castalio. Curses blast thee!

Florella. Well, 'tis a fine cool ev'ning; and, I
hope,

May cure the raging fever in your blood!

Good night! [*Exit from the window.*]

Castalio. And farewell all that's just in woman!

This is contriv'd, a study'd trick, to abuse

My easy nature, and torment my mind.

'Tis impudence to think my soul will bear it!

Let but to-morrow, but to-morrow come,

And try if all thy arts appease my wrong;

Till when, by this detested place my bed;

(*Lies down.*)

Where I will ruminate on woman's ills,

Laugh at myself, and curse th' inconstant sex.

Faithless Monimia! Oh, Monimia!

Enter ERNESTO.

Ernesto. Either

My sense has been deluded, or this way

I heard the sound of sorrow; 'tis late night,

And none, whose mind's at peace, would wander
now.

Castalio. Who's there?

Ernesto. Castalio! My lord, why in this pos-
ture,

Stretch'd on the ground? your honest, true, old
servant,

Your poor Ernesto, cannot see you thus.

Rise, I beseech you.

Castalio. Oh! leave me to my folly.

Ernesto. I can't leave you,

And not the reason know of your disorders.

Remember how, when young, I in my arms

Have often borne you, pleas'd you in your plea-
sures,

And sought an early share in your affection.

Do not discard me now, but let me serve you.

Castalio. Thou canst not serve me.

Ernesto. Why?

Castalio. Because my thoughts

Are full of woman; thou, poor wretch, art past
them.

Ernesto. I hate the sex.

Castalio. Then I'm thy friend, Ernesto! (*Rises.*)

I'd leave the world for him that hates a woman.

Woman, the fountain of all human frailty!

What mighty ills have not been done by woman?

Who was't betray'd the capitol? A woman!

Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman!

Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,

And laid, at last, old Troy in ashes? Woman!

Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!

Woman, to man first as a blessing given;

When innocence and love were in their prime,

Happy awhile in Paradise they lay;

But quickly woman long'd to go astray:

Some foolish, new adventure needs must prove,

And the first devil she saw, she chang'd her love:

To his temptations lewdly she inclin'd

Her soul, and for an apple damn'd mankind.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Chamber.

Enter CASTALIO.

Castalio. Wish'd morning's come: and now upon
the plains,

And distant mountains, where they feed their
flocks,

The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.
There's no condition, sure, so curs'd as mine!
Monimia! Oh, Monimia!

Enter MONIMIA and FLORELLA.

Monimia. I come!

I fly to my ador'd Castalio's arms,

My wishes' lord. May every morn begin

Like this: and, with our days, our loves renew!

Castalio. Oh!

Monimia. Art thou not well, Castalio? Come,
lean

Upon my breast, and tell me where's thy pain.

Castalio. 'Tis here! 'tis in my head—'tis in my
heart—

'Tis everywhere: it rages like a madness,

And I must wonder how my reason holds.

No more, Monimia, of your sex's arts:

They're useless all; I'm not that pliant tool;

I know my charter better. I am man,

Obstinate man, and will not be enslav'd!

Monimia. You shall not fear't; indeed, my na-
ture's easy:

I'll ever live your most obedient wife!

Nor ever any privilege pretend

Beyond your will; for that shall be my law;

Indeed, I will not.

Castalio. Nay, you shall not, madam;

By yon bright heaven, you shall not: all the day

I'll play the tyrant, and at night forsake thee;

Nay, if I've any, too, thou shalt be made

Subservient to all my looser pleasures;

For thou hast wrong'd Castalio.

Monimia. Oh! kill me here, or tell me my
offence!

I'll never quit you else; but on these knees,

Thus follow you all day, till they're worn bare,

And hang upon you like a drowning creature.

Castalio!

Castalio. Away! Last night, last night!

Monimia. It was our wedding-night.

Castalio. No more! Forget it!

Monimia. Why, do you, then, repent?

Castalio. I do.

Monimia. Oh, heaven!

And will you leave me thus? Help, help, Florella!
[*Castalio drags her to the door, breaks*

from her, and exit.]

Help me to hold this yet lov'd, cruel man!

Castalio! Oh! how often has he sworn,
Nature should change, the sun and stars grow
dark,

Ere he would falsify his vows to me!

Make haste, confusion, then! Sun, lose thy light!

And stars drop dead with sorrow to the earth,

For my Castalio's false!

False as the wind, the waters, or the weather!

Cruel as tigers o'er their trembling prey!

I feel him in my breast; he tears my heart,

And at each sigh he drinks the gushing blood!

Must I be long in pain?

Enter CHAMONT.

Chamont. In tears, Monimia?

Monimia. Whoe'er thou art,

Leave me alone to my belov'd despair,

Chamont. Lift up thy eyes, and see who comes
to cheer thee:

Tell me the story of thy wrongs, and then
See if my soul has rest, till thou hast justice.

Monimia. My brother!

Chamont. Yes, Monimia, if thou think'st
That I deserve the name, I am thy brother.

Monimia. Oh, Castalio!

Chamont. Ha!

Name me that name again; my soul's on fire
Till I know all. There's meaning in that name:

I know he is thy husband; therefore, trust me
With all the following truth.

Monimia. Indeed, Chamont,
There's nothing in it but the fault of nature:
I'm often thus seiz'd suddenly with grief,
I know not why.

Chamont. You use me ill, *Monimia*;
And I might think, with justice, most severely
Of this unfaithful dealing with your brother.

Monimia. Truly, I'm not to blame. Suppose I'm
fond,

And grieve for what as much may please another?
Should I upbraid the dearest friend on earth
For the first fault? You would not do so, would
you?

Chamont. Not if I'd cause to think it was a friend.

Monimia. Why do you, then, call this unfaithful
dealing?

I ne'er conceal'd my soul from you before:
Bear with me now, and search my wounds no
further;

For every probing pains me to the heart.

Chamont. 'Tis sign there's danger in't, and must
be prob'd.

Where's your new husband? Still that thought
disturbs you:

What! only answer me with tears? *Castalio*!

Nay, now they stream:

Cruel, unkind *Castalio*! Is't not so?

Monimia. I cannot speak; grief flows so fast
upon me,

It chokes, and will not let me tell the cause.

Oh!

Chamont. My *Monimia*! to my soul thou'rt dear
As honour to my name!

Why wilt thou not repose within my breast

The anguish that torments thee?

Monimia. Oh! I dare not.

Chamont. I have no friend but thee. We must
confide

In one another. Two unhappy orphans,
Alas! we are; and when I see thee grieve,
Methinks it is a part of me that suffers.

Monimia. Could you be secret?

Chamont. Secret as the grave.

Monimia. But when I've told you, will you keep
your fury

Within its bounds? Will you not do some rash
And horrid mischief? For, indeed, *Chamont*,
You would not think how hardly I've been us'd
From a dear friend; from one that has my soul
A slave, and, therefore, treats it like a tyrant.

Chamont. I will be calm. But has *Castalio*
wrong'd thee?

Has he already wasted all his love?

What has he done? quickly! for I'm all trem-
bling.

With expectation of a horrid tale!

Monimia. Oh! could you think it?

Chamont. What?

Monimia. I fear he'll kill me.

Chamont. Ha!

Monimia. Indeed, I do; he's strangely cruel to
me;

Which, if it last, I'm sure must break my heart.

Chamont. What has he done?

Monimia. Most barbarously us'd me.

Just as we met, and I, with open arms,
Ran to embrace the lord of all my wishes,
Oh! then—

Chamont. Go on.

Monimia. He threw me from his breast,
Like a detested sin.

Chamont. How!

Monimia. As I hung, too,
Upon his knees, and begg'd to know the cause,
He dragg'd me, like a slave, upon the earth,
And had no pity on my cries.

Chamont. How! did he

Dash thee disdainfully away, with scorn!

Monimia. He did.

Chamont. What! throw thee from him?

Monimia. Yes, indeed he did!

Chamont. So may this arm

Throw him to th' earth, like a dead dog despis'd.

Lameness and leprosy, blindness and lunacy,
Poverty, shame, pride, and the name of villain,
Light on me, if, *Castalio*, I forgive thee!

Monimia. Nay, now, *Chamont*, art thou unkind
as he is!

Didst thou not promise me thou wouldst be calm?

Keep my disgrace conceal'd?

Alas! I love him still; and though I ne'er

Clasp him again within these longing arms,

Yet, bless him, bless him, gods, where'er he goes!

Enter ACASTO.

Acasto. Sure, some ill fate is tow'rd's me; in my
house

I only meet with oddness and disorder.

Just at this very moment

I met *Castalio*, too—

Chamont. Then you met a villain.

Acasto. Ha!

Chamont. Yes, a villain!

Acasto. Have a care, young soldier,

How thou'rt too busy with *Acasto's* fame.

I have a sword, my arm's good old acquaintance:
Villain to thee!

Chamont. Curse on thy scandalous age,

Which hinders me to rush upon thy throat,

And tear the root up of that cursed bramble!

Acasto. Ungrateful ruffian! sure, my good old
friend

Was ne'er thy father! Nothing of him's in thee!

What have I done, in my unhappy age,

To be thus us'd? I scorn to upbraid, thee, boy?

But I could put thee in remembrance—

Chamont. Do.

Acasto. I scorn it.

Chamont. No; I'll calmly hear the story;

For I would fain know all, to see which scale

Weights most!—Ha! is not that good old *Acasto*?

What have I done? Can you forgive this folly?

Acasto. Why dost thou ask it?

Chamont. 'Twas the rude o'erflowing

Of too much passion. Pray, my lord, forgive me.
(*Kneels.*)

Acasto. Mock me not, youth! I can revenge a
wrong.

Chamont. I know it well: but for this thought
of mine,

Pity a madman's frenzy, and forget it.

Acasto. I will; but henceforth, pr'ythee, be more
kind.
(*Raises him.*)

Whence came the cause?

Chamont. Indeed I've been to blame:

For you've been my father;

You've been her father, too.

(*Takes Monimia by the hand.*)

Acasto. Forbear the prologue,

And let me know the substance of thy tale.

Chamont. You took her up, a little tender
flower,

Just sprouted on a bank, which the next frost

Had nipp'd: and, with a careful, loving hand,

Transplanted her into your own fair garden,
Where the sun always shines: there long she
flourish'd;

Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye;

Till, at the last, a cruel spoiler came,

Cropp'd this fair rose, and rifled all its sweet-
ness,

Then cast it like a loathsome weed away.

Acasto. You talk to me in parables, *Chamont*:

You may have known that I'm no wordy man.

Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves,
Or fools, that use them when they want good
sense:

But honesty

Needs no disguise or ornament. Be plain.

Chamont. Your son—

Acasto. I've two; and both, I hope, have honour.

Chamont. I hope so, too; but—

Acasto. Speak!

Chamont. I must inform you,

Once more, Castalio—

Acasto. Still Castalio!

Chamont. Yes;

Your son Castalio has wrong'd Monimia!

Acasto. Ha! wrong'd her?

Chamont. Marry'd her.

Acasto. I'm sorry for't.

Chamont. Why sorry?

By yon bless'd heaven, there's not a lord

But might be proud to take her to his heart.

Acasto. I'll not deny't.

Chamont. You dare not; by the gods,
You dare not! All your family combin'd
In one damn'd falsehood, to outdo Castalio,
Dare not deny't.

Acasto. How has Castalio wrong'd her?

Chamont. Ask that of him. I say my sister's
wrong'd:

Monimia, my sister, born as high
And noble as Castalio. Do her justice;
Or, by the gods! I'll lay a scene of blood
Shall make this dwelling horrible to nature.
I'll do't. Harkye! my lord, your son Castalio,
Take him to your closet, and there teach him man-
ners.

Acasto. You shall have justice.

Chamont. Nay, I will have justice!

Who'll sleep in safety that has done me wrong?

My lord, I'll not disturb you to repeat

The cause of this; I beg you (to preserve

Your house's honour) ask it of Castalio. *[Exit.]*

Acasto. Farewell, proud boy.—

Monimia!

Monimia. My lord?

Acasto. You are my daughter.

Monimia. I am, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe to
own me.

Acasto. When you'll complain to me, I'll prove
a father. *[Exit.]*

Monimia. Now I'm undone for ever! Who on
earth

Is there so wretched as Monimia?

First by Castalio cruelly forsaken;

I've lost Acasto now; his parting frowns

May well instruct me rage is in his heart.

I shall be next abandon'd to my fortune,

Thrust out a naked wand'rer to the world,

And branded for the mischievous Monimia!

What will become of me? My cruel brother

Is framing mischiefs, too, for aught I know,
That may produce bloodshed and horrid mur-
der!

I would not be the cause of one man's death,

To reign the empress of the earth; nay, more,

I'd rather lose for ever my Castalio,

My dear, unkind Castalio. *(Sits down.)*

Enter POLYDORE.

Polydore. Monimia weeping!

I come, my love, to kiss all sorrow from thee.

What mean these sighs, and why thus beats thy
heart?

Monimia. Let me alone to sorrow; 'tis a cause
None e'er shall know; but it shall with me die.

Polydore. Happy, Monimia, he to whom these
sighs,

These tears, and all these languishings are paid!

I know your heart was never meant for me;
That jewel's for an elder brother's price.

Monimia. My lord!

Polydore. Nay, wonder not; last night I heard
His oaths, your vows, and to my torment saw
Your wild embraces; heard the appointment
made;

I did, Monimia, and I curs'd the sound.

Wilt thou be sworn, my love? wilt thou be ne'er
Unkind again?

Monimia. Banish such fruitless hopes!

Have you sworn constancy to my undoing?

Will you be ne'er my friend again?

Polydore. What means my love?

Monimia. Away! what meant my lord

Last night?

Polydore. Is that a question now to be de-
manded?

Monimia. Was it well done

T' assault my lodging at the dead of night,

And threaten me if I deny'd admittance.—

You said you were Castalio.

Polydore. By those eyes,

It was the same: I spent my time much better.

Monimia. Ha! have a care!

Polydore. Where is the danger near me?

Monimia. I fear you're on a rock will wreck
your quiet,

And drown your soul in wretchedness for ever.

A thousand horrid thoughts crowd on my me-
mory.

Will you be kind, and answer me one question?

Polydore. I'd trust thee with my life; on that
soft bosom

Breathe out the choicest secrets of my heart,

Till I had nothing in it left but love.

Monimia. Nay, I'll conjure you, by the gods and
angels,

By the honour of your name, that's most con-
cern'd,

To tell me, Polydore, and tell me truly,

Where did you rest last night?

Polydore. Within thy arms.

Monimia. 'Tis done. *(Faints.)*

Polydore. She faints! no help! Who waits?—A
curse

Upon my vanity, that could not keep

The secret of my happiness in silence!

Confusion! we shall be surpris'd anon;

And, consequently, all must be betray'd.

Monimia!—She breathes!—*Monimia!*

Monimia. Well,

Let mischiefs multiply! let every hour
Of my loath'd life yield me increase of horror!

Oh! let the sun, to these unhappy eyes,

Ne'er shine again, but be eclips'd for ever!

May every thing I look on seem a prodigy,

To fill my soul with terrors, till I quite

Forget I ever had humanity,

And grow a curser of the works of nature!

Polydore. What means all this?

Monimia. Oh! Polydore, if all

The friendship e'er you vow'd to good Castalio

Be not a falsehood; if you ever lov'd

Your brother, you've undone yourself and me.

Polydore. Which way can ruin reach the man
that's rich,

As I am, in possession of thy sweetness?

Monimia. Oh! I'm his wife!

Polydore. What says Monimia?

Monimia. I am Castalio's wife!

Polydore. His marry'd, wedded wife?

Monimia. Yesterday's sun

Saw it perform'd.

Polydore. My brother's wife?

Monimia. As surely as we both

Must taste of misery, that guilt is thine.

Polydore. Oh! thou may'st yet be happy!

Monimia. Couldst thou be
Happy with such a weight upon thy soul?
Polydore. It may yet be a secret. I'll go try
To reconcile and bring Castalio to thee;
Whilst from the world I take myself away,
And waste my life in penance for my sin.

Monimia. Then thou wouldst more undo me:
Heap a load
Of added sins upon my wretched head!
Wouldst thou again have me betray thy brother,
And bring pollution to his arms? Curs'd thought!
Oh! when shall I be mad indeed! [Exit.

Polydore. Then thus I'll go,
Full of my guilt, distracted where to roam:
I'll find some place where adds nest in winter,
Loathsome and venomous; where poisons hang
Like gums against the walls; there I'll inhabit,
And live up to the height of desperation.
Desire shall languish like a with'ring flower,
Horrors shall fright me from those pleasing harms,
And I'll no more be caught with beauty's charms. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Garden.

CASTALIO discovered lying on the ground. *Soft music.*

Castalio. See where the deer trot after one another;
No discontent they know; but in delightful
Wildness and freedom, pleasant springs, fresh
herbage,
Calm arbours, lusty health, and innocence,
Enjoy their portion. If they see a man,
How they will turn together all, and gaze
Upon the monster!
Once in a season, too, they taste of love:
Only the beast of reason is its slave,
And in that folly drudges all the year.

Enter ACASIO.

Acasio. Castalio! Castalio!

Castalio. Who's there

So wretched but to name Castalio?

Acasio. I hope my message may succeed.

Castalio. My father,

'Tis joy to see you, though where sorrow's nourish'd.

Acasio. Castalio, you must go along with me,
And see Monimia.

Castalio. Sure, my lord but mocks me:
Go see Monimia?

Acasio. I say, no more dispute.

Complaints are made to me that you have wrong'd her.

Castalio. Who has complain'd?

Acasio. Her brother to my face proclaim'd her wrong'd,

And in such terms they've warm'd me.

Castalio. What terms? Her brother! Heaven!
Where learn'd he that?

What, does she send her hero with defiance?
He durst not, sure, affront you?

Acasio. No, not much;

But—

Castalio. Speak, what said he?

Acasio. That thou wert a villain:

Methinks I would not have thee thought a villain.

Castalio. Shame on the ill-manner'd brute!

Your age secur'd him, he dar'd not else have said.

Acasio. By my sword,

I would not see thee wrong'd, and bear it vilely:
Though I have pass'd my word she shall have justice.

Castalio. Justice! to give her justice would undo her.

Think you this solitude I now have chosen,
Wish'd to have grown one piece
With this cold clay, and all without a cause!

Enter CHAMONT.

Chamont. Where is the hero, famous and renown'd

For wronging innocence, and breaking vows;
Whose mighty spirit, and whose stubborn heart,
No woman can appease, nor man provoke?

Acasio. I guess, Chamont, you come to seek Castalio?

Chamont. I come to seek the husband of Monimia.

Castalio. The slave is here.

Chamont. I thought, ere now, to have found you

Atoning for the ills you've done Chamont:
For you have wrong'd the dearest part of him.
Monimia, young lord, weeps in this heart;
And all the tears thy injuries have drawn
From her poor eyes, are drops of blood from hence.

Castalio. Then you are Chamont?

Chamont. Yes; and I hope no stranger
To great Castalio.

Castalio. I've heard of such a man,
That has been very busy with my honour.
I own I'm much indebted to you, sir,
And here return the villain back again
You sent me by my father.

Chamont. Thus I'll thank you. (*Draws.*)

Acasio. By this good sword, who first presumes
to violence,

Makes me his foe. (*Draws and interposes.*)

Castalio. Sir, in my younger years, with care
you taught me,

That brave revenge was due to injur'd honour:
Oppose not, then, the justice of my sword,
Lest you should make me jealous of your love.

Chamont. Into thy father's arms thou fly'st for safety,

Because thou know'st that place is sanctify'd
With the remembrance of an ancient friendship.

Castalio. I am a villain, if I will not seek thee,
Till I may be reveng'd for all the wrongs
Done me by that ungrateful fair thou plead'st
for.

Chamont. She wrong'd thee? By the fury in my heart,

Thy father's honour's not above Monimia's;
Nor was thy mother's truth and virtue fairer.

Acasio. Boy, don't disturb the ashes of the dead

With thy capricious follies; the remembrance
Of the lov'd creature that once fill'd these arms—

Chamont. Has not been wrong'd.

Castalio. It shall not,

Chamont. No; nor shall
Monimia, though an helpless orphan, destitute
Of friends and fortune; though thy unhappy sister
Of poor Chamont, whose sword is all his portion,
B' oppress'd by thee, thou proud, imperious traitor!

Castalio. Ha! set me free.

Chamont. Come both.

Castalio. Sir, if you'd have me think you did
not take

This opportunity to shew your vanity,
Let's meet some other time, when by ourselves
We fairly may dispute our wrongs together.

Chamont. Till, then, I am Castalio's friend.

[Exit.

Acasio. Would I'd been absent when this boisterous brave
Came to disturb thee thus. I'm griev'd I hinder'd

Thy just resentment—But, Monimia—

Castalio. Damn her!
Acasto. Don't curse her.
Castalio. Did I?
Acasto. Yes.
Castalio. I'm sorry for't.
Acasto. Methinks, if, as I guess, the fault's but small,
 It might be pardon'd.
Castalio. No.
Acasto. What has she done?
Castalio. That she's my wife, may heaven and you forgive me!
Acasto. Be reconcil'd, then.
Castalio. No.
Acasto. For my sake,
Castalio. and the quiet of my age.
Castalio. Why will you urge a thing my nature starts at?
Acasto. Pr'ythee, forgive her.
Castalio. Lightnings first shall blast me!
 I tell you, were she prostrate at my feet,
 Full of her sex's best dissembled sorrows,
 And all that wondrous beauty of her own,
 My heart might break, but it should never soften.
Acasto. Did you but know the agonies she feels—
 She flies with fury over all the house;
 Through every room of each apartment, crying,—
 "Where's my Castalio? Give me my Castalio!"
 Except she sees you, sure, she'll grow distracted!
Castalio. Ha! will she? Does she name Castalio?
 And with such tenderness? Conduct me quickly
 To the poor, lovely mourner.
Acasto. Then wilt thou go? Blessings attend thy purpose!
Castalio. I cannot hear Monimia's soul's in sadness,
 And be a man: my heart will not forget her.
Acasto. Delay not, then; but haste and cheer thy love.
Castalio. Oh! I will throw my impatient arms about her;
 In her soft bosom sigh my soul to peace;
 Till through the panting breast she finds the way
 To mould my heart, and make it what she will.
 Monimia! Oh! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Chamber.

Enter MONIMIA.

Monimia. Stand off, and give me room!
 I will not rest till I have found Castalio,
 My wish's lord, comely as the rising day:
 I cannot die in peace till I have seen him.

Enter CASTALIO.

Castalio. Who talks of dying, with a voice so sweet
 That life's in love with it?
Monimia. Hark! 'tis he that answers.
 Where art thou?
Castalio. Here, my love.
Monimia. No, nearer, lest I vanish.
Castalio. Have I been in a dream, then, all this while?
 And art thou but the shadow of Monimia?
 Why dost thou fly me thus?
Monimia. Oh! were it possible that we could drown,
 In dark oblivion, but a few past hours,
 We might be happy.
Castalio. Is't, then, so hard, Monimia, to forgive
 A fault, where humble love, like mine, implores thee?
 For I must love thee, though it prove my ruin.
 I'll kneel to thee, and weep a flood before thee.

Yet, pr'ythee, tyrant, break not quite my heart;
 But, when my task of penitence is done,
 Heal it again, and comfort me with love.
Monimia. If I am dumb, Castalio, and want words
 To pay thee back this mighty tenderness,
 It is because I look on thee with horror,
 And cannot see the man I have so wrong'd.
Castalio. Thou hast not wrong'd me.
Monimia. Ah! alas! thou talk'st
 Just as thy poor heart thinks. Have not I wrong'd thee?
Castalio. No.
Monimia. Still thou wander'st in the dark, Castalio;
 But wilt, ere long, stumble on horrid danger.
Castalio. My better angel, then do thou inform me
 What danger threatens me, and where it lies.
 Why wert thou, (pr'ythee, smile, and tell me why.)
 When I stood waiting underneath the window,
 Deaf to my cries, and senseless of my pains?
Monimia. Did I not beg thee to forbear inquiry?
 Read'st thou not something in my face which speaks
 Wonderful change, and horror from within me?
Castalio. If, lab'ring in the pangs of death,
 Thou wouldst do anything to give me ease,
 Unfold this riddle ere my thoughts grow wild,
 And let in fears of ugly form upon me.
Monimia. My heart won't let me speak it; but, remember,
 Monimia, poor Monimia, tells you this:
 We ne'er must meet again!
Castalio. Ne'er meet again?
Monimia. No, never.
Castalio. Where's the power,
 On earth, that dares not look like thee, and say so?
 Thou art my heart's inheritance; I serv'd
 A long and faithful slavery for thee;
 And who shall rob me of the dear-bought blessing?
Monimia. Time will clear all; but now let this content you:
 Heaven has decreed, and therefore I've resolv'd
 (With torment I must tell it thee, Castalio,)
 Ever to be a stranger to thy love;
 In some far distant country waste my life,
 And from this day to see thy face no more.
Castalio. Why turn'st thou from me; I'm alone already.
 Methinks I stand upon a naked beach,
 Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining,
 Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,
 Where all the treasure of my soul's embark'd:
 Wilt thou not turn? Oh! could those eyes but speak,
 I should know all, for love is pregnant in 'em;
 They swell, they press their beams upon me still:
 Wilt thou not speak? If we must part for ever,
 Give me but one kind word to think upon,
 And please myself withal, whilst my heart's breaking.
Monimia. Ah! poor Castalio! [Exit.
Castalio. What means all this? Why all this stir to plague
 A single wretch? If but your word can shake
 This world to atoms, why so much ado
 With me? think me but dead, and lay me so.
 Enter POLYDORE.
Polydore. To live, and live a torment to myself,
 What dog would bear't, that knew but his condition?

We've little knowledge, and that makes us cowards,

Because it cannot tell us what's to come.

Castalio. Who's there?

Polydore. Why, what art thou?

Castalio. My brother Polydore?

Polydore. My name is Polydore.

Castalio. Canst thou inform me—

Polydore. Of what?

Castalio. Of my Monimia?

Polydore. No. Good day.

Castalio. In haste!

Methinks my Polydore appears in sadness.

Polydore. Indeed! and so to me does my Castalio.

Castalio. Do I?

Polydore. Thou dost.

Castalio. Alas! I've wondrous reason.

I'm strangely alter'd, brother, since I saw thee.

Polydore. Why?

Castalio. I'll tell thee, Polydore; I would repose

Within thy friendly bosom all my follies;

For thou wilt pardon 'em, because they're mine.

Polydore. Be not too credulous; consider, first, Friends may be false. Is there no friendship false?

Castalio. Why dost thou ask me that? Does this appear

Like a false friendship, when, with open arms

And streaming eyes, I run upon thy breast?

Oh! 'tis in thee alone I must have comfort!

Polydore. I fear, Castalio, I have none to give thee.

Castalio. Dost thou not love me, then?

Polydore. Oh! more than life;

I never had a thought of my Castalio,

Might wrong the friendship we had vow'd together.

Hast thou dealt so by me?

Castalio. I hope I have.

Polydore. Then tell me why this morning, this disorder?

Castalio. Oh! Polydore, I know not how to tell thee;

Shame rises in my face, and interrupts

The story of my tongue.

Polydore. I grieve, my friend

Knows anything which he's ashamed to tell me.

Castalio. Oh! much too oft. Our destiny contriv'd

To plague us both with one unhappy love!

Thou, like a friend, a constant, generous friend,

In its first pangs, didst trust me with thy passion,

Whilst I still smooth'd my pain with smiles before thee,

And made a contract I ne'er meant to keep.

Polydore. How!

Castalio. Still new ways I studied to abuse thee,

And kept thee as a stranger to my passion,

Till yesterday I wedded with Monimia.

Polydore. Ah! Castalio, was that well done?

Castalio. No; to conceal't from thee was much a fault.

Polydore. A fault! when thou hast heard

The tale I'll tell, what wilt thou call it then?

Castalio. How my heart throbs!

Polydore. First, for thy friendship, traitor,

I cancel't thus: after this day, I'll ne'er

Hold trust or converse with the false Castalio!

This witness, heaven!

Castalio. What will my fate do with me?

I've lost all happiness, and know not why!

What means this, brother?

Polydore. Perjur'd, treach'rous wretch, Farewell!

Castalio. I'll be thy slave, and thou shalt use me

Just as thou wilt, do but forgive me.

Polydore. Never.

Castalio. Oh! think a little what thy heart is doing:

How, from our infancy, we, hand-in-hand,

Have trod the path of life in love together.

One bed has held us, and the same desires,

The same aversions, still employ'd our thoughts.

Whene'er had I a friend that was not Polydore's,

Or Polydore a foe that was not mine?

E'en in the womb we embrac'd; and wilt thou now,

For the first fault, abandon and forsake me?

Leave me, amidst afflictions, to myself,

Plung'd in the gulf of grief, and none to help me?

Polydore. Go to Monimia; in her arms thou'lt find

Repose: she has the art of healing sorrows.

Castalio. What arts?

Polydore. Blind wretch! thou husband? there's a question!

Is she not a—

Castalio. What?

Polydore. Whore? I think that word needs no explaining.

Castalio. Alas! I can forgive e'en this to thee;

But let me tell, thee, Polydore, I'm griev'd

To find thee guilty of such low revenge,

To wrong that virtue which thou couldst not ruin.

Polydore. It seems I lie, then!

Castalio. Should the bravest man

That e'er wore conqu'ring sword, but dare to whisp'r

What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of liars.

My friend may be mistaken.

Polydore. Damn the evasion!

Thou mean'st the worst! and he's a base-born villain

That said I lied!

Castalio. A base-born villain!

Polydore. Yes; thou never can'st

From old Acasto's loins: the midwife put

A cheat upon my mother; and, instead

Of a true brother, in the cradle by me

Plac'd some coarse, peasant's cub, and thou art he!

Castalio. Thou art my brother still.

Polydore. Thou liest!

Castalio. Nay, then—

Yet I am calm.

Polydore. A coward's always so.

Castalio. Ah! ah! that stings home! Coward!

Polydore. Ay, base-born coward! villain!

Castalio. This to thy heart, then, though my mother bore thee!

(*They fight; Polydore drops his sword, and runs on Castalio's.*)

Polydore. Now my Castalio is again my friend.

Castalio. What have I done? my sword is in thy breast.

Polydore. So would I have it be, thou best of men,

Thou kindest brother, and thou truest friend!

Castalio. Ye gods! we're taught that all your works are justice:

Ye're painted merciful, and friends to innocence:

If so, then why these plagues upon my head?

Polydore. Blame not the heav'ns, 'tis Polydore has wrong'd thee;

I've stain'd thy bed; thy spotless, marriage joys

Have been polluted by thy brother's lust.

Castalio. By thee?

Polydore. By me, last night, the horrid deed

Was done, when all things slept but rage and incest.

Castalio. Now, where's Monimia? Oh!

Enter MONIMIA.

Monimia. I'm here! who calls me?
Methought I heard a voice
Sweet as the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains,
When all his little flock's at feed before him.
But what means this? here's blood!

Castalio. Ay, brother's blood!

Art thou prepar'd for everlasting pains?

Polydore. Oh! let me charge thee, by th' eternal justice,

Hurt not her tender life!

Castalio. Not kill her?

Monimia. That task myself have finish'd: I shall die

Before we part: I've drunk an healing draught
For all my cares, and never more shall wrong thee.

Polydore. Oh! she's innocent.

Castalio. Tell me that story,

And thou wilt make a wretch of me indeed.

Polydore. Hadst thou, *Castalio*, us'd me like a friend,

This ne'er had happen'd; hadst thou let me know

Thy marriage, we had all now met in joy:

But, ignorant of that,

Hearing th' appointment made, enrag'd to think

Thou hadst undone me in successful love,

I, in the dark, went and supply'd thy place;

Whilst all the night, midst our triumphant joys,

The trembling, tender, kind, deceiv'd *Monimia*,

Embrac'd, caress'd, and call'd me her *Castalio*.

(*Dies.*)

Monimia. Now, my *Castalio*, the most dear of men,

Wilt thou receive pollution to thy bosom,

And close the eyes of one that has betray'd thee?

Castalio. Oh! I'm the unhappy wretch, whose cursed fate

Has weigh'd thee down into destruction with him:

Why, then, thus kind to me!

Monimia. When I'm laid low i'th' grave, and quite forgotten,

May'st thou be happy in a fairer bride!

But none can ever love thee like *Monimia*.

When I am dead, as presently I shall be,

(For the grim tyrant grasps my heart already,)

Speak well of me; and if thou find ill tongues

Too busy with my fame, don't hear me wrong'd:

'Twill be a noble justice to the memory

Of a poor wretch, once honour'd with thy love.

(*Dies.*)

Enter CHAMONT and ACASO.

Chamont. Gape, earth, and swallow me to quick destruction,

If I forgive your house!

You've overpower'd me now!

But, hear me, heav'n!—Ah! here's a scene of death!

My sister, my *Monimia*, breathless!—Now,

Ye pow'rs above, if ye have justice, strike!

Strike bolts through me, and through the curs'd

Castalio!

Castalio. Stand off, thou hot-brain'd, boisterous, noisy ruffian!

And leave me to my sorrows.

Chamont. By the love

I bore her living, I will ne'er forsake her;

But here remain till my heart burst with sobbing,

Castalio. Vanish, I charge thee! or—

(*Draws a dagger.*)

Chamont. Thou canst not kill me!

That would be kindness, and against thy nature!

Acaso. What means, *Castalio*? Sure, thou wilt not pull

More sorrows on thy aged father's head!

Tell me, I beg you, tell me the sad cause

Of all this ruin.

Castalio. Thou, unkind *Chamont*,

Unjustly hast pursu'd me with thy hate,

And sought the life of him that never wrong'd thee:

Now, if thou wilt embrace a noble vengeance,

Come join with me, and curse—

Chamont. What?

Acaso. Have patience.

Castalio. Patience! preach it to the winds,

To roaring seas, or raging fires! for curs'd

As I am now, 'tis this must give me patience:

Thus I find rest, and shall complain no more.

(*Stabs himself.*)

Chamont, to thee my birthright I bequeath:

Comfort my mourning father; heal his griefs;

(*Acaso faints in the arms of a Servant.*)

For I perceive they fall with weight upon him;

And, for *Monimia*'s sake, (who thou wilt find

I never wrong'd,) be kind to poor *Serina*.

Now all I beg is, lay me in one grave

Thus with my love.—Farewell! I now—am no—
thing. (*Dies.*)

Chamont. Take care of good *Acaso*, whilst I go
To search the means by which the fates have
plagu'd us.

'Tis thus that heav'n its empire does maintain:

It may afflict; but man must not complain.

[*Exeunt.*]

LOVERS' QUARRELS; OR, LIKE MASTER LIKE MAN:

AN INTERLUDE, IN ONE ACT.

ALTERED FROM "THE MISTAKE" OF SIR JOHN VANBRUGH, BY T. KING.



Scene 3.

CHARACTERS.

DON CARLOS
SANCHE
LOPEZ

LEONORA
JACINTA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The Street.

Enter DON CARLOS and SANCHE.

Don C. I tell thee, I am not satisfied; I am in love enough to be suspicious of everybody.

San. And yet, methinks, sir, you should leave me out.

Don C. It may be so; I can't tell: but I'm not at ease. If they don't make a knave, at least, they make a fool of you.

San. I don't believe a word on't. But, good faith! master, your love makes somewhat of you; I don't know what 'tis; but, methinks, when you suspect me, you don't seem a man of half those parts I used to take you for. Look in my face; 'tis round and comely, not one hollow line of a villain in it; men of my fabric don't use to be suspected for knaves; and when you take us for fools, we never take you for wise men. For my part, in this present case, I take myself to be mighty deep. A stander-by, sir, sees more than a gamester. You are pleased to be jealous of your poor mistress without a cause; she uses you but too well, in my humble opinion; she sees you, and talks with you till, indeed, I am quite tired of it, sometimes: and your rival, that you are so scared about, forces a visit upon her about once a fortnight.

Don C. Alas! thou art ignorant in these affairs: women often appear warm to one, to hide a flame for another. Lorenzo, in short, appears too composed of late to be a rejected lover; and the indifference he shews upon the favours I seem to receive

from her, poisons the pleasure I else should taste in them, and keeps me on a perpetual rack. No; I would fain see some of his jealous transports; have him fire at the sight of me; contradict me whenever I speak; affront me wherever he meets me; challenge me, fight me—

San. Run you through the body.

Don C. But he's too calm, his heart's too much at ease to leave mine at rest.

San. But, sir, you forget that there are two ways for our hearts to get at ease: when our mistresses come to be very fond of us, or we not care a fig for them. Now suppose, upon the rebukes you know he has had, it should chance to be the latter.

Don C. Again thy ignorance appears. Alas! a lover who has broken his chain will shun the tyrant that enslaved him: indifference never is his lot; he loves or hates for ever: and if his mistress prove another's prize, he cannot calmly see her in his arms.

San. For my part, master, I am not so great a philosopher as you may be, nor (thank my stars!) so bitter a lover; but what I see, that I generally believe; and when Jacinta tells me she loves me dearly, I have good thoughts enough of my person never to doubt the truth on't. See, here the baggage comes.

Enter JACINTA, with a letter.

Hist! Jacinta, my dear!

Jac. Who's that? Blunderbuss! Where's your master?

San. Hard by.

Jac. Oh! sir, I am glad I have found you at last.

I believe I have travelled five miles after you, and could neither find you at home, nor in the walks, nor at church, nor at the opera, nor—

San. Nor anywhere else, where he was not to be found; if you had looked for him where he was, 'twere ten to one but you had met with him.

Jac. I had, Jack-a-dandy!

Don C. But, pr'ythee, what's the matter? who sent you after me?

Jac. One, who is never well but when she sees you, I think; 'twas my lady.

Don C. Dear Jacinta, I fain would flatter myself, but am not able: the blessing's too great to be my lot; yet, 'tis not well to trifle with me: how short soever I am in other merit, the tenderness I have for Leonora claims something from her generosity: I should not be deluded.

Jac. And why do you think you are? Methinks, she's pretty well above board with you. What must be done more to satisfy you?

San. Why, Lorenzo must hang himself, and then we are content.

Jac. How! Lorenzo?

San. If less will do, he'll tell you.

Jac. Why, you are not mad, sir, are you? Jealous of him! Pray, which way may this have got into your head? I took you for a man of sense before. Is this your doings, log? (*To Sancho.*)

San. No, forsooth, pert! I am not much given to suspicion, as you can tell, Mrs. Forward; if I were, I might find more cause, I guess, than your mistress has given our master here. But I have so many pretty thoughts of my own person, housewife, more than I have of your's, that I stand in dread of no man.

Jac. Oh, oh! you men are mighty simple in love matters, sir! when you suspect a woman's falling off, you fall a plaguing, to bring her on again; attack her with reason, and a sour face! Egad! sir, attack her with a fiddle; double your good humour; give her a ball; let her cheat you at cards a little, and I'll warrant all's right again. But to come upon a poor woman with the gloomy face of jealousy, before she gives the least occasion for it, is to set a complaisant rival in too favourable a light.

Don C. Say no more: I have been to blame, but there shall be no more of it.

Jac. I should punish you justly, however, for what's past, if I carried back what I have brought to you: but I'm good-natured, so here 'tis; open it, and see how wrong you timed your jealousy.

Don C. (*Reads.*) "*If you love me with that tenderness you have made me long believe you do, this letter will be welcome: 'tis to tell you, you have leave to plead a daughter's weakness to a father's indulgence; and if you prevail with him to lay his commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my obedience to them can make you.*"—LEONORA." Then I shall be what man never was yet. (*Kissing the letter.*) Ten thousand blessings on thee for thy news; I could adore thee as a deity. (*Embracing Jacinta.*)

Jac. True flesh and blood, for all that.

Don C. (*Reads again.*) "*And if you prevail with him to lay his commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my obedience can make you.*" Oh! happy, happy Carlos! But what shall I say to you for this welcome message? Alas! I want words; but let this speak for me, and this, and this, and—(*Giving her his ring, watch, and purse.*)

San. Hold, sir! pray, leave a little something for our board-wages. You can't carry them all, I believe. (*To Jacinta.*) Shall I ease you of this? (*Offering to take the purse.*)

Jac. No; but you may carry that, sirrah. (*Giving him a box of the ear.*)

San. The jade's grown purse-proud already.

Don C. Well, dear Jacinta, say something to your charming mistress that I am not able to say

myself; but, above all, excuse my late unpardonable folly, and offer her my life to expiate my crime.

Jac. The best plea for pardon will be never to repeat the fault.

Don C. If that will do, 'tis sealed for ever.

Jac. Enough: but I must begone; success attend you with the old gentleman! Good b'ye, sir! [*Exit.*]

Don C. Eternal blessings follow thee!

San. I think she has taken them all with her; the jade has got her apron full. [*Way!*]

Don C. Is not that Lorenzo's man coming this

San. Yes, 'tis he; his man and confidant, Lopez. Shall I draw him on a Scotch pair of boots, master, and make him tell all?

Don C. Some questions I must ask him. Call him hither.

San. Hem! Lopez! hem!

Enter LOPEZ.

Lop. Who calls?

San. I and my master.

Lop. I can't stay. (*Going.*)

San. You can, indeed, sir. (*Lays hold of him, and places him between Don C. and himself.*)

Don C. Whither in such haste, honest Lopez? What, upon some love errand?

Lop. Sir, your servant; I ask your pardon, but I was going—

Don C. I guess where; but you need not be so shy of me any more; thy master and I are no longer rivals. I have yielded up the cause; the lady will have it so, so I submit.

Lop. Is it possible, sir? Shall I live, then, to see my master and your friends again?

San. Yes, and what's better, thou and I shall be friends, too. There will be no more fear of Christian bloodshed; I give thee up Jacinta; she's a slippery housewife: so master and I are going to match ourselves elsewhere.

Lop. But is it possible, sir, your honour should be in earnest? I am afraid you are pleased to be merry with your poor humble servant.

Don C. I'm not at present much disposed to mirth; but my reason has so far mastered my passion, to shew me 'tis in vain to pursue a woman whose heart is already another's. I have roused my resolution to my aid, and broken my chains for ever.

Lop. Well, sir, to be plain with you, this is the most joyful news I have heard a long time; for I always knew you to be a mighty honest gentleman; and, good faith! it often went to the heart of me to see you so abused. "Dear, dear," have I often said to myself, when they have had a private meeting just after you was gone—

Don C. Ha!

San. Hold, master, don't kill him yet. (*Apart to Don C.*)

Lop. I say, I have said to myself, "What wicked things are women! and what a pity it is they are suffered in a Christian country! what a shame they should be allowed to play Will-o'-the-wisp with men of honour, and lead them between thorns, and briars, and rocks, and rugged ways, till their hearts are torn in pieces, like an old coat in a fox-chase!" I say, I have said to myself—

Don C. Thou hast said enough to thyself, but say a little more to me. Where were these secret meetings thou talkest of?

Lop. In sundry places, and by divers ways: sometimes in the cellar, sometimes in the garret, sometimes in the court, sometimes in the gutter; but the place where the kiss of kisses was given

Don C. In hell!

[*was—*]

Lop. Sir?

Don C. Speak, fury! what dost thou mean by the kiss of kisses?

Lop. The kiss of peace, sir; the kiss of union; the kiss of consummation.

Don C. Thou liest, villain!

Lop. I don't know but I may, sir.

Don C. There is not one word of truth in all thy cursed tongue hath uttered.

Lop. No, sir, I—I believe there is not.

Don C. Why, then, didst thou say it?

Lop. Oh! only in jest, sir.

Don C. I am not in a jesting condition.

Lop. Nor I, at present, sir.

Don C. Speak, then, the truth, as thou wouldst do it at the hour of death.

Lop. Yes, at the gallows; and be turned off as soon as I've done.

Don C. What's that you murmur?

Lop. Nothing but a short prayer.

Don C. I am distracted, and fright the wretch from telling me what I am upon the rack to know. (*Aside.*) Forgive me, Lopez; I am to blame to speak thus harshly to you; let this obtain my pardon. (*Giving him money.*) Thou seest I am disturbed.

Lop. Yes, sir, I see I have been led into a snare; I have said too much.

Don C. And yet, thou must say more; nothing can lessen my torment but a farther knowledge of what causes my misery. Speak, then; have I anything to hope?

Lop. Nothing; but that you may be a happier bachelor than my master may, probably, be a married man.

Don C. Married, say'st thou?

Lop. I did, sir; and I believe he'll say so, too, in a twelvemonth.

Don C. Oh, torment!—But give me more of it. How—when—to whom—where? [*pantry.*]

Lop. Yesterday, to Leonora, by the parson, in the

Don C. Look to't if this be false; thy life shall pay the torment thou hast given me. Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself now?

Lop. Why, sir, I have only to say that I am a very unfortunate, middle-aged man; and that I believe all the stars upon heaven and earth have been concerned in my destiny. Children now unborn will hereafter sing my downfall in mournful lines, and notes of doleful tune; I am, at present, troubled in mind; despair all around me, signified in appearing gibbets, with a great bundle of dog-whips by way of preparation.

I, therefore, will go seek some mountain high,

If high enough some mountain may be found,

With distant valley, dreadfully profound,

And from the horrid cliff—look calmly round.

[*Exit.*]

San. Base news, master.

Don C. Now my insulting rival's smile speaks out. Oh! cursed, cursed woman!

Enter JACINTA.

Jac. I am come in haste to tell you, sir, that as soon as the moon's up, my lady will give you a meeting in the close-walk by the back-door of the garden; she thinks she has something to propose to you will certainly get her father's consent to marry you.

Don C. Past surffiance! this aggravation is not to be borne! Go, thank her with my curses; fly, and let them blast her while their venom's strong.

[*Exit.*]

Jac. Won't you explain? What's this for?

San. And dar'st thou ask me questions, smooth-faced iniquity, crocodile of the Nile, siren of the rocks? Go, carry back the too-gentle answer thou hast received; only let me add with the poet:

We are no fools, trollop, my master nor me;

And thy mistress may go to the devil with thee.

[*Exit.*]

Jac. Am I awake? I fancy not: a very idle dream this. Well, I'll go and talk in my sleep to my lady about it; and when I awake, we'll try what interpretation we can make on't.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter LEONORA and JACINTA.

Jac. Madam, you are too violent.

Leo. A slighted woman knows no bounds. Vengeance is all the cordial she can have, so snatches at the nearest. Ungrateful wretch! to use me with such insolence!

Jac. You see I am as much enraged at it as you are yourself, yet my brain is roving after the cause, for something there must be. Never was letter received by man with more passion and transport; I was almost as charming a goddess as yourself, only for bringing it. Yet, when in a moment after, I came with a message worth a dozen of it, never was witch so handled: something must have passed between one and t'other, that's sure.

Leo. Nothing could pass worth my inquiring after, since nothing could happen that can excuse his usage of me; he had a letter under my hand, which owned him master of my heart, and till I contradicted it with my mouth, he ought not to doubt the truth of it.

Jac. Nay, I confess, madam, I haven't a word to say for him. I am afraid he's but a rogue at bottom, as well as my shameless that attends him: we are bit, by my troth! and, haply, well enough served, for listening to the glib tongues of the rascals; but be comforted, madam, they'll fall into the hands of some foul sluts or other, before they die, that will set our account even with them.

Leo. Well; let him laugh, let him glory in what he has done, he shall see I have a spirit can use him as I ought.

Jac. And let one thing be your comfort by the way, madam, that in spite of all your dear affection for him, you have had the grace to keep him at arm's end, for there are times when the stoutest of us are in danger, the rascals wheedle so.

Leo. In short, my very soul is fired at this treatment; and if ever that perfidious monster should relent, though he should crawl like a poor worm beneath my feet, nay, plunge a dagger in his heart, to bleed for pardon, I charge thee strictly, charge thee on thy life, thou do not urge a look to melt me toward him, but strongly buoy me up in brave resentment; and if thou seest (which heaven avert!) a glance of weakness in me, call to my memory the vile wrongs I have borne, and rouse me to revenge them.

[*Exit.*]

Jac. Madam, never doubt me: I am charged to the mouth with fury; and if ever I meet that false rogue, that tatterdemalion of mine, such a volley will I pour about his ears—Now heaven prevent all hasty vows; but when next I see him, let him swear or pray; let him bounce or swell; may I be carried a virgin to my grave if I don't try all I can—to make it up with him.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Enter DON CARLOS and SANCHE.

Don C. Repulsed again! This is not to be borne. What, though this villain's story be a falsehood, was I to blame to hearken to it? This usage cannot be supported. How was it she treated you?

San. Never was ambassador worse received. "Madam, my master begs ten thousand pardons, and humbly begs one moment's interview;" "Be-gone, you rascal, you!" "Madam, what answer shall I give my master?" "Tell him he's a villain!" "Indeed, fair lady, I think this is hasty treatment." "Here, my footman, toss me this fellow out at the window!" and away she went to her devotions.

Don C. Did you see Jacinta?

San. Yes; she saluted me with half-a-score rogues and rascals, too. I think our destinies are much alike, sir; and, on my conscience, a couple of scurvy jades we are hampered with.

Don C. Ungrateful woman! to receive with such contempt so quick a return of heart so justly

alarmed! As just as my suspicions were, have I long suffered them to arraign her?

San. No.

[to clear her?]

Don C. Have I waited for oaths or imprecations

San. No.

Don C. Nay, even now, is not the whole world still in suspense about her, whilst I alone conclude her innocent?

San. 'Tis very true.

Don C. She might, methinks, through this profound respect, observe a flame another would have cherished: she might support me against groundless fears, and save me from a rival's tyranny; she might release me from these cruel racks; and would, no doubt, if she could love as I do.

San. Ha, ha, ha!

Don C. But since she don't, what do I do whining here? Curse on the base humilities of love!

San. Right.

Don C. Let children kiss the rod that flays them; let dogs lie down and lick the shoe that spurns them.

San. Ay.

Don C. I am a man, by nature meant for power; the sceptre's given us to wield, and we betray our trust whenever we meanly lay it at a woman's feet.

San. True, we are men, hoo! Come, master, let us both be in a passion; here's my sceptre. (*Showing a cudgel.*) Subject Jacinta, look about you. Sir, were you ever in Moscow? the women there love the men dearly: why? because (*shaking his stick*) there's your love-powder for you. Ah! sir, were we but wise and stout, what work should we make with them! But this humble love-making spoils them all. A rare way, indeed, to bring matters about with them! we are persuading them all day they are angels and goddesses, in order to use them at night like human creatures. We are likely to succeed, truly!

Don C. For my part, I never yet could bear a slight from anything, nor will I now. There's but one way, however, to resent it from a woman, and that is to drive her bravely from your heart, and place a worthier in her vacant throne. [*Exit.*]

San. Now, with submission to my betters, I have another way, sir; I'll drive my tyrant from my heart, and place myself on her throne. Yes; I will be lord of my own tenement, and keep my household in order: for I have been servitor in a college at Salamanca, and read philosophy with the doctors; where I found that a woman, in all times, has been observed to be an animal hard to understand, and much inclined to mischief. Now as an animal is always an animal, and a captain always a captain, so a woman is always a woman; whence it is that a certain Greek says, her head is like a bank of sand; or, as another, a solid rock; or, according to a third, a dark lanthorn: and so, as the head is the head of the body; and that the body without a head, is like a head without a tail; and that where there is neither head nor tail, 'tis a very strange body; so, I say, a woman is, by comparison, do you see? (for nothing explains things like comparisons,) I say, by comparison, as Aristotle has often said before me, one may compare her to the raging sea; for, as the sea, when the wind rises, knits it brows like an angry bull, and that waves mount upon rocks, and rocks mount upon waves; that porpoises leap like trouts, and whales skip about like gudgeons; that ships roll like beer-barrels, and mariners pray like saints; just so, I say, a woman—a woman, I say, just so, when her reason is shipwrecked upon her passion, and the hulk of her understanding lies thumping against the rock of her fury; then it is, I say, that by certain immotions, which—um—cause, as one may suppose, a sort of convulsive—yes—hurricaneous—um—like—in short, a woman is the devil. [*Exit.*]

Enter LEONORA and JACINTA.

Jac. Oh! my dear madam, how I rejoice to find you support this noble spirit of resentment!

Leo. Be assured, Jacinta, it can end but with life. What! after all my tender frankness, nothing could have happened to excuse his usage of me; he had a letter under my hand, which owned him master of my heart, and till I should contradict it with my mouth, he ought not to doubt the truth of it.

Jac. Oh! madam, I haven't a word to say for him, and my sweet swain is just as bad. As I live, madam, yonder they come! But if Don Carlos should beg your pardon, you'll never grant it?

Leo. If I do—

Jac. That's brave! (*They retire.*)

Enter DON CARLOS and SANCHO.

San. Yonder they are, sir, lying in wait; but let us shew ourselves men, and leave their briny tears to wash their dirty faces.

Don C. You look, madam, upon me, as if you thought I came to trouble you with my usual importunities: I'll ease you of that pain, by telling you my business now is calmly to assure you, but I assure it you with heaven and hell for seconds—for may the joys of one fly from me, if all your charms displayed e'er shake my resolution—I'll never see you more.

San. Bon!

Leo. You are a man of that nice honour, sir, I know you'll keep your word; I expected this assurance from you, and came this way only to thank you for it.

Jac. Very well!

Don C. You did, imperious dame, you did? how base is woman's pride! how wretched are the ingredients it is formed of! If you saw cause for just disdain, why did you not at first repulse me? why lead a slave in chains, that could not grace your triumphs? If I am thus to be condemned, think on the favours you have done the wretch, and hide your face for ever.

San. Well argued!

Leo. I own you have hit the only fault the world can charge me with: the favours I have done to you I am, indeed, ashamed of; but since women have their frailties, you'll allow me mine.

Don C. 'Tis well; extremely well, madam; I'm happy, however, you at last speak frankly: I thank you for it, from my soul I thank you; but don't expect me groveling at your feet again, don't; for if I do—

Leo. You will be treated as you deserve—trod upon.

Don C. Give me patience—but I don't want it; I am calm. Madam, farewell; be happy if you can; by heavens, I wish you so; but never spread your net for me again; for if you do—

Leo. You'll be running into it.

Don C. Rather run headlong into fire and flames; rather be torn with pincers, bit from bit; rather be broiled, like martyrs, upon gridirons—but I am wrong; this sounds like passion, and heaven can tell I am not angry. Madam, I think we have no farther business together; your most humble servant.

Leo. Farewell t'ye, sir.

Don C. (*To Sancho.*) Come along. (*Going, returns.*) Yet once more before I go, lest you should doubt my resolution, may I starve, perish, rot, be dead, d—d, or any other thing that men or gods can think on, if on any occasion whatever, civil or military, pleasure or business, love or hate, or any other accident of life, I from this moment change one word or look with you. [*Exit.*]

Leo. Content: come away, Jacinta.

Re-enter DON CARLOS.

Don C. Yet one word, madam, if you please; I

have a foolish bauble I once was fond of. (*Taking her picture from his breast.*) Will you accept a trifle from your servant?

Leo. Willingly, sir; I have a bauble, too, I think; you may have some claim to; you'll wear it for my sake. (*Breaks a bracelet from her arm, and gives it to him.*)

Don C. Most thankfully: this, too, I should restore you, it was once your's. (*Giving her a table-book.*) By your favour, madam, there is a line or two in it I think you once did me the honour to write with your own fair hand. Here it is. (*Reads.*)

"You love me, Carlos, and would know

The secret movements of my heart;

Whether I give you mine or no,

With your's, methinks, I'd never, never part."

Thus you have encouraged me, and thus you have deceived me.

San. Very true.

Leo. I have some faithful lines, too; I think I can produce them. (*Pulls out a table-book, and reads.*)

"How long soe'er to sigh in vain,

My destiny may prove,

My fate, in spite of your disdain,

Will let me glory in your chain,

Eternally to love.

There, sir, take your poetry again. (*Throwing it at his feet.*) 'Tis not much worse for my wearing; 'twill serve again upon a fresh occasion.

Jac. Well done!

Don C. I believe I can return the present, madam, with a pocket-full of your prose: there. (*Throwing a handful of letters at her feet.*)

Leo. Jacinta, give me his letters. There, sir, not to be behind-hand with you. (*Takes a handful of his letters out of a box, and throws them in his face.*)

Jac. And there, and there, sir. (*Throwing the rest of the letters at him.*)

San. Ods my life! we want ammunition; but for a shift—there, and there, you saucy slut, you! (*Pulls a dirty pack of cards out of his pocket, and throws them at Jacinta; they then close, he pulls off her head-clothes, and she his wig, and then part; she running to her mistress, he to his master.*) How the armies stand and gaze at one another after the battle! What think you, sir, of shewing yourself a great general, by making an honourable retreat?

Don C. I scorn it. Oh! Leonora, Leonora! a heart like mine should not be treated thus.

Leo. Carlos, Carlos! I have not deserved this usage.

Don C. Barbarous Leonora! but 'tis useless to reproach you; she that is capable of what you have done, is formed too cruel ever to repent of it. Go then, tyrant, make your bliss complete; torment me still, for still, alas! I love enough to be tormented.

Leo. Ah! Carlos, little do you know the tender movement of that thing you name: the heart where love presides admits no thought against the honour of its ruler.

Don C. 'Tis not to call that honour into doubt, if, conscious of our own unworthiness, we interpret every frown to our destruction.

Leo. When jealousy proceeds from such humble apprehensions, it shews itself with more respect than your's has done.

Don C. And where a heart is guiltless, it easily forgives a greater crime.

Leo. Forgiveness is not now in our debate: if both have been in fault, 'tis fit that both should suffer for it: our separation will do justice on us.

Don C. But since we are ourselves the judges of our actions, what if we inflict a gentler punishment?

Leo. 'Twould but encourage us to sin again.

Don C. And if it should—

Leo. 'Twould give a fresh occasion for the leasing exercise of mercy.

Don C. Right; and so we act the part of earth and heaven together, of men and gods, and taste of both their pleasures.

Leo. The banquet's too inviting to refuse it.

Don C. Then, thus let us fall upon it, thus let us fall upon it for ever!

[*Carries off Leonora, embracing her.*]

Jac. Ah! woman; foolish, foolish woman!

San. Very foolish, indeed.

Jac. But don't expect I'll follow her example.

San. You would, Mopsy, if I'd let you.

Jac. I'd sooner tear my eyes out! Ah! that she had a little of my spirit in her!

San. I believe I shall find thou hast a great deal of her flesh, my charmer; but 'twon't do; I am all rock, very marble.

Jac. A very pumice-stone, you rascal, you! if one would try you; but to prevent any humiliaties, and shew you all submission would be vain; to convince you that you have nothing but misery and despair before you, here, take back thy paltry thimble, and be in my debt for the shirts I made you with it.

San. Nay, if you are at that sport, mistress, I believe I shall lose nothing by the balance of thy presents: there, take thy tobacco-stopper, and—

Jac. Here, take thy satin pincushion, with thy curious half-hundred of pins in it, that you made such a vapouring about yesterday; tell them carefully, there's not one wanting.

San. There's thy ivory-hafted knife again; whet it well; 'tis so blunt 'twill cut nothing but love.

Jac. And there's thy pretty pocket scissors thou hast honoured me with, they'll cut off a leg or an arm, heaven bless 'em!

San. Here's the enchanted handkerchief you were pleased to endear with your precious blood, when the violence of your love, at dinner, t'other day, made you cut your fingers. There. (*Blows his nose in it, and gives it to her.*)

Jac. The rascal so provokes me, I won't even keep his paltry garters from him. Do you see these? you pitiful, beggarly scoundrel, you! There, take 'em; there. (*Takes her garters off, and flaps them about his face.*)

San. I have but one thing more of thine: (*shewing his cudgel*) I own 'tis the top of all thy presents, and might be useful to me; but that you may have nothing to upbraid me with, e'en take it again, with the rest of them. (*Lifts it up to strike her, she leaps about his neck.*)

Jac. Ah! cruel Sancho! now beat me, Sancho, do!

San. Rather, like Indian beggars, beat my precious self. (*Throws away his stick, and embraces her.*)

Rather let infants' blood about the street,

Rather let all the wine about the cellar,

Rather let—Oh! Jacinta, thou hast o'ercome.

How foolish are the great resolves of man!

Resolves, which we neither would keep, nor can;

When those bright eyes in kindness please to shine,

Their goodness I must needs return with mine:

Bless my Jacinta in her Sancho's arms!

Jac. And I my Sancho with Jacinta's charms.

Re-enter DON CARLOS and LEONORA.

Don C. Well, I see you have followed our example, Sancho.

San. Yes, sir; like master, like man.

Don C. From this good day, then, let all discord cease:

Let those to come be harmony and peace.

Henceforth let all our different interests join,

Let fathers, lovers, friends, let all combine,

To make each other's days as blest as she will mine. [Exeunt.]

THE TWO MISERS;

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, IN TWO ACTS.

BY KANE O'HARA.



Act I.—Scene 1.

CHARACTERS.

GRIFE
HUNKS
LIVELY

OSMAN
ALI
MUSTAPHA

GUARDS
HARRIOT
JENNY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The great Square. At the right corner, in front, Gripe's house; some paces backward, a large quadrangular pyramid; at the left corner, in front, stands Hunks's house; in its side, facing the audience, are two windows, the lower defended by iron bars from top to bottom. To the left, in front, near Hunks's house, is a draw-well, surrounded by a low breast-wall, whereon are fixed two strong posts, with a cross-bar at top to support a large pulley.*

LIVELY appears at Hunks's upper window.

Live. (*Hems and coughs repeatedly, as signals to Harriot.*) Hem, hem! She does not hear me, sure! I'll sing, then.

AIR.—LIVELY.

At eve, sweet Philomel's fond lay,

His Philomela cheers:

So love, whom spies o'erawe by day,

Casts off, at night, his fears. (Listens.)

Hush! No; all quiet; her window still shut. Ah! her uncle's within. (*Listens.*) Eh! no; try again. Hem, hem! (*Sings louder.*)

At eve, sweet Philomel's fond lay,

His Philomela cheers.

(HARRIOT attended by JENNY, shews herself at Gripe's window; she opens it, and in a low voice answers, singing to the latter strain of the same air.)

Har. Love, though disguis'd by fears all day,
By night unmask'd appears.

Live. My Harriot! your uncle's gone, then?

Har. Gone—and your's?

Live. Gone, too. Shall we down into the square?

Jenny. Hist, hist! some one's coming. I protest, Mr. Lively, your uncle Hunks. Retire, retire, and let him pass. (*Lively retires, shutting his window. Harriot and Jenny keep their's half shut, watching Hunks's motions.*)

Enter HUNKS slowly from the left side, stops now and then, peeping round.

Hunks. A murrain seize the inventor of these tell-tale lamps! the very bane of all clandestine enterprize! Why, here, 'tis as light as day, now. I'fecks! we might as well have no night at all. Then those d—d janizaries, everlastingly patrolling and prying. Vexation upon vexation! However, 'tis, luckily, rather latish, and this a solitary quarter. Who knows? I may chance to execute my scheme still. (*Sees Gripe at a distance.*) Pah! what interloper now? (*Steps aside to observe.*)

Jenny. (*At the window, seeing Gripe.*) So! here comes t'other skinflint, Gripe himself. Away, miss, away.

Enter GRIFE.

Gripe. (*Drawing forth a large bunch of keys.*) Such a gull! Ha, ha, ha! Bled so freely! but, no tick; no, no, the rooks would not tick. Pise

on it! he has had a devilish tumble! Well, well; speed the plough; his loss, my gain. Twenty per cent. premium, and two per cent. by the hour: no bad tontine.

AIR.—GRIPE.

*Let the novice depend on his luck,
On the science the gambler profess'd;
What pigeon soever they pluck,
With his plumes I shall feather my nest.*

*They fling, they ding,
They swear, they tear,
While snug I look on and sit still:
For well I trow,
Blow high, blow low,
Each puff will bring grist to my mill.*

*A bird in the bush, we are told,
Is pretty enough to the view;
But I think, when I look on my gold,
That one in the hand is worth two.
For birds will fly,
But what care I,
While thus I can hold 'em at will?
Blow high, blow low,
They never shall go;
But come and bring grist to my mill.*

[Unlocks his door in a hurry, goes in, and shuts it.

Hunks. (Coming forward.) Gossip Gripe! Well, he's housed. And now to reconnoitre my scene of action. (Surveying the pyramid accurately.) Here, then, it is, underneath this pyramid, that they have deposited the carcass of his mufsthip; and along with it, all his gold, his plate, his diamonds, his—Oh! Hunks, Hunks! what a treasure were here now! Acapulco!

AIR.—HUNKS.

*My dear treasure always nigh me,
Night and day my strong box by me;*

Still to spy it,

Try it,

Eye it,

Feel

And kneel,

And deify it.

Oh! what transport to behold!

What delight to chink my gold!

Mahomet's a scurvy prophet,

His fool's paradise, I scoff it.

Think to gull folks with his houries!

Beggar venches without douries!

Had he feign'd his heav'n of pelf,

I'd ha' been a Turk myself.

Live. (Opens the window softly.) Pest seize him! will he never be gone? [Aside. Shuts the window.

Hunks. (Again surveying the pyramid.) No child's play to make a breach here; must get help, i'fecks! Gripe! yes, the very man; but he—he'll be for going snacks; well, better give half than lose all. Ay, ay; and here he comes, just in the nick.

Re-enter GRIPE, from his house.

Gripe. (To himself, while locking the door.) Safe bind, safe find; forage abroad, but guard at home. Pise on't! how I loiter! (Pockets the keys: as he is hobbling away, Hunks calls after him.)

Hunks. Gripe! Gossip Gripe!

Gripe. (Just looking back with a nod.) Good night. Can't stay.

Hunks. A moment. Lord, man! what's your hurry?

Gripe. (Coming back.) Hurry! Why, Squander, the young merchant, fallen in at hazard yonder with some knowing ones, is fleeced, done up to the last shilling, so I'm fetching him a supply: two hundred pieces.

Hunks. And at what interest?

Gripe. Pise on it! a mere nothing: two per cent. Hunks. Are you turned fool? Two per cent!

Gripe. Ay, by the hour.

Hunks. Oh! cry you mercy! But, gossip, (with a mysterious air) I—observe that pyramid: yesterday, in a vault beneath that pyramid, was interred the late mufst!

Gripe. Well, peace be with him!

Hunks. Ye-s, and his rhino with us! for you must know, that here in Smyrna, when a mufst dies, they bury all his riches with him; they do, i'fecks!

Gripe. Indeed! in that case, 'twould scarce vex a man to die.

Hunks. It does mitigate, to be sure.

Gripe. (After a pause.) All his riches buried with him! (Eyeing the pyramid, then eagerly to Hunks.) Pise on it! gossip, here were a venture now! eh!

Hunks. And yet, I have my scruples. Is it not a sin, think you, to disturb the ashes of the dead? But, then, the price is so great.

Gripe. We're to go halves.

Hunks. A sacrilege, eh!

Gripe. Not if we go halves.

RECITATIVE.

Gripe. Indeed, had he a Christian been,

Hunks. Oh! ay, had he a Christian been,

Gripe. Nice casuists might, perhaps—

Hunks. Might what?

Gripe.

Pronounce it sin.

DUETT.—GRIPE and HUNKS.

Gripe. But a vile Turk, and a mufst, too.

Hunks. Yes, Turk, and mufst, too.

A foe to wine, 'tis true, 'tis true.

Gripe. A foe to wine, 'tis true, 'tis true.

Let's take—

Hunks. Let's seize on all he left.

'Tis lawful spoil,

Gripe. Not sinful theft.

Hunks. 'Tis lawful spoil, not sinful theft.

(They shake hands, and are going off, when Lively appears at his window.)

Live. Rot 'em! will they sleep here? Ah! he saw me. (Shuts the window.)

Gripe. (Turning hastily.) Ha! somebody at that window, methought.

Hunks. My hopeful nephew, 'tis like. A scape-grace! but, i'fecks! I shall soon rid my hands of him; I'll shut him up in a mad-house.

Gripe. An excellent scheme! Ay, ay; clean straw and a dark cell. The scoundrel flirts with my niece, too; but, by your leave, I forbid the bans there. They'd instantly call us to account for their fortunes.

Hunks. They would; and be ever gaping, gaping at ours. Come, come along with me, to get the implements for our enterprize.

Gripe. Can't you as well step for them yourself? One business must not obstruct another; I'll but carry my spark this cash, just hard by, and be back presently. (As the two Misers are going off, Harriot appears at her window attended by Jenny; they make signs of great joy, then retire as descending into the square. In the meantime Lively unscrews a bar of his window, leaps down, and runs to meet Harriot. Jenny withdraws to watch.)

DUETT.—HARRIOT and LIVELY.

Har. They're gone, and our flames we may freely reveal.

Live. What transport, in this precious moment I feel!

My Harriot!

Har. My Lively!

Live. *My Harriot!*

Har. *My Lively!*

Live. *In vain they our hearts would dis sever;
I love, and will love you for ever.*

Har. *In vain they our hearts would dis sever.*

Live. *For Harriot I live, and for Harriot would die.*

Har. *Ah! Lively, I swear, and this heart cannot lie,
I will ne'er be but your's.*

Live. *What! never?
Nor ever will I be but your's.*

Har. *What! never?*

Live. *No, never will I be but your's.*

Har. *Though Gripe locks his doors,
(Points at the door open.)*

Live. *Though his window Hunks grates,
(Points to the unscrewed bar.)*

Har. *Love loves to make fools of such wary grey
pates.*

Live. *Love loves to o'erreach such designing bald
pates.
Deign love, then, to guide us—*

Har. *For ever;
Nor suffer these grubs to divide us.*

Live. *Oh! never.*

Har. *Deign love, then, to guide us, for ever.*

Live. *They shall not divide us: no, never.*

Jenny. (Rejoins them.) Well, my dears, since upright love is your motive, and downright matrimony your end, I think I must even beat about to bring you together.

Live. But when, dear Jenny, when?

Jenny. Sooner, perhaps, than you imagine. Miss has an aunt in Dublin, Lady Mildmay; her heart and house are open to you.

Live. Why aren't we gone, then? What stops us?

Jenny. Stops! What stops many an hopeful project?—lack of cash. (Looks archly at him.) Are you flush, sir? (He shakes his head sorrowfully.) So I thought; and, therefore, hold it bad policy to leave all miss's fortune, all her mamma's effects, in Gripe's clutches. Cheer up, however; a lucky crisis may come, and trust me for not letting it slip.

Live. Infernal muck-worms! 'Sdeath! I grow wild with resentment; but you, my love, you seem quite unconcerned.

Har. Pardon me, dear Lively, I feel the utmost contempt of their depravity, mixed with a kind of pity for my uncle's foible; but (takes his hand and looks fondly at him) the truth is, that—

AIR.—HARRIOT.

*At thy presence, vengeful passion,
Envy, hate, and indignation,
From this tranquil bosom fly:
Wealth, by gold, let miscreants measure;
Be but Lively's heart my treasure,
Gripe will be less rich than I.*

Jenny. In, in; get ye in; here's Gripe a-coming. Har. My uncle! Oh, lud! I shall die in a fright.

[Runs into the house with Jenny, who locks the door.

Live. Plague welcome him!

[Leaps in at his window, and replaces the bar.

Re-enter GRIPE, walking leisurely, with a parchment bond in his hand.

Gripe. Here's the bond, stamped and all. Servant, kind Mr. Squander! Will you any more rouleaus at the same discount? He, he, he! I ha'

trotted it up: two hundred pistoles, at two per cent. by the hour, will amount, in six months, (with interest upon interest,) to about twenty thousand pounds sterling. Good, good! Pise on it! I'll have an execution in petto; then smash go his magazines, his town house, his villa; all mine, all mine. Come, come; upon the whole, no dear purchase. (Pulls out a bunch of keys, and unlocks his door, leaving the key in the lock.) Jenny, Jenny! I say.

Jenny. (Above at the window.) Sir?

Gripe. Fetch hither my supper, hussy!

Jenny. Your everyday supper, sir?

Gripe. Yes; and the bottle of Cyprus wine. [Exit Jenny. Gripe takes a turn in the square towards Hunks's house.] I have made too good a day's work of it to grudge myself wine at night.

Live. (Softly opening the window.) What is he muttering there? (Aside.)

Gripe. A lucky day has this been both to Hunks and me; and, to-morrow, he'll finish this glorious work by getting that nephew of his shut up for life.

Live. How, how! The infamous wretch! Shut up for life, indeed! I shall give him the slip though.

(Aside, and withdraws, shutting the window.

Gripe, retreating towards his own door, is met by JENNY, carrying a morsel of bread, a phial-bottle half full of wine, and a small glass, on a pewter-plate.)

Jenny. Here, sir.

Gripe. What's Harriot doing? (Eating, and holding the glass to be filled.)

Jenny. Waiting for you. We have not supped.

Gripe. Well, you may (sips) go to bed. Mufti! (To himself.)

Jenny. Best go in doors, sir.

Gripe. (Walks to and fro, munching and sipping.) No. Warm rogues, you mufties! (Aside.) I sha'n't come home to-night, mayhap. (Holds out the glass to be filled.) A plum, at least. (Aside.)

Jenny. (Staring at him, and not filling.) Why, sir, 'tis wine; wine, sir.

Gripe. Eh! Pise on't! I wasn't minding. Here, lock up; (gives her the glass, and remnant of bread) this for to-morrow. Oh! a mint! a mine! the Indies! I fly, I fly. [Hurries away, leaving his keys.

Jenny. (Looks after him.) Quite frantic, I declare; (going in) and has forgot—nay, as I'm alive, he has—(Runs in with the things, then seizes the keys, and calls aloud.) Mr. Lively! Miss Harriot! (They look out.) Come down, come down. (They disappear. Jenny turns over the keys.) Ay, this is the key of his den; this of the iron-door to his closet; and this—

Re-enter HARRIOT and LIVELY.

See here, my lambkins! the crisis is come; Gripe has forgotten his keys. See; he said he should not be at home to-night. But there's no trusting to that: so, while I step in, stay you here, and watch. I'll not return empty-handed, I promise you.

Live. 'Faith! my dearest Harriot, 'twas high time: do you know, that my vile uncle is plotting to get me confined?

Har. Confined! on what pretext?

Live. Madness, I suppose. But let him catch me if he can. The tables are now turned, and our escape secured past prevention.

Har. I am on thorns to embark. My heart presages we shall be happy in Europe.

Re-enter JENNY; on her arm a basket crammed full, in her hand a band-box, a casket, and parcels of paper wrapped up in an apron.

Jenny. Joy, joy! the deeds! the chattels! I have them all. (To Harriot.) Now, take wing, like two turtle-doves. (Recollecting.) Hang it! I forgot.

Here, these. (*Delivers them in a hurry.*) Be careful of the contents; I'll be back immediately. [*Exit.*]

Har. Oh, mercy! what a load of finery! Come, Lively, let's sit down, and lay them all in order. (*They sit on the wall of the draw-well, placing the apron and basket between them, then range the parcels out of the one into the other.*) And first, this bundle of bonds, I suppose, at bottom.

Live. Next, this band-box in the corner—so; and here, on this side, the casket of jewels.

Har. Stay; let me just take a peep. Oh! Lively, such noble brilliants!

Live. With what delight shall I see my angel wear them! Ah! Harriot, how enchanting is that look! while your eyes thus tenderly shoot into mine, 'tis perfect ecstasy! (*Embraces her.*)

Har. How now, sir? what liberty? (*Resentfully.*) Takes her hand off the basket to repel him; the basket and apron fall into the well; she screams.) Oh! heavens! the basket's dropped into the well.

Re-enter JENNY, who overhears Harriot, and screams.

Jenny. Heavens and earth! into the well! (*Lively turns away in confusion.*)

Har. A silly youth! with his hoydenish pranks.

Live. I was sure she had hold of it; so, in my transport—

Jenny. Transport! nonsense! Yes, yes; we're finely on our way now! Lovers, lovers! say I; wretch that I am.

Live. Patience, Jenny; can't I go down for them?

Jenny. Egad! that's true; and, by my troth, so you shall, Mr. Transport.

Har. Into the well? (*Alarmed, and runs to look down into it.*)

Jenny. La! what are you so afraid of? 'tis really not deep; and, besides, has been dry this long while.

Live. (*Looks up at the pulley.*) Ay, but where's the rope?

Jenny. We can take the rope and bucket off Gripe's well. Come, let us in a bit for the present; the patrol will be going their rounds, and they must not surprise us.

[*Exeunt into Gripe's house, shutting the door.*]

The Guards' march is played. Enter ALI, at the head of the Janizaries, marching in file. They halt in the middle of the square.

Ali. Don't you observe, lads, the nocturnal stillness of this city, ever since our corps has mounted guard here?

Osman. True, Captain; everybody allows it.

Ali. (*Struts importantly.*) Let's keep it up, then. Harken to your orders. Hem, hem! To you, Osman, for this night, I consign half the corps, and half the city, westward: you, Mustapha, with the remainder, follow me. This square shall be our place of rendezvous.

Mus. In faith, noble Captain, a masterly manoeuvre.

Ali. Now take heed all: let your march be orderly and silent. One thing more: I have intelligence of a tavern hereabout, where, in mockery of our holy law, wine is privily sold to the true believers. Those quarters I shall beat up; and, if the wine be good, secure it for our secret service. Whisker of Mahomet! there's nothing like maintaining strict order and discipline. Make ready, march!

AIR.—*Turkish March.*

*The guards their midnight rounds begin,
Let all retire; let cease all din:
Home, home, without delaying,
No murmur; no gainsaying;
Hush! high and low degrees;
So wills our lord cadi.*

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter GRIPE, walking circumspectly about the Square, peeping and listening.

RECITATIVE—GRIPE.

If it were done, when 'tis done; then 'twere well,
it were done quickly.

Th' attempt, and not the deed, confounds us—
strictly.

The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures,

Then—we shall both be Croesus's—if victors.

I'll fetch Hunks. (*Ponders.*) May I trust him on
this job?

Besides, the rigour of these Turkish laws!

To swing; forfeit my wealth! Ay, there's the rub
Must give us pause.

AIR.

*What a cursed hole I'm in,
Yet must on through thick and thin:
If my gossip, Hunks, should peach,
I'm within the cadi's reach.*

After all, 'tis a crack rope venture;

He the vault alone shall enter.

His shall be the art of thieving,

Mine but that of bare receiving.

'Gad, if I ben't sharp and sly,

He'll clap flatt'ry to my eye. [*Exit.*]

Enter from Gripe's house, LIVELY, with a large rope in his hand, JENNY with a bucket, and HARRIOT following.

Live. Escape? ay, sure, nothing to stop us; there's a ship sails in the morning: her captain is my acquaintance, and has engaged to take us on board.

Har. Lucky though, that my uncle stays abroad all night.

AIR.—HARRIOT.

Like the tuneful linnet gay,

Long I sported in the May,

And echo heard my cheerful call;

I just could tattle,

Chirp and prattle;

I just could sing, and that was all.

But now I perch, and plume, and pride,

And more than tattle,

Chirp and prattle,

I now can sing, and love beside.

Live. Yes, we shall be under sail ere missed. (*Mounts on the breast-wall, and slips the rope into the pulley.*) Oh! 'gad, how gaily we shall live in Ireland upon the funds of this well. (*Leaps down, and hands the rope's-end to Jenny.*) Ireland, my Harriot! that's your true female Paradise. There you'll all be queens, empresses, sultanas—eh! Jenny?

Jenny. Ay, ay. Well, this is secured; all's ready. (*Hangs the bucket over the wall.*)

Live. Come, then, down I go.

Har. But, harkye, are you sure there's no danger?

Jenny. Danger!—Why, the well is quite dry, I tell you. (*Lively sits upon the wall, and puts his feet in the bucket, while they lay hold of the rope.*)

TRIO.—HARRIOT, LIVELY, and JENNY.

Har. Hold the rope fast—hold faster. (*To Jenny.*)
For you I'm in pains, my dear. (*To Lively.*)

Live. Why should you dread disaster?
Kind love is my guide, never fear.

Har. I would it were past!
Now, now hold fast. (*To Jenny.*)

Live. *The worst is past.*

Jenny. *I do hold fast.*

Har. *La! I'm in a terrible fright.*

Live. *Now down I go. (Gradually disappears.)*

Jenny. *So, so, so, so.*

Live. *And the motion's slow.*

Har. *Have a care below.*

Live. *You've nothing to do but hold tight.*

Jenny. *We all shall be made by this night.*

Har. *Ah! now he's quite out of sight.*

Jenny. *The basket, pray save it. (To Lively.)*

Live. *I have it.*

Har. *I'm glad he has got no hurt.*

Jenny. *The casket, don't leave it. (To Lively.)*

Live. *I've pick'd 'em both out of the dirt.*

Jenny. *Next find the cloth. (To Lively.)*

Live. *I'll get it.*

Har. *Deuce take ye both! I'm fretted.*

Live. *All's safe—and now let us retreat.*

Jenny. *Now let us retreat.*

Har. *Let us retreat.*

Don't loiter thus;

For I'm in fuss,

For fear we be caught in the street.

(Jenny turning about, sees Gripe and

Hunks at a distance.)

Jenny. *Who are these two, coming yonder?*

Har. *Coming yonder?*

Good luck! our uncles!

Jenny. *Your uncles, I swear.*

Har. *What brings 'em home so soon, I wonder?*

Old Nick must sure have conjur'd 'em there.

Jenny. *Nick take the troublesome pair.*

Live. *Hawl, hawl away, hawl.*

Har. *Hush, hush, do not bawl.*

Jenny. *He will ruin us all.*

Live. *I'm ready; what makes you delay?*

Har. *Our uncles are coming this way.*

Jenny. *There's company coming this way.*

Har. *We're forc'd to retire.*

Live. *Blood and fire!*

Jenny. *Have patience, squire.*

Har. *We're surely caught, if we stay.*

Live. *You'll keep me here till 'tis day.*

Jenny. *Excuse this little delay.*

(Harriot and Jenny escape into Gripe's house, and shut the door.)

Enter HUNKS, carrying a lantern, followed by GRIPE, carrying a ladder and an iron crow: as they advance, LIVELY, in the well, continues calling to Harriot and Jenny.

Live. Hawl, hawl away, hawl!

Hunks. (Hearing the voice.) Eh! what are you muttering, gossip?

Gripe. Nothing I.—Wasn't it you that spoke?

Hunks. No. (Lays down the sledge near the well, Gripe throws down the crow.)

Gripe. Oh, pise on't! (Groans.) this d—d ladder has broken my back. (Goes to set it up beneath the deep window of the distant house.)

Hunks. What matter, man?—No gains without

pains, i'fecks. Now, how set about this job? (Takes the lantern to examine the ground.)

Gripe. Why, this whole front is but one single stone. (Examines it likewise.)

Hunks. Just hit it with your sledge. (Claps his ear to it.)

Gripe. Well, how does it sound? (Strikes gently in several parts.)

Hunks. Hollow, Hollow. This must be the entrance, i'fecks, gossip, and that same stone we must force out. (Takes up the sledge, and Gripe the crow.)

DUETT.—GRIPE and HUNKS.

Gripe. *Now, gossip, now, gossip, strike home.*

Hunks. *And you too, good gossip, strike home.*

Gripe. *We'll soon make a breach in this tomb.*

Strike it harder, I warrant 'twill come.

Hunks. *'Twill come.*

Gripe. *'Twill come.*

Both. *'Twill come.*

Gripe. *Once more.*

Hunks. *Once more—the mortar is crumbling.*

Gripe. *'Tis crumbling—I now see the joint.*

'Tis tumbling.

Hunks. *'Tis tumbling. Stick to the point.*

Both. *Let's stick to the point.*

Gripe. *Pray hand me the crow.*

Now double your blow.

Hunks. *I will strike while you pinch.*

Gripe. *It comes.*

Hunks. *It comes.*

Both. *It comes inch by inch.*

Gripe. *Now strike—it comes.*

Hunks. *Now pinch—it comes.*

Both. *It comes inch by inch.*

Gripe. *It totters.*

Hunks. *It totters.*

Both. *To fall it begins.*

Gripe. *Look to your shins.*

Hunks. *Look to your shins.*

Gripe. *Look, look to your shins.*

Hunks. *Zounds! look to your shins.*

(The stone tumbling with noise, shews the entrance of the vault, defended by an iron portcullis. They meanwhile throw aside their tools, and embrace exultingly.)

Gripe. So! that task's finished, and the treasure's our own.

Hunks. (Turning to the pyramid.) Finished! yes, to be sure; rarely finished! Why, there's a huge iron grate still. Stay. (Takes the lantern to examine.)

Gripe. No trifling hoard for certain, so firmly barricaded. (Aside.)

Hunks. Oh! we may compass it yet. Here's a groove, you see, shows 'tis a slider. Hold this. (Presents the lantern.) I'll try to lift it. No, i'fecks, I a'n't strong enough; lend me a hand.

Gripe. (Sets down the lantern, and goes to assist him.) Now, lay to o'your side. That's it; let's raise it quite up.

Hunks. There it goes; high enough, if we had something to clap under it.

Gripe. Bear it up, while I run for the crow. (Having fixed it.) Let go now; it can't fall.

Hunks. That's clever, i'fecks! Stay; is the vault deep? Why, (*Takes the lantern, and looks down.*) our ladder was needless; here's a little staircase.

Gripe. All the better. Now then, down wi' ye; you have the lantern.

Hunks. Here, gossip, take it you, and go down yourself.

Gripe. A tomb—I—troth, gossip, I'm afraid I should never get alive to the bottom.

Hunks. (*Snatching the lantern from him.*) Psha! poltroon, give it me; I'll go down myself. (*Going to the pyramid, turns to Gripe.*) But take notice, I'll ha' the larger share.

Gripe. Go down, go down, man; we'll settle that afterwards.

Hunks. (*Entering the pyramid.*) I'fecks, I'm all in a flutter too; but then the treasure—ay, that keeps me up. (*Goes down.*)

Gripe. (*At the mouth of the vault to Hunks below.*) Well, are you at bottom? Is there much? Throw up to me whatever you find.

Hunks. (*Below.*) Find! I'fecks, I find nothing; but this Turk's cloak. (*Throws out a caftan.*)

Gripe. (*Impatiently.*) Pise on it! what has the booby flung up here? (*Examines it.*) A pretty rag, wot. (*Going nearer to the vault.*) The gold, the diamonds, man! That's all you need mind.

Hunks. There, there's a mufti's cap for you. (*Throws out a turban.*)

Gripe. Mufti yourself, sirrah! (*Stamps on the turban, leans into the vault and bawls.*) What the devil are you about? The gold, I say; the jewels. Are you mad?

Hunks. No such gear, i'fecks; not a jot else, unless you'll ha' the corpse.

Gripe. Oh, ho! you want to keep all, do you? These your tricks? Ay, I suspected as much.

Hunks. Why, step down yourself, and see. I give you my oath.

Gripe. Your oath! you worthless dog.

Hunks. Hey! This to me? you old curmudgeon.

Gripe. Yes, you may well talk, you shabby, swindling scoundrel! but, sirrah, you shall—

Hunks. Stay, rascal! stay till I come up and break your bones. (*The light of the candle begins to reappear, and with it Hunks in a rage. Gripe suddenly takes out the crow that supported the grate, which falls at once, and shuts in Hunks.*)

Gripe. My bones; ha, ha, ha! you will, jail bird.

Hunks. (*Vainly labouring to raise the grate.*) The treacherous villain! Why, sirrah! you don't mean—

Gripe. (*To himself.*) Gulled! defrauded! nay, exposed to the gallows! and, (*Kicking the turban and robe.*) and all for—for this trumpery. (*Flings them into the well.*)

Ali. (*Behind.*) Who's there? Stand, ho!

Hunks. Mercy on us! 'tis the patrol! Harkye, *Gripe*, if I be caught I'll impeach you; I will, i'fecks.

Gripe. Pise on it! so he may. (*Aside.*) Hush, hush, dear gossip! Pho, man, I was but in jest. Do, run down again quick, and hide your lantern. When they are passed I'll come and release you. (*Wheeling.*)

Hunks. (*Retiring.*) At your own peril, cut-throat! be assured I'll not swing single. (*Hunks retires into the vault; Gripe hurries to his own door, where, searching in all his pockets, he misses his keys; the Janizaries are heard approaching tumultuously.*)

Gripe. My keys! undone! robbed! beggared! (*In consternation.*) Oh! they're coming! what shall I do? Pise on it! stay, I'll even mount that ladder—my last shift—skulk in the hollow of the window; perhaps they mayn't see me. (*Climbs up in haste, and stands in the window.*)

Enter ALI, with four Janizaries, half drunk, each carrying two bottles and a drinking cup; and OSMAN, with the party: they are surprised at the intoxication of their comrades, but, getting from them each one bottle, they fall to guzzling in long draughts. During the symphony of the ensuing Catch, a faint light glimmers from the vault.

CATCH.—ALI, MUSTAPHA, and Janizary.

Ali. }
Jan. } *Fill every lad his cup.*

Ali. *Fill it a bumper.*

Jan. *Mine's a thumper.*

Must. *Drink it up.*

(*Ali drinks, making a noise in his throat while swallowing, viz.*)

Ali. *Wi—ne.*

Must. }
Jan. } *Swill 'till mellow! honest fellow.*

Ali. *I don't leave one drop in mine.*

(*Mustapha drinks, making the same noise.*)

Must. *Wi—ne.*

Ali. }
Jan. } *Swill till, &c.*

Must. *I don't leave, &c.*

(*Janizary drinks, making the same noise.*)

Jan. *Wi—ne.*

Must. }
Ali. } *Swill till, &c.*

Ali. } *Let drones pour on*

Must. } *Their dull Coran,*

Jan. } *While we're laughing,*
 Gaily quaffing.

Ali. *Rosy wine.*

(*Ali's men lay aside their bottles and cups, and then come back. Osman and his party sit down continuing to drink; one of Ali's men seats himself close to the Draw-well, leaning his elbow on the wall; two others place themselves near him, sitting. Ali and Mustapha stagger forward.*)

Ali. And yet, this devilish liquor parches one up. (*Hiccups.*) By Mecca, my stomach's a coal of fire.

Must. And mine boiling oil, by Omar! But see! here's a well; let's draw some water, (*Hiccups.*) 'twill quench us.

Ali. Right; and the rope's in the pulley, too. (*They lay hold on the cord, and begin to pull. The other three drunk, fall asleep.*) Now, both together.

Must. (*Looking toward the pyramid.*) Eh! bless me! don't I see a light from yonder monument? and a hole broken in the front, I think.

Ali. D—d heavy, this same water. (*Tugging the cord.*)

Must. Nay, but look! if I have eyes—(*Still looking to the pyramid.*)

Ali. Pho! confound ye, pull away. Visionary! 'Cause the mufti was buried there, you're afraid he'll rise and eat you, eh? (*Looking towards the pyramid, and pulling with all his might.*) See! what can you see? Were I to see the devil, I'd no more matter—(*Lively drawn up in the bucket, while their heads are turned aside, appears dressed in the Mufti's turban and robe, with the basket on his arm; he lays hold on one of the posts with his left hand, and springs upon the wall, giving, at the same instant with the right hand, a hearty box on the ear to the sleeping Janizary next to him, who, in a fright tumbles upon his comrade; they, struggling to rise, obstruct each other. Meanwhile, Ali and Mustapha, pulling hard, and not*

being longer resisted by *Lively's* weight, suddenly fall; letting go the rope, the bucket falls.)

Live. (Standing on the breast-wall, bellows out.) Boo! miscreants! boo!

Janizaries. Oh, oh! the mufti! the devil!

Ali. (Coming up in terror.) Accursed wine! A judgment! our prophet's vengeance! (Runs off. *Mustapha and Osman* with his party rise in a fright, and running away, throw down the ladder.)

Janizaries. The devil! the mufti himself at our heels! Run, run.

[*Exeunt. Hunks alarmed, comes up to the grate.*

Gripe stands trembling in the window.

Live. (Upon the wall.) Ha, ha! I think I have scared the rascals. (Leaps down.)

Gripe. Save us! A spectre! I shall tumble headlong.

Live. (Aloud at *Gripe's* door.) Jenny! Jenny! come down, 'tis I. (Gazing joyfully at his basket.)

Jenny. (Within.) Mr. *Lively's* voice, I vow. Quick, quick, Miss.

Gripe. (Astonished.) Benedicite!—Pise on it! I'll make off—Distraction! my ladder thrown down!—and the cadi—posting hither.

Enter *HARRIOT* and *JENNY*, running.

Har. Is it you, my dear sir? (She and *Jenny*, frightened at the *Mufti's* habit, run back, screaming.) Ah, ah!

Live. (Overtakes them.) Stop, stop! don't squall! What ails ye? (Throwing off the turban and robe.) 'Tis I—*Lively.* (They stare.)

Gripe. How? *Lively!* (Amazed.)

Hunks. My nephew! he'll help me out, i'fecks.

Har. (Coming to herself.) Lud! how you frightened me—that strange disguise. (To *Lively.*)

Jenny. (Springs at the basket on his arm.) This is safe, however; and now, my loves, for Europe, ho!

Live. Ay, ay, now or never. (All hurrying off.)

Hunks. *Lively!* (Lively starts and looks back.)

Gripe. (From the window at the same time.) *Harriot!* (Harriot starts.)

Har. (Fainting.) Our uncles! good heavens!

Jenny and *Live.* (Supporting her.) Away, away, away! (Going.)

Hunks. Ah! *Lively*, can you forsake me thns?

Gripe. My dear *Harriot!* won't you stay and help me? (Harriot and *Lively* stand amazed; *Jenny* bursts into a fit of laughter.)

Jenny. Ha, ha, ha! was ever sight so ridiculous? Ha, ha! Look at 'em! this owl in his cage, and that dried mummy in his niche! Ha, ha, ha!

Gripe. Dear niece, come and take me down. (To *Harriot.*)

Live. How got you there? (To *Gripe.*)

Hunks. Take me out first. (To *Lively.*)

Live. What brought you there? (To *Hunks.*)

Har. Haste, my dear *Lively*, to relieve them.

Jenny. What, set them free without conditions? No, no; make terms first; bind them now, you'll never have them at such another hold.

Gripe. Niece, my dear niece, do but persuade your favourite gallant there to help me down, and I'll restore every shilling of your fortune.

Jenny. And give your consent to her marriage with him?

Gripe. Ay, with anybody.

Jenny. So much for the gentleman above stairs; now what says the gentleman below.

Hunks. Anything, anything. I'll render up my trust.

Jenny. Make your nephew your whole and sole heir?

Hunks. Willingly.

Jenny. And you both swear to keep your words?

Gripe and *Hunks.* We swear.

Jenny. Never to go from your agreement?

Gripe and *Hunks.* Never.

Jenny. Or we deliver you over to the Cadi for perjury.

Gripe and *Hunks.* And his janizaries shall carbomado us.

Har. Enough. *Jenny*, there's a ladder; I'll raise it; and do you relieve one, while I attend the other.

Gripe. Pise on't! girls, don't be in such a hurry. —(*Harriot* and *Jenny* rear up the ladder to *Gripe*; *Lively* goes to assist *Hunks.*) Pise on't! Girls, make haste—I'm in such a tremor—the cadi—(Scrambles down.)

Hunks. Quick, quick, dear lad—up with it! I'll help.—(To *Lively.*)—The grate is raised; and *Hunks* stepping forth, claps it down again; he embraces *Lively.*)

Gripe. (Pushes down the ladder, and comes forward.) Lord be praised, I'm once more on terra-firma!

Hunks. (Advances, capering for joy.) Huzza! I'm disintombed. Ah! gossip! we who thought to have been so rich! (Shakes his head at *Gripe.*)

FINALE.—*HUNKS, GRIPE, HARRIOT, LIVELY, and JENNY.*

Hunks. 'Tis past—now, gossip, let's count our gains,
We've had our labour for our pains.

If henceforth e'er I'm caught,
Gold-finding in a vault,
You may keep me there,
I vow and swear,

I'll own it my own fault. (To *Gripe.*)

Gripe. 'Tis you, y' old devil in human shape!
Who beguil'd your gossip into this scrape!
Who his greedy hopes cajol'd,
Wi' your mufti's heaps untold;
Your golden dreams
Of ingots, gems—
To hell you'd trot for gold. (To *Hunks.*)

Hunks. My love of gold I for ever renounce.

Gripe. And my avarice I lay aside at once.

Hunks. } To my { nephew I
Gripe. } To my { niece I now } restore,

Hunks. } My love, } and give my ore,
Gripe. } Her own, }

Hunks. } My mind's at rest.
Gripe. } While they are blest,
We never can be poor.

Live. } With duteous gratitude thus I bend. (Kneels)
Har. } In the parent happy to find a friend.

To shield you from annoy
Shall be our sole employ.

Gripe. }
Hunks. } Content.

Jenny. Of this event,
Genteels, I wish you joy,

Hunks. } But there's one treasure, whereof we still
Gripe. } Must misers be, which is—

Ali. Your good will.
(To the audience.)

Har. } Such welcome guests to bring,
Live. } We'll strain both voice and string.

Ali. With a twinkum twankum,
We will thank 'em,
Twinkum, twankum, twing.

Chorus. Such welcome guests to bring,
We'll strain both voice and string,
With a twinkum, twankum,
We will thank 'em,
Twinkum, twankum, twing.

[*Exeunt.*

LADY JANE GREY;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY NICHOLAS ROWE.



Act V.—Scene 2.

CHARACTERS.

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND
DUKE OF SUFFOLK
BISHOP GARDINER
EARL OF PEMBROKE

EARL OF SUSSEX
LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY
SIR JOHN GATES
LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER

LORDS OF THE COUNCIL
ATTENDANTS
DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK
LADY JANE GREY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Court.*

Enter DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, and SIR JOHN GATES.

Nor. 'Tis all in vain; heav'n has requir'd its pledge,
And he must die.

Suff. Is there an honest heart,
That loves our England, does not mourn for Edward?

The genius of our isle is shook with sorrow,
Religion melts in ev'ry holy eye.

Nor. Ay, there, mylord, you touch our heaviest loss;

With him our holy faith is doom'd to suffer;
With him our church shall veil her sacred front,
Pride, ignorance, and rapine, shall return;
Blind bloody zeal and cruel priestly pow'r
Shall scourge the land for ten dark ages more.

Sir J. Is there no help in all the healing art,
No potent juice or drug, to save a life
So precious, and prevent a nation's fate?

Nor. What has been left untry'd that art could do?

His youthful sinews are unstrung, cold sweats
And deadly paleness sit upon his visage,
And ev'ry gasp we look shall be his last,

Sir J. Doubt not, your graces, but the popish faction

Will at this juncture urge their utmost force:
All on the princess Mary turn their eyes,
Well hoping she shall build again their altars,
And bring their idol worship back in triumph.

Nor. And shall we tamely yield ourselves to bondage,

Bow down before these holy purple tyrants,
And bid 'em tread upon our slavish necks?
No; let this faithful freeborn English hand
First dig my grave in liberty and honour;
And though I found but one more thus resolv'd,
That honest man and I would die together.

Suf. Doubt not there are ten thousand and ten thousand,

To own a cause so just.

Sir J. The list I gave
Into your grace's hand last night declares
My pow'r and friends at full. (*To Northumberland.*)

Nor. Be it your care,
Good Sir John Gates, to see your friends appointed,

And ready for th' occasion: haste this instant;
Lose not a moment's time.

Sir J. I go, my lord.

Nor. Your grace's princely daughter, Lady Jane, [*Exit.*]

Is she yet come to court?

Suf. Not yet arriv'd,
But with the soonest I expect her here:
I know her duty to the dying king,
Join'd with my strict commands to hasten hither,
Will bring her on the wing.

Nor. Beseech your grace
To speed another messenger to press her;
For on her happy presence all our counsels
Depend and take their fate.

Suf. Upon the instant
Your grace shall be obey'd: I go to summon her. [*Exit.*]

Nor. What trivial influences hold dominion
O'er wise men's counsels and the fate of empire!
She must be here, and lodg'd in Guilford's arms,
Ere Edward dies, or all we've done is marr'd.

Ha! Pembroke! that's a bar which thwarts my way!

His fiery temper brooks not opposition,
And must be met with soft and supple arts,
Such as assuage the fierce and bend the strong.

Enter EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Good-morrow, noble Pembroke! we have staid
The meeting of the council for your presence.

Pem. For mine, my lord! you mock your servant sure

To say that I am wanted, where your self,
The great Alcides of our state, is present.
Whatever dangers menace prince or people,
Our great Northumberland is arm'd to meet 'em:
The ablest head and firmest heart you bear,
Nor need a second in the glorious task,
Equal yourself to all the toils of empire.

Nor. No; as I honour virtue, I have try'd
And know my strength too well; nor can the voice

Of friendly flattery, like yours, deceive me.

I know my temper liable to passions,
And all the frailties common to our nature;
Much therefore have I need of some good man,
Some wise and honest heart, whose friendly aid
Might guide my treading through our present dangers;

And by the honour of my name I swear,
I know not one of all our English peers
Whom I would choose for that best friend like
Pembroke!

Pem. Were not your grace too generous of soul,

To speak a language diff'ring from your heart,
How might I think you could not mean this goodness

To one whom his ill fortune has ordain'd
The rival of your son?

Nor. No more; I scorn a thought
So much below the dignity of virtue.
'Tis true I look on Guilford like a father,
Lean to his side, and see but half his failings;
But on a point like this, when equal merit
Stands forth to make its bold appeal to honour,
And calls to have the balance held in justice,
Away with all the fondnesses of nature!
I judge of Pembroke and my son alike.

Pem. I ask no more to bind me to your service.

Nor. The realm is now at hazard, and bold factions

Threaten, change, tumult, and disastrous days.
These fears drive out the gentler thoughts of joy,
Of courtship, and of love. Grant, heav'n! the state

To fix in peace and safety once again,
Then speak your passion to the princely maid,
And fair success attend you. For myself,
My voice shall go as far for you, my lord,
As for my son, and beauty be the umpire.
But now a heavier matter calls upon us;
The king with life just lab'ring, and I fear
The council grow impatient at our stay.

Pem. One moment's pause and I attend your grace.

[*Exit Northumberland.*]

Old Winchester cries to me oft "Beware
Of proud Northumberland." The testy prelate,
Froward with age, with disappointed hopes,
And zealous for old Rome, rails on the duke,
Suspecting him to favour the new teachers;
Yet ev'n in that, if I judge right, he errs:
But were it so, what are these monkish quarrels,
These wordy wars of proud ill-manner'd schoolmen,

To us and our lay interest? Let 'em rail
And worry one another at their pleasure.
This duke of late by many worthy offices
Has sought my friendship; and, yet more, his son,

The noblest youth our England has to boast of,
The gentlest nature and the bravest spirit,
Has made me long the partner of his breast:
And see! he comes.

Enter LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY.

Oh, Guilford! just as thou wert ent'ring here,
My thought was running all thy virtues over,
And wond'ring how thy soul could choose a partner
So much unlike itself.

Guil. How could my tongue
Take pleasure and be lavish in thy praise!
How could I speak thy nobleness of nature,
Thy open manly heart, thy courage, constancy,
And inborn truth, unknowing to dissemble!
Thou art the man in whom my soul delights,
In whom, next heav'n, I trust.

Pem. Oh, gen'rous youth!
What can a heart, stubborn and fierce like mine,
Return to all thy sweetness?—Yet I would,
I would be grateful—Oh, my cruel fortune!
Would I had never seen her, never cast
Mine eyes on Suffolk's daughter!

Guil. So would I!
Since 'twas my fate to see and love her first.

Pem. Oh! why should she, that universal goodness,

Like light, a common blessing to the world,
Rise like a comet fatal to our friendship,
And threaten it with ruin?

Guil. Heav'n forbid!
But tell me, Pembroke, is it not in virtue
To arm against this proud imperious passion?
If blind mistaken chance and partial beauty
Should join to favour Guilford?

Pem. Name it not;
My fiery spirits kindle at the thought,
And hurry me to rage.

Guil. And yet I think
I should not murmur were thy lot to prosper,
And mine to be refus'd; though sure the loss
Would wound me to the heart.

Pem. Ha! couldst thou bear it?
And yet perhaps thou might'st: thy gentle temper
Is form'd with passions mix'd in due proportion,
Where no one overbears nor plays the tyrant;
While mine, disdaining reason and her laws,
Like all thou must imagine wild and furious,
Now drives me headlong on, now whirls me back,
And hurls my unstable sitting soul
To ev'ry mad extreme. Then pity me,
And let my weakness stand—

Enter SIR JOHN GATES.

Sir J. The lords of council
Wait with impatience—

Pem. I attend their pleasure:
This only, and no more then. Whatsoever
Fortune decrees, still let us call to mind
Our friendship and our honour: and since love
Condemns us to be rivals for our prize,
Let us contend, as friends and brave men ought,
With openness and justice to each other,
That he who wins the fair one to his arms
May take her as the crown of great desert;
And if the wretched loser does repine,
His own heart and the world may all condemn him.

[*Exit.*]

Guil. How cross the ways of life lie! While we think

We travel on direct in one high road,
And have our journey's end oppos'd in view,
A thousand thwarting paths break in upon us
To puzzle and perplex our wand'ring steps:
Love, friendship, hatred, in their turns mislead us;
And ev'ry passion has its separate int'rest.
Where is that piercing foresight can unfold
Where all this mazy error will have end,
And tell the doom reserv'd for me and Pembroke?

'Tis in vain
This blind divining; let me think no more on't.
And see, the mistress of our fate appears!

Enter LADY JANE GREY, and Attendants.

Hail, princely maid! who with auspicious beauty
Cheer'st ev'ry drooping heart in this sad place,
Who, like the silver regent of the night,
Lift'st up thy sacred beams upon the land,
To bid the gloom look gay, dispel our horrors,
And make us less lament the setting sun.

Lady J. Yes, Guilford, well dost thou compare
my presence

To the faint comfort of the waning moon;
Like her cold orb a cheerless gleam I bring.
But say, how fares the king?

Guil. He lives as yet,

But ev'ry moment cuts away a hope,
Adds to our fears, and gives the infant saint
Great prospect of his op'ning heav'n.

Lady J. Oh, Guilford! what remains for wretched
England,

When he, our guardian angel, shall forsake us?

Guil. I own my heart bleeds inward at the
thought,

And yet forgive me, thou my native country,
Thou land of liberty, thou nurse of heroes,
Forgive me, if in spite of all thy dangers,
New springs of pleasure flow within thy bosom,
When thus 'tis giv'n me to behold those eyes,
Thus gaze, and wonder.

Lady J. Oh, vain flattery!

Lead me to pay my duty to the king,
To wet his pale cold hand with these last tears,
And share the blessings of his parting breath.

Guil. Were I like dying Edward, sure a touch
Of this dear hand would kindle life anew.
But I obey, I dread that gath'ring frown;
And oh! whene'er my bosom swells with passion,
And my full heart is pain'd with ardent love,
Allow me but to look on you and sigh;
'Tis all the humble joy that Guilford asks.

Lady J. Still wilt thou frame thy speech to this
vain purpose,

When universal ruin gathers round,
And no escape is left us? Are we not
Like wretches in a storm, whom ev'ry moment
The greedy deep is gaping to devour?
The hope of life has ev'ry heart forsook,
And horror sits on each distracted look;
Trembling they dread just heav'n's avenging pow'r,
Mourn their past lives, and wait the fatal hour.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

*Enter DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND and DUKE OF
SUFFOLK.*

Nor. Yet then be cheer'd, my heart, amidst thy
mourning:

Though never day of grief was known like this,
Let me rejoice, and bless the hallow'd light,
Whose beams auspicious shine upon our union,
And bid me call the noble Suffolk brother.

Suf. I know not what my secret soul presages,
But something seems to whisper me within
That we have been too hasty.

Nor. Doubt not anything,

Nor hold the hour unlucky that good heav'n
Has giv'n to-day a blessing in our children,
To wipe away our tears for dying Edward.

Suf. In that I trust. Good angels be our guard,
And make my fears prove vain! But see! my
wife!

With her your son, the gen'rous Guilford, comes:
She has inform'd him of our present purpose.

Enter DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK and LORD GUILFORD.

Guil. How shall I speak the fulness of my heart?

What shall I say to bless you for this goodness?
Oh, gracious princess! but my life is yours,
And all the bus'ness of my years to come
Is to attend with humblest duty on you,
And pay my vow'd obedience at your feet.

Duch. Yes, noble youth! I share in all thy joys.
But haste! inform thy daughter of our pleasure.

Nor. All desolate and drown'd in flowing tears,
By Edward's bed the pious princess sits,
And ev'ry sigh is wing'd with pray'rs so potent,
As strive with heav'n to save her dying lord.

Duch. From the first early days of infant life
A gentle band of friendship grew between 'em,
And, while our royal uncle Henry reign'd,
As brother and as sister bred together,
Beneath one common parent's care they liv'd.

Nor. A wondrous sympathy of soul conspir'd
To form the sacred union.

Enter LADY JANE GREY, weeping.

Lady J. Wo't thou not break, my heart?—

Suf. Alas! what mean'st thou?

Guil. Oh, speak!

Duch. How fares the king?

Nor. Say, is he dead?

Lady J. The saints and angels have him.

Duch. When I left him,

He seem'd a little cheer'd.

Lady J. As I approach'd to kneel and pay my
duty,

He rais'd his feeble eyes, and faintly smiling,
"Are you then come?" he cry'd; "I only liv'd
To bid farewell to thee my gentle cousin."
With that he press'd my hand, and oh!—he said,
"When I am gone, do thou be good to England,
Keep to that faith in which we both were bred,
And to the end be constant. More I would,
But cannot"—There his falt'ring spirits fail'd,
Then sinking on his pillow, with a sigh
He breath'd his innocent and faithful soul
Into His hands who gave it.

Nor. Our grief be on his grave. Our present
duty

Enjoins to see his last commands obey'd.
I hold it fit his death be not made known
To any but our friends. To-morrow early
The council shall assemble at the Tower:
Meanwhile I beg your grace would straight inform
(*To the Duchess of Suffolk.*)

Your princely daughter of our resolution:

Our common int'rest in that happy tie

Demands our swiftest care to see it finish'd.

Duch. My lord, you have determin'd well.
Lord Guilford,

Be it your task to speak at large our purpose.
Daughter, receive this lord as one whom I,
Your father and his own, ordain your husband:
What more concerns our will and your obedience
We leave you to receive from him at leisure.

[*Exeunt Duke and Duchess of Suffolk, and Duke
of Northumberland.*

Guil. Wo't thou not spare a moment from thy
sorrows,

One little pause, while humbly I unfold
The happiest tale my tongue was ever bless'd
with?

Lady J. My heart is cold within me; ev'ry
sense

Is dead to joy: but I will hear thee, Guilford.

Yet oh! forgive me, if to all the story,
Though eloquence divine attend thy speaking,
Forgive me if I cannot better answer
Than weeping—thus, and thus—

Guil. If I offend thee,

Let me be dumb for ever!

No; though our noble parents had decreed,
And urg'd high reasons which import the state,
This night to give thee to my faithful arms,
My fairest bride, my only earthly bliss—

Lady J. How? Guilford! on this night?

Guil. This happy night;

Yet, if thou art resolv'd to cross my fate,
If this my utmost wish shall give thee pain,
Now rather let the stroke of death fall on me,
And stretch me out a lifeless corse before thee.

Lady J. Alas! I have too much of death already,
And want not thine to furnish out new horror.

Guil. Let me but call thee mine, confirm that hope,

To charm the doubts which vex my anxious soul,
For all the rest do thou allot it for me,
And at thy pleasure portion out my blessings.

Lady J. Trust our fate.

Permit me now to leave thee and retire;
I'll summon all my reason and my duty
To sooth this storm within, and frame my heart
To yield obedience to my noble parents.

Guil. Good angels minister their comforts to
And oh! [thee!]

I beg thee, I conjure thee, drive away
Those murd'rous thoughts of grief that kill thy quiet,

Restore thy gentle bosom's native peace,
Lift up the light of gladness in thy eyes,
And cheer my heaviness with one dear smile.

Lady J. Yes, Guilford, I will study to forget
All that the royal Edward has been to me,
My private loss no longer will I mourn,
But ev'ry tender thought to thee shall turn;
With patience I'll submit to heav'n's decree,
And what I lost in Edward find in thee.
But oh! when I revolve what ruins wait
Our sinking altars and the falling state,
Now sorrow to my lab'ring breast succeeds,
And my whole heart for wretched England bleeds.

[Exit.

Guil. My heart sinks in me at her soft com-
plaining,

And ev'ry moving accent that she breathes
Resolves my courage, slackens my tough nerves,
And melts me down to infancy and tears.

Enter EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Pem. Edward is dead; so said the great Nor-
thumberland,

As now he shot along by me in haste:
He press'd my hand, and in a whisper begg'd me
To guard the secret carefully as life
Till some few hours should pass, for much hung
on it.

Much may indeed hang on it. (*Aside.*) See, my
Guilford!

My friend! (*Speaking to him.*)
Guil. Ha! Pembroke! (*Starting.*)

Pem. Wherefore dost start?

Why sits that wild disorder on thy visage,
Somewhat that looks like passions strange to thee,
The paleness of surprise and ghastly fear?
Since I have known thee first, and call'd thee
friend,

I never saw thee so unlike thyself,
So chang'd upon a sudden.

Guil. How! so chang'd!

Pem. So to my eye thou seem'st.

Guil. The king is dead.

Pem. I learn'd it from thy father

Just as I enter'd here. But say, could that,
A fate which ev'ry moment we expected,
Distract thy thought or shock thy temper thus?

Guil. Oh, Pembroke! 'tis in vain to hide from
thee,

For thou hast look'd into my artless bosom,
And seen at once the hurry of my soul.

'Tis true thy coming struck me with surprise.

I have a thought—but wherefore said I one?

I have a thousand thoughts all up in arms.

Pem. Then sure our better angels call'd me
hither!

For this is friendship's hour and friendship's office,
To come when counsel and when help is wanting,
To share the pain of ev'ry gnawing care,
To speak of comfort in the time of trouble,
To reach a hand and save thee from adversity.

Guil. And wot't thou be a friend to me indeed?

And while I lay my bosom bare before thee,
Wot't thou with patience hear, and judge with
temper?

And if perchance thou meet with something harsh,
Somewhat to rouse thy rage and grate thy soul,
Wot't thou be master of thyself and bear it?

Pem. Away with all this needless preparation!

Thou know'st thou art so dear, so sacred to me,

That I can never think thee an offender.

If it were so that I indeed must judge thee,

I should take part with thee against myself.

Guil. But suppose

The thought were somewhat that concern'd our
love.

Pem. No more; thou know'st we spoke of that
to-day,

And on what terms we left it, 'Tis a subject,

Of which, if possible, I would not think;

I beg that we may mention it no more.

Guil. Can we not speak of it with temper?

Pem. No,

Thou know'st I cannot; therefore pr'ythee spare
it.

Guil. Oh! could the secret I could tell thee
sleep.

And the world never know it, my fond tongue
Should cease from speaking ere I would unfold it,
Or vex thy peace with an officious tale;
But since, how'er ungrateful to thy ear,
It must be told thee once, hear it from me.

Pem. Speak then, and ease the doubts that shock
my soul.

Guil. Suppose thy Guilford's better stars pre-
vail,

And crown his love—

Pem. Say not suppose; 'tis done:

Seek not for vain excuse or soft'ning words:

Thou hast prevaricated with thy friend,

By underhand contrivances undone me;

And while my open nature trusted in thee,

Thou hast stepp'd in between me and my hopes,

And ravish'd from me all my soul held dear:

Thou hast betray'd me—

Guil. How! betray'd thee, Pembroke!

Pem. Yes, falsely, like a traitor.

Guil. Have a care.

Pem. But think not I will bear the foul play
from thee;

There was but this which I could ne'er forgive.

My soul is up in arms; my injur'd honour,

Impatient of the wrong, calls for revenge;

And though I love thee—fondly—

Guil. Hear me yet,

And Pembroke shall acquit me to himself;

Hear while I tell how fortune dealt between us,

And gave the yielding beauty to my arms—

Pem. What, hear it! stand and listen to thy
triumph!

Thou think'st me tame indeed. No, hold, I charge
thee,

Lest I forget that ever we were friends,

Lest, in the rage of disappointed love,

I rush at once and tear thee for thy falsehood.

Guil. Thou warn'st me well; and I were rash as
thou art

To trust the secret sum of all my happiness

With one not master of himself. Farewell. (*Going.*)

Pem. Ha! art thou going? think not thus to
part,

Nor leave me on the rack of this uncertainty.

Guil. What wouldst thou further?

Pem. Tell it to me all;

Say thou art marry'd, say thou hast possess'd her,

And rioted in vast excess of bliss,
That I may curse myself, and thee, and her.
Come, tell me how thou didst supplant thy friend;
How didst thou look with that betraying face,
And smiling plot my ruin?

Guil. Give me way:

When thou art better temper'd I may tell thee,
And vindicate at full my love and friendship.

Pem. And dost thou hope to shun me, then, thou traitor?

No; I will have it now, this moment, from thee,

(*Laying his hand upon his sword.*)

Or stab the lurking treason in thy heart.

Guil. Ha! stay thee there, nor let thy frantic hand

(*Stopping him.*)

Unsheath thy weapon. If the sword be drawn,
If once we meet on terms like those, farewell

To ev'ry thought of friendship; one must fall.

Pem. Curse on thy friendship! I would break the band.

Guil. That as you please—Beside, this place is sacred,

And wo' not be profan'd with brawls and outrage.
You know I dare be found on any summons.

Pem. 'Tis well. My vengeance shall not loiter long:

Henceforward let the thoughts of our past lives
Be turn'd to deadly and remorseless hate.

Here I give up the empty name of friend,

Renounce all gentleness all commerce with thee,

To death defy thee as my mortal foe;

And when we meet again, may swift destruction
Rid me of thee, or rid me of myself. [*Exit.*]

Guil. The fate I ever fear'd is fall'n upon me,

And long ago my boding heart divin'd

A breach like this from his ungovern'd rage.

Oh! Pembroke, thou hast done me much injustice,

For I have borne thee true unfeign'd affection:
'Tis past, and thou art lost to me for ever. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Tower.

Enter EARL OF PEMBROKE and BISHOP GARDINER.

Gar. Nay, by the rood, my lord, you were to blame

To let a hair-brain'd passion be your guide,

And hurry you into such mad extremes.

Marry, you might have made much worthy profit

By patient hearing; the unthinking lord

Had brought forth ev'ry secret of his soul;

Then, when you were the master of his bosom,

That was the time to use him with contempt,

And turn his friendship back upon his hands.

Pem. Thou talk'st as if a madman could be wise.

Oh! Winchester, thy hoary frozen age

Can never guess my pain, can never know

The burning transports of untam'd desire.

Gar. Have you not heard of what has happen'd since?

Pem. I have not had a minute's peace of mind,

A moment's peace, to rest from rage, or think.

Gar. Learn it from me then; but, ere I speak,

I warn you to be master of yourself.

Though, as you know, they have confin'd me long,

Gra'mercy to their goodness! pris'ner here;

Yet as I am allow'd to walk at large

Within the Tower, and hold free speech with any,

I have not dreamt away my thoughtless hours:

To prove this true, this morn a trusty spy

Has brought me word that yester ev'ning late,

In spite of all the grief for Edward's death,

Your friends were marry'd.

Pem. Marry'd! who?—Damnation!

Gar. Lord Guilford Dudley and the Lady Jane.

Pem. Curse on my stars!

Gar. Nay, in the name of grace,

Restrain this sinful passion: all's not lost

In this one single woman.

Pem. I have lost

More than the female world can give me back:

I had beheld ev'n her own sex unmov'd;

Look'd o'er 'em like a bed of gaudy flow'rs

That lift their painted heads and live a day,

Then shed their trifling glories unregarded;

My heart disdain'd their beauties, till she came,

With ev'ry grace that nature's hand could give,

And with a mind so great it spoke its essence

Immortal and divine.

Gar. She was a wonder;

Detraction must allow that.

Pem. A wonder, Winchester!

Thou know'st not what she was, nor can I speak her,

More than to say she was that only blessing

My soul was set upon, and I have lost her.

Gar. Your state is not so bad as you would make it,

Nor need you thus abandon ev'ry hope.

Pem. Ha! Wo't thou save me, snatch me from despair,

And bid me live again?

Gar. She may be yours.

Suppose her husband die.

Pem. Oh! vain, vain hope!

Gar. Marry, I do not hold that hope so vain.

These gossellers have had their golden days,

And lorded it at will, with proud despite

Have trodden down our holy Roman faith,

Ransack'd our shrines, and driv'n her saints to

exile;

But if my divination fail me not,

Their haughty hearts shall be abas'd ere long,

And feel the vengeance of our Mary's reign.

Pem. And wouldst thou have my fierce impatience stay?

Bid me lie bound upon a rack, and wait

For distant joys, whole ages yet behind?

Can love attend on politicians' schemes,

Expect the slow events of cautious counsels,

Could unresolving heads and creeping time?

Gar. To-day, or I am ill-inform'd, Northumberland,

With easy Suffolk, Guilford, and the rest,

Meet here in council on some deep design,

Some traitorous contrivance, to protect

Their upstart faith from near approaching ruin:

But there are punishments—halters and axes

For traitors, and consuming flames for heretics:

The happy bridegroom may be yet cut short

Ev'n in his highest hope—But go not you,

Howe'er the fawning sire, old Dudley, court you;

No, by the holy rood I charge you, mix not

With their pernicious counsels—Mischief waits

em, Sure, certain, unavoidable destruction.

Pem. Ha! join with them the cursed Dudley's race,

Who, while they held me in their arms betray'd me,

Scorn'd me for not suspecting they were villains,

And made a mock'ry of my easy friendship!

No, when I do, dishonour be my portion.

Gar. I would not have you.—Hie you to the

city,

And join with those that love our ancient faith.

Gather your friends about you, and be ready

T'assert our zealous Mary's royal title,

And doubt not but her grateful hand shall give you

To see your soul's desire upon your enemies:

The church shall pour her ample treasures forth too,

And pay you with ten thousand years of pardon.

Pem. No: keep your blessings back, and give me vengeance:

Give me to tell that soft deceiver Guilford,

Thus, traitor, hast thou done, thus hast thou wrong'd me,

And thus thy treason finds a just reward.

Gar. But soft! no more! the lords o'the council come;

Ha! by the mass, the bride and bridegroom too! Retire with me, my lord: we must not meet 'em.

Pem. 'Tis they themselves, the cursed, happy pair!

Haste, Winchester, haste! let us fly for ever, And drive her from my very thoughts if possible.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY and LADY JANE GREY.

Guil. What shall I say to thee? what pow'r divine

Will teach my tongue to tell thee what I feel,
To pour the transports of my bosom forth,
And make thee partner of the joy dwells there?
Oh, my fair one!

Thy Edward shines amongst the brightest stars,
And yet thy sorrows seek him in the grave.

Lady J. Alas! my dearest lord, a thousand griefs

Beset my anxious heart; and yet, as if
The burthen were too little, I have added
The weight of all thy cares, and, like the miser,
Increase of wealth has made me but more wretched,
I tremble, and my anxious heart is pain'd
Lest aught but good should happen to my Guilford.

Guil. Nothing but good can happen to thy Guilford,

While thou art by his side, his better angel,
His blessing and his guard.

Lady J. Why came we hither?

Guil. To thee, my princess,
Whose royal veins are rich in Henry's blood,
With one consent the noblest heads are bow'd;
From thee they ask a sanction to their counsels,
And from thy healing hand expect a cure
For England's loss in Edward.

Lady J. How! from me! [me?]
Alas! my lord—But sure thou mean'st to mock

Guil. No, by the love my faithful heart is full of!
But see, thy mother, gracious Suffolk, comes
To intercept my story: she shall tell thee,
For in her look I read the lab'ring thought,
What vast event thy fate is now disclosing.

Enter DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK.

Duch. No more complain, indulge thy tears no more,

Thy pious grief has giv'n the grave its due;
Make room to entertain the coming glory!
For majesty and purple greatness court thee,
Homage and low subjection wait: a crown,
A crown, my daughter, England's crown, attends
To bind thy brows with its imperial wreath.

Lady J. Amazement chills my veins! What says my mother?

Duch. 'Tis heav'n's decree; for our expiring Edward,

When now just struggling to his native skies,
Ev'n on the verge of heav'n, in sight of angels
That hover'd round to waft him to the stars,
Ev'n then declar'd my Jane for his successor.

Lady J. Could Edward do this? could the dying saint

Bequeath his crown to me? Oh! fatal bounty,
To me! but 'tis impossible!

Duch. But see, thy father
Northumberland, with all the council come
To pay their vow'd allegiance at thy feet,
To kneel and call thee queen.

Lady J. Support me, Guilford;
Give me thy aid; stay thou my fainting soul,
And help me to repress this growing danger.

Enter DUKE OF SUFFOLK, DUKE OF NORTHUMB-
ERLAND, Lords and others of the Privy Council.

Nor. Hail, sacred princess! sprung from ancient kings,

Our England's dearest hope, undoubted offspring
Of York and Lancaster's united line,
Hail, royal Jane! behold we bend our knees,

[*They kneel.*]

The pledge of homage and thy land's obedience;
With humblest duty thus we kneel, and own thee
Our liege, our sovereign lady, and our queen.

Lady J. Oh! rise,
My father, rise! [To Suffolk.]

And you my father too! [To Northumberland.]
Rise all, nor cover me with this confusion.

[*They rise.*]

What means this mock, this masking shew of greatness?

Why do ye hang these pageant glories on me,
And dress me up in honours not my own?

Nor. The daughters of our late great master,
Henry,

Stand both by law excluded from succession.

To make all firm,
And fix a pow'r unquestion'd in your hand,
Edward by will bequeath'd his crown to you,
And the concurring lords in council met
Have ratified the gift.

Lady J. Are crowns and empire,
Trifles of such light moment, to be left
Like some rich toy,
The pledge of parting friends! Can kings do thus,
And give away a people for a legacy?

Nor. Forgive me, princely lady, if my wonder
Seizes each sense, each faculty of mind,
To see the utmost wish the great can form,
A crown, thus coldly met; a crown, which, slighted
And left in scorn by you, shall soon be sought,
And find a joyful wearer, one perhaps
Of blood unkindred to your royal house,
And fix its glories in another line.

Lady J. Where art thou now, thou partner of my cares? [Turning to Guilford.]

Guil. See, by thy side thy faithful Guilford stands,

Prepar'd to keep distress and danger from thee,
To wear thy sacred cause upon his sword,
And war against the world in thy defence.

Nor. Oh!

Methinks I see you seated on the throne,
Assembled senates wait with awful dread
To firm your high commands and make 'em fate.

Lady J. You turn to view the painted side of royalty,

And cover all the cares that lurk beneath.

Is it to be a queen, to sit aloft

In solemn dull uncomfortable state,

The flatter'd idol of a servile court?

Is it to draw a pompous train along,

A pageant for the wond'ring crowd to gaze at?

Alas, Northumberland!—my father!—is it not

To live a life of care, and when I die,

Have more to answer for before my Judge

Than any of my subjects?

Suf. Behold, we stand upon the brink of ruin,
And only thou canst save us. Persecution,
The fiend of Rome and hell, prepares her tor-
tures;

See where she comes in Mary's priestly train!
Still wo't thou doubt, till thou behold her stalk
Red with the blood of martyrs, and wide wasting
O'er England's bosom?

Guil. Amidst that ruin,
Think thou behold'st thy Guilford's head laid low,
Bloody and pale—

Lady J. Oh! spare the dreadful image!

Guil. Oh! would the misery be bounded there,
My life were little; but the rage of Rome
Demands whole hecatombs, a land of victims.
Mary shall by her kindred Spain be taught
To bend our necks beneath a brazen yoke,
And rule o'er wretches with an iron sceptre.

Lady J. Avert that judgment, heav'n!

What'e'r thy Providence allots for me,
In mercy spare my country.

Guil. Oh, my queen!

Does not thy great, thy gen'rous heart relent
To think this land, for liberty so fam'd,
Shall have her tow'ring front at once laid low,
And robb'd of all its glory!

Lady J. Yes, my lov'd lord, my soul is mov'd
like thine,

At ev'ry danger which invades our England;
My cold heart kindles at the great occasion,
And could be more than man in her defence:
But where is my commission to redress?
Or whence my pow'r to save? Can Edward's will,
Or twenty met in council, make a queen?
Can you, my lords, give me the pow'r to canvass
A doubtful title with King Henry's daughters?
Where are the rev'rend sages of the law
To guide me with their wisdoms, and point out
The paths which right and justice bid me tread?

Nor. The judges all attend, and will, at leisure,
Resolve you ev'ry scruple.

Lady J. They expound;

But where are those, my lord, that make the law?
Where are the ancient honours of the realm,
The nobles with the mighty fathers join'd?
The wealthy commons solemnly assembled?
Where is that voice of a consenting people
To pledge the universal faith with mine,
And call me justly queen?

Guil. Our foes, already

High in their hopes, devote us all to death:
Haste, then, and save us, while 'tis giv'n to save
Your country, your religion.

Nor. Save your friends!

Suf. Your father!

Duch. Mother!

Guil. Husband!

Lady J. Take me, crown me,
Invest me with this royal wretchedness;
Let me not know one happy minute more;
Let all my sleepless nights be spent in care,
My days be vex'd with tumults and alarms;
If only I can save you, if my fate
Has mark'd me out to be the public victim,
I take the lot with joy. Yes, I will die
For that eternal truth my faith is fix'd on,
And that dear native land which gave me birth.

Guil. Wake ev'ry tuneful instrument to tell it,
And let the trumpet's sprightly note proclaim
My Jane is England's queen!
Thy name shall echo through the rescu'd isle,
And reach applauding heav'n!

Lady J. Oh! Guilford, what do we give up for
glory?

For glory! that's a toy I would not purchase;
An idle, empty bubble: but, for England!
What must we lose for that! Since, then, my fate
Has forc'd this hard exchange upon my will,
Let gracious heav'n allow me one request:
For that blest peace in which I once did dwell,
All that I ask is, though my fortune frown,
And bury me beneath this fatal crown,
Let that one good be added to my doom,
To save this land from tyranny and Rome.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Tower.*

Enter EARL OF PEMBROKE and BISHOP
GARDINER.

Gar. In an unlucky and accursed hour
Set forth that traitor duke, that proud Northum-
berland.

Do thou, oh! holy Becket, the protector,
The champion, and the martyr of our church,
Appear, and once more own the cause of Rome;
Beat down his lance, break thou his sword in battle,
And cover foul rebellion with confusion.

Pem. I saw him marching at his army's head;
I mark'd him his issue through the city-gate
In harness all appointed as he pass'd,
And (for he wore his beaver up) could read
Upon his visage horror and dismay.
No voice of cheerful salutation cheer'd him,
None wish'd his arms might thrive, or bad God
speed him;

But through a staring ghastly-looking crowd,
Unhail'd, unblest'd, with heavy heart he went,
As if his traitor father's haggard ghost,
And Somerset fresh bleeding from the axe,
On either hand, had usher'd him to ruin.

Gar. Nor shall the holy vengeance loiter long.
At Farmingham, in Suffolk, lies the queen,
Mary, our pious mistress, where each day
The nobles of the land and swarming populace
Gather, and list beneath her royal ensigns.
The fleet commanded by Sir Thomas Jerningham,
Set out in warlike manner to oppose her,
With one consent have join'd to own her cause;
The valiant Sussex, and Sir Edward Hastings,
With many more of note, are up in arms,
And all declare for her.

Enter an Officer, with a guard.

Offi. Seize on 'em both.

(*Guards seize Pem. and Gar.*)

My lord, you are a pris'ner to the state.

Pem. Ha! by whose order?

Offi. By the queen's command,
Sign'd and deliver'd by Lord Guilford Dudley.

Pem. Curse on his traitor's heart!

Gar. Rest you contented;
You have loiter'd here too long; but use your pa-
tience;

These bonds shall not be lasting.

Offi. As for you, sir, (To Gardiner.)

'Tis the queen's pleasure you be close confin'd;
You've us'd that fair permission was allow'd you
To walk at large within the tower unworthily:
You're noted for an over-busy meddler,
A secret practiser against the state,
For which henceforth your limits shall be straiter.
Hence, to your chamber.

Gar. Farewell, gentle Pembroke,
I trust that we shall meet on blither terms;
Till then amongst my beads I will remember you,
And give you to the keeping of the saints.

[*Exeunt part of the Guards with Gardiner.*]

Pem. Now whither must I go?

Offi. This way, my lord. (*Going off.*)

Enter LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY.

Guil. Hold, captain! ere you go, I have a word
or two

For this your noble pris'ner.

Offi. At your pleasure:

I know my duty, and attend your lordship.

(*Retires with the Guards.*)

Guil. Is all the gentleness that was betwixt us
So lost, so swept away from thy remembrance,
Thou canst not look upon me?

Pem. Ha! not look!

What terrors are there in the Dudley's race
That Pembroke dares not look upon and scorn?
And yet, 'tis true, I would not look upon thee:
Our eyes avoid to look on what we hate,
As well as what we fear.

Guil. You hate me, then?

Pem. I do; and wish perdition may o'ertake
Thy father, thy false self, and thy whole name.

Guil. And yet, as sure as rage disturbs thy
reason,
And masters all the noble nature in thee,
As sure as thou hast wrong'd me, I am come
In tenderness of friendship to preserve thee,
To plant ev'n all the pow'r I have before thee,
And fence thee from destruction with my life.

Pem. Friendship from thee! but my just soul
disdains thee.

Hence! take the prostituted bauble back,
But thou art come, perhaps, to vaunt thy greatness,
And set thy purple pomp to view before me,
To let me know that Guilford is a king,
That he can speak the word and give me freedom.
Oh! short liv'd pageant! hadst thou all the pow'r
Which thy vain soul would grasp at, I would die,
Rot in a dungeon, ere receive a grace,
The least, the meanest courtesy, from thee.

Guil. Oh! Pembroke, but I have not time to
talk,

For danger presses; danger unforeseen,
And secret as the shaft that flies by night,
Is aiming at thy life. Captain, a word:

(*To the Officer.*)

I take your pris'n'r to my proper charge;
Draw off your guard, and leave his sword with me.

[*The Officer delivers the sword to Lord
Guilford, and goes out with his Guard.*

Guilford offers the sword to Pembroke.

Receive this gift ev'n from a rival's hand;

And if thy rage will suffer thee to hear

The counsel of a man once call'd thy friend,

Fly from this fatal place and seek thy safety.

Pem. How now! what shew, what mockery is
this?

Guil. Oh! take thy sword, and let thy valiant
hand

Be ready arm'd to guard thy noble life:

The time, the danger, and the wild impatience,

Forbid me all to enter into speech with thee,

Or I could tell thee—

Pem. No; it needs not, traitor!

For all thy poor, thy little arts are known.

Thou fear'st my vengeance, and art come to fawn,

To make a merit of that proffer'd freedom,

Which, in despite of thee, a day shall give me.

Nor can my fate depend on thee, false Guilford;

For know, to thy confusion, ere the sun

Twice gild the east, our royal Mary comes

To end thy pageant reign and set me free.

Guil. Ungrateful and unjust! hast thou, then,
known me

So little to accuse my heart of fear?

Hast thou forgotten Musselborough's field?

Did I then fear, when by thy side I fought,

And dy'd my maiden sword in Scottish blood?

But this is madness all.

Pem. Give me my sword. (*Takes his sword.*)

Perhaps, indeed, I wrong thee: thou hast thought,

And conscious of the injury thou hast done me,

Art come to proffer me a soldier's justice,

And meet my arm in single opposition:

Lead, then, and let me follow to the field.

Guil. Yes, Pembroke, thou shalt satisfy thy
vengeance,

And write thy bloody purpose on my bosom:

But let death wait to-day. By our past friendship,

In honour's name, by ev'ry sacred tie,

I beg thee ask no more, but haste from hence.

Pem. What mystic meaning lurks beneath thy
words?

What fear is this which thou wouldst awe my soul
with?

Is there a danger Pembroke dares not meet?

Guil. Oh! spare my tongue a tale of guilt and
horror!

Trust me this once, believe me when I tell thee,

Thy safety and thy life is all I wish.

Away!

Pem. Curse on this shuffling, dark, ambiguous
phrase!

If thou wouldst have me think thou mean'st me
fairly,

Speak with that plainness honesty delights in,

And let thy double tongue for once be true.

Guil. Forgive me, filial piety and nature,

If thus compell'd, I break your sacred laws,
Reveal my father's crime, and blot with infamy
The hoary head of him who gave me being,
To save the man whom my soul loves from death.

(*Gives a paper.*)

Read there the fatal purpose of thy foe.

Since he parted,

Thy ways have all been watch'd, thy steps been
mark'd,

Thy secret treaties with the malcontents

That harbour in the city, thy conferring

With Gard'ner here in the tower, all is known,

And, in pursuance of that bloody mandate,

A set of chosen ruffians wait to end thee:

There was but one way left me to preserve thee;

I took it, and this morning sent my warrant

To seize upon thy person.—But, begone!

Pem. 'Tis so; 'tis truth; I see his honest heart.

(*Aside.*)

Guil. I have a friend of well try'd faith and

courage,

Who, with a fit disguise and arms conceal'd,

Attends without to guard thee hence with safety.

Pem. What is Northumberland? and what art

thou?

Guil. Waste not the time; away!

Pem. Here let me fix,

And gaze with everlasting wonder on thee.

What is there good or excellent in man

That is not found in thee? Thy virtues flash,

They break at once on my astonish'd soul.

Think I know thee honest.

Guil. For ever I could hear thee; but thy life—

Oh! Pembroke, linger not.

Pem. And can I leave thee,

Ere I have clasp'd thee in my eager arms,

And giv'n thee back my sad repenting heart?

Believe me, Guilford, like the patriarch's dove,

(*Embracing.*)

It wander'd forth, but found no resting place

Till it came home again to lodge with thee.

Guil. What is there that my soul can more
desire

Than these dear marks of thy returning friendship?

The danger comes: if you stay longer here,

You die, my Pembroke.

Pem. Let me stay and die;

For if I go, I go to work thy ruin.

Thou know'st not what a foe thou send'st me forth,

That I have sworn destruction to the queen,

And pledg'd my faith to Mary and her cause:

My honour is at stake.

Guil. I know 'tis given:

But go—the stronger thy engagements there

The more's thy danger here. Fly, begone!

Pem. Yes, I will go; for, see, behold she comes!

Oh! Guilford, hide me, shield me from her sight;

Ev'ry mad passion kindles up again,

Love, rage, despair—and yet I will be master—

I will remember thee—Oh! my torn heart!

I have a thousand thousand things to say,

But cannot, dare not stay to look on her. [*Exit.*]

Enter LADY JANE GREY, reading.

Guil. What read'st thou there, my queen?

Lady J. 'Tis Plato's Phædon;

Where dying Socrates takes leave of life

With such an easy, careless, calm, indifference,

As if the trifle were of no account,

Mean in itself, and only to be worn

In honour of the giver.

Guil. Shall thy soul

Still scorn the world, still fly the joys that court?

Still shall she soar on contemplation's wing,

And mix with nothing meaner than the stars?

Lady J. The faithless counsellors

Are led from hence to join the princess Mary.

The servile herd of courtiers, who so late

In low obedience bent the knee before me;

They who with zealous tongues and hands uplifted,
Besought me to defend their laws and faith,
Vent their lewd execrations on my name,
Proclaim me trait'ress now, and to the scaffold
Doom my devoted head.

Guil. The changeling villains!
That pray for slavery, fight for their bonds,
And shun the blessing, liberty, like ruin.
But wherefore do I loiter tamely here?
Give me my arms: I will preserve my country
Ev'n in her own despite. Some friends I have
Who will or die or conquer in thy cause,
Thine and religion's, thine and England's cause.

Lady J. Art thou not all my treasure, all my guard?

And wo't thou take from me the only joy,
The last defence, is left me here below?
Think not thy arm can stem the driving torrent,
Or save a people who, with blinded rage,
Urge their own fate, and strive to be undone.
Northumberland, thy father, is in arms,
And if it be in valour to defend us,
His sword, that long has known the way to conquest,
Shall be our surest safety.

Enter DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Suf. Oh! my children!

Lady J. Alas! what means my father?

Suf. Oh! my son,
Thy father, great Northumberland, on whom
Our dearest hopes were built—

Guil. Ha! what of him?

Suf. Is lost, betray'd!

His army, onward as he march'd, shrunk from him,
Moulder'd away, and melted by his side;
With some few followers he arriv'd at Cambridge,
But there ev'n they forsook him, and himself
Was forc'd, with heavy heart and wat'ry eye,
To cast his cap up with dissembled cheer,
And cry "God save Queen Mary!" But, alas!
Little avail'd the semblance of that loyalty;
For soon, thereafter, by the Earl of Arundel
With treason he was charg'd, and there arrested,
And now he brings him pris'ner up to London.

Lady J. Then there's an end of greatness, the
vain dream

Of empire and a crown that danc'd before me,
Is vanish'd all at once—Why, fare it well!

Guil. And canst thou bear this sudden turn of
fate

With such unshaken temper?

Lady J. For myself,

If I could form a wish for heaven to grant,
It should have been to rid me of this crown.
And thou, o'erruling, great, all-knowing Pow'r!
Thou who discern'st our thoughts, who seest 'em
rising

And forming in the soul, oh! judge me, thou,
If e'er ambition's guilty fires have warm'd me,
If e'er my heart inclin'd to pride, to pow'r,
Or join'd in being a queen. I took the sceptre
To save his land, thy people, and thy altars:
And now behold, I bend my grateful knee

(*Kneeling.*)

In humble adoration of that mercy
Which quits me of the vast unequal task.

Enter DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK.

Duch. Nay, keep that posture still, and let us
join,

Fix all our knees by thine, lift up our hands,
And seek for help and pity from above;
For earth and faithless man will give us none.

Lady J. What is the worst our cruel fate ordains us?

Duch. Curs'd be my fatal counsels! curs'd my
tongue,

That pleaded for thy ruin, and persuaded

Thy guiltless feet to tread the paths of greatness!
My child, I have undone thee.

Lady J. Oh! my mother,

Should I not bear a portion in your sorrows?

Duch. Alas! thou hast thy own, a double portion.
Mary is come, and the revolting Londoners,
Who beat the heav'n's with thy applauded name,
Now crowd to meet and hail her as their queen.
Sussex is enter'd here, commands the tow'r,
Has plac'd his guards around, and this sad place,
So late thy palace, is become our prison.

I saw him bend his knee to cruel Gard'ner,
Who, freed from his confinement, ran to meet him,
Embrac'd and bless'd him with a hand of blood;
Each hast'ning moment I expect 'em here,
To seize and pass the doom of death upon us.

Guil. Ha! seiz'd! shalt thou be seiz'd, and shall
I stand

And tamely see thee borne away to death?
Then blasted be my coward name for ever.
No, I will set myself to guard this spot,
To which our narrow empire now is shrunk:
Here I will grow the bulwark of my queen,
Nor shall the hand of violence profane thee
Until my breast have borne a thousand wounds,
Till this torn, mangled body sink at once
A heap of purple ruin at thy feet.

Lady J. And could thy rash, distracted rage do
thus?

Draw thy vain sword against an armed multitude?
Oh! call thy better, nobler courage to thee,
And let us meet this adverse fate with patience.
Be thyself,
For see, the trial comes!

*Enter EARL OF SUSSEX, BISHOP GARDINER,
Officers, and Soldiers.*

Suf. Guards, execute your orders; seize the
traitors;

Here my commission ends. To you, my lord,
(*To Gardiner.*)

So our great mistress, royal Mary, bids,
I leave the full disposal of these pris'ners:
To your wise care the pious queen commends
Her sacred self, her crown, and what's yet more,
The holy Roman church, for whose dear safety
She wills your utmost diligence be shewn
To bring rebellion to the bar of justice.
Yet farther, to proclaim how much she trusts
In Winchester's deep thought and well tried faith,
The seal attends to grace those rev'rend hands;
And when I next salute you, I must call you
Chief minister and chancellor of England.

Gar. Unnumber'd blessings fall upon her head!
My ever gracious lady! to remember
With such full bounty her old humble beadsman!
For these her foes, leave me to deal with them.

Sus. The queen is on her entrance, and expects
me.

My lord, farewell.

Gar. Farewell, right noble Sussex;
Commend me to the queen's grace; say, her bid-
ding

Shall be observ'd by her most lowly creature.

(*Exit Sussex.*)

Lieutenant of the Tow'r, take hence your pris'ners:
Be it your care to see 'em kept apart,
That they may hold no commerce with each other.

Guil. Wilt thou part us?

Gar. I hold no speech with heretics and traitors.
Lieutenant, see my orders are obey'd. (*Exit.*)

Guil. Inhuman, monstrous, unexampled cruelty!
Oh, tyrant! but the task becomes thee well;
Thy savage temper joys to do death's office,
To tear the sacred bands of love asunder,
And part those hands which heav'n itself hath
join'd.

Duch. To let us waste the little rest of life
Together had been merciful.

Suf. Then it had not
Been done like Winchester.

Guil. Thou stand'st unmov'd,
Calm temper sits upon thy beauteous brow,
Thy eyes, that flow'd so fast for Edward's loss,
Gaze unconcern'd upon the ruin round thee,
As if thou hadst resolv'd to brave thy fate,
And triumph in the midst of desolation.

Lady J. And dost thou think, my Guilford, I can
see

My father, mother, and ev'n thee, my husband,
Torn from my side, without a pang of sorrow?
How art thou thus unknowing in my heart!
Words cannot tell thee what I feel: there is
An agonizing softness busy here
That tugs the strings, that struggles to get loose,
And pour my soul in wailings out before thee.

Guil. Give way, and let the gushing torrent
come;

Behold the tears we bring to swell the deluge
Till the flood rise upon the guilty world,
And make the ruin common.

Lady J. Guilford! no;

The time for tender thoughts and soft endearments
Is fled away and gone; joy has forsaken us;
Our hearts have now another part to play;
They must be steel'd with some uncommon forti-
tude,

That fearless we may tread the paths of horror,
And, in despite of fortune and our foes,
Ev'n in the hour of death be more than conquerors.

Guil. Oh! teach me; say, what energy divine
Inspires thy softer sex and tender years
With such unshaken courage?

Lady J. Truth and innocence;

A conscious knowledge rooted in my heart,
That to have sav'd my country was my duty.
Yes, England; yes, my country! I would save
thee;

But heav'n forbids, heav'n disallows my weakness,
And to some dear selected hero's hand
Reserves the glory of thy great deliverance.

Lieut. My lords, my orders—

Guil. See, we must—must part.

Lady J. Yet, surely, we shall meet again.

Guil. Fain would I cheer my heart with hopes
like these,

But my sad thoughts turn ever to the grave,
To that last dwelling whither now we haste,
Where the black shade shall interpose betwixt us,
And veil thee from these longing eyes for ever.

Lady J. 'Tis true, by those dark paths our jour-
ney leads,

And through the vale of death we pass to life:
But what is there in death to blast our hopes?

Behold the universal works of nature,
Where life still springs from death.
Mark with what hopes upon the furrow'd plain,
The careful ploughman casts the pregnant grain;
There bid, as in a grave, awhile it lies,
Till the revolving season bids it rise,
Then large increase the buried treasures yield,
And with full harvest crown the plenteous field.

[*Exeunt with Guards.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

*Enter BISHOP GARDINER, as Lord Chancellor, and
the Lieutenant of the Tower. Servants with lights
before them.*

Lieut. Good morning to your lordship: you rise
early.

Gar. Nay, by the rood, there are too many
sleepers;

Some must stir early, or the state shall suffer.
Did you, as yesterday our mandate bade,
Inform your prisoners, Lady Jane and Guilford,
They were to die this day?

Lieut. My lord, I did.

Gar. 'Tis well. But say, how did your message
like 'em?

Lieut. My lord, they met the summons with a
temper

That shew'd a solemn, serious sense of death,
Mix'd with a noble scorn of all its terrors:
In short, they heard me with the self-same patience
With which they still have borne them in their
prison.

In one request they both concurr'd; each begg'd
To die before the other.

Gar. That dispose

As you think fitting.

Lieut. The Lord Guilford only

Implor'd another boon, and urg'd it warmly;
That, ere he suffer'd, he might see his wife,
And take a last farewell.

Gar. That's not much;

That grace may be allow'd him: see you to it.
How goes the morning?

Lieut. Not yet four, my lord.

Gar. By ten they meet their fate. Yet one thing
more:

You know 'twas order'd that the Lady Jane
Should suffer here within the Tow'r. Take care
No crowds may be let in, no maudlin gazers,
To wet their handkerchiefs, and make report
How like a saint she ended. Some fit number,
And those, too, of our friends, were most conven-
ient:

But above all, see that good guard be kept:
You know the queen is lodg'd at present here;
Take care that no disturbance reach her highness.
And so, good morning, good master lieutenant.

[*Exit Lieutenant.*]

How now! what light comes here?

Serv. So please your lordship,

If I mistake not, 'tis the Earl of Pembroke.

Gar. Pembroke! 'tis he; what calls him forth
thus early?

Somewhat he seems to bring of high import.

*Enter EARL OF PEMBROKE, and a Page with a
light before him.*

Good morrow, noble Pembroke! what unfortunate
And strong necessity breaks on your slumbers,
And rears your youthful head from off your pillow
At this unwholesome hour?

Pem. Oh! rev'rend Winchester! my beating
heart

Exults and labours with the joy it bears;
The news I bring shall bless the breaking morn.

Gar. What happiness is this?

Pem. 'Tis mercy! mercy,

That makes dominion light; mercy, that saves.
Mary, our royal ever-gracious mistress,
Has to my services and humblest pray'rs
Granted the lives of Guilford and his wife;
Full and free pardon!

Gar. Ha! what said you? Pardon!

But, sure, you cannot mean it; could not urge
The queen to such a rash and ill-tim'd grace?
What! save the lives of those who wore her
crown!

My lord, 'tis most unweigh'd, pernicious counsel,
And must not be complied with.

Pem. Not complied with!

And who shall dare to bar her sacred pleasure,
And stop the stream of mercy?

Gar. That will I,

Who wo' not see her gracious disposition
Drawn to destroy herself.

Pem. Thy narrow soul

Knows not the godlike glory of forgiving,
Nor can thy cold, thy ruthless heart conceive
How large the pow'r, how fix'd the empire is,
Which benefits confer on generous minds.

Gar. These are romantic, light, vain-glorious
dreams.

Have you consider'd well upon the danger?
How dear to the fond many, and how popular,
These are whom you would spare? Have you
forgot

When at the bar, before the seat of judgment,
This Lady Jane, thisauteous trait'ess, stood,
With what command she charm'd the whole as-
sembly!

With silent grief the mournful audience sat,
Fix'd on her face, and list'ning to her pleading:
Her very judges wrung their hands for pity;
Their old hearts melted in 'em as she spoke,
And tears ran down upon their silver beards.
Ev'n I myself was mov'd, and, for a moment,
Felt wrath suspended in my doubtful breast,
And question'd if the voice I heard was mortal.
But when her tale was done, what loud applause,
Like bursts of thunder, shook the spacious hall!
At last, when sore constrain'd, th' unwilling lords
Pronounc'd the fatal sentence on her life;
A peal of groans ran through the crowded court
As ev'ry heart were broken, and the doom,
Like that which waits the world, were universal.

Pem. And can that sacred form, that angel's
voice,

Which mov'd the hearts of a rude, ruthless crowd,
Nay, mov'd even thine, now sue in vain for pity?

Gar. Alas! you look on her with lovers' eyes:
I hear and see through reasonable organs,
Where passion has no part. Come, come, my lord,
You have too little of the statesman in you.

Pem. And you, my lord, too little of the church-
man.

Is not the sacred purpose of our faith
Peace and good-will to man? The hallow'd hand
Ordain'd to bless, should know no stain of blood.
'Tis true I am not practis'd in your politics;
'Twas your pernicious counsel led the queen
To break her promise with the men of Suffolk,
To violate, what in a prince should be
Sacred above the rest, her royal word.

Gar. Yes, and I dare avow it: I advis'd her
To break through all engagements made with
heretics,

And keep no faith with such a miscreant crew.

Pem. Where shall we look for truth, when ev'n
religion,

The priestly robe and mitred head, disclaim it?
I tell thee, Winchester, doctrines like thine
Have stain'd our holy church with greater infamy
Than all your eloquence can wipe away:

Hence 'tis that those who differ from our faith
Brand us with breach of oaths, with persecution,
With tyranny o'er conscience, and proclaim
Our scarlet prelates men who thirst for blood,
And Christian Rome more cruel than the Pagan.

Gar. Nay, if you rail, farewell. The queen must
be

Better advis'd than thus to cherish vipers,
Whose mortal stings are arm'd against her life:
But while I hold the seal, no pardon passes
For heretics and traitors. *[Exit.]*

Pem. 'Twas unlucky
To meet and cross upon this froward priest:
But let me lose the thought on't; let me haste,
Pour my glad tidings forth in Guilford's bosom,
And pay him back the life his friendship sav'd. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

LADY JANE GREY discovered kneeling at her devo-
tion; a light and a book placed on a table before
her. Enter Lieutenant of the Tower, LORD
GUILFORD DUDLEY, and one of Lady Jane Grey's
women.

Lieut. Let me not press upon your lordship
further,

But wait your leisure in the antichamber.

Guil. I will not hold you long. *[Exit Lieut.]*

Wom. Softly, my lord,

For yet behold she kneels.

But she has ended, and comes forward.

(Lady J. rises and comes forward.)

Lady J. Ha!

Art thou my Guilford? wherefore dost thou come
To break the settled quiet of my soul?

I mean to part without another pang,
And lay my weary head down full of peace.

Guil. Forgive the fondness of my longing soul,
That melts with tenderness, and leans towards thee,
Though the imperious dreadful voice of fate
Summon her hence, and warn her from the world.
But if to see thy Guilford give thee pain,
Would I had died, and never more beheld thee,
Though my lamenting, discontented ghost
Had wander'd forth unblest by those dear eyes,
And wail'd thy loss in death's eternal shades.

Lady J. My heart had ended ev'ry earthly care,
Had offer'd up its pray'rs for thee and England,
And fix'd its hopes upon a rock unfailling;
While all the little bus'ness that remain'd
Was but to pass the forms of death and constancy,
And leave a life become indiffer'ent to me:
But thou hast waken'd other thoughts within me;
Thy sight, my dearest husband and my lord!
Strikes on the tender strings of love and nature;
My vanquish'd passions rise again, and tell me
'Tis more, far more than death to part with thee.

Enter EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Pem. Oh! let me fly; bear me, thou swift impa-
tience,

And lodge me in my faithful Guilford's arms!

(Embracing.)

That I may snatch thee from the greedy grave,
That I may warm his gentle heart with joy,
And talk to him of life, of life and pardon.

Guil. What means my dearest Pembroke?

Pem. Oh! my speech

Is chok'd with words that crowd to tell the tidings!
But I have sav'd thee; and—oh! joy unutterable!
The queen, my gracious, my forgiving mistress,
Has giv'n not only thee to my request,
But she, she too, in whom alone thou liv'st,
The partner of thy heart, thy love is safe.

Guil. Millions of blessings wait her! Has she—
tell me,

Oh! has she spar'd my wife?

Pem. Both, both are pardon'd.

But haste, and do thou lead me to thy saint,
That I may cast myself beneath her feet,
And beg her to accept this poor amends
For all I've done against her. Thou fair excellence!

(Kneeling.)

Canst thou forgive the hostile hand that arm'd
Against thy cause, and robb'd thee of a crown?

Lady J. Oh! rise, my lord, and let me take your
posture;

Life and the world are hardly worth my care,
But you have reconcil'd me to 'em both;
Then let me pay my gratitude, and for
This free, this noble, unexpected mercy,
Thus low I bow to heav'n, the queen, and you.

Pem. To me! forbid it, goodness! if I live,
Somewhat I will do shall deserve your thanks.
Hear me, you saints, and aid my pious purpose:
These that deserve so much, this wondrous pair,
Let these be happy, ev'ry joy attend 'em;
A fruitful bed, a chain of love unbroken,
A holy death, and everlasting memory.

Enter Lieutenant of the Tower.

Lieut. The lord chancellor
Is come with orders from the queen.

Enter BISHOP GARDINER and Attendants.

Pem. Ha! Winchester!

Gar. The queen, whose days be many,
By me confirms her first accorded grace;

But, as the pious princess means her mercy
Should reach ev'n to the soul as well as body,
By me she signifies her royal pleasure
That thou, Lord Guilford, and the Lady Jane,
Do instantly renounce, abjure your heresy,
And yield obedience to the see of Rome.

Lady J. What! turn apostate?

Guil. Ha! forego my faith?

Gar. This one condition only seals your pardon;
But if, through pride of heart and stubborn obsti-
nacy,

With wilful hands you push the blessing from you,
Know ye your former sentence stands confirm'd,
And you must die to-day.

Pem. 'Tis false as hell;

The mercy of the queen was free and full.
Think'st thou that princes merchandise their grace
As Roman priests their pardons?

Gar. My lord, this language ill beseems your
nobleness,

Nor come I here to bandy words with madmen.
Behold the royal signet of the queen,
Which amply speaks her meaning. You, the
prisoners,

Have heard at large its purport, and must instantly
Resolve upon the choice of life or death.

Pem. Curse on—But wherefore do I loiter here?
I'll to the queen this moment, and there know
What 'tis this mischief-making priest intends.

[*Exit.*]

Gar. Your wisdom points you out a proper
course.

A word with you, lieutenant.

[*Talks with the Lieutenant aside.*]

Guil. Must we part, then?

What are those hopes that flatter'd us but now,
Those joys that like the spring with all its flow'rs
Pour'd out their pleasures ev'ry where around us?
In one poor minute gone!

Lady J. Such is this foolish world, and such the
certainty

Of all the boasted blessings it bestows:
Then, Guilford, let us have no more to do with it;
Think only how to leave it as we ought.

Guil. Yes, I will copy thy divine example;

By thee instructed, to the fatal block
I bend my head with joy, and think it happiness
To give my life a ransom for my faith.

Lady J. Oh! gloriously resolv'd!

Gar. The day wears fast; Lord Guilford, have
you thought?

Will you lay hold on life?

Guil. What are the terms?

Gar. Death or the mass attend you.

Guil. 'Tis determin'd:

Lead to the scaffold.

Gar. Bear him to his fate.

Guil. Oh! let me fold thee once more in my arms,
Thou dearest treasure of my heart, and print
A dying husband's kiss upon thy lip!

Shall we not live again ev'n in those forms?

Shall I not gaze upon thee with these eyes?

Lady J. Oh! wherefore dost thou soothe me with
thy softness?

Why dost thou wind thyself about my heart,
And make this separation painful to us?

Guil. My sight hangs on thee. Oh! support me,
heav'n,

In this last pang, and let us meet in bliss!

[*Led off by the Guards.*]

Lady J. Can nature bear this stroke?

Wom. Alas! she faints. [*Supporting her.*]

Lady J. Wo't thou fail now? The killing stroke
is past,

And all the bitterness of death is o'er.

Gar. Here let the dreadful hand of vengeance
stay.

Have pity on your youth and blooming beauty;
Cast not away the good which heav'n bestows;

Time may have many years in store for you,
All crown'd with fair prosperity. Your husband
Has perish'd in perverseness.

Lady J. Cease, thou raven!

Nor violate with thy profaner malice
My bleeding Guilford's ghost: 'tis gone, 'tis flown,
But lingers on the wing and waits for me.

[*The scene draws, and discovers a scaffold hung
with black, Executioner and Guards.*]

And see, my journey's end.

1 *Wom.* My dearest lady! [*Weeping.*]

2 *Wom.* Oh, misery!

Lady J. Forbear, my gentle maids!
Nor wound my peace with fruitless lamentations;
The good and gracious hand of Providence
Shall raise you better friends than I have been.

1 *Wom.* Oh! never, never!

Lady J. Help to disarray
And fit me for the block: do this last service,
And do it cheerfully. Now you will see
Your poor, unhappy mistress sleep in peace,
And cease from all her sorrows. These few trifles,
The pledges of a dying mistress' love,
Receive and share among you.

Gar. Will you yet

Repent, be wise, and save your precious life?

Lady J. Oh! Winchester, has learning taught
thee that,

To barter truth for life?

Gar. Mistaken folly!

You toil and travel for your own perdition,
And die for damned errors.

Lady J. Who judge rightly,
And who persists in error, will be known
Then when we meet again. Once more, farewell!
[*To her Women.*]

Goodness be ever with you!

Gar. Wo't thou, then, die?

Thy blood be on thy head.

Lady J. My blood be where it falls; let the
earth hide it;

And may it never rise or call for vengeance.
Oh! that it were the last shall fall a victim
To zeal's inhuman wrath! Thou gracious heav'n!
Hear and defend, at length, thy suffering people;
Raise up a monarch of the royal blood,
Brave, pious, equitable, wise, and good;
And deal out justice with a righteous hand;
And when he falls, oh! may he leave a son
With equal virtues to adorn his throne,
To latest times the blessing to convey,
And guard that faith for which I die to-day.

[*Goes up to the scaffold. The scene closes.*]

Enter EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Pem. Horror on horror! blasted be the hand
That struck my Guilford! Oh! his bleeding trunk
Shall live in these distracted eyes for ever!
Curse on thy fatal arts, thy cruel counsels!

[*To Gardiner.*]

The queen is deaf and pitiless as thou art.

Gar. The just reward of heresy and treason
Is fall'n upon 'em both for their vain obstinacy;
Untimely death, with infamy on earth,
And everlasting punishment hereafter.

Pem. And canst thou tell? who gave thee to ex-
plore

The secret purposes of heav'n, or taught thee
To set a bound to mercy unconfind?

But know, thou proud, perversely judging Win-
chester,

Howe'er your hard, imperious censures doom,
And portion out our lots in worlds to come,
Those who with honest hearts pursue the right,
And follow faithfully truth's sacred light,
Though suffering here shall from their sorrows
cease,

Rest with the saints and dwell in endless peace.

[*Exeunt.*]





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The London stage

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